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CONFEDERATE VETERAN


PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF
CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS

VOLUME XXV.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER

NASHVILLE, TENN.

1917



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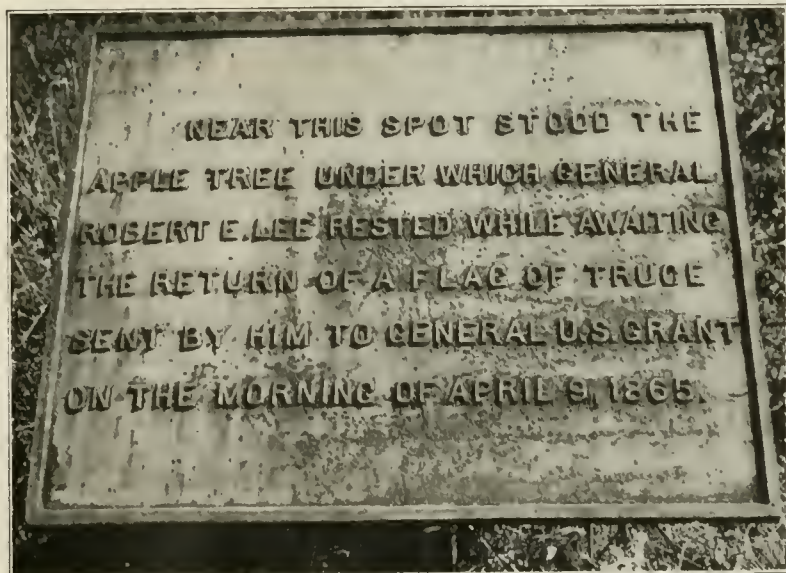
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JANUARY, 1917

NO. 1



MARKER PLACED BY THE GOVERNMENT AT APPOMATTOX C. H., VA.

The formal surrender of General Lee's forces took place in the home of Wilmer McLean, on the other side of the village.

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company

Has endeavored during its service of sixty years in the United States to exemplify the definition of the words "to insure"—viz., "to make certain or secure." Every loss claimant insured in this Company and affected by the serious conflagrations in this and other countries will, we believe, testify to the sense of security they experience in possessing our policies and of satisfaction at our settlements.

Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., has back numbers of the **VETERAN** for sale. Any one interested will please communicate with him.

Dr. Milton Dunn, of Aloha, La., makes inquiry for W. M. Elton, a native of Virginia and a jeweler by trade, who, when Virginia seceded, left Montgomery, La., and volunteered with the troops from that State.

Mrs. Helena B. Thorpe, 971 Menlo Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., is trying to secure information of John Connor, who is said to have been killed in the battle of Shiloh. His wife seeks admittance to a Confederate Home.

A. P. Campbell, of Auburn, Ky., wants to correspond with some member of the 16th Tennessee Cavalry who can tell him whether or not this company was composed of remnants of other companies. His father was Jasper J. Campbell, of this company.

W. R. Adams, of Larned, Kans., wants to locate a sword lost during the war. It was turned over to an officer of the 54th Virginia the next morning after the last day's battle of Chickamauga. His name, rank, company, and regiment were inscribed on the scabbard.

J. A. Clark, American Business College, Pueblo, Colo., desires to get in communication with any survivor of Henderson's Scouts, commanded by Major Alexander. His father, Joseph Dent Clark, was a member of these Scouts, who were in several important raids.

Mrs. Charles H. Miller, 2516 Broadway, Little Rock, Ark., wants to know in what regiment her father, F. M. Ward, served. He was with Commander Hawthorne during the winter of 1864-65 in Camden, Ark., and was in Marshall, Tex., at the time of the surrender. He served under Maj. William B. Street in the commissary department.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1917.

No. 1. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

HISTORIC APPLE TREE AT APPOMATTOX.

BY MRS. VIOLA M. OVERMAN, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY DIXIE
CHAPTER, U. D. C., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A tablet has been erected by the government in the old apple orchard near Appomattox, Va., commemorating the spot sacred to all Southerners for the part it played on that historic April day of the tragedy of the sixties. There was an apple tree figuring in the incidents of that day, but it was not the scene of the surrender, as many Northern historians would have us believe. That event, as all Southerners know, took place in a stately and dignified manner in the home of Wilmer McLean, at the opposite edge of the village, quite a distance from the tree.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in his splendid biography of his honored uncle, makes this statement which clears up forever the part that the apple tree played in the tragedy: "A white flag of truce went out from the Southern ranks; the firing ceased; the war in Virginia was over. Colonel Babcock, the bearer of General Grant's last note, found General Lee near Appomattox Courthouse, lying under an apple tree upon a blanket spread upon some rails."

The great general, though thoroughly exhausted in body, mind, and soul, positively refused to leave his army even for a few moments of rest and recuperation.

This apple tree, famous since in song and story on account of its association with the hero of the Southland, was literally carried away by the boys of the gray army during that dark week of their disbandment. They did not mean to destroy the tree; far from that. But when each took a bud, a leaf, a twig, bits of bark and wood, soon there was nothing left.

This spot is now a part of a thousand-acre tract of land owned by Maj. George A. Arms, of Washington, D. C. During the war the Major owned the farm adjoining this orchard. He is familiar with the incident of the tree, and it was probably through his influence that the tablet was erected.

Just one glance at the tablet, and those memorable words of General Lee's flash again before us: "There is nothing left to do but to go to General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths."

STATISTICS FROM RECORDS IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

BY DR. W. C. HARRISON, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

The population of the North in 1861 was 24,000,000; the population (whites only) of the South was 6,000,000; excess in the North, 18,000,000.

Subject to military duty in the North, 4,007,362; subject to military duty in the South, 1,064,192; excess in the North, 2,943,170.

Enlistment in the North, 2,778,304; enlistment in the South, 642,000; excess of the North over the South, 2,136,304, more than 4 to 1.

At the close of the war the North had 1,000,516; the South, 250,000; excess in the North, 750,516.

More than 98,000 of the Southern army were then in prison. Grant refused to exchange prisoners.

The South was not a unit. Missouri furnished to the Northern army 109,111; Kentucky, 75,760; Virginia, 32,060; Tennessee, 30,092; other States of the South, 122,253. Total, 271,076.

In addition to the above, the South furnished 186,017 negroes and 3,530 Indians. Grand total furnished, 460,623.

Northern soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000; Southern soldiers in Northern prisons, 220,000; excess in Southern prisons, 50,000.

Southern soldiers died in Northern prisons, 26,436; Northern soldiers died in Southern prisons, 22,570; excess of Southern soldiers died, 3,866.

Soldiers engaged in the Southern army: Seven Days' Battles, 50,830; Sharpsburg (Antietam), 35,295; Fredericksburg, 78,110; Chancellorsville, 57,212; Wilderness, 63,000; Gettysburg, 62,000; Chickamauga, 44,000; Appomattox, 27,195.

Soldiers engaged in the Northern army: Seven Days' Battles, 115,240; Sharpsburg (Antietam), 87,164 (2 to 1); Fredericksburg, 110,000; Chancellorsville, 131,661 (2 to 1); Wilderness, 141,000 (2 to 1); Gettysburg, 95,000; Chickamauga, 65,000; Appomattox, 120,000.

Enlisted foreigners, 594,900; enlisted negroes, 186,017.

Federals killed and wounded, 359,528; Confederates killed and wounded, 133,821; excess of Federals, 225,707.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

CONFEDERATE RATIONS.

BY SAM M. GAINES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Though I did not fight for bread,
Often, to my consternation,
I had inside information
As to one unfed Confed.

Yet I feasted in a way
Without any special merit—
Love of country and its spirit
Gave me three square meals a day.

THE REUNION IN WASHINGTON.

The time for the U. C. V. Reunion in Washington has been practically set for the week of June 4. So writes Col. Robert N. Harper, Chairman of the Reunion Committee, and as soon as it is definitely settled Commander in Chief Harrison will make the official proclamation. The good news also comes that the outlook for a great Reunion grows more and more favorable. Reports from different States as to the attendance are enthusiastic and promising, and the feeling grows that this will be the greatest Reunion ever held, with the largest attendance and more Veterans and Sons of Veterans in uniform and more military bands and drums and fife corps than ever before.

RECORD OF STATE TROOPS.

W. L. Rhea, of Knoxville, Tenn., makes a suggestion along the line that has been advocated by the VETERAN and which is still strongly indorsed: "I have often wondered if the State of Tennessee has a record of the names of every soldier who served in any way in the Confederate army. I was born in Sullivan County, Tenn., and lived there until I was twenty-one. This county was truer to the Southern cause than any in East Tennessee. I have a list of about eight hundred who served from my county, but that is not all. I have several companies complete. If the State has not a record of her soldiers, don't you think it would be a good idea for the VETERAN to make an effort through its columns to stir up an interest in all the counties of the State among the old soldiers who are left to get up the names of those who served in their companies, in what battles they fought, who were killed, wounded, captured, and died, and who fought to the last? The State should have the names of the brave soldiers who served in her defense and in defense of their Southland. I should like very much to see the effort started at once."

[The leading editorial in the VETERAN for January, 1916, stressed the importance of these State records being compiled while there are survivors who can help make up lists of members of their commands. There is no greater work now before the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy, and every State legislature in session this year should be asked for an appropriation for that purpose, if this has not already been done.]

THE MEN IN GRAY.

BY ELLEN HAMMOND NEWMAN, DADEVILLE, ALA.

I am proud that I am a Daughter of the Confederacy. My father, H. W. Hammond, went through the entire four years of the war. He was thrice wounded, once almost fatally, and languished in prison for many weeks. He is still hale and hearty at the age of seventy-three years.

My maternal grandfather, Samuel Abernathy, saw three sons and three grandsons don their uniforms of gray to join the ranks of Southern heroes. All of them did not go at the beginning of the struggle, but they all saw hard service. The remarkable fact about these men is that they all survived the war and are all still living. The oldest of the sons is now eighty-three years of age, and the youngest is seventy-six. The youngest grandson is seventy-one years old. This longevity in one family is somewhat wonderful, I think, and worthy of note.

Is it any wonder that I love the South? I love the cause for which brave men bled, died, and—lived. I honor with a tender reverence the few gray-haired, crippled veterans who are left to us. To me there is something beautiful about them. They saw the grand old South laid waste. The flower of her young manhood was maimed or slain. Her banner trailed in the dust.

After the hopeless struggle was over, the remnant of a gallant band returned to homes once prosperous and happy; but many of them were in ashes, their loved inmates scattered, some of them dead. Did they give way to despair, these men in gray? Not for a moment; but with the same wonderful courage which had characterized them as soldiers through all the dark days of war they set about the rebuilding of their homes, their fortunes.

We of a later generation will never know the hardships they endured, the indignities they suffered, and the obstacles they overcame. As a result of their faithful efforts our beautiful Southland has blossomed like the rose. From the ashes of the Old South they have built the most glorious country under the sun. We who are descendants of these brave soldiers who wore the gray have a heritage that is beyond price. Courage and sacrifice were the themes to which the melodies of their upright lives were pitched—courage in the face of danger that few of us who have lived in the days of peace can imagine without a wondering gasp.

Slowly the shades of evening gather and thicken over the dwindling hosts in gray. Faster and yet faster these old men tread bravely the path of the twilight out into the brighter day that lies beyond. Let me urge that we younger ones do all that we can to make happy the remaining years of the heroic men who gave to the South her Confederate history, who added new honor to American manhood and a new luster to American history; those noble men,

"The knightliest of that knightly race,
Who, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold."

MEMBERS OF THE PROVISIONAL CONGRESS, C. S. A.—Who knows of a surviving member of the Provisional Congress, C. S. A., which convened at Montgomery, Ala., in 1861? If there is one now living, the VETERAN will especially appreciate this information.

HONORARY COMMANDER KENTUCKY DIVISION.

A signal honor was bestowed upon Gen. Bennett H. Young during the late reunion of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., held in Louisville during the State Fair, when he was made Honorary Commander of that Division for life. General Young has been President of the Confederate Home of Kentucky since it was established.

After the election of officers Gen. W. J. Stone asked the Adjutant General to take the chair and offered the following resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote:

"Whereas more than fourteen years ago Gen. Bennett H. Young, long Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, coöperated with others in the organization of the Kentucky Confederate Home in 1901; and whereas General Young has been President of the Kentucky Confederate Home since its existence, has written all the legislative acts which affected it and secured its maintenance, prepared the appeals to the people of the State for contributions, canvassed the State to secure the money necessary to buy and conduct said Home, has been its chief executive during this lengthened period, and has refused always even to collect the expense incurred by him in the service of the Home; therefore be it

Resolved, That in recognition of the long, faithful, and efficient service of General Young to the Kentucky Confederate Home, and through it to all the Confederate veterans of the State, the Kentucky Division in annual reunion now hereby elects and designates Gen. Bennett H. Young Honorary Commander of said Division for life."

General Young detailed the plans for the memorial to President Davis at Fairview, Ky., and submitted some blue prints showing the nature and character of the obelisk to be erected there. He claims that it will be the highest memorial in the world except the Washington Monument. This memorial will reflect great credit on Kentucky and the South. It is planned to dedicate this in October, 1917.

THE SOUTH'S SUFFERING.

No people in Europe, except the Poles and the Serbians, have yet suffered one-half the physical hardships and privations that the people of the South endured in the War between the States. Nor has any part of Europe, except Poland and Serbia, been devastated as Sheridan devastated the Shenandoah Valley, as Sherman devastated the broad zone through which he marched from Atlanta to the sea. Europe has wasted blood and treasure on a scale never before approached, but none of the principal belligerents has experienced war as the South knew it in the last year of the Confederacy. Nor has any country made such sacrifices as the South made before it yielded to ruthless necessity.—*New York World*.

The Nashville Banner comments thus:

"The World makes these statements the basis of a conclusion that none of the warring nations of Europe is yet ready for peace. What is said of the South's suffering, its endurance and its pluck, is a tribute to the defenders of the Confederacy, the more to be appreciated because it is all true.

"During the late campaign some of the Republican orators, notably Colonel Roosevelt, professed great indignation because Secretary of War Baker had said that American soldiers of the Revolution had been guilty of irregularities. If all the acts of vandalism committed by the Union armies in the South during the War between the States were recorded, many volumes would be required to contain them, and it

might dim the glory accorded the Grand Army of the Republic.

"The English have been calling the Germans 'Huns' because of what was done in Belgium. Their record there was no worse than that of the soldiers of Sherman or Sheridan or others whose devastations have not been the subject of so much comment."

SURRENDERED WITH FORREST.

The movement to suitably mark the spot where General Forrest surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., brought the following response from one of the survivors of that notable occasion—A. A. Pearson, of Kansas City, Mo., who evinces special interest in the undertaking. The letters was sent to Mrs. C. W. McMahon, of Livingston, Ala., of Sumter Chapter, U. D. C., to whom contributions may be sent:

"From the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for November I learn that you and Sumter Chapter will duly mark with an appropriate monument the spot in Gainesville, Ala., where General Forrest surrendered. The idea is surely very commendable, and I as a member of General Forrest's escort want to start your subscription with a \$5 contribution.

"I still have my parole, dated at Gainesville on May 10, 1865. General Forrest kept an escort of from one hundred to two hundred men, which he used largely to assist any weak spots in the fighting line when they were being hard pressed by superior numbers of the enemy and needed assistance quickly. I think there were just one hundred and two of us present with General Forrest on the day of the surrender, May 10, 1865. Our paroles were signed by Maj. Gen. E. R. S. Candy and Brig. Gen. E. S. Dennis.

"My memory runs back over the intervening space of fifty-two years since that date, and a somewhat dimmed mental picture of Gainesville shows it to me as a straggling village on the banks of the Tombigbee River. I remember well its hotel, because I and the other five men, or rather boys, of my mess made a bee line for the hotel, as we were in a chronic state of hunger in those days. We were a little surprised that we had to buy tickets at \$10 each for dinner before entering the dining room. While this was about \$5 higher than we had paid at any time before, it in no way deterred our going in. We were on the waiting list, and as soon as seats were vacant we captured them and went through the menu, which was delivered orally from soup to pie. Having finished the meal, we were just ready to leave the table when a new waiter rushed up, grabbed the pie plates, thinking we had just come, and asked if we would have soup. We answered 'Yes' and went clear through the meal again, thus filling up vacuums and unoccupied spaces in our 'internal labyrinths' that had been accumulating for several days. In fact, when we left West Point, Miss., to dash across and intercept General Wilson's U. S. A. cavalry raid just above Selma, we did not expect 12,000 men, armed with seven-shooting rifles, to come against General Forrest's 3,500 men available, armed with the one-shot Sharp rifle mostly; but that is just what did occur.

"Near Bulger's Creek, south of Plantersville, as near as I can remember, when that bunch of Yankees with those seven-shooting rifles hit our line, we decided to retire to more advantageous positions at Selma. I will not at this time describe the celerity of our actions or the absence of placidity that pervaded our boys in reaching the Selma lines. However, when we reached the Selma lines and the boys looked them over with critical eyes, our illustrious commander decided that he did not want to utilize the Selma lines as a

cemetery for his boys. Anyway, Gainesville, perched high upon the banks of the Tombigbee, would be a far more beautiful and picturesque place to go into camp. In fact, many of our boys did not go through Selma; they took a short cut just above the town, where the water was fine and the swimming good. It was in that fight above Selma that Lieut. Nath Boone, of that escort, fat, fair, forty, and a fearless fighter, had a decoration just the shape of a horseshoe carved on the side of his head by the sharp saber of one of Wilson's men. I examined that old scar of Lieutenant Boone's in Lincoln County, Tenn., a few years after the war, and he said that big roan horse exercised uncommon good judgment in taking him away from such a mix-up of men where they were so uncouth as to say, 'Go to the rear, d— you,' when they decorated his head.

"In conclusion, I wish you most eminent success in your laudable efforts to commemorate and pass on to the future generations the spot where one of the greatest cavalry generals, Nathan Bedford Forrest, surrendered his command, and he and they returned to the peaceful pursuits in this now reunited, greatest nation of earth."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL IN HELENA, MONT.

The 5th of September, 1916, was made memorable in the city of Helena, Mont., by the presentation of the Confederate memorial fountain as a gift from the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C. It was in 1903 that this Chapter began its work for a Confederate memorial, and in this it was aided by other Chapters of the State. So on the evening of September 5, in the glow of the long Montana twilight, an interested throng gathered to witness the unveiling ceremonies. Judge R. Lee Word, of the district court, acted as master of ceremonies. The speech of presentation was made by Miss Georgia C. Young, the veil was drawn by Mrs. Will Aiken, and the water was turned into the fountain by Mrs. F. S. Read, these ladies being the only charter members of Winnie Davis Chapter now residing in Helena. On behalf of the city the fountain was accepted by City Attorney Edward Horsky, who expressed the appreciation of the municipality for this splendid gift.

This beautiful memorial, which cost approximately two thousand dollars, stands in Great Northern Park, near the heart of the capital city, on the western rim of historic old Last Chance Gulch and near the Great Northern passenger station. The site is such that it is accessible, and the fountain fits into the landscape most charmingly.

The base upon which the fountain is placed is rectangular in form, bordered by heavy granite copings and approaches being on opposite sides, corresponding to the east-and-west axis of the park. These will be bordered by flower beds, and trees and shrubs will be placed about the fountain.

On the other sides are granite seats with supports having classic lines. There are two basins. Bubbling drinking fountains at its north and south sides are so designed as to enhance the beauty of the lines of the fountain. The upper basin is about six feet in diameter, supported on an octagonal pedestal springing from the lower basin. This pedestal is ornamented by conventional water plant leaves.

Rising out of the upper basin is an octagonal shaft, upon opposite sides of which are two inscriptions in cut letters, also with panels and ornament of carved leafage. Upon one side is this inscription: "A Loving Tribute to Our Confederate Soldiers." Upon the other are chiseled these words:

"By the Daughters of the Confederacy in Montana, A.D. 1916."

Four bronze spouts spill water from this pedestal into the upper basin. In addition, there are four low jets bubbling through the surface of water in the upper basin, which, together with two overflow spouts from the drinking fountain and the water spilling from the upper into the lower basin, form pleasing lines and graceful patterns.



THE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

The whole is surmounted by a bronze lantern, giving to the shaft something of the proportions of a lighthouse, the distance from platform to top of light being about nine feet. The designer, Mr. George H. Carsley, the well-known architect of Helena, was inspired somewhat by the memorial fountain erected in Washington City to the memory of Francis Davis Millet and Col. Archibald Willingham Butt, two heroes who lost their lives in the sinking of the Titanic.

Except for the bronze spouts and the floor of the platform, the material used in the fountain is native Montana granite.

FINE WORK.—The late Gen. Greenville M. Dodge, President of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, was talking one day about railroading. "The best piece of railroad work I ever heard of," he said, "was performed in 1864 in Maryland. The Confederates were in great need of a locomotive, and their only hope was to capture one. So a small band of men was selected from Lee's army and placed under the command of a tall Georgian who had been foreman of a quarry and knew a good deal about derricks and rigging. Well, the Georgian took his men into Maryland, tore up a section of the Baltimore and Ohio tracks, flagged the first train, and with nothing but ropes dragged a locomotive fifty-seven miles up hills, across streams, through woods and swamps till they struck a line built by the Confederacy. When the President of the Baltimore and Ohio heard of this, he would not believe it. He went out and personally inspected the route and said on his return that it was the most wonderful piece of engineering that had ever been accomplished. After the war he sent for the tall Georgian and, on the strength of that one exploit, made him roadmaster of the whole Baltimore and Ohio. 'Any man,' Mr. Garrett said, 'who can pick up a locomotive with fishing lines and carry it over a mountain has passed his civil service examination with me.'—*National Tribune*.

A VOICE FROM NEW ENGLAND.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD, D.D., NEEDHAM, MASS.

In Colonel Hunt's letter on "Boston, Past and Present" (November VETERAN), the comments are interesting. Yes, we have good roadways, and our American elm is in danger, not so much from Gypsy moth as from the elm beetle; years ago we were careless about our birds. "Watch out," preserve yours. Plymouth Rock is the real stone and rightly "dedicated to religious liberty." Most of the religious intolerance came from the Boston and Salem Puritans, not Plymouth Pilgrims. (My ancestors on my mother's side were born in Salem.) Colonel Hunt says: "If we change our government into a solid, compact, centralized-governed country, friction and trouble will be laid up for future generations." Just so. But we "hain't a-goin' to do just no such thing." Not just yet, at all events. Yes, Massachusetts has sixty per cent foreign-born; but a few of us of Anglo-Saxon blood are still alive, and we don't readily relinquish our hold on the direction of affairs. Our Governor, McCall, is of the purest Scotch-Irish-English blood. Our little scheme for keeping control (you have a device in the South for doing the same thing, and we're just as bad, or good, as you in this respect) is to play off one foreign nationality against another in our local politics. This separates the "foreign vote," and so leaves the "native Yankees" in the control and majority. However much it may pain (?) us to do it, it prevents the "furriner" from taking us out of house and home, doing just as you had to do with the negroes. If Colonel Hunt had gone out into our suburbs, he would have seen just a few "patrician faces" and places.

I only wish that I might have become acquainted with the VETERAN many years ago, for it has capital things in it, not only historical, but also literary. To mention just a couple of gems, so it seemed to me, that have appeared in recent numbers, "Woman's Part in War," the frontispiece for August, and "Robert E. Lee," on the first page of the same issue. What majestic lines, "O great Confederate mothers" and following! And the sonnet inspired by the memorial window in St. Paul's, Richmond, is exquisitely beautiful both in sentiment and setting. It is a great work you are doing to keep alive the truth and the beauty of the sacred treasures of the South and, too, one of these days also for the nation, that your sons and daughters and your children's children may know the truth that shall quicken them to noble endeavor for liberty and free government in their day and generation. For them to realize that their fathers and mothers fought for truth and conscience and liberty is one of the most beneficent blessings that the present can bestow upon the coming generations. And it will be good for all the nation, especially New England, to realize the great place and work of the Southern States for the common and national good.

Such articles as that of Mr. Gibbons in the November issue and Dr. McNeilly's are right to the point. For years many of us, and there are a great many of us, believe me, have been teaching the same truth right here in Massachusetts. And the only critical comment that I have to make upon these two articles, especially Mr. Gibbons's, is that they incline to show us up at our worst, just as the Northern fanatics—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," of execrable memory, in particular—showed up the very worst of things in the ante-bellum South. It seems to me that "for the truth of history" such articles ought to make the qualification (Dr. McNeilly does in some degree) that would conform to the facts such as New Eng-

landers like myself know them to be. The real fact is, there was an element in New England that was neither Puritan nor hostile to the South. The very denomination that I serve is full of people who hold precisely the views I hold. Such people did and are doing their level best to rid the lives and hearts of the present generation and the one immediately preceding it of the fanaticism and overausterity and hypocrisy inherited from Puritanism.

While it is true that many of the preachers of the Unitarian Churches of New England were rank antislavery men, it is also true that the great majority of the laity of those Churches were in deep sympathy with the South and the principles for which the South contended. And the evidence of this statement is that nearly all abolitionist preachers in the ante-bellum New England Churches lost their pulpits. Theodore Parker, the hottest one of them all, was minister of an independent Church which held its services in Music Hall in Boston; but, with a single exception, not a single Unitarian pulpit of the region was open to him. The Unitarian people then, as now, are entirely too open-minded to tolerate fanaticism, and they were too well posted in the national and colonial history not to know how entirely just was the position of the South. But then, as now, the radicals were the noisiest and most intolerant; consequently the sober-minded and fair-minded persons here in Massachusetts got no hearing whatever. They were invited to coats of tar and feathers; they were dubbed "copperheads"; they were maligned and maltreated in many ways; but very many of them were entirely opposed to the invasion of the South for any cause whatever. And since the war many of them have taken to themselves husbands and wives from the South—a happy fact in which their children glory.

Such descendants cherish their Southern blood as much as they do that of Old England that came through the settlers in Plymouth and Salem and Boston. We deplore the witch-burning and Quaker-baiting and the anti-Southern intolerance quite as much as you good people of the South rightly condemn such iniquities. Such attitudes show the good side of New England and Massachusetts, and there are many of us who are trying to do all in our power to show the truth, not only to the young amidst us, but to manifest it to our brethren of the South, that they may understand our feelings and sympathies. So please try to let your young men and young women who are the glory of the South, that long since has risen from the ashes with which our fathers strewed your devastated land, know how some of us feel and think and, yea, reach out the hand of love and fellowship toward. For are not our faith and loyalty to liberty and representative government the same?

There is all too feeble a grasp upon these principles in our time; therefore all of us everywhere need to stand solidly for these great verities. And it must never be forgotten that some of our fathers invaded your land because forced by the drafts to do so. A few of our sires never invaded your soil, my own honored father, for example. You can't imagine the joy in my heart, as from time to time I stroll over your fertile fields, to know that my father's feet never trampled your grain nor any bullet from his musket ever pierced the heart of a Southern man.

Yes, let "the truth of history" be established. And the VETERAN and its workers and contributors are performing a blessed labor to that end.

LONGSTREET ACCORDING TO LEE AND JOHNSTON.

BY P. J. RAST, ROSEBUD, TEX.

As unfriendly critics have used the pages of the *VETERAN* to express their unfavorable opinion of General Longstreet's conduct as a soldier, it seems appropriate that the same medium should publish General Lee's opinion on his merit. The *Record* declares its opinion in no uncertain terms. "Actions speak louder than words" and are less liable to misinterpretation.

When Lee took command of the army, his divisions and brigades were commanded by old army officers and politicians. Some of these were more ornamental in peace than useful in war. As soon as they were tested and found inefficient or were blockading the promotion of better men, they were either transferred or relegated, according to their merits, and men of more energy and of a higher order of military talent were promoted. Lee had the confidence and support of the War Department, and his power, so far as his army was concerned, was autocratic. His removals, as well as his promotions, evidence his good judgment.

During the battles around Richmond in 1862 three major generals were of superior rank, but of inferior ability, to Longstreet and were a handicap to his usefulness. They were transferred, and Longstreet became second in rank. In the smoke of these battles Lee discovered two other soldiers, Hood and Pickett. Whiteing was transferred and Hood promoted; Pickett found a division ready for him as soon as he had recovered from his wounds. In the campaign against Pope the hazardous duties assigned to Jackson would hardly have been ordered if Lee had not had implicit confidence in Longstreet's prompt support. The forced march, the fight through Thoroughfare Gap, and the arrival on the field ready to strike when Pope believed him still to be far away show that Lee's confidence was not misplaced. At Sharpsburg Lee spoke of him as "my old war horse."

Longstreet's enemies claim that at Gettysburg he was "sulky," "inefficient," and even "disloyal." Some contend that his dereliction was on the second day; others, more intelligent but equally as unjust, place his fault on the third day, contending that he should have made the attack with McLaws's and Hood's Division, together with the other three divisions. Lee was so well pleased with Longstreet's efforts on the second day that he added two of A. P. Hill's divisions to his command, thereby placing more than half of the infantry of the army under his control. This act expresses Lee's opinion. McLaws's and Hood's Divisions were not used, for the good reason that conditions were not developed under which they could be used. Their ranks had been thinned the day before, and they had reached their limit. The enemy's line had been reinforced, and troops were available for further reinforcement. Had it been possible for them to have broken the enemy's line, the 6th Corps was in position to strike their flank and rear, telescope the line, and rout the army. To have advanced these divisions under the existing circumstances would have been an error similar to that committed by Napoleon at Waterloo and probably would have had the same result.

When Longstreet was wounded at the Wilderness, the army felt that it was a calamity, and all were grief-stricken whose loyalty was not submerged in personal malice. When he returned to the army, although physically handicapped, he was assigned to duty as commander north and for several miles south of the James River, superseding Ewell, a man of su-

perior ability. This was regarded as the point of greatest danger until Grant thoroughly tested this route and decided that the longest way around was the smoothest road to Richmond. After Pickett's defeat at Five Forks, the greatest danger shifted to Petersburg, and Longstreet was called to that point. A. P. Hill was alive when this order was given, and Gordon was there, both men of exceptional ability; but the greatest danger calls for the greatest soldier, therefore Longstreet was called.

When the army was surrounded and other generals advised surrender, Lee refused to consider it until he had consulted Longstreet. From the beginning to the end the *Record* attests Lee's high estimate of Longstreet as a soldier. Their correspondence proves their mutual friendship.

It is not believable that Lee ever spoke disparagingly of Longstreet. These reports were started to discredit Longstreet, but are defamatory of Lee, who showed his faith by works and would not contradict himself in words. Furthermore, he was too honorable to disparage even an enemy in his absence. It is possible that an impatient word escaped his lips when suffering an agony of suspense. For instance, at the Wilderness, when his right wing was crushed and the army was in great peril, he may have thought Longstreet slow, because in mental distress minutes seem hours. Language used under such circumstances expresses only mental torture and cannot be honestly quoted.

It has been declared that Lee was so kind-hearted that he condoned dereliction rather than wound an officer's feelings. The *Record* shows that he could and would do anything that would promote the efficiency of his army. It is reported, and it is believable, that he promoted an officer who had criticized him severely, saying: "I am not influenced by his opinion of me, but by mine of him." He eliminated unskillful officers; but as they were men of merit, only wanting in military talent, they were not humiliated, but transferred to other duties where they would be harmless and possibly useful. Some of these were competent commanders, but the efficiency of the army was promoted by their absence. Magruder was of superior rank and was a handicap to both Longstreet and Jackson; Whiteing's transfer opened the way for Hood's promotion. D. H. Hill was on detached duty when Chancellorsville was fought; Rodes demonstrated that Hill's return was not necessary. These three were men of splendid courage and commanders of ability, but under the circumstances they were more useful on other fields.

General Johnston was a spectator at the battle of Williamsburg, because "Longstreet's skillful management gave no excuse for interference." He assigned Longstreet to the command of the right wing of the army at Seven Pines, where the heaviest fighting was done and the only advantage gained.

The two greatest generals of the war and most competent judges, both intimately associated with him, held Longstreet in the highest esteem and regarded him a master of the art of war. It is hardly possible that any intelligent man will contend that General Lee was infallible, but it may be confidently affirmed that he was incapable of falsehood or even the evasion of truth. Being too honorable to remain silent and let the censure fall upon innocent heads, he made the painful but honest confession: "It is all my fault."

Let him whose brow and breast were calm
While yet the battle lay with God
Look down upon the crimson sod
And gravely wear his mournful palm.

—Henry Timrod.

A REVERSAL OF ACCEPTED HISTORY.

BY DR. L. A. WAILES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

There is current in West India and Central American ports a story, a quasi reversal of accepted history, in which Admiral Semmes poses, not as the hero rescued from the sinking wreck of the famous Alabama through the intervention of a friendly yacht, but as the avenging corsair by fire and dynamite of her conqueror, the Kearsarge. This story it was the singular fortune of the writer to verify from the lips of living actors in this, one of the many sea tragedies of record in the archives of the United States navy.

Some years after the loss of the Kearsarge I was a passenger on a small fruit steamer out of New Orleans bound for a Central American port, and at a point of our voyage not more than one hundred miles from the Roncador reefs, the scene of the Kearsarge disaster, on a dark, cloudy, starless night in a placid sea, between the hours of 1 and 2 A.M., there was a tremendous concussion, accompanied by a grinding noise which sounded like the keel was being torn off from stem to stern, a sudden stopping of the engines, then quiet except for the running of the sailors and crew to and fro over the decks. The ship had come to a rest, bow elevated some thirty or forty degrees, perhaps, and listed to the starboard to such an extent as to render it impossible to lie in a bunk. From the deck in the darkness nothing was visible but the white surface as far as the eye could reach on every side, showing clearly that we were high on a coral bank. As far as could be discovered, we had sustained no damage from the concussion, no dangerous leak or damage to the machinery.

Daylight disclosed our position. About a mile, or probably less, in both directions, port and starboard, and forming with the vessel nearly an isosceles triangle, were two small keys (islets) of not more than an acre or two in extent, high and heavily timbered with tropical growth in all directions, apparently a coral reef. Soon after daylight we were surrounded by a numerous fleet of sloops, dories, and other craft of the turtles from the Camans, small islands belonging to the English government in the vicinity of Jamaica. These marine nomads do an extensive business fishing, gathering sponges, a lucrative article of commerce, turtles, particularly the "*Chelonia midas*" (hawksbill), which yields the tortoise shell of commerce, always bearing a lucrative value; incidentally, as a side enterprise, they are wreckers, always on the alert for any unfortunate vessel in trouble, offering their services for relief, and if not accepted they lie around in "watchful waiting" for whatever extremity may befall and often reap a rich harvest from such disasters, never overscrupulous in drawing the line between salvage and piracy. Like the old Norsemen, they are said to teach their offspring this final petition in their evening prayer: "God bless mamma, God bless papa; God send a ship on the rocks before morning." In such a situation as ours the Kearsarge, after all efforts at relief had failed, had been temporarily abandoned pending the arrival of more efficient help and immediately fell a prey to the ever-alert and patiently waiting wreckers.

The first step of our captain, after realizing his helplessness, was to dispatch one of the visiting dories to Bluefields for relief, one or more vessels being known to be in port at the time. Though the weather continued fine and calm, still the listed position of the ship rendered our position very uncomfortable; and the only other passenger besides myself suggested to the captain that he put us ashore on the nearest

island pending the arrival of relief. He very readily acceded to our request, glad, no doubt, to be relieved of our care. Immediately a yawl was abundantly equipped with all necessities for wants and comfort—a large tarpaulin for a tent, a boiled ham, crackers and sea biscuits, canned goods, coffee, a coffeepot and strainer to make it in, fresh water, beer galore, and blankets and pillows; in short, if we had been planning a picnic outing for a week in advance, we could not have been better fitted out. With a negro boy I had with me, we were put on *terra firma*. We found a palm-thatched shack, erected by some former fishermen, which afforded all the protection needed in that balmy tropical clime; so we spread our tarpaulin on the ground for a carpet and were soon as comfortable as "bugs in a rug," free from every care and ready to enjoy a veritable Robinson Crusoe life, not only as "monarch of all we surveyed," but with an intelligent and accomplished servant and cook, a substitute "Friday," almost regal in our location and appurtenances.

Early next morning we were visited by several of the fishing fleet, proffering to take us to the main coast, some forty miles away, according to their estimate, "being's we were in distress," for the small consideration of \$100. We thanked them for their kind and liberal offer; but as we were comfortable and well provided for—in fact, rather enjoyed the situation—we would bide our time and await the arrival of a steamer, only a question of a short time. Having thus formed the acquaintance and affiliated, as it were, with the nomads, we had daily visits from them, and by the free circulation of the stein (tin cup) soon stimulated their garrulity and were highly entertained by them. I was wearing on the lapel of my coat the U. C. V. button, and, attracted by it, one of them asked if it was a Masonic badge. In reply I asked him if he did not know that there had been a great war between the North and the South in our country, then explained that it was the badge of the Southern army. I also asked if they had ever heard of the Alabama and of Admiral Semmes. "Ad Sims!" they all exclaimed in concert. "Why, we all knows Ad!" Then followed in reply to our questions the following story, already premised:

During one of the cruises of the Alabama in the Caribbean for repairs, water, or other reasons, the vessel put into port at the Camans, small islands owned by England, located in the neighborhood of Jamaica. The wife of one of the laborers employed on the ship had presented her lord with an heir, and he was duly christened "Admiral Semmes" in honor of his great commander. "Ad Sims," as he was called, had arrived at man's estate in the intervening years after the collapse of the Confederacy and had, like his great namesake, become himself a commander in a small way. The wrecked Kearsarge, having apparently been abandoned by her crew, "Ad Sims" assembled his wrecking piratical fleet, took quiet, unopposed possession of the prey, and, having despoiled her of all available valuables, doubtless a rich harvest, to finish the job dynamited and burned the wreck to secure the copper, brass, and other fixtures, at that time a veritable bonanza in itself. Inquiring further as to the identity, habitat, etc., of "Ad Sims," we were informed that the "government got after him so hot" that he had to "skip out" from that Caman and take refuge on a small and less accessible key.

The naval archives bear record of the wreck and destruction of the Kearsarge. It would be interesting to know how far it accords with this well-known and oft-repeated story.

*THE SWORD COMBAT BETWEEN COL. JOHN GOFF
BALLENTINE AND MAJ. CARL SCHAEFER
DE BERNSTEIN.*

BY JUDGE L. B. M'FARLAND, MEMPHIS, TENN.

"O for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!"

Thus nearly four hundred years ago wrote the Bard of Avon, prologue to a play reciting the deeds of Henry V., erst-while Prince of Wales, whose combat with Hotspur, Henry Percy, was immortalized by the poet's pen. This combat for all these years since this play was written has had the world for a stage, princes of play to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

The Bard of Scotland more than a century ago wrote "The Lady of the Lake," describing a sword combat between James Fitz James, King of Scotland, and Roderick Dhu, a rebel Highland chieftain. This romantic story, told in rhythmic verse, has charmed the reading world for all these years since its writing. The scene of this combat was at Coilantogle Ford, on the banks of a stream in the highlands of Scotland.

A hundred years or more since the writing of this delightful story an actual combat was staged in a new continent as one of the acts and tragedies of a stupendous war which was an almost identical reproduction of Coilantogle Ford. It was between two officers, Confederate and Federal, fit representatives of the South and North, and it was by a small stream in Tennessee. The Confederate, like Fitz James, was the better swordsman. The Federal, "while less expert, though stronger far, maintained unequal war." In the first, the Highland chief was knightly to his foe, but overconfident of his prowess in discarding his targe. In the second, the Southron discarded the pistol, with which he could have killed his foe with ease and without risk, to accept the other's challenge to sword combat. The participants in this tragedy to be related were a brave Federal named Carl Schaefer de Bernstein and J. G. Ballentine, then a captain of cavalry under Claiborne and Jackson, fit actors for such a scene.

Of the Federal, not much could be learned by the writer, to his regret, as his gallantry on this occasion, to be shown, merited full recital as to him personally and to his soldierly deeds.

The Confederate, Captain Ballentine, was of Irish ancestry. His father, an Irishman, fought with the French under Bonaparte. He rode with Ney and the Old Guard at Waterloo in the charge upon the British Guards between Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, so thrillingly described in "Misérables." The disasters of this battle drove Ballentine, Sr., to America, and he purchased an estate in Tennessee near Pulaski. Here his son, John Goff Ballentine, was born and ripened to manhood. He had all the advantages of the landed youth of the South and acquired the accomplishments and graces these advantages fostered. He graduated from Württemberg Academy in 1841, from the University of Nashville in 1845, was a member of the Harvard Law School Association, attended Livingston Law School of New York, and was practicing his profession of law at Memphis when the war came. In addition to these accomplishments, all outdoor sports and manly exercises were cultivated. His father, expert with a sword himself, taught him from his youth up all the arts of fencing and made him also an accomplished swordsman. At the time of his enlistment he was about five feet

nine inches in height, slender, but with muscle and nerve of steel and the activity of an athlete. He delighted in fine apparel, wore his dark-brown hair long, and was a handsome and picturesque figure, recalling knights of the Crusades, subjects of troubadour songs and minstrel lays, or suggesting cavaliers of the Charles-the-First age, and yet he was no carpet knight,

"Whose best boast was to wear
A braid of some fair lady's hair,"

but had the strong virtues of virile manhood that commanded respect and made him as a soldier a colonel and in civil life a member of Congress for years. He was a splendid horseman, in battle always leading his men with dash, courage, and abandon.

With this foreword, the writer gives now the facts as to this combat in simple recital, leaving for some future "mute inglorious Milton," some Bard of Avon, or Scottish poet to give the incident the proper setting.

In May, 1862, Colonel Claiborne, in command of two Confederate regiments, the 6th and 7th Tennessee Cavalry, determined to attack a Federal cavalry force, under Maj. Carl Schaefer de Bernstein and Capt. W. A. Hall and Henry Van Minden, then near Dresden, Tenn. Overtaking them on the 5th of May at Lockridge Mill, on the south fork of the Obion River, an attack was made at once by five companies of Claiborne's men under Acting Field Officer Captain Ballentine. This attack soon routed the enemy, who retreated in disorder, but individually fighting gallantly when overtaken; and for ten miles the pursuit and mêlée continued, resulting in many hand-to-hand conflicts. In his official report of this fight Colonel Claiborne states as follows: "Captain Ballentine was most conspicuous of all for his gallant bearing and use of his saber and pistol. He fired upon and mortally wounded Maj. Carl Schaefer de Bernstein. He engaged in a saber hand-to-hand combat with a brave fellow named Hoffman, who several times pierced the Captain's coat with his saber, but was finally forced to yield. Captain Ballentine also received blows by a carbine and was seriously bruised."

It will be seen that Colonel Claiborne says it was Schaefer de Bernstein who was mortally wounded and that it was with Hoffman he engaged in sword combat. The other officers likewise agree that it was Schaefer who was mortally wounded, and Colonel Ballentine stated to the writer that it was with him the sword combat took place. The official reports were properly only meager statements of the action, and this paper is written to give the details and present in fuller light the gallantry and chivalry of Colonel Ballentine on this occasion as a fit meed to valor due. These details the writer had soon after the war from Lieutenant Somerville, of Ballentine's command, a participant in this fight and in part a witness to the fight itself, and subsequently from Colonel Ballentine himself a few years before his death, told reluctantly and after much persuasion.

These details, as now recalled, are that in the pursuit of the Federals, who had been badly scattered, Captain Ballentine, somewhat in advance of his men, was pursuing a Federal officer who was covering the retreat of his men, and he (Ballentine), being better mounted, was gaining upon the Federal. This officer, Major Schaefer, gallantly covering the retreat of his men, crossed the bridge spanning the south fork of Obion River and, like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, stopped to defend its passage. Captain Ballentine, in the lead of his men, came dashing down the road to the bridge and without halting charged across, pistol in hand, to attack his opponent.

As he was crossing the bridge his opponent fired several times at him, emptying his pistol, but without effect, while Ballentine reserved his fire for closer quarters. When within a few feet of his opponent, with his pistol within "six feet" (said Colonel Ballentine) and about to fire, Major Schaefer suddenly lowered his pistol, exclaiming, "My pistol is empty; draw your sword," drawing his own sword at the same time.

This appealed to all the chivalric sentiment of Ballentine's nature. Here was the opportunity his ardent spirit had longed for come at last to try his arm and sword and test his father's teaching. He stopped his horse on his haunches, replaced his pistol in his holster, and drew his saber, not a heavy one like his opponent's, but much lighter and shorter, though of tried temper. They met. Their swords flashed and crossed. They fought, each putting in play all the force and skill he had, soon intensified by early knowledge of the skill of opponent and seriousness of the conflict. Ballentine soon discovered that his opponent was the stouter of the two and his saber longer and heavier; but Ballentine was the better mounted of the two, and it was his own skill and coolness and horsemanship, with the mettle and activity of his thoroughbred, that must overcome the odds against him. They were now hand to hand, sword to sword, parrying and striking, and then as the impetus of their charges passed each the other both would wheel and charge again and thrust and guard. Many attacks like these were renewed without wound until the brave Federal and good swordsman brought to play his advantage of weight of self and blade, and in the next charge, in the moment of contact, he with both hands delivered a descending

blow with his heavy blade. This was met by proper guard, and saber met saber; but weight and strength broke through, and the blade descending upon the Captain's head cut a deep gash, from which the blood ran down his face and in his eyes.

Even this did not daunt his courage or confidence. The impetus of this charge carried them apart again, and in the interval of wheel and charge the Southron brought to play the speed and strength of his horse and with word and spur drove his horse against the opposite steed, literally riding both down, and as the rider reeled the Southron pierced him through. He fell to the ground insensible and mortally wounded, and none too soon, for almost at the same instant exertion and wound had done their work on the Southron and with him "reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye," and he too fell from his horse insensible.

Fortunately, some of Ballentine's men came up at this instant and ministered as they could to the combatants, and upon returning consciousness of both they were placed in a country cart together and taken to the nearest town, Dresden, and given rooms and attention in the same house. Captain Ballentine soon recovered and resumed his command. The brave Schaefer died that night, but before he died he requested that his victor, of whom he spoke with praise of both his gallantry and his generosity, should have his horse, pistol, and sword as lawful spoil of war.

It was said by Burke that the age of chivalry is no more. Had he lived and been familiar with the thousands of incidents of individual heroism that characterized our four years' conflict, had he witnessed the scene just described and seen Captain Ballentine, challenged as he was, with his opponent enemy absolutely at his mercy, relinquish his own advantage, give his enemy his life, and fight him upon equal terms, Burke would have said: "The age of chivalry has come again, and knighthood is in flower."

It is proper to add that the saber and pistol given to Ballentine in this combat came near proving fatal to the victor, for years after a fire destroyed the Ballentine home. The Colonel ran to the upper room, then in flames, where these were stored, but, being blinded and nearly overcome, had to be dragged from his peril, and the pistol and sword were destroyed.

BARS AND STRIPES.

BY HELEN ELOISE DOOR TINGLEY.

Marching down the dusty road with even tread and steady,
Eyes alert for hostile move, with gun and saber ready,
Pickett's men, the boys in gray, heroic hearts united,
Pressing forward in the war, lest country's hope be blighted,
Flaunted high the Stars and Bars, General Pickett leading,
When suddenly before their eyes, without their banner heeding,
The Stars and Stripes waved aloft from a window just hard
by:

'Twas a maid with nut-brown hair and black and gleaming
eye

Daring Pickett's men to fire, daring their chivalry.

Growls of angry hatred arose, but Pickett, stern and mute,
Turned his charger "right about" and gave her a salute.
Among his men none dared to do save as their gallant leader;
Comp'ny after comp'ny gave a grand salute to greet her.
Moved by Southern gallantry, she cried with heart e'er true:
"I wish I had a Rebel flag so I might wave that too."



COL. JOHN GOFF BALLENTINE.

ALABAMA CORPS OF CADETS, 1860-65.

BY SAMUEL WILL JOHN, CADET CAPTAIN COMPANY B, ALABAMA
CORPS CADET, 1864-65.

The low stage of discipline among the students of the university led Dr. Landon C. Garland, the president of the university, strongly to advise the trustees to establish a military department. Following this advice and Dr. Garland's able, active lead, the legislature was induced to pass an act, approved February 23, 1860, which required the trustees to establish a military department in the university. To provide the means with which to buy the necessary equipment, the same act raised the amount of the university fund from \$250,000 to \$300,000, which increased the annual income from its endowment fund \$3,000. This act required the interest at six per cent on this \$50,000 to be computed from February 21, 1848, to February 21, 1860, and this sum (\$36,000) was also appropriated and paid to the university. With this money Dr. Garland bought the necessary furniture and equipment and selected the military officers required, and on September 1, 1860, the students were placed in a camp of instruction, with Col. Caleb Huse as commandant, Maj. James T. Murfee as assistant commandant, and Capts. Charles L. Lumsden and James H. Morrison as instructors in military tactics.

Colonel Huse was a first lieutenant of artillery in the United States army, had been educated at the West Point Military Academy, and was recommended by Colonel Delafield, then superintendent of the academy. A furlough till May, 1861, was granted to Colonel Huse by the War Department that he might accept the appointment as commandant. The other officers were graduates of the Virginia Military Institute and came very highly recommended.

It was soon demonstrated that the small income of the university would not be sufficient to maintain the military department, and it was determined to ask the legislature to increase the rate of interest to be paid the university on its fund. In order to show the legislature what military training was then being given at the university, the corps of cadets, a battalion of three companies, was taken by steamboat down the Tombigbee River to Mobile, thence by another steamboat up the Alabama River to Montgomery. The corps of cadets was then reviewed by the Governor in the presence of the two houses of the legislature, and so favorably were the Governor and legislators impressed that on the next day, under "suspension of the rules," an act was passed by both houses raising the rate of interest from six to eight per cent per annum. The corps of cadets then returned to the university by the same route.

During this entire trip of about ten days not a single infraction of discipline was reported; and when it is remembered that on every steamboat there was an open bar, it is a remarkable testimonial to the many qualities of those young men who in less than five months had been trained into reliable soldiers.

When it was seen that war was inevitable, a number of the leading spirits of the corps made a formal tender of their services to the Governor. A number of the cadets resigned and joined companies that were being formed in their home communities, and many did not return at the opening of the next session.

In the spring of 1862 some thirty regiments of infantry and cavalry and a number of battalions and batteries were formed in Alabama for the Confederate army. They were placed

in camps of instruction, and then under orders of the Governor the cadets were detailed to drill and instruct the new volunteers, and many of these instructors were elected company officers and never returned to the university; so that on going into camp in September, 1862, there were hardly enough old cadets to fill the post of cadet commissioned and non-commissioned officers of two companies, and when the corps went into barracks to take up their studies nearly all of the noncommissioned officers were new cadets.

There was not a member of the senior class and but three juniors that year, so in July, 1863, there were no commencement exercises. The corps was reviewed by the Governor, and Hon. A. B. Meek, who was a trustee at the time, made a speech on the campus, after which the order, "Break ranks!" was given, and the cadets dispersed, most of them walking away—"homeward bound."

On April 26, 1864, Maj. Gen. S. G. French, accompanied by Brigadier Generals Ector, Ferguson, and another brigadier, reviewed the corps of cadets and were very warm in their praises of the soldierly bearing of the cadets and their well-nigh perfect drilling. One of these brigadiers said aloud that he had seen all of the "crack corps" of Europe and the cadet corps at the Academy (West Point) drill, but had never seen anything to excel the wheel of the battalion in double ranks, six companies front, at double-quick, that closed the exhibition drill of the Alabama cadets that afternoon.

When the cadet section of artillery took position to fire the salute on the appearance of Major General French, the artillerists of French's Division gathered around in a dense mass and loudly declared: "Those babies can't handle the guns." "They don't know how to load." They made many other uncomplimentary remarks; but when the salute was fired with rapidity and precision, they cheered the "babies" to the echo.

At the close of the commencement exercises in July, 1864, the corps was furloughed for fifteen days, to reassemble at Selma, Ala. The Governor received dispatches informing him of the coming toward Montgomery of Rousseau's Cavalry raid, and he hastened to Montgomery. On arrival there he requested all cadets in the city or passing through to assemble, which they very promptly did and organized a temporary company of fifty-four cadets, which was placed by the Governor under the command of Lieut. George E. Redwood, C. S. A. This company, together with Lockhart's Battalion, afterwards the 62d Alabama Infantry, and a company of conscripts from "Camp Watts" under Captain Ready, met the enemy, the cadets forming the skirmish line two or three miles east of Cheha on Beasley's farm on Monday, July 18, 1864, and after a hot engagement drove the enemy and pursued him as far as Auburn, when the pursuit was stopped, and the cadets returned to Montgomery. The Montgomery Advertiser, in giving an account of this action, said: "All of them bore themselves most gallantly, fighting as if they were accustomed to such work, although it was the first time they were ever under fire. The State cadets deserve all the praise bestowed on them, doing credit to themselves and the training they have received. Still the battalion and the conscripts did their whole duty, evincing much coolness and courage under the fire of the raiders. The list of casualties will show that the latter, as well as the cadets, confronted the foe and suffered considerably. The loss of the cadets was two wounded, that of the battalion forty-eight killed and wounded, and of the conscripts fifteen wounded and seventeen missing. Captain Walthall's company lost the most."

The corps reassembled in Selma on the appointed day with only two or three absentees, who were detained by sickness, but reported in a day or two. The corps was then ordered to Blue Mountain, the station at the northern end of the Alabama and Tennessee Rivers Railroad, which is about a mile above the city of Anniston, and after remaining there for a week or more were ordered to the east bank of the Coosa River, where the railroad crosses that stream. By the time the cadets had cleared out of the woods a neat camp ground they were ordered to Pollard and moved on the railroad to Selma, thence by boat to Montgomery, and there the corps was reviewed by the Governor. They boarded the cars that afternoon and arrived at Pollard next day, went into camp about a mile from the station, and in a few days were ordered to Blakely.

On arrival at Blakely the corps marched in a heavy rain to Sibley's Mills and after a day or two there came back to Saluda Hills, a pine ridge where tradition says a part of Jackson's army camped in the Creek War, 1812-15. While in camp there many cadets were elected company officers in the various Alabama commands in that department. Many were stricken down with coast, or pernicious, fever and suffered greatly, as we had no hospital. Owing to the extra care of Dr. John B. Read, our surgeon, and of the officers, no cadets died, but many of them were walking skeletons when they were moved away.

General Liddell was in command of the Confederate forces on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay and had his headquarters in the old courthouse and jail. In this old courthouse was the only prisoner's dock that I ever saw. There were no warehouses in which to store the supplies for the army, and General Liddell ordered a detail of one lieutenant, one sergeant, three corporals, and forty-two men to report to him for provost duty. On reporting, the lieutenant was told that the cavalry were in the habit of helping themselves every night to any stores they chose and that the General could not get the guard to fire on them; hence he had ordered a detail of cadets and ordered them to load and fire on any of the thieves attempting to steal. The General made public these orders, and for several nights we had no visitors; but one morning as the sentinels were being relieved at six o'clock some hundred or more cavalymen suddenly confronted the relief in the cut worn out by the road leading down to the wharf. The ruffians, with loud cries and oaths, said: "You little babies, get out of our way, or we will pitch you into the river." This was answered by the command, "Ready!" And the "click" of five rifles as one was too much for the thieves, and they broke, falling over one another in their flight. They never returned.

After about a month at Blakely and Saluda Mills, the remnant of the corps, under the command of State Capt. Eugene A. Smith, was moved back to Pollard and in a few days was ordered to Montgomery, where the Governor gave orders to the quartermaster general of the State, Gen. Duff Green, to supply the cadets with everything they needed that he could furnish. I was then acting as quartermaster of the corps and did not wait for a second invitation to "make out your requisition," which was filled promptly, even to quinine, morphine, and other medicines. The corps was then furloughed and reassembled at the university in September, 1864.

In March, 1865, they were disturbed by rumors of raids coming from the Tennessee Valley, and on several nights the corps was marched across the river to Northport and beyond and guarded the road leading to the bridge. When the

first report came that Wilson's raid was coming, the post commandant asked that the three pieces of field artillery belonging to the university be turned over to some Confederate artillerists who were at home on furlough, and they put the guns, horses, and harness in a livery stable and went home to bed.

When Wilson's Corps was about at Elyton, Ala., Croxton's Brigade was detached with orders to destroy the military college at Tuscaloosa. This brigade marched down the main road toward Tuscaloosa till opposite Squaw Shoals, when they crossed to the west side of the Warrior and came through Northport to the bridge, which was guarded by a few old men and boys, one or more of whom were killed and wounded; the bridge was taken, and a detail came into Tuscaloosa, went direct to the stable, harnessed the horses to the field pieces, and drove them to Northport, where they were placed "in battery," trained on the bridge and its approach. They also captured a Confederate officer who had been married that night and took him to General Croxton, where he found an old acquaintance who obtained permission for the prisoner to go under guard back to his bride to let her know that he was safe.

While this was going on a runner carried the news to Dr. Garland, who, about 12:25 A.M. April 4, 1865, ran across the campus to the little guardhouse, saying: "Tell them to beat the 'long roll'; the Yankees are in town." The drum corps (negroes) slept in the guardroom, and in a moment they were heard "cording down" the drums, and then the "long roll" aroused the corps. In less than five minutes Company B, the color company, under Cadet Capt. Samuel Will John, was on the color line, fronted, and reported to Colonel Murfee, who was there ready to take command; and as their report was made Company C, under command of Cadet Capt. William H. Ross, passed behind Company B and formed on the right, and Company A, under command of Cadet Capt. Ademar Brady, passed on the left and formed.

Colonel Murfee moved the corps at double-quick to the corner of the campus next to Tuscaloosa and ordered State Captains Poyner, Murfee, and Smith to inspect the men and arms of their companies. As soon as this was done State Captain Murfee was ordered to take a platoon of Company C, deploy it as skirmishers, and move to the city, the corps following.

Capt. John Massey, instructor, accompanied the corps, and Prof. William J. Vaughn "fell in" the rank of "file closers" of Company B, as was his custom when the corps was on the march. When the corps arrived opposite the Methodist college, we saw the flashes of the guns and heard the firing between the business part of the city and the bridge and were moved at double-quick and in perfect order to the middle of the block next east of Greensboro Street and halted, and then we heard that Captain Murfee and Cadets King and Kendrick, of Company C, had been seriously wounded and the Yankee skirmish line had been driven back to the bridge.

I was ordered to take a platoon of Company B and go to the street next west of Greensboro Street and then turn one block toward the bridge and deploy across the street and hold that position until further orders. In a few minutes the flashes and reports of the guns of the corps were seen and heard as they fired two or more volleys by rank, then all was silent, and, receiving no orders, an officer was sent to find out the situation. He came upon Prof. William J. Vaughn, attending the wounded, who told him of the withdrawal of the corps to the university and that he had heard the com-

mandant send orders to assemble the platoon of Company B and come to the university, which was done in perfect order. On arriving at the campus the cadets were coming out of barracks with their knapsacks packed and slung, and the corps was formed immediately and marched to Hurricane Creek Bridge, the flooring of which was taken up and made into a barricade.

Dr. Garland had ordered the negro waiters in the mess hall to put all the food that had been cooked for breakfast into trays and buckets, and it was taken to the corps at the bridge; and while we ate this meal we heard the explosion of the reserve ammunition left in the magazine and saw the smoke of the burning buildings of the university.

Toward evening of April 4, 1865, the floor of the bridge was relaid, and the corps marched over and took the road to Centerville, as Dr. Garland then intended to move to Montgomery; but on nearing Scottsville we heard of the destruction of the cotton factory there and of the bridge at Centerville and of the fall of Selma on the evening of April 2, 1865, and the corps was then headed for Marion, which we reached in perfect order on the evening of April 7, 1865. The citizens of Marion extended to the cadets a cordial welcome and entertained them for several days with lavish hospitality. The corps was then furloughed till May 12, to reassemble at such place as might be designated. When they dispersed, every man found his way to his own home afoot.

This was the end of the corps, for before the time set for it to reassemble the fatal tidings of Lee's, Johnston's, and Taylor's surrenders were spread throughout the State, and the ex-cadet doffed his gray and went to work as diligently as he had drilled and studied.

List of members of Alabama Corps of Cadets, under Lieut. George E. Redwood, P. A. C. S., from July 17, 1864, to July 22, 1864, as furnished by Chief Justice J. R. Dowdell, who fought as a private in the battle of Chehaw, July, 1864:

Farnham, acting first lieutenant; Reid, acting second lieutenant; Youngblood, second lieutenant; Gunter, first sergeant; Billings, second sergeant; Evans, third sergeant; R. Crawford, fourth sergeant; Hubbard, first corporal; Clark, second corporal; Norton, third corporal; Burch, fourth corporal.

Privates: Alexander, Browder, Blakey, Brewer, B. S. Bibb, M. Carlisle, Cox, Comer, Dennis, J. R. Dowdell, Flournoy, Garrard, F. Gilmer, W. B. Gilmer, Gordon, Haynes, Howe, Judkins, Kendrick, Knowles, A. Lane, L. Lane, Lampley, Manning, Marshall, McLemore, McCreary, McCloud, Moffett, Oliver, Pennington, Phelan, Pinkston, L. Reynolds, T. Reynolds, Slaughter, Sherman, W. Scott, Thames, Thornton, Thompson, Ware, Wimberly.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

The battle of Missionary Ridge was undoubtedly the affair of the war in which the Confederate soldier appeared at the greatest disadvantage. Although on the defensive, numbering 40,000, Grant, with 56,000 men, made the veterans of Murfreesboro, Shiloh, and Chickamauga fly like whipped curs despite the efforts of their gallant officers to hold their feet to the fire. General Sherman says that General Bragg was not responsible for the loss of this battle, but certainly some one was responsible for the disposition made for defense.

General Alexander tells us that part of the army was at the foot of the ridge, and in consequence when they were forced to fall back, hotly pursued by the Yankees, the fire from the top was blanketed for fear of injuring their own men, and the two forces, mixed together, arrived simultaneously on the crest. He also states that the guns on the ridge were so placed that they could not be depressed sufficiently to avoid shooting over the enemy's head. General Bragg says: "No satisfactory excuse can be given for the shameful conduct of our troops. The position was one that should have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column; and when the enemy reached the crest of the ridge they were in such an exhausted condition that the slightest effort would have destroyed them. But one possible reason presents itself to my mind in explanation of this bad conduct of veterans who had never failed before, and this was because for two days they had confronted the enemy, marshaling his immense forces in plain view and exhibiting to them such a superiority in numbers that it might have tended to intimidate them."

The entire army, however, was not intimidated, as the panic never touched Hardee's Corps, which came out intact. General Bragg had nothing but the welfare of the South at heart, but was very unfortunate in the two battles in which he commanded: that of Murfreesboro, on account of lack of numbers, and Chickamauga, for not harvesting the fruits of his glorious victory. One thing certain about the doughty General is that he was a famous scrapper with his subordinates, and there is quite a lot of space taken up in the "Official Records" with crimination and recrimination between him and some of his generals. (By the way, he struck a bad one to pick on when he tackled D. H. Hill.)

It is said of Bragg that in the old United States army he quarreled with every one who would accommodate him and finally, when the source was exhausted, wound up with a serious difficulty with himself in the following manner: Being a company commander and also acting as quartermaster at the same time, as quartermaster he refused the requisition of himself as captain for supplies for the company and altogether with the ensuing correspondence had a most delightful time on his own hook.

Although I have not cleared up the fact as to who was responsible for the loss of the battle, and while I am not trying to take any of the glory which they undoubtedly accumulated in this affair from the Yankee army, I can partly kill a legend that has been sung for many years as to the Yankee soldiers (enlisted men) taking the bit in their teeth and swarming the ridge without orders. A portion of Grant's army at least were ordered to make the attack, as the following quotations from the "Official Records" will show:

General Sheridan says: "My judgment was that it could be carried, and I gave orders accordingly."

General Hazen: "I gave the word, 'Forward!'"

General Wagner: "I ordered the command to storm the works."

Col. F. T. Sherman: "The order to advance was received with cheers."

Col. P. C. Olsen: "I again ordered the regiment to advance."

Col. M. Gooding: "The whole line was ordered forward."

Col. Jacob Marsh says: "An effort was made to move the men, and it was a very difficult thing to do."

This proves that the movement was not altogether a popular one, at least so far as the last regiment was concerned.

THE YELLOW JACKETS IN THE 4TH MISSISSIPPI.

BY G. G. S. PATTERSON, ST. LOUIS, MO.

My brother, William Frederic Patterson, sergeant of Company E, 4th Mississippi Regiment, who died January 5, 1916, at the age of seventy-five years, was born in Hines County, Miss. Early in 1861 he and I, with about one hundred and ten of our neighbors, organized a company in Attala County, Miss., called the Attala County Yellow Jackets. The commissioned officers were: J. B. Moore, captain; John Henry, first lieutenant; Jo Westbrook, second lieutenant; Frank Peeler, third lieutenant. Our company, with nine other companies, formed the 4th Mississippi Regiment, the Yellow Jackets being Company B. The regiment went to Trenton, Tenn., then to Union City, and then to Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River. With the artillerymen in the fort there was already one regiment, the 10th Tennessee, all Irish, as brave a set of men as ever shouldered guns. We built winter quarters there for 1861-62, the last that we ever had. The Yankees made their appearance at Fort Henry on the 8th of February, 1862, and soon leveled the fort after having some of their gunboats sunk, one of them the Essex. We went from that place to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, where on the morning of the 16th of February, 1862, we surrendered to Gen. U. S. Grant after one day's hard fighting. We were taken on board a steamboat and sent to St. Louis, Mo., and there took cars for Camp Morton, at Indianapolis. We stayed there until the 9th of September, 1862, and were then sent to Cairo, Ill., where we boarded a steamboat for Vicksburg, Miss., then to Jackson, from there to Lake Ponchatoula, La., and then back to Vicksburg.

About the 20th of December we went up the Yazoo River to Snyder's Bluff. Sherman had come down the Mississippi and up the Yazoo to near Snyder's Bluff. But we headed him off, and he dropped back down the river to about opposite Blake's farm, on Cherokee Bayou, some five miles above Vicksburg, landed, and marched out to the farm and found two regiments there, the 28th and 29th Louisiana. After a fight the Yankees fell back to their boats and prepared to march into Vicksburg the next day. But, alas! they fell down on it. Two regiments and two companies of artillery from Snyder's Bluff came down on the night of December 31 and were stationed in ditches that had been dug to keep the water from the hills off the farm. We kept concealed until they were as near as we wanted them, then we opened fire. I do not know how many were killed, but there were a good many of them. We lost none killed, and only a few were wounded. The Yankees went on board their boats and left that part of the country for some time, and we were left in peace until in April, 1863, when they anchored their fleet of boats about two miles off up the river above the bend. The river has a very sharp bend, and there is a strip of land running from below Vicksburg on the opposite side of the river to above the city where the river makes a bend. The bend is about two miles wide. The river is about a mile wide opposite the city. They began to shell the city with mortars, throwing in some very large shells for that time.

One dark night they passed our batteries with some transports and began to bring their men across the river. My regiment was sent to Port Gibson. We had skirmishes with the Yankees and fell back across Big Bayou Sarah and joined Loring's Brigade from Grand Gulf, crossing Big Black River and on up it until we came to the railroad bridge on the road running from Vicksburg to Jackson, Miss., at that time called the Vicksburg and Brandon Road. We met the Yankees

at Big Black Bayou and had a fight, then fell back to Vicksburg.

That was on May 17, 1863, and on the 18th our orderly sergeant, Robert Fife, and I volunteered to go out on a certain point and watch for the Federals. We took position at a place from which a house had been moved, and we used the old hearth place for a kind of protection. Soon we saw some Yankees and a man named Ridley, who ran a dairy close by, coming up a steep little hill, the captain, orderly sergeant, and Ridley in front. Fife suggested that he would get Ridley if I would get one of the others. The orderly was between me and the captain, and I thought that if I could shoot him in the stomach the bullet would pass through him and get the captain; but it struck him just above the knee. Fife and I then had about one hundred yards to run to get to some timber where the companies were stopping. As we got near the timber Fife was struck by a Minie ball just above the hip, the ball coming out on the other side. My brother, W. F. Patterson, met us and helped me carry him to a safe place. He lived only a short while, but was conscious until death came. The fellow that I shot in the knee was the first Yankee I met up with after the surrender.

The siege began on the 18th of May, 1863, and lasted until July 4. Had we been properly supplied with provisions, with Gen. Kirby Smith in command, the Yankees could not have taken the place. They didn't take it, anyway; we gave it up. They were no nearer to us when we marched outside of the breastworks and stacked our arms than they had been for the forty-eight days, nor did the soldiers come in until the second day. We had destroyed all powder from the magazines, making camp fires on the night of the 4th.

We lay around there until the 13th before General Baldwin's Brigade was paroled with a day's rations of pickled pork and hard-tack and ordered to report at the parole camp at Meridian, Miss. A good many of us took advantage of the move and went by home and stayed until September, then reported at parole camp. From there we went to reinforce General Bragg at Chickamauga, getting there the day the fight was over. We then went back to Resaca, Ga., and went into camp until February, when we went into camp at Mobile, Ala. From there we went to Selma, Ala., and then to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston on the Georgia campaign; then, through thick and thin, to Lovejoy after General Hood had taken command; and on the 15th of September Hood commenced his Tennessee campaign. We went to Rome, Ga., and from there made a forced march to Resaca, fifty miles, in one day and a part of the night. We surprised the Yankees at supper and got a good feed and ran them into a blockhouse, where, after some parleying, they surrendered. From there we went to Altoona, where the 4th Mississippi Regiment took another blockhouse. The rest of the command went up the railroad above the blockhouse, had a fight and captured some prisoners, and in the evening came back the way of the blockhouse. We went from there to near Huntsville. The Yankee gunboats shelled us, and we passed on down the river until we got to Florence and Tusculum. There we waited for pontoons to be put across the Tennessee River; then we hiked out for Columbia, Tenn., on Duck River, the first place where we came across any Yankees, and they ran without showing any fight. From there we went to Spring Hill, then to Franklin, that awful field of carnage, where so many brave men were killed.

Company B, of the 4th Mississippi, with less than twenty men, lost six or seven. If I remember correctly, the killed were F. Needham, Thad Jamison, Matt Norris, Bill Cook,

John Strickland, and I think John Thornton was also killed by my side as we crossed the abatis about fifty yards in front of the breastworks; the first five named I am sure of. Lieut. Joe Westbrook lost his leg leading Company D. After this Capt. Lee Paris was killed. I don't see how many of us ever got to our main line of works, but we did and drove them out after a while. We then went to Nashville and lay around two weeks. In that time Sayers's Brigade went down to Murfreesboro to help General Forrest cut off some of Thomas's reinforcements. They were gone three or four days. The battle of Nashville came off on the 15th and 16th of December, 1864, and we fell back to Corinth, Miss., where we went to different places, some to South Carolina, some to Fort Jackson, Ala., some to Fort Fisher, La., then the surrender. I got back to Attala County, Miss., on the last day of May, 1865.

AFTER THE BATTLE OF PLYMOUTH, N. C.

BY REV. E. ARNOLD WRIGHT, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Immediately after the capture of Plymouth, N. C., and the capture of the strongest fort on the line of the breastworks surrounding the town of Plymouth, called "Fort Wessell" in honor of Gen. William H. Wessell, commandant of the Federal armory in that town, by the 35th North Carolina Regiment of Gen. Matt W. Ransom's brigade, Gen. R. Frederic Hoke's division, of which I gave a description in the May number of the *VETERAN*, I, as lieutenant of Company I, 35th Regiment, was put in command of thirty men to guard the prisoners from the fort and ordered to take them to the woods, about half a mile outside of the town, and put them in a "prison pen," where they were to be kept until all the prisoners from Plymouth could be mobilized to await trains to convey them to the Confederate prison at Salisbury, N. C., in the western county of Rowan.

As stated in my former article, we had captured between six thousand and seven thousand prisoners of all branches—infantry, artillery, and cavalry—in this famous charge. Plymouth had been in charge of General Wessell's army for about two years and was strongly fortified. I saw General Wessell and his staff, all mounted, Wessell on a coal-black horse, ride up to General Hoke and staff, General Hoke on a bay horse, and General Wessell handed his sword to General Hoke. What disposition was made of General Wessell and staff I know not. I presume, however, that they were paroled. At all events, I never heard any more of General Wessell until I was in the trenches at Petersburg, Va., during the siege of that city by General Grant, when I heard that General Wessell had command of a division in Grant's army at City Point, on the James River, about halfway between Petersburg and Norfolk, Va. In the capture of Plymouth, on the Roanoke River, County of Washington, we opened up a big part of the richest agricultural country in Northeastern North Carolina, a country rich in corn, peanuts, cotton, clover, hay, sheep, fowls of all kinds, goats hogs and cattle, also containing the Albemarle Sound and numerous rivers abounding in fish of all kinds, oysters, and water fowls of all species.

In capturing this important Yankee stronghold we also got a vast amount of small arms, Springfield rifles, cannon, etc., besides a large quantity of commissary and quartermaster's supplies. Out of the commissary warehouse we captured sugar, molasses, coffee, flour, meal, bacon, lard, crackers, etc., and out of the quartermaster's warehouse we got a big supply of calicoes, bleached and unbleached domestics, blankets, boots, shoes, stockings, ready-made clothing, and many articles too numerous to mention. A large part of these necessary ar-

ticles were shipped to General Lee's army, then not far from Richmond and Petersburg, Va., which were very acceptable at that time to the Army of Northern Virginia.

On my way to the rear with the prisoners, about one hundred and fifty men and officers, the following episode took place: One of my men began cursing and otherwise abusing a Yankee prisoner, calling him many ugly names. I thought this man was acting beneath the dignity of a Southern gentleman, so I remonstrated with him and ordered him to "shut up"; that it was not right thus to abuse one in his power nor to "kick a man when down." He obeyed immediately. A Federal officer among the prisoners, hearing what had passed between us, unbuckled his sword belt and handed sword and belt to me, saying: "I make you a present of these, as you are a Mason and a high-toned Southern gentleman." He had caught a glimpse of my Masonic pin, "square and compass," on my shirt bosom. I assured him that I prized the gift highly. If that Federal officer is still living and should see this article, perhaps he will recall this. He told me his name and rank—lieutenant colonel, I think—and I told him mine.

After I had stayed with these prisoners until midnight, I was relieved by Lieut. Prince Venters, of Company A, 35th North Carolina; so I went back to my company in the town and lay down and slept until sunrise. Early in the morning General Ransom sent for me to come to headquarters, when he said: "Lieutenant Wright, I watched your conduct in that charge yesterday, and I am glad to say your action all the way from the woods through the field up to the fort was very gallant. I don't wish to wait until death to put flowers on your grave, if I should live longer than you, so I give you the flowers now while you are yet alive. You have won them, and they are your just dues." He also said that he would promote me on the first vacancy.

The sword and belt given to me by the Federal officer I carried home shortly after this great battle and gave to my uncle, John C. Slocumb, to keep for me until the close of the war. When Black Jack Logan, of the Federal army, took possession of Goldsboro, N. C., after the battle of Bentonville, with his army of twenty-four thousand men, he made his headquarters in Uncle Slocumb's house and allowed his men to ransack the large two-story mansion from garret to cellar. Some of the men tore up the flooring of the garret and found a number of valuable articles which my uncle had hidden there prior to Logan's coming. Among these articles were my sword and belt, a fine gold-headed walking stick given to me by my father; also a fine old-fashioned bull's-eye watch given to my younger brother, Council B. Wright, both given by our dear father away back in 1853. These articles were very precious to us, his orphan boys. I was eleven years old then, and my brother was six. I can forgive the Yankees for many of their diabolical acts during the War between the States, but not for this act of vandalism.

With all the machinery, long-range guns, poisonous gases, aeroplanes and air vessels, deep and long ditches, bomb-proofs, and submarine gunboats of the war now going on in Europe, there has never been displayed any personal chivalry, bravery, and heroism surpassing that of the gallant and heroic boys who wore the gray in the long and strenuous War between the States; for we were actuated by patriotism, lovers of God and native land, fighting for wives, children, and the "girls we left behind us," fighting for a cause we knew was right with all our God-given might, never conquered but overcome by superior numbers and resources, as said our immortal Lee in his farewell address at Appomattox.

FIGHT IN A MISSISSIPPI CHURCH IN 1863.

BY J. ARCHER TURPIN, WATERPROOF, LA.

The town of Rodney, situated on the Mississippi River, in Jefferson County, Miss., was laid out and settled in 1826 and named for an American statesman. The locality was first known as early as 1765 and was then called Pettit Gulf; also the commanding hill was called Pettit Gulf Hill. Cotton grown there was known in the market as Pettit Gulf cotton, and it brought the highest prices for both lint and seed.

In its palmy days, through its proximity to Oakland College, Rodney enjoyed being the center of culture in that region. The Presbyterian Church was well represented by eminent divines—Dr. Jeremiah Chamberlain, Dr. Robert Price, Dr. W. F. V. Bartlett, and as visiting ministers Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, and Dr. Joseph Stratton, of Natchez, Miss. Many prominent business and professional men made their homes there. Times change, and men change with them. The glory of the old town has passed. Oakland College is now Alcorn College for negroes. The mighty Father of Waters has changed its course, and Rodney is now an inland town; but the old brick church where the fight took place still stands and shows the mark of the shell fired by the Federals.

During the summer of 1863 Mr. Baker, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Red Lick, Jefferson County, Miss., came to Rodney seeking transportation to the North. He was a Union man at heart and resigned his pastorate to go North. While waiting for a North-bound boat, he was the guest of Acting Master E. H. Fentress on the United States gunboat Rattler, lying off Rodney on the morning of September 12, 1863. Rev. Robert Price, of the Rodney Presbyterian Church, invited Mr. Baker to fill his pulpit that day. Mr. Baker accepted and extended this invitation to Captain Fentress and his seamen. Captain Fentress and Ensign Strunk, with eighteen or twenty seamen, came to service in the church. Under cover of the organ and choir music, Lieutenant Allen (Confederate service), with fifteen scouts, surrounded the church and, standing in the church door, commanded a quiet surrender. Immediately Ensign Strunk fired at the door. Lieutenant Allen fired toward the ceiling of the building and ordered, "No more firing." The Federals continued firing until some twenty or thirty shots were heard; but, strange as it seems, only one man was injured. A seaman was slightly wounded in the arm by Ensign Strunk's ball. Captain Fentress, the ensign, and fifteen or seventeen seamen were captured. As he stood outside the church door Captain Fentress raised his hand and requested permission to speak. Lieutenant Allen bowed courteously. Captain Fentress asked that a message be sent to his boat for clothing, etc., for his men. The message was sent and properly answered. The officers were placed in some of the carriages still standing at the church gate, the seamen fell into file, and all were marched out of town.

The congregation, mostly women and children, had scarcely dispersed when the Rattler began to shell the church and town, and the town was fired in several places. Hearing this, Lieutenant Allen sent a message to say that if shelling did not cease and order prevail he would hang every prisoner in his charge. Thus lives were saved and property preserved. One seaman boasted that a lady saved his life, which was a natural happening. The lady, aged and infirm, kept her seat in a high back pew. The seaman, quick to embrace opportunity, crawled under and was concealed by the lady's skirts. (It may be related that in 1913 a man from a Northern city

came to St. Joseph, Tensas Parish, La., searching, he said, for a girl (?) who saved his life under her hoop skirt during a church fight in the War between the States. The man wore a gray beard, of course, and the lady was long since laid to rest.) Amid the shrieks and screams of women and children, the loud command of Lieutenant Allen, and the shots from Ensign Strunk, the organist, a very tiny young woman, sprang upon a pew and, with clapping hands, cried out: "Glory to God!"

The following is a copy of Captain Fentress's apology to Admiral David Porter, U. S. N., from Libby Prison. Some allowance may be made for its untruthfulness:

STATEMENT OF ACTING MASTER W. E. H. FENTRESS.

"RICHMOND, VA., LIBBY PRISON, November 15, 1863.

"Rear Admiral David S. Porter, Commanding Mississippi Squadron: I have the honor to forward to you the report of my unfortunate capture, together with Ensign S. Strunk and fifteen seamen belonging to the United States steamer Rattler.

"On the 12th of September, the steamer Rattler lying off Rodney, Miss., I went on shore to attend divine service which was performed in a Presbyterian church not two hundred yards distant from the steamer and in open view. I had been stationed at Rodney since the Tensas (La.) expedition and had never seen or heard of an enemy near that point. I had taken many negroes from the neighborhood, and all reported no Rebels in the vicinity. I do not, sir, wish to excuse myself, for I am aware that excuses are of little value with you when an officer is at fault; but, sir, I do crave your forbearance in this most unfortunate mistake of mine. We had just entered and were seated in the church when a squadron of fifty cavalry dashed upon us and opened fire from the windows and doors. I endeavored to stop this brutal fire upon unarmed men, but was fired upon by these fiends and was slightly wounded in the back, my hands were tied, and I was made fast to a horse and was compelled to keep pace with him for five miles. My treatment since my capture has been brutal and inhuman. As it is, sir, I would be happy if I knew that your displeasure was removed and that I might again retrieve my character in the Mississippi Squadron under your command.

"May I beg, sir, that you will drop me a line in my present miserable condition?

"I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

WALTER E. H. FENTRESS.

Acting Master U. S. N., late Commander U. S. S. Rattler."

STATEMENT BY LIEUTENANT ALLEN'S BROTHER.

Columbus H. Allen, of New Orleans, wrote of this fight on October 15, 1915:

"The command to which we belonged was Company C, known as the Brierfield Rebels, a Louisiana company, but had been incorporated with the 2d Arkansas, under command of Col. W. F. Slemons, Brigade Commander Henry McCollough, Forrest's Cavalry.

"It was sometime in June, I think, or May, 1864, that General Banks moved on Port Hudson for the capture of that place, and a battalion was made up consisting of two companies from the 1st Mississippi, two companies from the 2d Missouri, and one company from the 2d Arkansas, which was ours, and sent down for the purpose of operating against General Banks. We operated there very effectually until Vicksburg was captured by General Grant, which was followed by the fall of Port Hudson. We were then ordered to rejoin

our command in Oxford, Miss. It was while proceeding on our journey and while halted at Crystal Springs, Miss., the report came to my brother, then temporarily in command of the company, that a squad of deserters had left the command and fled for the Mississippi River. My brother, Cicero M. Allen, was ordered to take a squadron of our company and proceed in pursuit of these men and, if possible, effect their capture. We rode about forty miles in pursuit of the fugitives that day, but they reached the river, crossed, and left us behind. The game had escaped us, but there was other game to fall into our hands and from an entirely unexpected source.

"It was Saturday evening when we reached the vicinity of the town of Rodney, and Lieutenant Allen (who was my twin brother; I was a private in the company) took the boys out on the bank of the river, and we quietly made a survey of the situation. There lay the Yankee gunboat Rattler. We had no means of going aboard the Rattler, though we would have liked to do so could we have accomplished anything; but this was impossible, and as night closed around we went into bivouac. Right alongside of the main road out of Rodney our little squadron was cooking their rations, while my brother and I stood chatting together upon our disappointment in not overhauling the deserters, when a carriage rolled by and halted. A lady put her head out of the vehicle, and my brother saluted her. She laughed and said: 'Are you commanding these soldiers?'

"My brother answered: 'Yes, madam.'

"'Well,' she said, 'Captain Fentress, commander of the Rattler, came ashore this evening and said he had noticed a bunch of buttermilk cavalry on the banks of the river and that he would be glad if they would remain, as he would come ashore the next morning and whip them with cornstalks.'

"Lieutenant Allen bowed again to the lady and said: 'Madam, Captain Fentress shall have the opportunity that he desires to whip us with cornstalks.'

"I remember that I was on picket that night in a little graveyard just above the town and heard the calls from the gunboat: 'Twelve o'clock, and all's well.' The next morning Lieutenant Allen drew us all up, and we rode out on the bluff in full view of the gunboat and waved our sabers defiantly. Almost instantly we could see men running over the decks, and three boats dropped from the davits of the ship, each containing about eight or nine men. We watched them as they rowed for the shore, and about the time that we thought they were well off from their boats we formed and charged into Rodney. We encountered them moving up the street, and a brisk little fire was opened. Four of the men rushed into the church, followed by Captain Fentress and Lieutenant Strunk. My brother leaped from his horse and called to me: 'Don't fire in that church.' I should have previously stated that it was Sunday morning, and a congregation had assembled in the little building in Rodney in which the sailors and the two officers took refuge. My brother ran in on one side, while I followed the four men on the other side. As we entered I heard the report of a pistol and saw Lieutenant Allen stagger back with blood on his face; but he quickly fired, and the man who fired at him fell. I captured the other men who had gone in and turned them over to a guard. While I was coming out a lady sitting in the aisle of the church said: 'Go up in the choir. The captain has gone up there.' In an instant, pistol in hand, I was leaping up the steps, and out sprang the two officers. Down the

other side they went, only to meet the Lieutenant with his pistol, and they surrendered. The other boys had captured the rest of the sailors or marines, and we drew out of Rodney, as the Rattler had opened a heavy fire of shell and grape, knocking off the steeple of the church, so I have heard.

"Well out from under their fire, with our prisoners, some twenty-four in number, as well as I can remember, including the two officers, and noticing the boat's action in firing upon the defenseless town, my brother called to Captain Fentress, saying: 'Who is in command of the Rattler in your absence?'

"He said: 'My executive officer.'

"Quickly tearing a leaf out of his book, he called Coon Clark, one of our men, and wrote the following laconic note: 'To the executive officer commanding gunboat Rattler: Cease firing on Rodney, or I'll hang every prisoner in my possession.'

"Fentress was looking over his shoulder as he wrote the note, and he said to me: 'My God! does he mean that?'

"I told him he did.

"The gunboat received the communication, and instantly the firing ceased.

"We went back and apologized for our intrusion into the church and assured the congregation that no harm would come to them now, as the boat had ceased firing, and they were dismissed. I do not believe there was anybody in the house who was very much alarmed or hurt.

"We reached our command with our prisoners and turned them over. They remained with us for a considerable while, and Captain Fentress and Lieutenant Strunk, my brother and myself got to be good friends. After the war my brother met Lieutenant Strunk in St. Louis, and they dined happily together, with no ugly memories of war to disturb their appetites. Whether Captain Fentress is living or dead, I do not know, as I have never heard of him since. But for the poor estimate that he put upon his fellow countrymen who happened to be wearing the gray by stating that he would 'whip us with cornstalks' his capture, in my opinion, was a piece of poetic justice.

"I shall never forget, when we brought the men into camp, the look of our commanding officer, who was then Col. John L. Logan. He said: 'Allen, for God's sake, where did you get these fellows?'

"I must state that my brother had had his arm shattered to the elbow in the battle of Britton's Lane, in Tennessee, but served over two years in his maimed condition. He was captured during the time we were operating around Port Hudson and taken aboard the steamer Iberville to be sent to New Orleans. While on the boat he walked out with the guard on the boiler deck and, watching his chance, knocked the guard down, then, clothed in uniform, with heavy boots on, and only one arm to make the desperate fight with the angry river, he leaped overboard, swam ashore, and made good his escape. The whole brigade turned out to receive him when they learned of his approach to our line, and one stalwart Arkansan bore him on his shoulders. In this way he rejoined his command.

"Captain Fentress was a native of Norfolk, Va."

FROM MRS. HART'S DIARY.

"OAKLAND, September, 1863.

"Last Sunday, September 12, we had quite a sensation. We were at church in Rodney; twenty-one Yankees were there, more than usual. We had commenced the second hymn when ten of our scouts came to the door and ordered

them to surrender. One of them jumped up and fired his pistol; he was in our pew, fourth from the front. About a dozen shots were exchanged; but as only a few of the enemy were armed, they had to give up. Great excitement prevailed, but no one was seriously hurt. The ladies were very much excited. A gunboat immediately commenced shelling the town. My father told us to sit still, but my little sister thought the church was falling down and leaped over the seat to get out. I followed with the intention of bringing her back to 'sit still,' but she ran up the street like a deer and reached home before I overtook her. We gathered a few things together, and I got out of the house at once."

To this Mrs. Hart added in a letter written from Belzoni, Miss., September 8, 1915:

"Only one of the enemy escaped; he must have been the one you referred to in your letter. Last winter, while Mr. Hart and I were visiting our sons at Shreveport, La., we heard that he had come South and was inquiring for the young lady who had helped to hide him in the church and that he wanted to marry her (his wife was dead). * * *

"On Sunday afternoon, after the capture of the soldiers, my parents returned to Rodney to try to get their things together, fearing the town would be burned. While there soldiers came from the boat and said they had orders to burn our house, claiming that one of them had taken refuge there and the man of the house had cursed and set the dogs on him. The minister and citizens tried to convince them that my father was at church; that he was an elder of the Church and therefore did not use profane language; but they insisted that they had orders to burn the house and proceeded to set fire to it, giving my mother only three minutes to get the things out. Just after knocking in the stairway, putting in kindling and oil and applying the match, they received a note from the scouts saying that if they molested either the citizens or property they would hang the prisoners. Then they permitted the citizens to extinguish the fire."

THE BATTLE OF SEVEN PINES.

BY H. T. CHILDS, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

In the month of May, 1862, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston conducted, as few generals could, the retreat of the Confederate army from Yorktown back through the peninsula to the Confederate fortifications around Richmond.

The Tennessee brigade, composed of Colonel Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Hatton's 7th Tennessee, and Colonel Forbes's 14th Tennessee, was in active service and endured many hardships. This Peninsular Campaign was through the same country and over the same roads by which General Washington led the patriots of the Revolution when he went to Yorktown and captured Lord Cornwallis. As we moved back, contesting every inch and fighting every day, we crossed the Chickahominy River about the place where Capt. John Smith was captured by the Indians and whose life was saved by the beautiful Pocahontas.

When we got near the city of Richmond, the Tennessee Brigade, now commanded by Gen. Robert Hatton, was sent to the rear for a few days' rest. On the evening of the 30th of May orders came to cook rations. Soon everything was in commotion, the rations were cooked, and all were ready to move. About sundown the drum tapped, everybody ran into line, and the brigade took up the line of march, with Colonel Turney in the lead. When the head of the column reached the plank

road leading to Seven Pines, the following commands were given: "Halt, front, right dress, order arms, parade rest!" The 7th Tennessee was then marched close in the rear of the 1st Tennessee, and the same commands were given. Then came the 14th Tennessee, close in the rear of the 7th Tennessee, and executed the same commands. Here, then, stood the Tennessee Brigade at parade rest in close column by battalion. General Hatton then swung around on his horse close in front of the colors and made a short speech. I was then a beardless boy, in full life and vigor, and I have always thought that that speech was a flow of eloquence and sublimity never surpassed. It can never be reproduced. I shall only try to give a brief outline: "Boys, before the dawn of another day we will be engaged in deadly conflict with the enemy. We are the only representatives of the gallant little commonwealth of Tennessee upon the soil of Virginia. I appeal to you as Tennesseans. Show yourselves worthy sons of a noble ancestry. Just in our rear is the capital city of the Confederacy. Around our capital city has been gathered a vandal horde of Yankees. Their object, their aim, their purpose is to plunder and pillage our capital. Shall it be sacked?"

Just then the stentorian voice of Colonel Turney rang out upon the night air: "No, never!" And every boy snatched off his hat, caught up the refrain, and made the welkin ring with the shout of "No, never!"

The time had then arrived for the Tennessee Brigade to take its place in the line of march, and the head of the column began to move. The morning of the memorable 31st of May dawned, but we were not "engaged in deadly conflict with the enemy." All that morning the Federal and Confederate armies were manœvering. About one o'clock the Tennessee Brigade was resting, with our arms stacked in the middle of the road, and every boy seated near his gun. General Hatton, riding to the head of the line and finding Colonel Turney seated on top of a fence, took a seat by his side. I took a seat in the corner of the fence and listened to these two distinguished sons of Tennessee. About all I remember of their conversation was that Colonel Turney, an old Democrat, said to General Hatton, an old Whig, that upon the subject of alien suffrage he had always been a "know-nothing." Just then a courier dashed up, calling: "General Hatton! General Hatton!" At one bound Hatton was in his saddle, answering, "Here I am." The message was: "It is the order of General Johnston that the Tennessee Brigade or the Hampton Legion should occupy a certain position in line. General, I have come for you; I want you to beat Hampton." General Hatton replied: "I will beat Hampton." Turning to his men, he commanded: "Take arms! By the right flank, double-quick!" And then we went toward Seven Pines.

As we were passing along the road at a double-quick President Jefferson Davis passed by us with his suite of attendants. Every boy snatched off his hat, and the wild Rebel yell rent the air as a salute to the gallant chieftain of the Confederacy. On we dashed, and at every bound nearer, clearer, deadlier resounded the clash of arms. When we reached a little old schoolhouse on the left side of the road, we were halted. Just beyond the house, on a little mound, was General Johnston, seated upon his big gray horse, with his glasses adjusted, looking at the enemy. Turning around, I heard him ask the question: "What command is this?" General Hatton replied: "Tennessee Brigade." "Put them right in," said General Johnston. General Hatton, turning around to his men, gave the command, "Load!" There was

a general rattle of steel as this command was repeated by the company officers down the line. When my gun was loaded, I looked—there was General Johnston's horse, but the saddle was empty. A bomb had burst; Johnston was wounded. He never commanded the army in Virginia again. From that time forward General Lee commanded the Confederate forces in Virginia.

The next command from General Hatton was, "Fix bayonets!" Every old soldier knows what that means. It means that somebody is going to get hurt; it means that in the dreadful tread of a thundering legion, mixed with the wild Rebel yell, something must move. The next command was, "Forward, guide center!" The sons of Tennessee began to move. I have always thought that this was the grandest, sublimest scene I ever saw. The three regiments were moving in perfect line. Above us floated the Stars and Bars, the Cross of St. Andrew, the flag we loved. Our arms were gleaming and glittering and glistening amid the splendors of sunset glow. On we moved toward the sunset with a dreadful tread more terrible than that of Napoleon's thundering legions. Above us and all around us grape and canister and bombs were falling thick and fast, tearing up the earth in front and rear, but the line was never struck. It seemed to me that I was six inches taller than I ever was. When we had gone about one hundred yards, again the stentorian voice of Colonel Turney rang out above the thunder of the battle: "First Tennessee, change front, forward on first company!" This changed the direction of the 1st Regiment from the west to the north. I glanced back and saw General Hatton going west with the other two regiments, with his hat off, waving them onward. Our regiment, moving north, passed through a skirt of timber where the Yankees had been camped—their tents were stretched; they had been whipped out—and when we had passed through we were ordered to halt and lie down. It was now sunset, and deadly missiles and tree-tops were falling around us. In the dusk I raised up on my knees to look. Across a little clearing, close to another skirt of woods, I saw the Yankee lines forming. I told the boys they were coming. Soon the company officers passed along the line commanding, "Up, boys!" The boys came to their feet, guns in hand, and the racket of arms began.

Right in the onset everything was enveloped in smoke and darkness. We would shoot at the flash of the enemy's guns, and I suppose they would shoot at the flash of ours. Amid the din and clatter of arms, the boom and thunder of cannon, and the crash of bayonets both sides gave way. It was said that we were engaged three minutes. I know I fired my gun only three times, and I was as calm and deliberate and busy as I could be. The 1st Tennessee Regiment lost ninety-six men in killed and wounded—fourteen were killed. This was a heavy loss for three minutes, but the greatest loss of all was the loss of our commander. I remember well the tears that were shed next morning when the boys began to realize that the gallant Hatton would lead us no more.

This was the 31st of May, 1862. June 26, following, the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond began.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.—Thus he brought to the Southern cause a civil and military experience surpassing that of any other leader. Born in Kentucky, descended from an honorable colonial race, connected by marriage with influential families in the West, where his life had been passed, he was peculiarly fitted to command the Western armies.—*Gen. Richard Taylor.*

HOW MOSBY SAVED THE DAY.

BY C. C. HART, ELKINS, W. VA.

During the month of September, while facing Sheridan down in the Valley of Virginia, near Winchester, we were expecting an engagement, and Colonel Lang, with about a hundred of the 62d Regiment, was sent to guard Berry's Ferry with one piece of McClanahan's Battery, commanded by Sergeant Shank. We were anticipating a good time, hoping to miss the expected battle by being sent up there to guard the ferry, but to our great surprise the enemy had already crossed; and our gallant commander, Colonel Lang, comprehending the situation at a glance, ordered a charge and drove them back across the river. Then the artillery opened up its deadly work until they made their escape into the mountains; from there they opened fire upon us with a six-gun battery, and an artillery duel, six to one, continued until evening.

As we were running short of ammunition, we moved up farther on the hill, so that we were hidden by large chestnut trees. We had been there but a short time when they sent a regiment of cavalry across to take us, thinking we were still holding our position near the road. On finding that we had shifted our position, they came on around the side of the hill in front of us. We had anticipated about such a move and had prepared grape and canister close by the mouth of our gun for rapid execution. They came around within forty yards of us before they discovered us and at once ordered a charge; but when we opened upon them in such rapid succession they became panic-stricken, broke ranks, and ran pell-mell down the hill toward the ford of the river, where they had just crossed. By this time about a hundred of our skirmish line had gathered near the ford, and they also fired upon them until they were too close to shoot, then used their guns as shillalahs on them until they passed down into a deep ravine to the ford of the river. Our boys, being on the bank above them, did some deadly execution with sandstones. John Killingsworth, a boy of nineteen, knocked five from their horses, and brave Joe Winners, who picked up the flag when Captain Currence fell at New Market, knocked seven off with one hand while holding the flag in the other. The rain of bullets continued, and a number fell. While crossing the river only twenty-five of the enemy's regiment escaped. Our loss was very light. One brave man that we lost was George Kittle, of the well-known family that furnished five as brave boys as ever faced a battle, three of whom fell during the great struggle.

During the afternoon, unknown to the enemy, we were reinforced by General McCausland and a portion of his brigade with six pieces of artillery. Champ Thornhill, of Barbour County, who, on account of his bravery, had been detailed for a scout, returned just at this time from a daring adventure across the Blue Ridge and told us that "hell would be played directly," as he had seen Mosby on the Blue Ridge, and he was coming to capture the enemy's battery. Just at this time we saw the bluecoats form and start down the mountain, not knowing that we had been reinforced. Enraged over the way we had slaughtered the regiment they had just sent over, they were coming as if to annihilate us. But we sighted our seven pieces on the ford, the only place they could cross, to send them to a watery grave as fast as they entered the river. But about the time they reached the foot of the mountain we heard the Rebel yell, and Colonel Mosby charged the battery, captured men and horses, spiked the guns, and returned to the mountain in safety. As the Yankees turned back to see what had taken place on the hill, we

opened fire on them with our seven pieces, and they made twice the time going up that they did coming down, only to find their guns spiked and themselves completely whipped.

Thus ended a day of surprises and slaughter. After a hearty supper we lay down in our blankets and slept, dreaming sweet dreams of victories won.

THE CHARLES TOWN RAID.

In the latter part of the summer of 1863 General Imboden was stationed in the Valley of Virginia with about twelve hundred men (of whom I was one), we having been sent there by Gen. Robert E. Lee to guard the Confederate interests through that part of Virginia. We had a well-organized signal corps and so arranged that we could learn from time to time any move that the Federals might undertake. We learned that there was an army at Charles Town of about eight hundred. They also had much larger forces at Winchester and Harper's Ferry. Everything was quiet in the Valley at this time, so General Imboden decided to move down, capture, and bring out the army stationed at Charles Town, taking with him the brave and daring Capt. Jesse McNeill, who took Generals Crook and Kelley out of Cumberland.

Our march was so planned that our last move was a nocturnal one, that we might get in and surround the town before daylight. We were discovered, however, and about day-break some seven hundred of them made a break to get away by the road leading to Harper's Ferry, but General Imboden was too smart for that. He had placed a regiment at this point, and the Federals ran right into them and were captured at the very place where John Brown was hanged.

The remainder of the army had taken refuge in the Courthouse, and Sergt. Andrew Collett, one of Randolph County's bravest artillerymen, was sent around on the west side of the town with one piece of artillery. The bluecoats opened fire on him from the cupola of the courthouse, one ball hitting the horse on which Sergeant Collett was mounted, entering the neck and passing out through the shoulder on the other side. Just about this time General Imboden came in on the south with one piece of artillery composed of Randolph County boys, supported by Captain McNeill, entering a street leading directly to the courthouse, but concealed by the large shade trees along the street. General Imboden dispatched Captain McNeill in with a flag of truce and ordered surrender. They asked for three-quarters of an hour in which to consider, hoping, probably, to be reinforced; but when this was reported to General Imboden he sent back word that he would give them just five minutes. "Well," they said, "tell your officer that we are in here, and let him take us out if he can."

General Imboden then said: "Boys, unlimber that piece of artillery, and I'll take them out." While we unlimbered he dismounted and, sighting the piece himself, fired straight into the door, striking the adjutant and cutting off both his legs. The next shots went first through the wall to the left of the door and the next to the right. Then they came out like a swarm of bees, and Captain McNeill was ordered to take charge of them.

We then moved back upon the hill about a quarter of a mile and stopped to feed; but before our horses were through eating, the Federals came up from Harper's Ferry and attacked our rear guard. When we heard the firing of shots, we pulled stakes and moved on, taking position and beating the enemy back from every hilltop for a distance of twelve miles; but

we came out safely with prisoners and provisions which we had captured in little old Charles Town.

When night came on, we were well-nigh spent, and our prisoners, in the language of to-day, were simply "all in."

"UNKNOWN."

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I found one day where the pines grow tall
A rough and mossy stone
Nestling close to the mountain's wall
And simply marked "Unknown."
Long ago the warlike lines
Stood in that haunted dell;
Long ago beneath the pines
A thousand heroes fell.

I knew that 'neath that rugged stone,
Where long the vines had crept
And some strange hand had carved "Unknown,"
A Southern soldier slept.
The spring has given of its flowers,
The winter of its snow
To crown that missing boy of ours
Who bravely met the foe.

With pride I know that gallant boy,
Born by the summer sea,
Marched with a soldier's ardent joy
Behind the plume of Lee
And felt as on the field he lay,
Amid the bullets' hiss,
A hand upon his sleeve of gray,
A mother's holy kiss.

How beat his heart the night he stood
Last time beneath the stars,
Above him in the lonely wood
The banner of the bars!
In dreams to him from far away,
Beyond the wildwood's core,
The sweetheart of his boyish day
Came to his side once more.

The morning broke on wood and plain,
The cannon's opening roar,
The armies roused to life again,
The fray was on once more;
And when the twilight kissed the hill
That towered in the west,
One soldier's heart for ever was still,
One hero was at rest.

I gently knelt and breathed a prayer
And brushed the vines away;
I left a rose to nestle where
The Southland's hero lay;
I know that God has marked the spot
Where in the forest lone
Sleeps, by a busy world forgot,
Some mother's boy—unknown.

A SOLDIER OF MISSOURI.

CAPT. ALBERT C. DANNER, IN BIRMINGHAM NEWS, MAY, 1916.

You never heard of him? He was a private and unknown except to his company and a few others who had personal knowledge of his daring deeds from time to time. His name was Stringfellow Houston. We called him "String." When about eighteen years of age, he enlisted in the Missouri State forces at Brunswick, Chariton County, Mo., in May, 1861.

String lived on a little farm with his widowed mother. His life work began early, and he had no opportunity to secure an education. When he heard that a Northern army was going to invade his State and that Governor Jackson had called for volunteers to protect the homes of the people. String thought that he ought to help, and his mother agreed with him about it. String enlisted in the Missouri State forces, gotten up under Gen. Sterling Price, to endeavor to repel the threatened invasion.

At that time Missouri, in the far West, was sparsely settled. There were some negro slaves that had been brought to the State from Virginia and Kentucky, but none of these were on the little farm of the Widow Houston. She and her son did the work.

After a year's service in Missouri under Gen. Sterling Price, taking part in several successful battles, but forced back for want of men and equipment, we were asked to enlist in the Confederate army for three years, or the war. Some six thousand of us enlisted for forty years, or the war. String was in the crowd. We were brought over to the east side of the Mississippi, landing at Memphis. General Price soon left us, going back to the Southern army on the west side of the Mississippi. The Missourians who had enlisted in the Confederate army were reorganized, the infantry in two brigades, Green's and Cockrell's, making Bowen's Division. They took part in many fights, always with much credit to themselves.

String never missed a fight unless he was in the hospital recovering from a wound, for he was one of the wounded in nearly every engagement, but usually back with his company ready for the next battle. Always cheerful and keen to be in the fight, he did many daring deeds. If in a charge, he was just a little ahead of the line, for he was active and strong and impulsive. If on skirmishing or picket duty, the officer in charge would always have something to say about the efficiency shown by String. This boy was hopeful, bright, full of fun, and really seemed to enjoy the risk and excitement of a battle.

As time passed, bringing many engagements, the command being reduced in number from losses by death, bad wounds, and sickness, and having much cause for discouragement, String Houston was not depressed or discouraged. He expected the ultimate success of the cause, because he thought it was right, and he counted on returning to his good mother in North Missouri in due time after we had won our cause.

One day he called at my tent with a short letter which he had just received from his mother. (One of the women blockade runners, who from time to time worked their way through the Union lines from Missouri and across the Mississippi River, had just gotten in, bringing some letters sewed up in the lining of her skirt, and one of these was from String's mother.) The contents of the letter brought sorrow to him, for she wrote in effect that she was at the end of her resources and did not see how she could live unless String could come back to her, which she hoped that he could arrange to do.

So the conflict was on in the mind and heart of this boy,

whose whole desire was to do his duty. There it was: service to his suffering mother, whom he loved devotedly, or to the cause in which he had enlisted for the war. He wanted to talk it over with me, and I remember that I was at a loss to know what to say, except that if he should go back and reach home the people who were then dominating that part of Missouri would promptly kill him; so he could not be of service to his mother in any event. He decided that he must stay and continue to fight for the Confederacy.

After this we were soon trapped in Vicksburg, where we fought and suffered for forty-seven days. Vicksburg was a small town then, with the Mississippi River on one side, where we had no means of defense, and the river was soon occupied by the river fleet of the United States that bombarded us night after night without ceasing. On the land side we found that there had been poor and inadequate ditches run around the town, which we were called upon at once to strengthen and improve, causing much hard work for the men. This fortification ditch was made with the view of protecting the land side of the town and ran from the river above to the river below; and when we were closed in the town by Grant's immense army which soon encircled us, we were shut off from all communication with the world. There was poor preparation for a siege on our part, inadequate in every way. The fighting began at once and was incessant every day, charges being made day after day upon our lines, which were repelled from time to time, but with great loss to us. In the meantime the enemy was undermining us, and there was a great explosion one day, when a big part of our works was blown up, and with it many lives were lost.

In all this work the hero of this sketch as a private was busily engaged with his company and never hesitated to expose himself when called upon to do so. One day during one of our hardest fights, while acting as aid-de-camp, conveying certain orders to the immediate firing line, I met in a path over the brow of a hill a squad of men carrying on a stretcher the boy of a man, I supposed a soldier who had been killed. They were coming down the path from the fighting line as I proceeded up the same path. The carrying away of dead and wounded was going on constantly, and I was passing this squad without noticing them particularly, when one of the bearers, who happened to know me, said: "Captain, this is String Houston."

I could not stop, having my orders to convey, but I looked around. The face of the man was so covered with blood that his features could not be made out. I supposed he was dead and remarked, "Poor String, they have got him at last," when, blinded as he was and terribly shot, he recognized my voice and replied at once with cheerfulness: "No, Captain, they have not killed me; they have just shot out my left eye, and when I get back from the hospital I can shoot that much faster, as I won't have to stop to shut it."

Well, they carried him on, and I went my way; but I was greatly impressed with the courage and nerve of my friend. I did not forget and have never forgotten the tone nor the words of String Houston while he was being carried, as I supposed, to his deathbed. There was no whining or shadow of complaint; without hope of special attention or reward of any kind, he had offered his life and took what came to him as to be expected and endured.

Strange to say, in a few weeks String reported back for duty, a changed-looking man, with one eye completely shot out, but ready and anxious to go back to the front. He went and was soon busy as before, but it was not for long. The

next time they hit him it was a fatal shot, and he died in the ditch with his company at Vicksburg.

This is a true story. However, Stringfellow Houston was but a type of the young men who were in the Confederate army from Missouri.

"Since time was born, not Egypt, Greece, nor Rome
Has matched with death more valiant, stancher men."

At the close of the war there were but a few of us Missourians left to be surrendered. My old company had long before disappeared. Not one, as far as I know, went back to Brunswick; so there was no one to carry the news to Mrs. Houston of her son.

A few years later I was at Brunswick and wanted to see Mrs. Houston and tell her something of the heroic life and death of her boy, but I could find no one in Brunswick who knew of any such family. What became of her, I do not know. Doubtless if she survived the war she waited anxiously, hoping for the return of her boy day after day. I imagine that during the night a candle was left burning in the window to light him on his way; and with every noise—a footstep in the road, the bark of a dog, the blowing of the wind in the trees—she would start up to greet her boy; but at last, heart-broken, poor, and alone, she gave up and passed out of her life of disappointment.

Many Confederate mothers waited in vain for the return of their loved ones whose bodies were in graves marked "Unknown," and such was the fate of this poor widow of Missouri who gave her all to the cause of the Confederacy.

DEFENDERS OF FORT GREGG.

CONTRIBUTED.

After 1863 recruits, by choice, sought the artillery service; consequently soon there were more men than needed in that branch. To obviate this, General Lee gave the supernumerary artillerymen small arms for the winter of 1864, with the understanding that they resume their respective commands when the campaign opened in the spring. This they were unable to do, as the enemy commenced to advance against Richmond and Petersburg by April 1. Some of these supernumerary artillerymen who had been given small arms were placed at Fort Gregg, a mile and a half from Petersburg, under the command of Major Chew. On the morning of April 2 General Lee crossed his army over the Appomattox River on pontoon bridges; and as Fort Gregg was the only defense he had from the approach of the enemy, he ordered Major Chew to defend the fort as long as possible, that his army might safely pass over the Appomattox River.

The defenders in Fort Gregg that morning consisted of one section of Chew's Battery and eighty rifles. Some of General Pickett's men had just been defeated near Hatcher's Run and were returning to Petersburg via Fort Gregg in squads of five, ten, and twenty. They were asked to come into the fort, and about one hundred and seventy-five men were thus added to its defense. In all, there were from two hundred and fifty to three hundred men defending the fort on the morning that was to give to history and America its second Alamo. At 9 A.M. the 24th Army Corps, nine thousand strong, opened with artillery, followed with a charge, which the fort repulsed. Quickly a second charge was launched and was hurled back with great slaughter. During a lull at this time and while the enemy was forming for a third charge the little band of heroes in the fort could hear Lee's army

cheering them. It was then the noon hour, and Surgeon George W. Richards took it upon himself to advise Major Chew to surrender, as he felt that Lee's army had ample time to cross the Appomattox. To this Major Chew replied: "Let the fight go on as it will; I will not surrender."

Now, to make it plain, when the first charge was driven back, there were left under the guns of the fort in a deep ditch more than two thousand men, who had chosen to stay there rather than be shot in the back on the first retreat. At the third charge these men came out of the ditches and advanced in such great numbers that the men in the fort could not kill them all. The enemy appeared exasperated and gave no quarter, and the men in the fort, having no time to reload, broke the stocks from their guns and fought with the barrels. General Lee could see plainly what was going on and sent his courier, William Catterton (a boyhood friend of Surgeon Richards), to a battery one mile from the others to open on the fort among friends and foes. The first shot from the friendly artillery burst twenty steps in front of the fort. About this time a Federal soldier attempted to bayonet Surgeon Richards, who dodged the thrust and began choking him, when one of the balls from the exploding shrapnel struck the Federal soldier in the back. Other shells and solid shot were pouring in on the enemy and soon stopped their murderous work, and in self-defense they sought the opposite side of the fort. Then all became quiet. The few left of the brave defenders were made prisoners, and Richards was sent to Johnson's Island, on Lake Erie, a prisoner of war. The New York Herald reported the loss of twenty-four hundred men, killed and wounded. The Confederates lost all the men except twenty-seven or thirty. Surgeon Richards says he counted twenty-seven; but Col. Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, Va., in his "History of Lee's Campaign with the Army of Northern Virginia," says there were thirty men left. Of such deeds and of such men the South is justly proud, and the entire nation applauds the fact that they were Americans.

So far as known, Dr. George W. Richards, now living near Elkton, Va., is the only surviving member of the little band which made the heroic defense of Fort Gregg on April 2, 1865. He enlisted in Southall's Artillery in Charlottesville, Va., in April, 1861, and the command was soon ordered to Yorktown under General Magruder. Just before the army left Yorktown, by order of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Southall resigned, and Lieutenant Brown, afterwards colonel of ordnance in Richmond, and Lieut. Green Patton, later on General Rodes's staff, left the battery. George W. Richards was then offered the command by the men of the battery, but declined it, as he had recently graduated in medicine at the Virginia Medical College of Richmond and wished to enter that branch of the service, where he felt that he was most fitted and could render the most service. He immediately appeared before the medical board at Richmond, was commissioned as assistant surgeon, and assigned to Captain Cumming's battery at Cape Fear, N. C. Just before this company of artillery was ordered to Gettysburg he was detailed to the Graham Battery. At this time the different artillery companies of Virginia and North Carolina were formed into batteries. Graham's Battery was one of those comprising the command of Colonel Poague, and with this command Richards served until the army was returned to Virginia. He was then assigned to different battalions, such as Richardson's, McIntosh's, etc., and was connected with the command of Major Chew at the time of the defense of Fort Gregg.

TEXAS AND ARKANSAS AT FORT HARRISON.

BY A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

In order to an intelligent understanding of the events which I shall endeavor to describe, I will first make a brief statement of the military status. Fort Harrison was situated at the extreme southern limit of the main line of fortifications around Richmond. It had a commanding position upon a broad plateau at an angle of the works where they turned squarely west to Chaffin's Bluff, on the James River. From the fort the intrenchments ran north three-fourths of a mile, then turned west again for some distance; at this angle was located another large redoubt, called Fort Gilmore. Besides this main line, there was another shallow, straggling ditch running due east from Fort Harrison two or three miles in length and intended only for temporary defense. The only troops upon these lines at the time of which I speak was a battalion occupying Fort Harrison, about four hundred Georgians, the remnant of Benning's old brigade, scattered along between the forts, and about one mile east on the shallow trench alluded to was Hood's old Texas Brigade, reduced to about five hundred men and then under the command of General Gregg, of Texas, who was also in command of all the troops on the lines. This brigade was composed of the 1st, 4th, 5th Texas, and 3d Arkansas Regiments. Of the latter I, as senior captain, was in command.

General Grant's entire army was on the south side of the James River investing Petersburg, his left wing, under Butler, resting on "Deep Bottom," not more than three or four miles from Fort Harrison, with a dense forest intervening to mask any sudden movement.

We had occupied this position about two weeks and were growing somewhat wearied with the monotony of idleness, when one morning about daylight the pickets were driven in; and we had scarcely time to seize our arms and take position in the trenches when we were suddenly charged by a large body of negro troops led by white officers. These fellows seemed to follow their leaders blindly and rushed up to the very muzzles of our guns. The struggle, however, lasted only a few minutes, when, being apparently seized with a sudden panic, the negroes broke and scattered to the winds, leaving in our hands a few prisoners and a large number of dead and wounded on the ground, while we had not lost a man. Scarcely was this accomplished when a swift messenger informed us that Fort Harrison, one mile away, was in danger; and we were hurried down the line in that direction, not knowing that it was already captured. As we approached the summit of the plateau we came suddenly upon a large force of the enemy coming down upon us in line of battle, marching at right angles to the works and reaching far out into the fields to our right, thus cutting us off from our destination. For a moment it seemed that we were completely entrapped and that escape was impossible. It would have been folly to attack so large a force, perhaps a whole division, and, besides, we were marching by the flank and considerably strung out.

But the Texans were not easily caught, and two circumstances were in our favor. Part of the enemy's line was obscured by the brow of the hill, and it took some moments for them to get into position; and to our right and rear was a dense thicket of old field pines, offering an admirable cover, and to this we went without considering the order of our going. Then at a dead run for over a mile we passed completely around the Federal left and rear and took position on the main line, which they had occupied a few minutes before. In looking back upon that occasion I have always

thought this escape of the Texans from so critical a situation to be one of the neatest and most successful maneuvers witnessed during the war. Its result was certainly momentous, for when we reached our position in the works and were joined by the four hundred Georgians we were the only troops between the enemy and Richmond.

On their part, when they discovered that we had given them the slip, they reversed their march and charged across the open fields, but were easily repulsed. For four or five hours the enemy made repeated demonstrations; but General Gregg handled his little force with great skill and effect, and they were repelled at every point.

But our troubles were not over. About two o'clock in the afternoon it was ascertained that the enemy had made a flank movement on our left and, concealing their march by the broken nature of the ground, had approached near to and were about to attack Fort Gilmore, half a mile to our left. General Gregg, acting as his own courier, came down the line at full speed and, striking the 3d Arkansas, first ordered us to double-quick. Now, we had supposed that our powers of physical endurance had already reached their limit, yet I venture to say that we made that half mile in about as short time as men ever passed over the same distance. Panting for breath, we took position in the intrenchments on the left of the fort, which was occupied by about fifty Georgians. We were just in time. As we came up the enemy made his appearance over the brow of a hill two hundred yards distant. There must have been a full brigade, probably fifteen hundred or two thousand men. In two lines they came, sweeping down upon us. I am a poor hand to describe a battle and shall say nothing about the "clash of arms," the "rattle of musketry," or the "roar of artillery," for we had none of the latter; but that those Arkansas men did good shooting you may well believe, and with every shot there went up a Confederate yell to emphasize their aim. No doubt those Yankees thought as they came down the slope that they were facing thousands instead of about one hundred Arkansas ragamuffins. Our fire was deadly, and many of them fell; but on they came. At about twenty-five paces I emptied a navy revolver from my left hand, my right arm being disabled by a wound. At about ten paces two of their color bearers went down, and then the line broke and dissolved; and for a while the field seemed full of the bluecoats running for life, followed by the parting shots and exultant shouts of our men.

General Gregg, who had witnessed it all, called out, "Well done for Arkansas," and added: "Now, boys, you may rest, for General Law is coming." Across the field in the rear we could see clouds of dust and the head of General Law's column moving at a double-quick, and we could just hear the faint sounds of their encouraging yells as they hurried to our aid, the first installment of reinforcements, which made all things safe.

I must not forget to state that while we were fighting whites on the left of the fort it was charged in front by a heavy force of negroes. They filled the large ditch which surrounded the earthworks and made desperate efforts to climb the embankment, but the Georgians were equal to the emergency and beat them back at every point. There happened to be a pile of large shells lying near a dismounted siege gun, and fire was set to a fuse and one of them thrown over into the ditch, exploding with terrific effect. This settled it; the poor negroes begged for mercy, and we took out of that ditch nearly two hundred of them, many of them wounded.

And so the day was ended, and we had held the lines—one thousand men against an entire corps of the enemy, not less than twenty thousand strong. And Richmond was saved, for there is not a doubt of the fact that if we had been overcome and the lines broken the Federals would have had an unobstructed march to Richmond, and that city would have fallen more than a year before that event actually occurred.

Before closing this very imperfect sketch, I wish to add a word about the Texas soldiers. Our association with them in brigade was in the highest degree harmonious and agreeable. Personally, I found many pleasant acquaintances, in some cases approaching near to warm friendship. They were a noble body of men. I suppose that not many of them are left. Colonel Work has long since passed away, and so has Colonel Winkler, one of the truest gentlemen and bravest men I ever knew; but his noble wife, beloved and honored as the historian of the brigade, survives, as does also Major Polley, the author of those inimitable papers published in the *VETERAN* some years ago. And Captain Branard, as I remember him, one of the finest specimens of physical manhood I have ever seen and every inch of him as true as steel.

Soldiers and comrades of the old Texas Brigade, I dedicate this little sketch to you, and I greet you, one and all.

OBSTRUCTING GRANT'S ADVANCE.

BY L. A. FITZPATRICK, HELENA, ARK.

Comrade Ford's article in the *VETERAN* for April, 1916, on his experience in helping to obstruct Grant's advance by water on Fort Pemberton in 1863 reminds me of a more successful effort to hinder this attempt of General Grant to get into the rear of Vicksburg. The Father of Waters was on a rampage at that time, and the delta country was practically overflowed from Memphis, Tenn., to Vicksburg. This looked good to General Grant. The Federals had already occupied our town, Helena, Ark., about opposite the point where Grant with his fleet and army left the Mississippi River (Moon Lake, Coahoma County, Miss.); so it looked good to the General. Such levees as existed in those days were broken or overtopped by water; but General Grant found that by a little dredging at this point opposite Moon Lake he could get into that lake, which had an outlet into Cold Water River, by which river he could approach Fort Pemberton. Nothing daunted Grant. With his base at Helena, Ark., he undertook the job, and with an army of two hundred thousand and over one thousand boats of all kinds he started, flanking in advance each side of his route with soldiers in boats and on horseback. In Moon Lake there was plenty of water, but in the outlet connecting that lake with Cold Water River (known as "The Pass") he practically sawed out a channel for his boats and got through into Cold Water River.

Commodore I. N. Brown, who was then building the Arkansas Ram at Yazoo City, Miss., was sent up on a tug with instructions to put into the rivers such obstructions as he saw proper. He took with him twenty-five sailors and many demijohns filled with powder and ballast and suitable fuse. After entering Cold Water River, he began to plant these demijohns in the river, leaving two men on the bank of the river, with fuse attached to each demijohn, with instructions to tap off the fuse as any boat passed over where the demijohn was located. These sailors were hid in cane or behind trees, with instructions to flee when they had tapped off and make their way as best they could on foot to Fort Pembr-

ton, being supplied with a little hard-tack to exist on. Several of these were located.

Finally the tug got out of fix, and the last to land were Commodore Brown and one sailor at a point near where Marks, Miss., now is. The Commodore, having planted a demijohn there, stopped himself to attend to that. Some of the enemy's boats had passed, the gunboats shelling the woods on each side as they went, they being preceded by the cavalry and skiffs, as above stated. The Commodore and his companion got behind a large gum tree on the river bank ready to tap off the fuse when the right boat came along the right way. Several passed, but not over the demijohn. Finally a large transport came along loaded to the guards with soldiers. The Commodore with his own hand tapped the cap on the fuse at the right time, and he told me long after the war was over that he did not think there was a living creature left; that the blast literally blew everything to pieces so far as he could see. He left by crawling through canebrakes, swimming the streams of water he encountered, and in three days reached Fort Pemberton, with his companion, entirely exhausted. None of his other details were successful in blowing up anything; some were never heard from again; two details were captured by the flanking scouts and instantly shot to pieces. Few of the other details got back.

After the war, in the seventies, I bought a plantation on the Pass which Grant sawed through. It was filled with old logs and debris. I found an old negro who lived there at the time this passage was made, who told me that the Federals had boats with saws running up and down, sawing in the water. A diver would go down and fasten a grab on the log, to which was a long rope fastened, and on the firing of a gun a thousand soldiers, strung from the bank out holding the rope, would pull, and "dat log come out." Another ducky on the place told me that the Yankee advance scouts made him go with them down the Pass and partly down Cold Water River to show them the way. After they told him that he could go home, he was standing on the bank of the river on a high place not overflowed, wondering how he would ever get back to his cabin, when he heard a boat coming, and very soon he thought hell itself had burst open; for legs, hands, heads, and feet of men "drapped" all around him and hit him in the face. He paid no attention to high water after that, but "run and swum" until he found himself in his cabin a few hours later. He said he could see "dem heads and feet yit." Doubtless this was the same boat that Commodore Brown blew up, for he told me the sight was the most sickening he had ever encountered.

As we all know, Captain Brown was formerly of the United States navy. He served the Confederacy loyally. After Vicksburg was besieged he, with the Arkansas Ram, came out of the Yazoo River and sank three of the enemy's vessels. He was badly wounded and most of his officers killed and wounded; but he grounded the Ram, set it on fire, and escaped to do more.

Commodore Brown was the true type of Southern gentleman. He went to Texas years ago and died in that State.

THE QUESTION.—But, sir, give me leave to demand what right had they to say, "We the people"? My political curiosity, exclusive of my anxious solicitude for the public welfare, leads me to ask who authorized them to speak the language of "We the people," instead of "We the States"? States are the characteristics and soul of a confederation.—*Patrick Henry, in Speech of June 4, 1788.*

COMMODORE MONTGOMERY, A CONFEDERATE
NAVAL HERO, AND HIS ADVENTURES.

BY MRS. ELOISE TYLER JACOBS, HISTORIAN ILLINOIS DIVISION,
U. D. C.

Though Kentucky has the honor of being the place of his nativity, it is for Illinois to pass on to posterity the records of Commodore Joseph Edward Montgomery, one of the most remarkable men of the Confederacy. Montgomery was born May 6, 1817, on a farm not far from Port William, Ky., and died in the city of Chicago August 4, 1902.

Many efforts were made by publishing houses and Eastern magazines to secure from the Commodore the facts necessary to the publishing of his biography. These were of no avail, for he shrank from notoriety and said he would leave his reminiscences with his grandson to be published, if it were thought worth while, after he was gone. It was when he was nearly in his eightieth year that the Commodore consented to relate a few most interesting facts to a representative of the Chicago Tribune, which on April 5, 1896, under headlines as above, were published on a prominent page of that paper. This article I shall quote in part:

"There are few men, if any, in this country whose lives have been filled with as many exciting incidents and events of national and historical importance as have fallen to the lot of Commodore Joseph Edward Montgomery, the old Confederate naval hero. In the days before the war Montgomery was probably the most widely known and esteemed captain and pilot on the Mississippi. Among the many prominent personages who took long trips on the boats of which he was captain and with whom he became well acquainted were: Charles Dickens, "Prophet" Joseph Smith, with Brigham Young and the eleven other apostles, Gen. Santa Ana when he was a prisoner of Gen. Sam Houston, and many of the well-known public men of the day.

"Commodore Montgomery was the inventor of the submarine ram which was responsible for the loss of so many fine Union men-of-war, and he fitted the first ram ever put on a warship to the Merrimac, which was enabled thereby to execute such work of destruction as startled the North and practically inspired the construction of the Monitor. It was he who taught Samuel Clemens the art of steamboat-piloting and gave the great humorist his pen name of Mark Twain.

"Commodore Montgomery's sympathies were strongly with the South, and he joined the Confederate forces soon after the beginning of hostilities and was at once commissioned captain by Gen. Leonidas Polk. He did expert scout duty at first. In the battle of Belmont, his first conflict, Montgomery captured General Grant's horse when the Union forces were routed. As the Northern soldiers rushed down the bank of the Mississippi and boarded a steamer in waiting, Captain Montgomery saw, to his surprise, that his brother was captain of the boat. The two elder Montgomery brothers had gone with the North, while the youngest had gone with the South. Captain Montgomery shouted from the bank to his brother on the boat that they would have to bring more soldiers than that to whip the South. The day following Belmont there was a truce for the exchange of prisoners, and Montgomery gave General Grant's horse back to him. The two men were old friends, having lived across the street from each other in St. Louis, and, despite the fact that the war found them on opposing sides, they always remained the best of friends. Just before Belmont, Montgomery filed charges of cowardice and incompetency against Commodore Hollins, of the Mis-

issippi fleet, for failing to capture a fleet of Union boats in process of construction at Cairo. He was called to Richmond shortly after Belmont by Secretary of State Benjamin, of the Confederacy. President Davis and Secretary Benjamin wished him to go to the Clyde, Scotland, and have built six large warships. Montgomery then explained for the first time his submarine ram. He convinced Davis and Benjamin that the scheme of going to Scotland was a poor one and persuaded them to make warships, fitted with submarine rams, out of the ordinary steamers at New Orleans. In operating this fleet Montgomery asked to be made entirely independent of both army and navy. Davis and Benjamin agreed to this and signed their approval of the special act passed by the Confederate Congress providing for the fitting up of sixteen men-of-war; soldiers to man them, and creating Captain Montgomery commander.

• At this time the Merrimac was lying almost entirely under water at Norfolk, and Montgomery was sent down by Davis and Benjamin to see if she could be raised. The Commodore raised her and put on her prow the ram that caused the destruction in a few minutes of three fine Union vessels. The construction of the Montgomery fleet was begun at once, and in thirty days four boats—the Arazaba, Mexico, John Breckinridge, and William Whan—were completed and sent to Fort Pillow, eighty miles above Memphis and six miles below Plum Point. Meanwhile Commodore Montgomery learned that Admiral Farragut was approaching the mouth of the Mississippi by way of the Gulf of Mexico. The Commodore at once took his flagship, the Gen. Van Dorn, and went to Fort Jackson, seventy-five miles below New Orleans, and on the night of February 28, 1862, he rammed the ship Preble of the fleet and sank her. Soon after this the remaining boats of the Montgomery fleet were completed and sent to Fort Pillow to prepare for battle with the Union fleet at Plum Point. Two miles nearer them were anchored the guard boat Cincinnati and a mortar boat. These were captured without a struggle. While the transfer of prisoners was being made Commodore Montgomery paroled the officers of the Cincinnati; but the captain broke his parole, and Montgomery at once sank the Cincinnati. The Confederate boats then proceeded up the river, and a hot engagement with the Union fleet took place. Both sides poured out a hot fire with telling effect. In the thick of the fight from first to last the escape of Commodore Montgomery was marvelous. His coat tail was shot away, and thirty-six bullet holes perforated his clothing, but not a bullet entered his body. The Commodore in his flagship sank the Mound City, and the Confederate boat Sumter sank the Pittsburg.

"The Union fleet came down and joined battle with the Confederate fleet again on June 5 near Memphis. Here a peculiar accident happened to the Confederates. The steamers Jeff Thompson and Sumter were attacking a Union boat, the two boats coming down swiftly toward either side of the Northern boat. By a clever turn the Union boat pulled out of the way, and the two Confederate ships came together in a frightful collision. The Thompson sank at once, and the Sumter was badly disabled. The Lancaster, another disabled Union boat, ran up a flag of truce and gave signals of distress, as it seemed that the boat might sink. Commodore Montgomery, who was on the Little Rebel, which he was using as a flagship, hastened to the Lancaster and began transferring the men. Suddenly and without warning Captain Ellert, of the Lancaster, began firing at Montgomery. The first shot pierced the upper part of the Commodore's cap in

front and, glancing on his forehead, tore open the scalp for several inches. The Commodore fired the shot which fatally wounded Ellert just as a second bullet from Ellert's revolver shattered the small wrist bone of the hand in which Montgomery held his revolver. The fight was ended by the Thomas Benton, the Northern flagship, firing a cannon ball clear through the Little Rebel, sinking the boat on a bar. Despite his disabled wrist, Montgomery managed to swim to the Arkansas side of the river. As he climbed up the bank bullets peppered all around him, but failed to bring him down. Five buckshot entered his leg, but he made good his escape.

"It was not long after this that Montgomery built the great man-of-war Nashville, which sank seven of Farragut's fleet one morning on Mobile Bay. After the war the Nashville was a training ship at Annapolis until within the last few years. While constructing the Nashville at Montgomery, Ala., the Commodore went to Vicksburg to get some machinery. At the time the Indianola ran down the river below Vicksburg one night and endeavored to cut off the supplies that were being sent to Vicksburg. Montgomery saw the great boat and determined to try to sink it. He went up Red River to get the steamer Webb for that purpose. The boat was secured, and, with only twenty-eight men for a crew, it was brought to the Mississippi. In the nighttime it gave the Indianola a dig with its ram that split its side open. The boat was sunk and the entire crew captured.

"Only once during the war was Montgomery captured. He was camping alone on the bank of the Mississippi when he was surrounded by a band of guerrillas, composed, he says, of men from both sides who were out for plunder. They chained him on a boat deck, hand and foot, and robbed him of all he possessed. In a belt around his waist the captors found \$360,000 in Liverpool cotton bonds. One of the men was sharp enough to see that they were valueless if unsigned by Montgomery. Two of the guerrillas took the Commodore alone to a room and threatened to take his life if he did not sign the bonds. The captive refused. One of the men whipped out a knife and, putting the point against Montgomery's neck, swore that he would cut his neck in a second if he did not sign. The brave old Commodore told them to cut away. Through the intervention of a superior officer the bonds were afterwards returned.

"Near the close of the war many thousands of bales of cotton and a number of boats were, so the Commodore claims, unlawfully taken from him by the government. The Commodore now has a claim for over \$1,000,000 pending in Congress."

A LONG NIGHT.

BY DR. A. G. DONOHO, HARTSVILLE, TENN.

Some may have spent a longer night than I did after the battle of Calhoun, Ga., in 1864; but if they did it was in the arctic region, where the nights are six months long. After the battle there were ten men, seriously wounded, for whom we had no transportation. They were left at the field hospital, with me in charge, to be captured next morning when the enemy came.

Two Irishmen were left with me to assist in attending to them. They were to leave as soon as the enemy approached. My papers were made out for me to be captured and sent around and exchanged. That did not suit me.

I had no desire in the world to make a trip North. I knew

I would be of no service to the men nor see them any more after the enemy took charge of them, and the hard part of it was that the men were not of my brigade, but belonged to a Florida brigade in our division. My first effort was to get a wagon or wagons to move them. I went to every wagon I heard passing, the hospital being two or three hundred yards from the road; they were all loaded and could not help me. About midnight everything became still, and so still!—no more wagons, no more noise. After midnight the cavalry skirmish line fell back, leaving me between them and the enemy. A few of them came to where I was and seemed sorry for me. I asked to what command they belonged and found that it was Colonel McKinley's Tennessee cavalry, whose headquarters were about one mile to the rear. I asked them to watch the men for me until I could see Colonel McKinley and get some ambulances, which they cheerfully agreed to do. I went double-quick most of the way. The Colonel treated me courteously and kindly, but had only one ambulance, and the hind wheel of that was broken down; but he said that if I would write a note to General Loring, who was about five miles to the rear, he would send a courier with it, and if General Loring had any ambulances he would send them. I wrote the note, off went the courier, and off I went back to the men after thanking him. I felt like hugging him for his kindness. I yet cherish the memory of Colonel McKinley for his kindness that night.

When I got back, my Irishmen were gone and two cavalrymen on guard. I waited and waited, O so long!—long enough for several nights to pass. I had confided to my cavalry friend my intention to stay until I could see the enemy approaching, then leave, for I could do no good after they had taken charge. He approved of my plan and agreed to let me ride behind him out of range of the enemy's guns.

Just as I could see the gray dawn in the east three ambulances came. My cavalry friend assisted me in getting the men loaded in the ambulances, which occupied some time. Before we got them all in, we could see the enemy advancing, and just as we had the last one they saw us and opened fire. When the last man was in, the Minie balls were cutting up the dust. The last man in, I caught on the hind end of the ambulance (there was no room inside), waved my hand to the Yankees, and trotted until within the lines.

After I got the men to the railroad station, I was fully compensated for all my long night of anxiety. One of the men, a lieutenant of a Florida regiment, looked up into my face with such an expression of gratitude as only a few times in life have I seen, with words of thanks to me for getting him within the lines so he could go home to his mother to die. I bade them all farewell and went in search of my regiment, which I soon found. They were all as glad to see me back as if I had been the lost babe in the woods. Colonel Hale was pawing up dirt that the surgeon of the division should have detailed me to stay with wounded men of another command.

But I felt like Mich Hall, who, after having been awfully homesick in California, came home, and all were glad to see him. Mother and sister were crying, with their arms around him. He said: "Don't do that. Get me something to eat. I've come to stay."

"The silence shall be broken on the hill,

The lips that hid their secrets in the clay

Shall open from the poor dumb grief of earth,

When comes the reveille."

CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRINCE.

BY GEORGE C. PILE, BRISTOL, TENN.

I have read with much interest an article in the September VETERAN by A. J. Emerson, who described "just a plain fighter, William Warden Patteson." Far be it from me to wrest honors that rightly belong to any soldier, but there is one incident in the battle of Cedar Run the author lays claim to for his young hero that does not belong to him.

In my experience as a soldier it was, in many particulars, a life of each man looking out for himself, and I have found out that it is much the same in civil life. If one does not claim his just dues, is too backward or modest to come forward and demand them, he is often shelved and some one else given the glory. The mistake, too, could be excused on the same grounds that Captain Millett puts another in the same issue. "And it frequently happens," he writes, "that some of our good comrades get events mixed and from frequent repetition honestly regard themselves as the heroes of gallant actions performed by others."

This is my apology for writing this article, and I trust I may be pardoned for what may seem an attempt to "blow my own horn" when I lay claim to one incident of that battle, the capture of Brigadier General Prince.

I joined John F. Terry's company at Goodson (now Bristol), Va., in May, 1861. He afterwards became lieutenant colonel of the 37th Virginia. I was then but seventeen years old. We first went out under General Garnett, joining him at Laurel Hill, W. Va. He was later killed at Cheat River. In the fall of 1861 we joined Stonewall Jackson and were with him in all his engagements up to the time of his last battle at Chancellorsville.

During the battle of Cedar Run General Winder had been killed, and our commander, General Taliaferro, succeeded him, taking over his staff officers. The fight was about over, and General Pope's men were scattered; his cavalry lost heavily in their charge, and we were the victors. With the recklessness of youthful enthusiasm I went forward some fifty or seven yards in front of our men, when I saw a man on horseback about two hundred yards ahead coming over the hill. He was alone. Just then firing commenced on our right, and he turned to go in that direction. I hailed him and beckoned him to come to me, which he did. He had mistaken our men for his. As he approached me I leveled my gun at him and ordered his surrender. "Why," said he, much surprised, "I'm General Prince, commander of a division."

"I'm George C. Pile," I replied, "of the 3d Brigade of Stonewall's Division." I recall how proud we were to let it be known that we were with Stonewall Jackson.

"Why, those are my men up there," he said, pointing to our regiment.

"Your men were there awhile ago, and if you had been with them you would know where they are now," I assured him.

"Then," said he, "take me to a commissioned officer."

Taking hold of his horse's bridle, I led him over to our men, and General Taliaferro, riding up, received his sword. As I was in the act of taking General Prince's revolver from his holster General Taliaferro said rather brusquely, "Give me that pistol," not knowing what part I had performed. When this treatment was reported at the headquarters of Gen. George H. Stuart, he sent for me and insisted that I prefer charges against General Taliaferro; but I told him I didn't care, and, besides, it might get him into trouble. Little

did I think then that some one else would come forward fifty-four years after and make the claim. General Steuart later made me aid-de-camp and promised me further promotion when a vacancy should occur.

An officer of the 23d Virginia at the time tried to claim the credit of the capture and was challenged by one of our captains, afterwards Maj. Clint Wood. This is the only instance of the act being questioned that I ever heard of up to this time. I can understand how in the noise and confusion of a big battle reports will vary, but the capture of General Prince took place after the biggest excitement of the fight was over. General Prince was out in the open; he was alone, and I was alone, and there was no skirmish line near. The Lynchburg Daily, in publishing an account of the battle at the time, mentioned this capture and gave me credit.

The foregoing statement is in substance from my personal war reminiscences written sometime ago; but I do not have to rely upon them to revive the occasion, as all the events connected with the Cedar Run battle are very vivid in my memory. However, if this statement is not sufficient, I can furnish affidavits to substantiate my claim.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this December 4, 1916.

J. H. SWAN, Notary Public.

ON RETREAT FROM MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY J. STOKES VINSON, HIRAM, ARK.

Just a word of my experience on the retreat from Missionary Ridge. I was a member of Company D, 5th Tennessee Regiment, Maney's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, and we covered the retreat on our road from Chickamauga Station to Ringgold Gap. Late in the evening, when we were nearing a bridge on the Chickamauga River, the Yankees began to crowd us; so we formed a streak of fight and pushed them back, then rushed across the bridge. Just ahead of us was another bridge. The enemy had set a trap in the bend of the river, intending to get both bridges on us. They captured one of our batteries on the bridge just ahead of us. They had us hemmed; but our officers went to the left and found a ford, where we waded across, hip-deep. It was a cold, frosty night in November after dark. We looked like a drove of cattle in the water, and we had to stand there until we nearly froze while scouts felt around to see if the enemy was over there. We were too sharp for them and slipped out of their trap. It took us until two o'clock the next morning to get into camp at Ringgold Gap. We were then put in the lead and walked the railroad ties all day to Dalton through Tunnel Hill, which was dark traveling. When we reached camp at Dalton, we were the tireddest set of boys that ever marched. More stragglers than I ever saw were coming in all night.

General Cleburne took our place at Ringgold Gap. History gives the result of that day, and nearly everybody knows how Pat's men stopped the advance of the Yankees. We went into winter quarters and had a long-needed rest. Our regiment camped part of the winter at Tilton, ten miles from the railroad, to guard provision trains that were being robbed.

In the VETERAN some years ago a contribution stated that the 50th Tennessee Regiment was reorganized at Jackson, Tenn. The regiment was never in West Tennessee nor in Jackson. The 50th reenlisted and was reorganized at Brandon, Miss. I know, for I was with the regiment all the while, always at roll call except at Fort Donelson, when I was in Georgia on furlough.

IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

BY MISS M. J. HAW.

The silent flight of circling years
Has stilled the cannon's roar;
The echoing tramps of martial hosts
Fall on the ear no more;
The drums are stilled, the banners furled,
The dove of peace broods o'er our world.

To plowshares turned, the gleaming swords
Have stirred the trampled sod;
And where Death reaped his harvest dread
And souls went up to God,
Rich, golden harvests meet our gaze,
The tall grass grows, and cattle graze.

The men and women who now fill
The many walks of life
Heard not the roar of hostile guns,
Saw not the deadly strife;
But parent lips have told the tale
How right 'gainst might could naught avail,

Though gallantly from town and farm
Thousands of patriots brave
Rushed hotly to the deadly fray
Their native land to save;
How bravely, daringly they fought,
And what heroic deeds they wrought.

And not alone through coming years
Shall human lips relate
Their noble deeds, but stone and bronze
Their fame perpetuate,
And monuments of beauty prove
A grateful country's pride and love.

Be ours the task to keep alive
These memories sublime
By tongue and pen and sculptured stone
Throughout all coming time,
That men be stirred to emulate
The record of our good and great.

The above lines were written by Miss M. J. Haw and read at a meeting of the U. D. C. at Hanover C. H., Va., on September 29, 1916, on the anniversary of the unveiling of the Hanover County monument. It was there that Patrick Henry delivered his famous "Parsons Speech," and across this same green the enthusiastic populace carried him on their shoulders from the courthouse. Beautiful tablets on this monument are inscribed with the names of over eleven hundred soldiers who went from the county to the Confederate army.

Miss Haw is a truly devoted Daughter of the Confederacy, having lived in the stirring times that tried the souls of men and women in the South. With her mother she nursed and cared for the wounded and sick in her father's home at Hanover and helped to support and operate a convalescent hospital in the neighborhood. During the cavalry fight at Haw's Shop her home was much exposed to the Confederate shells which were directed at a Federal battery posted on the lawn.

As a writer she has contributed to periodicals which were published in Richmond, Va., during the war. One of her productions of the time was "The Rivals," a war story, which ran as a serial and was then issued in book form. Since that time, besides contributing to religious papers and other periodicals, she has published a novel, "The Beechwood Tragedy," the scenes of which were laid in Virginia and the South, and this was highly commended by eminent critics.

Miss Haw is now eighty years of age, and, though physically not very strong, she is mentally keen and bright.

THE ROSTER OF FAGAN'S ESCORT.

The accompanying roll is almost, if not entirely, the membership of a company of cavalry organized as the personal escort of Maj. Gen. James F. Fagan, Trans-Mississippi Department, C. S. A. The company was never attached to any regiment and served in the capacity for which it was organized until the close of the war, surrendering at Shreveport, La., in May, 1865.

Col. S. H. Nowlin, former Chairman of the Historical Committee, U. C. V., received this roll from Capt. J. W. Rayburn, of Little Rock, Ark., one of the commissioned officers of the company. He was assisted in its compilation by John P. Smith, of Fort Smith, Ark., and J. F. Hopkins, of Mabelvale, Ark., both of whom were members of the company. The present addresses of those still living are given where known, and those known to be dead are so designated. The publication of this list may aid in locating many others or in reports of other deaths. Either of the above-named comrades will be glad to hear from any of the survivors.

Commissioned Officers.—W. B. Nowland, captain (dead); J. W. Rayburn, first lieutenant (dead); F. W. Nowland, second lieutenant, Memphis, Tenn.; George E. Sears, third lieutenant (dead).

Noncommissioned Officers.—E. G. Portlock, first sergeant (dead); John Ferguson, second sergeant (dead); H. L. Fletcher, third sergeant (dead); J. H. Black, fourth sergeant (dead); John P. Smith, fifth sergeant, Fort Smith, Ark.

Corporals.—R. W. Tinker, first corporal (dead); John Norris, second corporal; Robert Irons, third corporal.

Privates.—E. S. Adams, George Adams, Robert Armstrong, Morrilton, J. S. Britt, W. J. Bronaugh, H. Brown, Charles Buck, W. G. Butler (dead), Rufus Black, Samuel D. Butler (dead), ——— Bridges, P. R. Carrington, W. H. Causine (dead), William Clark, Coon Clark, Henry Davis, Charles Ellis, M. M. Erwin, Henry Flora, W. F. Ferguson, Caleb Fletcher, Thomas J. Gatlin, John Green (dead), S. D. Gustine, R. H. Graves, George P. Grass, Kansas City, Mo., Robert Gibson, Siloam Springs, Ark., Ferd Hamilton (dead), J. W. Hawkins (dead), R. Holdman, A. Hood, J. F. Hopkins (dead), J. B. Howell (dead), F. Irman, Black Rock, Ark., Luther Imboden, Dick Jarrett, Thomas Jones, Charles Kimber (dead), William Lee, W. E. McPherson, Henry McKnett (dead), Richard McCree, J. W. Moore (dead), P. G. Moore, W. C. Mitchell (dead), J. J. Martin, Pine Bluff, Ark., James Purdom, Richard Purdom, Robert Pitts, Robert Rea, C. E. Reynolds, C. F. Robinson (dead), Cassius Simmons, E. B. Smith (dead), William Smith, William Seymour, R. L. Stobridge (dead), W. B. Saunders, F. E. Samuels, W. K. Sloan, R. B. Stone (dead), J. B. Trulock, Pine Bluff, White Walker, Fayetteville, R. M. Webber.

THE LAST ROLL

"But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year."

DR. WILLIAM A. BROWN.

In youth a stalwart defender of the soil and honor of his native Southland, valiant in the maelstrom of mortal combat among men who were older, but none braver than he; in middle age a leader in that noble army of men who wage ceaseless war on pain and disease, a healing visitor of the sick, a fond and faithful husband, a kind and gentle father, and a righteousness citizen; honored in old age, wise in the counsel of his Church and State, exemplar of his own loved household and of a generation of men and women to whom he had ministered in body and spirit through child, youth, and maturity; at death his memory revered by men, his spirit attended to its heavenly home by ministering angels—so bravely lived and now has died Dr. William A. Brown, of Monticello, Ark. He served with distinction in the hard campaign of life and on the 6th of September, 1916, answered the summons of the Great Commander to return to the base of the spiritual army of the tried and faithful.



DR. W. A. BROWN.

Dr. William A. Brown was born in Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tenn., on November 23, 1843. Having barely completed his common school education when the War between the States broke out, he volunteered at the age of eighteen in Company E, 8th Tennessee Infantry. In the bloody battle of Murfreesboro, where all but eight of his company were killed and not an officer was left to call the roll of survivors, he was wounded in the leg and permanently disabled. Immediately after the war he entered school at Danville, Ky., and later on Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), at Lexington, Va., where he sat in the classroom under the noble leader of men whom he had formerly followed in battle, Gen. Robert E. Lee. Upon completing his academic education he studied medicine at Nashville, Tenn., removing to Arkansas to practice in 1873. He settled first

near Relf's Bluff, in Drew County, Ark., and there in Mount Zion Church married Miss Mary Hoke, who became the mother of his five children, always his inspiring helpmeet and companion until her death, some twenty years thereafter. About 1889 he removed with his family to Monticello, where he lived as a prominent physician, a devoted elder in the Presbyterian Church, and an unselfish leader in civic affairs until the long illness that ended in death.

Dr. Brown joined the Presbyterian Church while at school in Danville, Ky., and was always an active and devoted member of that Church and an elder for more than twenty-seven years. The cause of the Confederacy was sacred to him, and its memories were among his cherished recollections. He attended all the Confederate Reunions, was twice Commander of the Second Arkansas Brigade, and was Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., at the reunion of 1912 at Macon, Ga. In Monticello he was a member of Camp James A. Jackson, U. C. V. He was an honored member of the Masonic order and served in every station of his lodge. As a physician, he was for years President of both the Drew County and the Fourth Council, or District Medical Societies.

Tall and erect in stature, graceful in movement, refined in features, gentle in speech, chaste and fluent in conversation, courtly in manner, the soul of honor and quiet dignity, Dr. Brown was one of those fine old gentlemen of the South whose kind may be known all too soon only through the printed page of history and romance and in the lives who have known and loved them and taken them for their exemplars. He was a man of strong convictions, prompt and vigorous, but always charitable in action. Public-spiritedness was his dominating characteristic, and he never grew too old to be found in the forefront of every wisely progressive move for civic improvement. He made the highest standard of professional ethics the unaltered plane of his professional conduct. In all things and through all times he lived a most striking and worthy type of Christian gentleman. With the soul of an artist, he found refreshment and joy in contemplating the beauties of nature, the inimitable handiwork of the Master Artist, portrayed not only in human character, but in the woods and fields, in the glory of the sunrise and the crimson beauty of the evening sky.

Dr. Brown is survived by three sons and two daughters: Mrs. Ed Ahrens, of Monticello; Mr. Duffie Brown, of Monroe, La.; Mr. William Brown, of Utah; Mr. Carroll Brown, of Hamburg, Ark.; and Miss Bessie Brown, of Monticello.

G. JAMES BARRETT.

G. James Barrett was a member of Westmoreland Camp, at Kinsale, Va., and took pride in wearing his Confederate cross of honor. He enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company D, 40th Virginia Infantry, and served faithfully to the end. He married Miss Apphia Ambrose, and three sons and three daughters survive him. He lived in Richmond County, near East End, Va., and was an upright and honorable citizen, modest and retiring in his disposition and correct and square in his dealings. As a member of Menokin Baptist Church, he was a sincere and loyal Christian. His enfeebled condition of body confined him for many months to his home, but he bore his infirmities with uncomplaining resignation and died on the 7th of September, 1916, in the calm but confident hope of immortality. He has left to his children and grandchildren the legacy of a godly memory and a patriotic and upright life.

CAPT. JOHN A. BOYD.

Capt. John A. Boyd, of Rusk, Tex., a prominent citizen of Cherokee County for about sixty-six years, died at the residence of his son, Dr. Frank D. Boyd, in Fort Worth, on August 25, 1916, and was buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery, at Rusk. The Daughters of the Confederacy and the veterans of the county had charge of the funeral services.

John A. Boyd enlisted in Company C, 3d Texas Cavalry, on June 10, 1861, and was made ensign. He was in the battles of Oak Hill, Mo., Elk Horn, Ark., and from there to Corinth, Miss., when Captain Boyd was placed in the brigade quartermaster's department, where he served to the close of the war.

On July 12, 1866, Captain Boyd was happily married to Miss Annie, daughter of the Hon. S. T. Harrison, who served his county in the State legislature. In 1916 they celebrated their fiftieth marriage anniversary. Captain Boyd was a presiding elder in the Presbyterian Church and loyal in his devotion to its service, as he was to every cause he espoused. He was a good man, and with hand and heart he was ever ready to assist the needy. He was Commander of Ross-Ector Camp, No. 513, U. C. V., at the time of his death and had ever been true to the convictions of 1861-65.

[Tribute by John B. Long.]



CAPT. J. A. BOYD.

JUDGE WILLIAM GEORGE BENNETT.

In the death of Judge William G. Bennett on November 8, 1916, at his home, in Weston, W. Va., that State lost one of its most influential and honored citizens. He was the son of Jonathan M. Bennett, war auditor of Virginia and otherwise prominent in Virginia and West Virginia, and of Margaret Jackson Bennett, of the Stonewall Jackson family. Born on January 5, 1847, at Weston, then Virginia, he received his early education at private schools until he entered the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, from which he graduated in 1866. While there he participated with its cadets in the historical battle of New Market, the fields of which were bathed in the blood of a large per cent of that corps, many of whom were mere children at the time. He also took part in the battle at Lynchburg. Before surrendering he hid away his sword, and so well was it hidden that it was not found for over forty-five years afterwards, when it was unearthed and returned to him as untarnished as when last worn. Naturally it was highly prized and rested on his funeral basket.

After graduating at Lexington he studied law at the University of Virginia and entered into an active and lucrative practice in Weston, where he stood distinguished among his fellow lawyers. He served as judge of the circuit court of the tenth judicial district for sixteen years, during which he was recognized as an upright, fearless, and impartial judge, whose opinions commanded the utmost respect. He also held

many other appointive and elective offices. He was a prominent Mason and had been Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of West Virginia.

Identified with many of the principal interests and industries of the State, he was recognized as one of its leading citizens. As a large landowner and lover of horses, he found recreation in keeping one of the best stock farms in the State, on which he raised thoroughbred and trotting horses of national reputation.

DR. W. J. W. KERR.

Dr. W. J. W. Kerr was the eldest of three brothers who served in the Confederate service throughout the four years of war. He was born in Giles County, Tenn., December 1, 1834, and died November 12, 1916, after a long illness.

Dr. Kerr was Surgeon of Camp Winkler, U. C. V., of Corsicana, Tex., and also Medical Director of the Texas Division, with the rank of Colonel. He was a prisoner of war at Camp Douglas and Point Lookout for several months in the winter of 1862. In the summer of 1863 he had charge of the smallpox hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn., and was afterwards train surgeon. He was placed with Captain Wirz's command at Andersonville Prison, where so many Federal soldiers were imprisoned, and was indicted by a military commission with Jefferson Davis, Captain Wirz, Cobb, White, Stevenson, and others.

On page 87 of "A True History of Andersonville Prison" Captain Page, who was a prisoner at Andersonville, says: "Chief among the surgeons were Drs. White, Stevenson, and Kerr; and no medical men, North or South, performed their duty more laboriously or conscientiously than the above-named gentlemen."

After the war Dr. Kerr practiced medicine at Kossuth and Corinth, Miss., until January, 1873, when he went to Texas and located at Corsicana, and there lived for forty-three years an honored citizen, a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a Mason, and one of the Past Grand Patriarchs of I. O. O. F., and was prominent in establishing the Widows and Orphans' Home of that order at Corsicana, which is the pride of all Odd Fellows of Texas.

He was nearly eighty-two years of age, and the last service he rendered his country was to vote for Woodrow Wilson. He leaves a devoted wife, two children, a son and a daughter, and two brothers, D. H. M. Kerr, of Headrick, Okla., and J. C. R. Kerr, of Corsicana. Like a tired child he fell asleep. In beautiful Oakwood Cemetery he was laid away among a profusion of lovely flowers.

[From tribute by his brother, Reid.]

JOSEPH HENRY BRAGG.

Joseph Henry Bragg was born in Stewart County, Tenn., in September, 1842, his parents removed to Arkansas in 1848, and when the war came on, in 1861, he enlisted in Company E, 7th Arkansas Infantry, commanded by Col. R. G. Shaver, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. He served as corporal, orderly sergeant, and lieutenant, and was in every engagement from Shiloh to the surrender, in 1865. He was wounded at Franklin, also at Resaca.

After the war he engaged in agricultural pursuits until his death, at Imboden, Ark., November 4, 1916. He was ever true to his colors in life and was buried in his Confederate uniform.

JOHN D. CHRISTIAN.

John D. Christian was born at Balfours, in Charles City County, Va., on October 4, 1845. He entered the Confederate army in April, 1862, as a boy of sixteen, enlisting in the Pamunkey Artillery, one of the heavy artillery companies stationed at Chaffin's Bluff, just below Drewry's Bluff, the battalion being under command of Col. J. M. Maury. Later on young Christian was detailed as a clerk in the quartermaster's office at Chaffin's Bluff, where he remained until the evacuation of Richmond, when he went with his command, then under Maj. Robert Stiles, to Appomattox.



J. D. CHRISTIAN.

He returned to his old home only to find it in ashes and the family destitute. In 1868 he entered a business house in Baltimore and was there for twenty years, during which time he helped to found the Manufacturer's Record, which journal has been such a powerful factor in the development of the South. He was married to Miss Eva Taylor, of Charles City County, in May, 1873, and to them three sons and a daughter were born. In 1887 he removed to Richmond, Va., and was in business there for several years, going then to Rocky Mount, N. C., where he conducted a successful business until his death, September 1, 1916.

Three things stand out preëminently in estimating the character of this comrade—his native ability, his high integrity, his whole-souled devotions, which were fourfold: the Confederate cause, the order of Masonry, his family, his Church. To the cause of the South he gave the opening years of his young manhood; to that cause he was ever loyal; and when the end came, by his wish he was laid to rest in his suit of gray in beautiful Hollywood, at Richmond, Va., where so many comrades await the last trumpet sound. His wife and sons survive him.

ROBERT MARCIUS HALL.

Robert Marcius Hall was a true and worthy member of Company A, 15th Virginia Cavalry, under Capt. Lucius Sanford, and for a number of years was a faithful member of Westmoreland Camp, U. C. V., at Kinsale, Va., holding a high place in the confidence and love of his comrades.

When the war was over he returned to the peaceful pursuit of agriculture, and with intelligent energy, care, and economy he built upon the waste and ruin of war the fabric of substantial thrift and plenty. An invaluable aid to his struggles was found in his wife, Mary Bettie Jennings, whom he had married prior to the war. After a few years of this happiness he was left with a little daughter, and later he married the only sister of his wife, Sarah Jennings, and to them were born three sons and five daughters.

Comrade Hall was an honored citizen, diligent in affairs of personal and general welfare. For over sixty years he was a devout and faithful member of Rappahannock Baptist Church.

After experiencing for several years the infirmities of age, bearing his bodily discomforts with patient resignation and divine hope, he entered into rest on August 10, 1916, in the eighty-first year of his age. His body was interred in the cemetery of Rappahannock Church.

COMRADES AT SAVANNAH, GA.

Mitchell King, who died at Baltimore, Md., on November 13, 1916, entered the service of his State at Charleston, S. C., in December, 1860, as a private in the Marion Artillery. He was appointed captain of Company A, 1st South Carolina Regulars, in April, 1861; was adjutant of the regiment from 1863 to 1865, principally stationed at Fort Moultrie, Fort Sumter, Castle Pinckney, Johns and James Islands; was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Averysboro and Bentonville, N. C.; and was captured on picket line and sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained until July 1, 1865.

Matthew R. Tunno, whose death occurred at Savannah, Ga., on December 5, 1916, entered the Confederate service at Columbus, Ky., in September, 1861. He attained the rank of captain and was also post ordnance officer at Columbus, Ky., by order of Maj. Gen. Leonidas Polk, commanding the 1st Division, Western Department. Previous to this appointment he was a member of the Charleston Light Dragoons at Charleston, S. C. After the battle of Shiloh and the evacuation of Corinth, he was detailed in the ordnance department at Columbus, Miss., and stationed at points in Mississippi and Alabama with the commissary department until November, 1864, when he resigned and joined Company I, 4th Regiment of South Carolina Cavalry, Col. R. H. Rutledge, then at Dick's Ford, Va. On April 26, 1865, he was surrendered near Greensboro, N. C.

Lemuel C. Downis, a member of the Confederate Veterans' Association of Savannah, Ga., died in that city on December 9, 1916. He entered the Confederate service May 31, 1861, and was orderly sergeant of Cobb's Mountaineers, Company I, 7th Georgia Regiment of Infantry, Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division, A. N. V., and surrendered with his company at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

L. F. A. HOLLEMAN.

L. F. A. Holleman was born in Smith County, Tenn., October 15, 1831, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. R. Mathis, in Stigler, Okla., on November 4, 1916. At the



L. F. A. HOLLEMAN.

age of seven years he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was elected a steward at the age of seventeen. Comrade Holleman was a Confederate soldier, brave and true, and his heart was always loyal to the Confederacy. He served with Cheatham's Brigade during the first years of the War between the States; but when General Forrest turned westward on his notable campaign he asked of General Bragg that young Holleman, with the latter's consent, be allowed

to go with him, and with this division of the army he remained until the close of the war. He was never wounded. After the war he went from Alabama to Arkansas, and then some years ago he went to Oklahoma and made his home with his daughter at Stigler.

CAPT. JAMES CRAIG WALLACE.

The sudden death of Capt. James Craig Wallace on May 30, 1916, at his home, in Keytesville, Mo., brought sorrow to the entire community and to many friends throughout the State. The families to which he belonged have been prominent in his native county of Chariton for a century. His grandfather, Hiram Craig, was a colonel in the War of 1812 and before Missouri was a State came from Virginia with his wife, who was a niece of Gen. William Campbell, and acquired and improved a large tract of land in Chariton on which the family resided for eighty-five years and where Captain Wallace was born April 17, 1842. His father, John S. Wallace, descended from the Wallaces of Virginia and Scotland and traced his ancestry to Sir William Wallace.



CAPT. J. C. WALLACE.

James C. Wallace was a student at the University of Missouri and had begun the study of law when the strife of 1861 and the preceding years led him to realize that war was inevitable. He at first enlisted under Gen. Sterling Price, who was a neighbor, in his attempt to drive back the invasion of Missouri by General Lyon and other Northern troops. When General Price joined the Confederacy, he went with him, and in 1862 he was elected captain of Company I, 9th Regiment of Missouri Infantry, and held that rank and fought on until the war closed. His service was mostly in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas. He was noted for the consideration he had for the men of his company, the thoroughness with which he drilled and trained them, and the readiness with which he answered with them, fully prepared for any call for action. He was firm in discipline, courageous, and as valiant as a knight of old, but as tender-hearted as a woman.

When the war was over, he laid down his sword, returned to his home county, took up his law books, became a fine lawyer, acquired a large practice, occupied many offices of trust and honor, was a valuable counselor to business men in every vocation, promoted schools for the masses, and was a most thoughtful neighbor and beloved friend. Few men equaled him in cheerfulness, wit, and bubbling humor; and these, with his inborn good breeding, urbane manners, and fine common sense, made him a great favorite.

In 1874 he married Miss Laura Watts, daughter of Dr. James Watts, of Fayette, who, with two daughters, survives him. A true man, a devoted husband, a loving father, a gallant soldier, a valuable citizen, a Christian gentleman has answered the roll call on high.

"His was a soul of honor everywhere,
That to ignoble action scorned to bend;
True to his trust in friendship's faith, he ne'er
Forgot a favor or forsook a friend."

[Tribute by W. F. Carter, ex-lieutenant Company A, 9th Missouri Infantry, C. S. A.]

EDWARD ALEXANDER MOORE.

Edward A. Moore died at Salisbury, Md., on November 18, 1916. He was born October 21, 1842, in Lexington, Va. In March, 1862, while a student at Washington College, he enlisted with the Rockbridge Battery and saw gallant and arduous service until Appomattox, where he surrendered with the small remnant of his command.

He was a man of culture and of wide information and possessed fine literary gifts, which survive in tribute to his old comrades in arms, the Rockbridge Artillery, under the title of "A Cannoneer Under Stonewall Jackson." No one was more interested in Confederate memories, and he was long a member and officer of Lee-Jackson Camp, Confederate Veterans. He was buried in Lexington, Va.

GEORGE M. KIMES.

George M. Kimes was born and reared near Paris, Tex., and enlisted in the Confederate army at Yazoo City, Miss., in the spring of 1861 as a member of Company D, 18th Regiment of Mississippi Infantry. The command went to Virginia, where he served all through the war in Barksdale's Brigade. Since 1867 he had lived in Fauquier and Rappahannock Counties, where he married and reared a large family of good and useful citizens. He died at his son's home in Blaine, Mineral County, W. Va., November 23, 1916, and was buried in Sharon Cemetery, at Middleburg, Loudoun County, Va., by the side of his wife, who had preceded him to the grave by several years. They both had been members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Fiery Run, Upper Fauquier County, Va., for many years.

ORREN F. WHITE.

Orren F. White, son of Richard and Martha A. White, was born December 9, 1830, and died July 6, 1916. He was born on Big Sand Creek, in Hinds County, Miss., and there he lived and died on the old home place that his father had entered from the State. He had never married and was the last of his immediate family, leaving no nearer relatives than nephews and nieces. He went out at the beginning of the War between the States with the Crystal Springs Southern Rights Rifles, which became Company C of the 16th Mississippi Regiment. He served as a noncommissioned officer, being second sergeant. The regiment was assigned to General Lee's army in Virginia. Comrade White went through the war and returned to the old home after the surrender and helped to reclaim it from the devastation of war.



O. F. WHITE.

LAUNCELOT MINOR.

Launcelot Minor was born in Albemarle County, Va., June 16, 1847, at Minor Home, Land's End, near Charlottesville. He was the son of Dr. Charles and Lucy Minor and one of thirteen children, of whom three sisters and two brothers are now living—Mrs. W. R. Abbott and Miss Annie Minor, of Virginia, Miss Kate Minor, of New York, and Dr. J. C. Minor, of Hot Springs, Ark. Dr. Charles Minor and wife were of the old Southern, dignified, cultured, aristocratic Christian people who measured up to the full standard of solid citizens and were of great influence in their day.

Launcelot Minor, called "Colonel" by his comrades at home, belonged to the Rockbridge Artillery, Jackson's Division, and is entitled to all the glory and honor that history gives to Jackson's men in the Army of Virginia. He was severely wounded in his side and for years suffered with this wound. In his last illness it added to his suffering. Charles Minor, a brother, went to Jacksonport, Ark., in 1866, taught school, and married Miss Kate Board, daughter of a prominent citizen of Jackson County. He was elected representative in 1871 and died at his old home, in Charlottesville, in 1881.

Launcelot Minor went to Jacksonport in 1871 and took part and lot with the old Confederates. At that time Jacksonport was in the high tide of Reconstruction. The carpet-bag gang was after the ex-Confederates, so we slept on our arms, not knowing what a day or night might bring forth. Powell Clayton was our carpet-bag Governor. He sent to Jacksonport and had Col. Lucien C. Gause and L. Minor arrested and brought before him by negro soldiers. Gause was the first to appear, and Clayton informed him that he must tell about the Ku-Klux Klan; but Gause refused emphatically to give any information of the Klan. Clayton said: "Don't you know that I can kill you?" Gause answered: "I know you can, but I don't think you will, for no one but a coward would do that." "Colonel" Minor went through the same questions and gave about the same answers. Clayton realized that they were not to be intimidated and turned them out on bond. Those were perilous days in Jacksonport, and none could have been equal to the emergency as were the ex-Confederates. By their nerve they put down carpet-bag rule and gave the State back to civil government.

"Colonel" Minor was a highly educated and cultured gentleman, a big-hearted, noble man. He and Col. Dick Davis were prominent in organizing Tom Hindman Camp, No. 318, U. C. V., in Newport, and Minor was Commander from its organization until his death. He took the lead in all Confederate movements and was always helping his unfortunate old comrades. No man did more than he. He was a progressive man. When he came to Newport and opened a law office, his energy and happy disposition carried weight and were big factors in building up the city in early days. He was a devoted Churchman and a vestryman for years in his



LAUNCELOT MINOR.

Church. He was active in our local reunions, was a contributor to the Confederate monument fund, and helped in many other ways. He was loved by every one, and his place can never be filled.

He died in Newport, Ark., June 13, 1916, survived by his wife and five children.

[Tribute by W. E. Bevins, Newport, Ark.]

HILL COUNTY CAMP, U. C. V.

At the regular meeting of Hill County Camp, No. 166, U. C. V., of Hillsboro, Tex., held on November 25, 1916, the following resolution was adopted:

"On the morning of November 8, 1916, Comrade Thomas K. McDonald answered the last roll call. He was born in Hall County, Ga., and later moved to Blount County, in the State of Alabama. When the tocsin of war sounded in the early sixties, he responded to his country's call to arms to defend her honor against an encroaching foe, enlisted in Company D, 26th Alabama, which later became the 50th Alabama Regiment, and gave of his young manhood the services of a soldier. He was married in 1858 to Miss Louise Rainwater, and from this union sprang ten children, of whom six are still living. He was a member of Hill County Camp, No. 166. Dying at the age of eighty-one years and seven months, Comrade McDonald was sixty years a Mason, sixty-five years a member of the Baptist Church, and forty-one years a deacon of his Church, and was always a Democrat.

"Committee: John W. Morrison, Tam Brooks, W. L. McKee."

JAMES F. G. ROACH.

James F. G. Roach, who departed this life on the 8th of November, 1916, at the home of his son in Paris, Tex., aged seventy-five years, served as a Confederate soldier in the gallant old 9th Texas Infantry, having enlisted in August, 1861. His colonels were S. B. Maxey (afterwards a general), William H. Young, and Miles A. Dillard. He was a brave and faithful soldier, taking part in the battles of Nashville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Alatoona, Perryville, etc. He was wounded in the last charge at Spanish Fort and was unable to go home on account of wounds until July, 1865. He was a devout Christian and, enlisting under the banner of the Prince of Peace, served his country and his God faithfully and has gone to his reward. In his death the U. C. V. Camp of Paris has lost one of its most faithful and loyal comrades, the community an honored citizen, and his family a devoted husband and father.

"And when the last member has joined on high
 The grand old U. C. V.'s beyond the sky,
 Whose ranks are swelling day by day
 With earth's recruits who are passing away,
 Still undimmed will your deeds live on
 In loyal hearts when you are gone."

[Memorial Committee: P. M. Speairs, Charles P. Matthews, and J. M. Long.]

Col. D. M. Scott calls attention to an error in the sketch of Comrade R. D. Berry in the VETERAN for December in the reference to Wilson's raid occurring in April, 1861, when it should have been 1865. This can truly be called a typographical error.

MAJ. HENRY W. RICHARDSON.

Maj. Henry Warren Richardson, after having been in failing health for a year, died at his home, in Columbia, S. C., on January 4, 1916. He was taken back to his old home in Hampton County and interred in Black Swamp Cemetery, where sleep his ancestors.

Major Richardson was born in Beaufort District August 21, 1844, the son of Dr. Henry Warren Richardson and wife, who was Miss Mary Maner. He married Miss Sarah Aldrich, the gifted daughter of Hon. A. P. Aldrich, that noble patriot who resigned the judgeship rather than succumb to the threats of General Canby (the military ruler of South Carolina at that time), but was restored to office after Reconstruction. With two sons, Alfred Aldrich Richardson and Henry Warren Richardson, Jr., she survives him.

When the War between the States came, Henry W. Richardson was a lad of fifteen, attending school in Culpeper, Va. He returned to South Carolina and entered Mount Zion Institute, Winnsboro, then a famous boys' school. In a short time, however, he cast aside his books and enlisted in the Confederate army, becoming a member of the Charleston Light Dragoons. Gen. M. C. Butler was his devoted personal friend through life. In this branch he served gallantly until he was captured at Cold Harbor and carried to Point Lookout Prison. Managing to effect his escape after six months, he succeeded in working his way home to Allendale by way of Savannah and conducted his mother to Ninety-Six just in time to escape Sherman's army. As the result of the raid his home was burned.

The war over, he was a successful planter in Barnwell County. A notable incident in his public and patriotic service was the selling by him of twenty bales of cotton in New York with which to purchase one hundred rifles for the members of the Richardson Light Dragoons, a military company organized by him for the protection of the southwestern part of the State during the Reconstruction period. This company figured in the riots of Ellenton and Stafford's Crossroads, at which latter place a number of prominent white citizens were rescued from a house which had been surrounded by negroes led by General Whipper. Major Richardson, heading a guard of six hundred men, escorted Gen. Wade Hampton through the "low country" during the perilous campaign for Governor in 1876.

Subsequently he was for four years collector of the port at Beaufort during President Cleveland's first administration and was for four years in the revenue department under Col. A. S. Towne during the second Cleveland administration.

From the time of the organization of the State Confederate Infirmary in Columbia until a year before his death Major Richardson was the superintendent of the institution.



MAJ. H. W. RICHARDSON.

John Maner Richardson, elder and only brother of Henry Warren Richardson, was a student at the South Carolina College when the War between the States began. In the fall of 1860 the first company was formed, known as the College Cadets, and tendered their services to Governor Pickens in Charleston. They were accepted and returned to Columbia to await orders. Their ardent young natures rebelled against going back to books, so they disbanded and reorganized for active service; but the same result met them. John M. Richardson, after the second disbanding of the Cadets, joined the 22d Regiment, commanded by Col. Olin Dantzler, and was with his beloved colonel when he was killed gallantly leading his regiment. Young Richardson rose to a captaincy and was "honorably mentioned for gallantry" in the battle of the Crater, where he was selected by Gen. William Mahone to lead a forlorn hope of a hundred volunteers to find out the workings of the enemy. He was buried in the mine at the explosion of the Crater and was discovered only by his hand sticking out above the debris. He bore the scars of this awful experience to the end of his days. Captain Richardson was a reserved man and never told of his manly deeds. He was tall and distinguished-looking, literary in his tastes. He met death as he had lived, calmly and unafraid.

REV. J. W. KEEBLE.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Keeble, a beloved citizen of Abilene, Tex., died at his home there on the 20th of November, 1916, after a few days' illness. In his passing Abilene loses one of its most honored citizens.

James Walter Keeble was born on Gwinn's Island, Matthews County, Va., May 31, 1835. His father was a sea captain, and young Keeble was the first of his family to break away from following the sea. He was educated at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va. During his four years there he was under the instruction of Stonewall Jackson. While at the institute he joined the Protestant Episcopal Church. He graduated in 1857, after which he taught school for four years. When the War between the States broke out, he organized a company of his schoolboys and entered the service of the Confederacy as their captain. He served with distinction throughout the war, reaching the rank of major. A few years after the war he began his studies for the Episcopal ministry. He was ordained a deacon in Mobile, Ala., July 3, 1870, by Bishop Richard W. Wilmer and was ordained to the ministry in 1873 at Henderson, Ky., by Bishop Cummins. During his long career as a minister he held prominent charges in fifteen different States. For several years he was pastor of All-Saints' Church, of Cleveland, Ohio, during which time he built one of the handsomest church buildings in that city.

Dr. Keeble moved to Abilene in February, 1898, as pastor of the Church of the Heavenly Rest. He resigned and retired from active service in 1907 on account of his extreme feebleness. He was married in 1873 to Miss Lucy Robinson, of Essex County, Va. Five children were born to them. He is survived by his wife and three children, two sons and a daughter.

Dr. Keeble was a devoted and tender father and husband and was beloved by all classes of people wherever he lived. His broad culture, his tender sympathy with all humanity, and his charming personality won the hearts of all who came in touch with his life.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

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MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: It is with the deepest appreciation of the coöperation of the general officers, the exceptional work achieved by the different committees, the generosity of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in the use of its pages, and the confidence reposed in me throughout the past year that I acknowledge the honor of reelection at your hands and enter upon the duties of another term. The work of the Dallas convention, both in its unusual scope and the importance of its accomplishments, speaks for itself, and I have full faith that the efforts of the society during the coming year will continue to show marked progress.

Wishing you, each one, a new year filled with blessings,
faithfully yours, CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER.

REPORT ON TREASURER GENERAL'S OFFICE.

[In closing her seven years' continuous service as Treasurer General U. D. C., Mrs. C. B. Tate submits this report, with request for publication, as the auditor's report was not made before adjournment of the Dallas convention.]

SCHOOLAR, BIRD & Co., CORPORATION AUDIT CO.,
DALLAS, TEX.

Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, President General United Daughters of the Confederacy, Washington, D. C.—Dear Madam: In accordance with instructions received, we have examined and audited the accounts of the Treasurer General for the period beginning October 9, 1915, to October 19, 1916, when the accounts were closed. We have now completed this work and submit herewith the account of the Treasurer General:

Balance from previous year.....\$ 4,907 86
Total receipts from all sources..... 9,120 59

Total receipts.....\$14,118 45
Less total disbursements..... 9,473 87

Balance on hand.....\$ 4,644 58

Bank balance (Pulaski National Bank) ..\$4,860 38
Deduct unrepresented checks..... 215 80—\$ 4,644 58

We checked the *per capita* sheets with the cash receipt book and found same to be correct. All disbursements were supported by proper evidence of payment and duly authorized by proper authority, as required by the by-laws.

Only the cash received is recorded in the cash receipt book. We would recommend that a cash receipt and disbursement book be used, which would save a very considerable amount

of time and labor, besides providing the means by which better records may be kept.

The balance standing to the credit of the Treasurer General at the Pulaski National Bank on October 19, 1916, was verified by correspondence.

We suggest for your consideration the introduction of printed, numbered counterfoil receipt books to be used by the various Chapters in collecting the *per capita* tax. These receipt books are to be kept and given out from a "central office," which would keep a record of numbers of such counterfoil receipt books sent to the various Chapter Treasurers. When the accounts are closed, these counterfoil receipt books are to be returned to the "central office."

Respectfully submitted.

SCHOOLAR, BIRD & Co.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

BY MISS MARGARET BOYLES, FAYETTEVILLE.

To the Divisions, Chapters, and Individuals—Greeting Giles County Chapter, having as its President our former State Historian, Mrs. Grace Newbill, has in hand an interesting and important work, the placing of a tablet marking the place of the organization of the Ku-Klux Klan. The Klan was organized in the little brick law office of Judge Thomas M. Jones, who had been a member of the Confederate Congress, and one of the original six organizers was his son Calvin E. Jones. Mrs. Newbill has been requested to prepare a paper upon the origin of the Klan to be read before the Wade Hampton Chapter of Los Angeles, Cal.

The close of the half year has found much accomplished in historical and educational work by the Kirby-Smith Chapter of Sewanee. Public observance of special days has made marked impression upon the schools, while prizes have been awarded in the schools for essays on Jefferson Davis. Mr. John R. Eggleston, one of the Honorary Presidents General is present at each meeting.

The Johnson City Chapter has been very successful in raising funds for its work by giving a benefit tea to which invitations were sent out. Instead of leaving cards at the door the guests leave a silver offering. The tea, given at the home of Mrs. Walter J. Miller, was the sixth annual affair.

The Louisa Bedford Chapter, of Collierville, has also unique means of securing funds. It has a Chapter birthbox, into which each member drops during her birth month one penny for each year of her age; and since the amount may be put in very quietly, there is no "fudging." This Chapter is taking exceptionally strong interest in the Confederate Home.

Fort Donelson Chapter, of Dover, while not neglecting its phase of the Division work, sends a splendid report of the work done for its beloved Fort Donelson monument, to which

since spring it has contributed \$200.55 and has still some unpaid pledges. It has given also \$25 to the Shiloh monument and has contributed liberally to the Confederate Home, Cunningham memorial, Beauregard monument, and other worthy objects. This Chapter has only thirty-two members.

Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, of Jackson, has the honor of assisting in the support of a Red Cross nurse who devotes her entire time to the poor of Jackson. Two of its members will be represented in the "History of Tennessee Women," now in preparation by the Federation of Women's Clubs. These are: Mrs. Bell K. Allison, the organizer of Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, and Mrs. Harriet Holland, for many years its President and for two years Division President. A number of scholarships in the several Jackson schools are being used to splendid advantage. An interesting yearbook has been prepared by the Chapter Historian, Mrs. J. C. Felsen, the programs centering upon "Southern Poets."

The department editor has received a splendidly prepared yearbook from the Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, of Chattanooga, the work of Mrs. Martin Luther Blevins.

Obituary notices are out of place in this department, but one report has come from a moribund Chapter to the effect that it would soon be breathing its last. Both a physician's and an undertaker's certificate will be necessary, however, before this department will declare it dead.

THE WASHINGTON DIVISION.

BY MRS. W. L. TURNER, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Daughters of the Confederacy in the South, who meet by the hundreds to hold their State conventions, will doubtless be interested in an account of a State convention in the far Northwest.

There are but four Chapters in the State of Washington—two on the coast, at Seattle and Tacoma, one at Wenatchee, and one at Spokane. The convention met in Spokane on Wednesday, October 11, at the home of the President, Mrs. B. Maclin, at one o'clock.

In this country of magnificent distances, where it is one hundred and fifty miles to the first Chapter and three hundred to the next, the hostess Chapter, Mildred Lee, was proud indeed to meet and welcome Mrs. Paul Tilmont, delegate from Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, and also delegate by proxy from Robert E. Lee Chapter, Seattle, and Mrs. C. S. Mantell, President of the Ella K. Trader Chapter, of Wenatchee. There was no lack of warmth in the address of welcome of Mrs. W. Darby, President of the hostess Chapter, because there were only two delegates.

The officers are elected to serve two years, so the business meeting was short. The reports read showed a year of good work accomplished for the loved cause and gave the Daughters renewed energy and enthusiasm for another year's work. Sometimes we who are so far away, with no public sympathy, no Camp of Veterans to lean upon for support, and opportunities so small for our work, wonder if it is really worth while; yet we try to think the great chain would be as strong without this small link of ours.

After three o'clock the hostess's beautiful home was thrown open to friends for a reception and tea. Many prominent ladies and gentlemen called during the afternoon. Receiving with the hostess were Mrs. G. W. Darby, Mrs. Paul Tilmont, Mrs. C. S. Mantell, and Judge J. Z. Moore and Mr. C. M. Davis, two Confederate veterans. Tea was served with Mrs. John McInnis and Mrs. F. G. Sutherlin at the urns, assisted

by Mrs. E. W. Shively, Mrs. John T. Mitchell, Mrs. Elmer Edwards, and the lovely daughter of the hostess, Miss Ruth Maclin. The exquisite Cluny lunch cloth was over yellow, the centerpiece being a tall basket of yellow chrysanthemums, gorgeous specimens of their kind. In the living rooms and hall rich red geraniums and Virginia creeper were the decorations. With the beauty of the decorations, the soft-voiced Southern ladies, and the gallant gentlemen, it required but a little stretch of the imagination to think one's self back in Dixie Land. With the passing of the afternoon, the eighth annual convention of the Washington Division of the U. D. C. became a little bit of history and a pleasant memory.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MISS MATTIE B. SHEIBLEY, ROME.

The State convention in Dublin was a great success. The reports were highly gratifying, showing that Georgia is still a leader in good work.

Mrs. H. M. Franklin, presiding for the first time since her election to the presidency, was gracious and most efficient, dispatching the work of the session with great skill.

The reports of the officers were all encouraging. The Registrar's records show an increase in membership, the total being 11,315, with 117 Chapters. Two new Chapters were reported, adding a glow to the heart of the long-time workers.

Great is Georgia when it comes to educational work. Through the free-scholarship fund two girls are being educated at the State Normal School. There are sixty new scholarships for the year, making 324 scholarships, valued at \$37,740. As reported by the Francis Bartow Memorial Committee, there are eighty mountain children at Rabun Gap. The \$10,000 tract of land (115 acres) located there yielded an income of \$1,350 for the education of these children.

The Recorder of Crosses reported that the Division had conferred 261 crosses.

Miss Anna Caroline Benning was unanimously elected Honorary President.

Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers, mother of the President, was honored by being made poet laureate of the Division.

A memorial library in Augusta will be the form of Georgia's memorial to James Ryder Randall, the author of "Maryland, My Maryland."

Columbus will be hostess to the Division in 1916.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR., EUFAULA.

The part taken by Alabama in the recent convention of U. D. C. held at Dallas, Tex., was a prominent one and very pleasing to the patriotic Daughters of Alabama. Mrs. Bibb Graves, President of the Alabama Division, was the Division's able representative. During the past year Alabama organized more new U. D. C. Chapters than any other State.

The official medal adopted by the general organization was designed by Mrs. Camper, of Florence, Ala. Mrs. Graves, as Chairman of the Seals Committee, reported that the Kress stores throughout the South would sell seals, having purchased them from the committee for \$1,250. This was a splendid idea, and Mrs. Graves was given a rising vote of thanks, Mrs. Odenheimer, President General, calling her a "Wizard of Finance."

Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., was reelected Second Vice President General. Her special work is the sale of U. D. C. badges, with which she has been most successful.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 1650, of Washington, D. C., was given its charter in October, 1916, with thirty-five members. At the time our honored President, Mrs. Harriet S. Turner, read to us the beautiful poem which she wrote sometime ago as a tribute to the splendid, patriotic, and matchless Christian character whose name we have chosen. The poem has been dedicated to our Chapter. These lines were written when it was proposed to put up an arch to the memory of President Davis in Richmond, Va.:

"An arch of triumph for a man who died
Pursued by calumny and bitter hate,
Guiltless of treason when by foemen tried,
Yet prisoner of State.
Mock not his anguish with a boast in stone;
His faith and courage rose above despair;
E'en charity herself can scarce condone
The convict fetters he was forced to wear.
But we Confederates may a statue raise
Of marble white as his great soul was pure
And on it carve these words of well-earned praise:
'Behold! we count them happy who endure.'"

[Report from Mrs. G. B. Puller, Corresponding Secretary Jefferson Davis Chapter.]

THE NEW YORK DIVISION.

BY MRS. JESSE DREW BEALE, HISTORIAN.

The New York Division met in convention at the Hotel Astor on October 12, with Mrs. James Henry Parker in the chair. Delegates and alternates from the three Chapters were present, while other members, with their friends and invited guests, filled the room. The meeting was opened with the U. D. C. ritual, followed by the regular order of business, the officers giving reports. Mrs. Holmes, of the James Henry Parker Chapter, gave an interesting, splendid report. Mrs. Schuyler, First Vice President of the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, read the Historian's report of that Chapter. The report of the New York Chapter was given verbally by its Historian.

Special effort will be made to organize other Chapters in this Division before another annual meeting. There should be many Chapters in Greater New York. With 600,000 Southern citizens, New York is the largest "Southern city" in the United States.

A motto was adopted by the Division, "Hold up the glories of thy dead." The flower to be used by the Division is the red and white carnation—red for courage, white for truth.

The first work taken up by this Division was to write to the daughters of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, asking that they send through the New York Division some relics of their distinguished father to place in the Richmond Confederate Museum.

A special feature of this meeting was an address by Thomas E. Dixon. He was introduced by the Historian of the Division, who said: "By that wonderful production, 'The Birth of a Nation,' this great man has done something for the South that our dear Southland can never repay. This play has done more to open the eyes of the North than anything that has ever been said or written. The whole country owes him a debt of gratitude. Some have said that we should not keep up the memory of those days; only people without hearts can ignore the past. His play shows to the world why we look back with no regrets. Our hearts do go out to him with gratitude—yes, with love and real affection. We do owe

him a debt for putting on this play, and I hope some day we will record it on a shaft reaching far up into the blue sky in memory of Mr. Dixon. I am proud and happy that he will speak to you to-day."

Mr. Dixon's personality and deep feeling while delivering his address made it intensely interesting.

Officers of the New York Division: President, Mrs. James H. Parker; First Vice President, Mrs. Alfred Cockran; Second Vice President, Mrs. LeRoy Brown; Third Vice President, Mrs. Charles Goldsborough; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. F. Catchings; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Henry McCorkle; Treasurer, Mrs. F. G. Burke; Registrar, Mrs. James H. Dew; Historian, Mrs. Jesse Drew Beale.

The next meeting of the New York Division will be at the Hotel Astor on the first Monday in October, 1917.

THE ILLINOIS DIVISION.

REPORT MADE BY MRS. ELOISE TYLER JACOBS, HISTORIAN, TO THE GENERAL CONVENTION AT DALLAS, TEX., NOVEMBER, 1916.

In making a review of the work of the Historian of the Illinois Division, the thought uppermost in my mind is the message sent out in Miss Rutherford's open letter to State and Chapter Historians early in the year: "Remember, if the historical work of your State is not a success, you are to blame."

As my predecessor put it, "There is a gold mine for you in the history of Commodore Joseph Edward Montgomery alone," a man who lived and died among Chicagoans and was only slightly known to the general public. The Commodore's life was replete with history-making events and, except for his modesty, might now have a place with the records of our libraries. I am most interested in getting this record to Miss Rutherford for her volume on the navy, and it is with pleasure that I present a copy of the same for our records.

Copies of "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission" have been freely distributed, not only among Daughters and sympathizers, but to persons whose views on the War between the States differ from our own.

I have to report for our three Chicago Chapters a historical program at regular intervals during the year. There is no report from Sam Davis Chapter at Alton, Ill. I hope to create an exchange of interesting data for our next year's programs.

THE COLORADO DIVISION.

BY MRS. W. T. DUNCAN, DENVER, COLO.

The Colorado Division held its fourth annual convention on October 3 in the assembly room of the Shirley Hotel, a Denver. The Robert E. Lee Chapter, acting as hostess, entertained the members of the convention and their friends on Monday evening with a historical program, music, and refreshments.

On Tuesday morning the convention was called to order by Mrs. Lela Wade Lewis, of the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, a welcome to all. W. W. Grant, Jr., greeted the convention in behalf of the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans. Mrs. Lela Wade Lewis, of the Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, responded in a very charming manner. Mrs. Lulu Lovel, President of the Division, then took the chair. The forenoon was devoted to regular business. At 12:30, when we were invited to the dining room, we realized that there was more to the convention than business. The tables were handsomely decorated with baskets filled with autumn leaves and real cotton on the stalk (from the South). During the serving of

delicious Southern luncheon toasts to those for whom the Chapters in the State are named were responded to by representatives of the various Chapters. After luncheon the business session was continued. A very impressive memorial service was held. Mrs. Temple, of the Robert E. Lee Chapter, called the roll of our departed veterans and Chapter members during the year, and as she named them Mrs. Raynor, of the Nathan B. Forrest Chapter of Pueblo, responded by placing a red and a white rose in a vase to the memory of each. The flowers were afterwards sent to a sick U. D. C. in the hospital here from Oklahoma.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Lela Wade Lewis, Denver; First Vice President, Mrs. W. O. Temple, Denver; Second Vice President, Mrs. Raynor, Pueblo; Recording Secretary, Miss Clayton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. T. Finnell; Treasurer, Mrs. C. Harris; Registrar, Mrs. A. M. Klasing; Historian, Mrs. R. M. Bowden; Custodian of Crosses, Miss Hays; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. J. M. McClelland; Official Parliamentarian, Mrs. Lulu Lovell.

While we regret giving up Mrs. Lovell as State President, we believe a wise selection was made in Mrs. Lewis as her successor, and with the able corps of ladies she has to assist her our work should grow.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, JEFFERSON CITY.

In October the nineteenth annual convention of the Missouri Division was royally entertained by the Hannibal Chapter, of Hannibal. This ambitious Chapter, only a little more than a year old, boasts a membership of one hundred and

twelve, having gained fifty new members in a year, thereby winning the prize, a beautiful State flag, offered by the President of the Division to the Chapter reporting the greatest increase in membership in that time.

Reports from officers and Chapters were most encouraging and showed a growing interest in all U. D. C. work and that Missouri had been generous in contributions to the various monuments and charities of the organization. There are now forty Chapters, with a membership of twenty-five hundred.

The convention created the office of State Organizer, so next year we hope to report many new Chapters.

Each year the Missouri Division offers a jeweled insignia of the U. D. C. for the best essay on a certain subject. This year it was awarded to Mrs. Allen Porter, President of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Kansas City. The subject of her essay was, "The Literature, Art, and Science of the South."

An interesting and pleasing feature of the program was a drill given by the Mary Major Children's Chapter, of Hannibal, the children being dressed in white with red sashes. The increased interest in the work as shown by the educational report caused a thrill of pride in every heart. This work is only about four years old and has had many setbacks. The Division and Chapters now support eleven scholarships.

A unique, interesting, and instructive hour was enjoyed when Mrs. Anna Brosius Korr, President of another Chapter just a little more than a year old, the Wade Hampton, of Trenton, gave an illustrated lecture on "The History and Progress of Missouri Since the War between the States."

The ladies of the Hannibal Chapter provided delightful entertainment for this busy delegation, and the reception, luncheons, and automobile rides afforded pleasure that will linger long in the memories of a happy, enthusiastic band of delegates.

OFFICIAL EDITOR U. D. C. DEPARTMENT.

The President General has appointed Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va., as Official Editor of this department. Mrs. Campbell needs no introduction to the members of the organization, for she has been prominent in the U. D. C. work and is well known for her ability in many ways. Division Editors will send their notes to her for revision and transmission to the office of the VETERAN.

Another recent appointment is that of Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, Tenn., on the Committee for Indorsement of Books. The many friends of Mrs. Hickman throughout the organization will regret to learn of her continued illness.

ERRORS IN CONVENTION REPORT.

Attention has been called to several errors in the report of the Dallas convention as given in the VETERAN for December, these errors occurring through using the newspaper report on some matters coming before the convention, thus supplementing what was reported by Mrs. Williams. First, as to the Jefferson Davis Memorial when presented by General Young to the convention, outside of the contributions of Mrs. Latham, of Tennessee, and Mrs. Thrash, of North Carolina, no amount was pledged either individually or by the convention. A resolution was passed to raise an amount for that purpose, it being understood as several thousand dollars; also a resolution was introduced to provide one hundred dollars per month for Mrs. Ella K. Trader, but it was not acted upon. However, contributions in cash and pledges to the amount of several hundred dollars were given, and \$50 was sent to Mrs. Trader at once.



MRS. MARY MAJOR CONLON,

President Hannibal Chapter, No. 1588, U. D. C. Organized in June, 1915, with 23 members; present membership, 112.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy—My Dear Fellow Members: Wishing each of you a joyous new year, and again expressing my deep appreciation of the high honor you conferred upon me at the Dallas convention by unanimously electing me your Historian General, I herewith submit the January programs taken from the Historical Yearbook for 1917. This Yearbook is now in the hands of the printer and should be ready to send to Chapters soon.

I conferred with all the members of the Historical Committee, and the historical work as outlined in the monthly programs is the result of this conference. The historical field is so large that it seemed best to the committee to confine the study for the year to some definite period and master that thoroughly; and as the U. D. C. represent the War-between-the-States era, it was decided by your Historical Committee to have the programs cover the period from 1861 to 1865, inclusive, giving the principal events in chronological order, with a closing program on Reconstruction. In order to discuss intelligently the issues and incidents of that period, it is necessary for us to study carefully Southern history from 1861 to 1865. You will find events arranged in chronological order, following also the secession of the Southern States. It is, therefore, a chain of events, and you should follow them closely so as not to miss a single link.

Your attention is especially called to the round-table discussions; they are most important and beneficial as well. I have found this feature quite helpful in historical work. It gives confidence to speak in public by discussing these subjects in Chapter meetings. The various historical contests should claim your interest and cooperation. The trophies are well worth striving for, so let every Division try to be a winner. A list of reference books is given in the Yearbook, and from these all information can be secured for preparation of programs.

Encourage the children's work in every way and try to get the auxiliaries to use programs prepared for the Children of the Confederacy. Your Historian realizes the great value of interesting the children in the study of Southern history. Other contests are being arranged, for which rules will be announced later—contests for personal reminiscences of Confederate veterans and women of the Confederacy, also historical test questions. Let me beg of you to put your heart in the historical work this year and help to make this a "red-letter" year in advancing the knowledge of Confederate history. In pledging you my best efforts, will you not join hands in giving active service and cooperation?

Cordially yours,

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE,
Historian General U. D. C.

References for January programs:

"Confederate Military History," Volume XII., pages 199, 200.

"The South in the Building of the Nation," Volume II., page 409.

"Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Volume I., pages 221-226.

Address, "Wrongs of History Righted," pages 13-16.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1917.

January 19, anniversary memorial services—Lee and Jackson.

South Carolina seceded December 20, 1860—leader of secession movement. Tell of her secession convention, ordinance, and address to her sister States. ("Confederate Military History," Volume II., pages 73-79.)

Events of 1861: Expedition of the Star of the West, January 9. Mississippi seceded January 9. Tell of the "flag with a single star" presented at her secession convention which suggested the famous war song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

Jefferson Davis, United States Senator from Mississippi. Read his farewell address to the Senate.

Peace convention, 1861.

Round-table discussion: "Was the Star-of-the-West Episode a Prior Act of War?" What was the attitude of the South toward slavery?

Greetings to the Children of the Confederacy: The Historian General extends most loving greetings to the Children of the Confederacy everywhere, with assurances of her heartfelt interest in you and desire to aid you in the study of Southern history. Having been requested to prepare programs for you, it is my pleasure to comply, and I hope to make them so interesting that you will love the historical work. The programs will cover the same period as the U. D. C., from 1861 to 1865, but consisting of questions instead of topics.

In studying history we should learn it by four words, beginning with "W," when, where, who, why. We cannot know history well until we know it by these words. Few people know history well; perhaps they had not thought of it in this way. Now, if you will begin your history study by this plan, you will soon learn it. If you will follow closely the set of questions the Historian General has prepared for you, you will not only know more than thousands of grown people, but you can correct the errors made in a great many histories. Will you not try to follow this plan of historical study for 1917?

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JANUARY, 1917.

1. When was the War between the States? How long did it last?
 2. Where did that war take place?
 3. Who fought in that war?
 4. Why was there a war?
 5. What States were the first to secede, and when?
 6. Why did these States secede? (Pages 273-279.)
 7. Had the people of the Northern States ever threatened to secede? (Pages 184, 199, 276.)
 8. Were any of the Southern States opposed to secession?
 9. How many States had seceded by February 1, 1861?
 10. Tell what you know about the Star of the West. "Grandfather's Stories."
- Music, "Dixie" (all standing).

(Answers to above questions may be found in "Grammar School History," Chapter XII., by Matthew Page Andrews.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7009 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Washington, D. C.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Dear Memorial Women: Old Father Time has not stopped the wheel, but it has turned and closed upon the year 1916, with all its joys and sorrows. These Memorial Associations have been tried and not found wanting. May the new year be to them the open sesame of peace, happiness, and prosperity!

The Memorial women stand out in bold relief as historic characters during the years 1861-65. The privations and trials suffered by them during the War between the States were manifold, and the fortitude with which they endured these hardships has endeared them to the Southern people. The organization of Memorial women of this day dates back to the early sixties, when their efforts were directed toward the relief of wounded soldiers, as represented by their hospital work. To-day we read that prominent women of Europe have given their homes and palaces for use as hospitals. Let us turn back a few years, and we find here in our own country that the same patriotism, the same spirit of humanity moved the women of the South. Where can we find a more glorious record of true Christianity and patriotism than that of Capt. Sally Tompkins, of Richmond, Va.? After the battle of Manassas, when our wounded were being brought to Richmond, she was among the first to organize a hospital, which was kept open from that time until June 10, 1865, and many hundred soldiers were returned to the field by her, ready to fight or die for their country. Capt. Sally Tompkins was duly commissioned by the Confederate government. Her death occurred in Richmond July 26, 1916, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. We claim her as one of the many heroines to be found in the ranks of the Memorial women. All honor and glory to her memory, and may it prove an inspiration to the younger generation to follow her example! Let our watchword ever be "Eternal Remembrance."

The past year was one of rejoicing for twenty Associations; it was indeed a golden year. The Memorial women of Montgomery, Ala.; Gainesville and St. Augustine, Fla.; Athens, Atlanta, Columbus, and Madison, Ga.; New Orleans, La.; Vicksburg, Miss.; Raleigh, N. C.; Charleston, S. C.; Fredericksburg, Petersburg, and Portsmouth, Va.; Oakwood Memorial, Hollywood Memorial, and Hebrew Memorial, of Richmond, Va.; Spottsylvania C. H. and Winchester, Va., were the happy celebrants of the golden anniversary. Through fifty years we find these women at their post of duty, and the ties that bind us are growing stronger day by day. Through the State Vice Presidents the Memorial Associations are conducting a vigorous campaign to secure from Congress the

return of the cotton tax which was illegally collected from 1863 to 1868. The bill introduced by Hon. John N. Tillman, known as House Bill No. 478, is the most direct and earnest appeal that has been made for this purpose, and our women as individuals and through their Associations are urged to write to their representatives in Congress requesting their favorable support of the Tillman bill.

Another field of activity in which the Memorial women have launched their efforts is to complete a fund for a testimonial to be placed in the Red Cross Memorial Building, Washington, D. C., as a tribute to the Memorial women, the "Women of the Confederacy," who have passed to the great beyond. Mrs. J. Enders Robinson is chairman of this special committee and will be pleased to acknowledge contributions. We should deem it a privilege to contribute to this testimonial, and it will be more appreciated if we act cheerfully, generously, and promptly.

The next convention will be held in Washington, D. C., May 28, 1917. For the first time since our organization we will have the honor of meeting in the nation's capital. We of the South have had a great part in readjusting affairs since the close of the War between the States. The South has developed her industries, and prosperity has blessed our people, whose efforts have been directed to a reunited country, which stands to-day as one of the greatest nations of the world. Let us rally to the next convention call and be present in large numbers. Let us stand together in a strong sisterhood of loyal women, devoted to the memories of our beloved Southland.

With best wishes for the success of all your endeavors, believe me, yours faithfully,

MRS. W. J. BEHAN,
President General C. S. M. A.

The widow's tears shall cease; the mother's smile
Shall be the nimbus of the blue and gray;
The chieftain on his shield, the dead unknown,
When comes the reveille.

The silent blood that stained the bearded grain
Shall cry from where its golden billows play,
And spears shall shake the valley of dry bones,
When comes the reveille.

The mourning wreath of cypress leaves shall die,
And truth will crown the right with hallowed bay,
And time will hurl the darkened glass aside,
When comes the reveille.

—Virginia Frazer Boyle.

A GENTLEMAN AND A PATRIOT.

That he loved his country and his fellow man was fully exemplified in the life of Maj. Charles Drake McGuffey, whose recent death has removed one of the noted figures of Chattanooga, Tenn. Though not of the South, this section had been his home for many years, and in the city of his adoption he was known as "a good citizen and a gentleman in the full acceptance of the word."

That he was a patriot was shown by his abiding love for his country. Worshipping valor and heroism in others, the secret regret of his life was that he was "no soldier." He did volunteer as a youth for the Union (he was born in Ohio); but because he was frail and delicate, his parents would not allow him to enlist. Only a short while ago he spent a part of the small sum set aside for his burial fund to buy "portions" of Scripture and small American flags to send to a young friend in France who, he thought, might come across some other American boy over there among the wounded, and "I would like for him to have a Bible and a flag before he dies," he said.

Major McGuffey came South after the war (his title came from his State militia) and made his home. In Chattanooga he endeared himself by his courage and fidelity during the yellow fever scourge and later by his incessant work for legislation incident to charity and welfare work. He always spent more on others than on himself. He was mainly responsible for the organization of the Associated Charities there, the first effective system of relief work instituted south of the Ohio. Though of the "other side," his friends were many among the Confederate element of Chattanooga, who honored him and took him into their fellowship. It was his pleasure on each recurring Memorial Day to stand in the church vestibule and salute each old soldier of Forrest Camp as he passed. By his wish, his funeral was conducted by Rev. Dr. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., assisted by Dr. Charles R. Hyde, both his devoted friends, who paid tribute to his rare virtues and told of his last days of courage and faith, by which he went into the dim valley content and unafraid. His body was taken to Knoxville and there interred by the side of his wife.

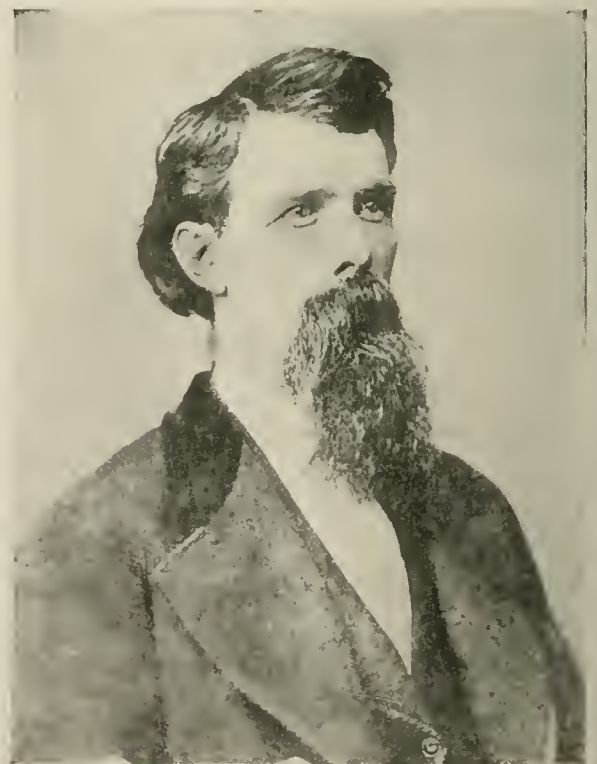
Major McGuffey was a nephew of Prof. William McGuffey, of the University of Virginia, who compiled McGuffey's Readers, so largely used in our schools at a certain period, and had himself written a history of the McGuffey family. He was a great reader and kept up with the times. Dreamer, philosopher, and philanthropist, "he served his time as best he could and left a name and character without stain or flaw."

other commands. If you can find somebody who will give an explanation of that battle, it will be appreciated. I was captain of Company H, 13th Virginia Infantry, Gen. A. P. Hill's old regiment."

THE HENDERSON SCOUTS.

The Henderson Scouts was the only company of its kind on either side during the War between the States. It was organized by Capt. Thomas Henderson, of New Orleans, La., who obtained permission from the War Department at Richmond, Va., to make up this command to undertake dangerous trips as scouting parties. One hundred brave men were selected to work independently of any regiment, but to be ready to go at a moment's notice when anything demanded attention. These men were under control of the general commanding the department; but instead of receiving rations and forage, as the rest of the army did, they drew from the government commutation—money. This was because of the fact that they were nearly always in front of the army and out from camp on scout duty.

Joseph Dent Clark was one of the boys who joined this command. He enlisted in October, 1863, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ga., in 1865. He served under Major Alexander. Some of the other boys were: T. A. Prather, Charlie Bacon, Lee Bransford, Jimmie McConnell, Pem Bull, and Jack Newton. Mr. J. A. Clark, of the American Business College, of Pueblo, Colo., is a son of Joseph D. Clark and is the proud possessor of the Confederate cross of honor awarded on his father's record by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Hickman, Ky. He is very anxious to get in communication with any survivors of this famous command.



JOSEPH DENT CLARK.

WHERE PEGRAM WAS KILLED.—Capt. S. D. Buck writes from Baltimore, Md.: "I read the *VETERAN* with great pleasure—indeed, with greater pleasure each and every time it comes—and always find something new; but the one special thing I should like is to find somebody who can explain the battle of Hatcher's Run, in which battle my esteemed friend and splendid man Gen. John Pegram was killed. I was commander in the skirmish line and received the last order he issued, which was to conform to his movement. He was on my right and was going to charge. I got ready to move forward, when his division arose, as I thought, ready for the charge and immediately broke, fell back, and Pegram was killed. I had great difficulty in protecting my front in falling back, as we were in a tangled brier field and away from all

A GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY IN TEXAS.

When J. F. Smith and Miss R. C. Wingo were married on September 27, 1866, they went on to Texas to make their home in that big State. They stopped first on Blossom Prairie, in Lamar County, for two years, then went on to Red River County for another two years, locating permanently in Hopkins County in 1870. He is now President of the Como Mercantile Company, Inc., with which he has been connected for thirty-six years. He is also interested in the lignite mines there and has taken the lead in their development.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were born, reared, and married near Jacksonville, Ala., and the first year of his service as a Confederate soldier was with the 7th Alabama Infantry, in Capt. Bob Draper's company; was afterwards with the 58th Alabama Infantry, in the company of Capt. S. D. McClelland; was captured at Missionary Ridge and kept in prison at Rock Island for sixteen months. He would like to hear from any of his old comrades now living.

This happy couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on September 27, 1916. They have nine children living—five boys and four girls—thirty-five grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. On January 20, 1917, Mr. Smith will have rounded out seventy-four years. Mrs. Smith was seventy-one years old on October 27, 1916.



MR. AND MRS. J. F. SMITH.

WHAT OUR PATRONS THINK.

Not only should Confederate veterans and their descendants sustain the CONFEDERATE VETERAN monthly, but the entire South, of whatever political complexion. The November number, just out, contains an article which should make every Southerner feel proud—"The Influence of the South in the Formation of Our Government." It will open the eyes of any who have complacently let it be dinned into them that this section has been a laggard in the things that make a country great and glorious. Aside from this, the magazine is always one of the most interesting journals published in America.—*Will T. Hale, in Nashville Tennessean.*

J. W. Minnich writes from Grand Isle, La., September 19, 1916:

"Thirteen years ago I became acquainted with the VETERAN and its lamented founder, Sumner A. Cunningham, during the Reunion of 1903 in New Orleans. Beginning with that June number, I have not missed a number since, and I am good for three years more, whether I live them or not. Barring one number (loaned out and never returned), I have every one now in seven roughly-put-together volumes, that none may go astray. They are the most valued of my very great possessions and would be about the last I would part with. When any VETERAN comes, it takes precedence. 'Politicks,' county or State and national, and even the 'unpleasantness' in Europe, Asia, and Africa must sit back and wait until I have had a peep between the covers of my old VETERAN friend. And very often I reread it through. It is a most comprehensive and instructive history. I cannot imagine any one interested in Confederate affairs and history not subscribing for it, and yet there are many. I dare say a large majority of Confed-

erate veterans and their sons, wives, and daughters have never seen a copy of it or even know of its existence.

"I was somewhat forcibly reminded of this while conversing

with sons of Confederates at various times during past years, and notably during the Birmingham Reunion last May and during this summer, when I met three sons and grandsons of Confederates of good repute and standing, none of whom had ever seen a copy of the VETERAN until I showed them mine; nor had their sires, so far as they knew. A great many are utterly indifferent, yet they will argue about this or that event in which they in no wise participated and of which they could have no knowledge except by hearsay.

"The VETERAN is the medium by and through which the true history of events of the sixties can be had from their recital by participants. Sometimes the memory of one narrator is more or less affected by the lapse of time, and mis-statements creep in which are soon detected by some other participant, and there comes a correction backed up by evidence unassailable. In this way we get the truth, and that is the mission of the VETERAN. Thus the historian or mere reader of the future, perusing the pages of the VETERAN, will have no trouble in separating the 'wheat from the chaff' with greater facility than when one tackles the half million or more recorded official reports, contradicting and confusing as they are.

"The August number is one of the most interesting of the series. General Harrison's account of the 'Battle of Olustee' is most vivid and, coming from such a source, must be accepted as authentic history. Many among us never heard of the battle of Olustee and if asked, 'Where is Olustee?' would, if not wishing to appear too ignorant, answer: 'In the Sandwich Islands.' Some would frankly say, 'I don't know,' while others who do know where Olustee is and know that a fight occurred there, the large, very large, majority of us never knew its reason, the number of troops engaged, the losses; nor were we aware of the motif or of the far-reaching effect of the Federal defeat. General Harrison makes this clear. So we know why Olustee was fought and its consequences. Do any of the many histories written on our war tell us why

Olustee was fought? Doubtful. And then 'Memorial Day at Camp Chase, Ohio.' Here again more history comes to light; and some ugly truths, supported by documentary evidence, are revealed. And again 'Campaigns of Lee and Sherman.' While this is but a recital of things we have long known, facts we have gloried in and can point to with honest pride, there are other facts given which we can contemplate in sadness only and with a sense of shame that our country could have produced such men. Yet it is but the truth. They made of war a hell in deed and act. These three contributions alone are worth far more than a year's subscription to the best military magazine in the United States. So I for one cannot understand why so many of us are so wholly indifferent. As a loyal Confederate I cannot but recognize the value of its work for the cause and the truth in history, and I know of others who would not do without the VETERAN because of its historical value. No other publication known has so great a value to Confederates or students of Confederate history. There are to be found on its pages an inexhaustible fund of information not to be had in any of the general histories, great or small. May it live long and flourish!

In renewing his subscription Capt. George M. Penn, of Ponchatoula, La., writes: "I have taken the VETERAN so long that I would feel at a loss without it. It brings back to me many incidents of the war in which I took part from June 2, 1861, to March, 1865, when I was severely wounded in the battle of Fort Steadman, Va., opposite Petersburg. My company left the breastworks on April 2 with five men—William Barnett, William H. Jenkins, Joe Berryhill, Jack A. Tucker, and George M. Penn. Only three of us made the trip to Appomattox C. H., were paroled April 10, and shook the hand of our great and beloved commander, Gen. R. E. Lee, for the last time. Tucker was killed April 5, and Berryhill was reported missing. I have my parole and a piece of our old regimental flag. My regiment took part in all the hard-fought battles of Lee and Jackson, Ewell, Early, and Gordon, and never lost a flag. I am proud that I fought under Lee and his generals in the Army of Northern Virginia."

D. A. McLane, Cameron, Tex.: "It seems to me that the Confederate soldier who is not a reader of the VETERAN is cheating himself out of a great pleasure. The VETERAN is always a welcome visitor to my home, and to me it seems to be getting better all the while. The May number is of exceeding interest—the write-up of Selma, Cahaba, and Dallas County, Ala., and the mention of so many names that I was familiar with when a schoolboy in Alabama. But more interesting still are the sketch and picture of John Purifoy. I have not seen him for more than half a century, but the picture is a good one of him as a boy. His brother James was a member of my company and was killed on July 22, 1864, above Atlanta. No better or braver boy ever wore the gray than Jimmie Purifoy. I wish to say that the May VETERAN alone is worth the price of a whole year's subscription."

Capt. W. H. Northrop, Wilmington, N. C.: "I enjoy each copy and look forward to it each month. One regret I have, that the Sons of Veterans do not take greater interest and become ready to fill the places of their fathers as they pass to the great beyond."

Mrs. George W. Sulser, Maysville, Ky.: "I wish I were able to place this grand, indispensable magazine in the home of every man and woman of the South who is true to our blessed cause."

E. H. Strait, Ottawa, Ill.: "The VETERAN is good reading, and I think it is growing better each month. I like to read

it, for I was one of the boys in blue, or Yanks, and it's good to read what the Johnnies fought about, the little ball players. I caught five on the fly and have the marks and one of the balls yet, and that is not bad for forty-one months' service."

Dr. Virginius Harrison, Richmond, Va.: "Every son of a Confederate veteran should subscribe to this magazine, as it gives valuable information concerning all Confederate organizations."

George H. Miller, Dukes, Fla.: "I welcome the VETERAN as I do no other publication. The South is greatly indebted to your great magazine, and she is still very greatly in need of it. Mark me as a lifelong subscriber."

J. L. Bartlett, Bridgeport, Tex.: "I enjoy the VETERAN very much. It keeps alive the valor and heroism of our beloved South."

Mrs. Elizabeth R. George, of Lovettsville, Va., writes: "To me each copy seems more interesting. I enjoy its pages more than I can express, and I hope it will increase in numbers this year. * * * I should indeed like to see it in every home."

C. M. Bishop, Shanghai, W. Va.: "I enjoy it too much to let it stop."

R. N. Brown, Lytle, Tex.: "The most true history of the war that has ever been written. Can't see how any old veteran can live without it."

Mrs. F. A. Chase, Los Angeles, Cal.: "The VETERAN has come regularly to our home for a long time. We consider it the best magazine we get."

Mrs. J. W. Heatfield, Montevallo, Ala.: "I enjoy reading the VETERAN and really can't get along without it."

T. H. C. Lowndesboro, Woodland Mills, Tenn.: "The January number is worth the whole year's subscription."

Mrs. A. W. Ollar, of Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Tacoma, Wash., writes: "Our members are reading the VETERAN more. Having Miss Rutherford's history questions has helped wonderfully to make them take more interest. We devote an hour and a half to history lesson at every Chapter meeting."

R. S. Thomas, Plantersville, Miss.: "Some who are now taking the VETERAN say that their only objection is the loss of sleep in sitting up late at night to read it. I think I have been a continuous subscriber for over twenty years, and my attachment continues to grow."

Mrs. A. B. Bank, Fordyce, Ark.: "This is a splendid paper, and it is a great help in our U. D. C. work."

James S. Millikin, Millikin, La.: "I think the VETERAN is getting better every year."

Dr. S. H. Yokely, Meadowview, Va.: "I enjoy each number thoroughly and feel that it is the duty of every young man in the South who has not the 'History of the Confederacy' at hand to take it."

Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex.: "I cannot do without you, for you bring me a monthly message of inspiration and patriotic thrills. It is the best monument that we can erect to Mr. Cunningham, your founder, to support the VETERAN."

A. C. Terhune, Danville, Ky.: "It is the only magazine which comes to our home that is thoroughly read from cover to cover."

C. F. Estill, Lexington, Ky.: "I must have it. I cannot do without it."

Oziene Fontenal, Washington, La.: "There is a veteran here seventy-seven years old. He cannot walk without two sticks. I built a house, kitchen, and barn for him on my land until his death. * * * I am also helping two old widows."

R. F. Garrard, Morgan, Ky.: "I think every living Confederate should take it, not only for the description of battles, etc., it contains, but for the many historical truths of the past that can be relied upon. I cannot afford to do without it and expect to be a subscriber at my death."

Capt. F. G. Terry, Cadiz, Ky.: "I find my interest in the VETERAN to be as great as when I got the first number; in fact, it grows with the years."

Mrs. R. C. Ledford, San Angelo, Tex.: "From an educational standpoint, I cannot afford for my fifteen-year-old son to miss a single number of the VETERAN."

P. P. Pullen, Paris, Tenn.: "The VETERAN is next to the Bible. I love it, I revere it, I hold it sacred, and I will do anything I can to uphold it."

D. T. Mitchell, Highlandale, Miss.: "I wish great success to the VETERAN, the grandest publication in the world."

G. T. Cullins, Caledonia, Ark.: "I would not know how to get along without the VETERAN. I expect to take it as long as I live and have instructed my family to keep it up if they outlive me. I am an old veteran and an old subscriber, and I think it ought to be read by every Southern family in the land."

J. M. Davidson, West Point, Ga.: "I am delighted with the VETERAN. It gets better all the time. I have been a subscriber for several years, and I am old and feeble, but I still enjoy it every month."

Fred Rogge, National Soldiers' Home, Tenn.: "I wore the blue, but it's my private opinion that not only those who wore the gray, but all veterans, gray and blue, might profit by reading up on both sides. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the only soldiers' magazine I ever read that does not misrepresent military history or mislead its readers by glossing over the blunders of Southern leaders. Its founder was a liberal, fair-minded Confederate soldier, and his successors are following closely in Colonel Cunningham's footsteps. This magazine deserves a much larger circulation than it has to-day."

THE DIXIE CALENDAR.

The Dixie Calendar for 1917 will be especially appreciated by the lovers of "Dixie Land." It is an art calendar in several colors, with a picture of a typical Southern colonial house at the top, at the sides drawings representative of the South, at the bottom a calendar pad, and in the center the music of "Dixie," with the patriotic and inspiring words prepared by M. B. Wharton.

The first version of "Dixie" was never intended for any purpose other than a minstrel show. Written by an Ohioan for this purpose, the words are too absurd for use on memorial occasions. One does not recall them easily or with any feeling of pride or pleasure—*c. g.*

"Buckwheat cakes and stony batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter."

They are far inferior to the melody, which has become a national heritage.

On the other hand, the verses by M. B. Wharton, a Southerner, are appropriate for any occasion. These verses are inspiring, and we have seen Confederate veterans shout and cry and fall on each other's necks in their joy over the singing of the stirring words now linked with their war-old favorite melody, "the only tune that always brings down the house," North or South. The Wharton version and the music "Dixie" are on the front of the Dixie Calendar for 1917.

This calendar is sold at fifty cents the copy, but readers of the VETERAN and members of patriotic societies may get it at half price (25 cents), as long as the supply lasts, by stating where they saw this notice. Order direct from the Page Publishing Association, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Mo.

MY OLD BLACK MAMMY.

BY ESTELLE T. OLTROGGE.

When the north wind blew and howled through the house,
I tried to keep as still as a mouse;
Then I'd run upstairs to hide my head
Beneath the pillows of my bed.

Black mammy said it was after me
And would blow me "clear across the sea,"
Because I was "just as bad as a boy"
And didn't "do nothin' but tease and annoy."

Now, mammy's talk made me so mad,
Because I didn't mean to be bad;
I only pulled my old cat's tail
To see her squirm and hear her wail.

Mammy told about "sperrits and hants and ghosts"
That stood round my bed in frightful hosts
To "scratch and tear" till it made my flesh creep
If I didn't shut my eyes and go to sleep.

Black mammy knew an awful lot,
And a whole lot more that she had forgot,
"Bout 'fo' de war" and her "old white folks"
And her own cabin home in a grove of oaks.

When my feelings were hurt, to mammy I'd go
And tell her all my childish woe.
Her "Never mind, honey; it'll come right"
Made my eyes beam and my heart grow light.

Sometime to heaven I hope to go,
And I know my mammy will be "at de do'."
And her dear old arms around me will twine,
And her old black face with glory will shine.

PETTIBONE "GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY."

No doubt our readers have noticed the advertising of the Pettibone Bros. Mfg. Co., the large Confederate Uniform and Lodge Regalia makers of Cincinnati, Ohio, being carried from month to month in this magazine. Pettibone's will soon be rounding out their "Golden Anniversary" in business, having been established and running without hitch or miss for nearly half a century, an indication in itself of the high quality of its products and one of which they have a right to be proud.

It may interest some of our readers to know that the Pettibone Company includes in its products Confederate Veteran Uniforms, Confederate Flags, and fraternal society supplies of every conceivable character—Costumes, Robes, Uniforms, Flags, Banners, Badges, Buttons, Plays, Charts—and issues over a hundred catalogs covering every individual line. It employs hundreds of expert workmen, and each department is handled by a member of that respective fraternity, thus insuring not only invaluable knowledge as to requirements of a lodge or lodge member, but also lending that personal touch of special care and attention so useful to and appreciated by their thousands of customers thruout the country.

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"LINCOLN."

A pamphlet by O. W. Blacknall, of North Carolina, contrasting the methods of the Union armies in the South with those of the Germans in the present war. This pamphlet has received much praise from critics, North and South, on account of its historical and literary value and should be read by every Southerner. Believing that the information it contains is much needed to-day, it is offered for sale at 10 cents a copy.

Address: Manly's Battery, 210 S. Baylan Avenue, Raleigh, N. C.

Mrs. L. J. Powell, of Lowndesboro, Ala., wants to complete the record of James L. Skinner, who enlisted at Demopolis, Ala., in 1861 as a member of the 11th Alabama Regiment and served a little over a year. He was under Captain Prince and Colonel Wheeler. She also wants information of Lient. W. A. Skinner, a cadet, eighteen years of age, who went from Tuscaloosa, Ala., the last year of the war. He was taken prisoner near Mobile and sent to Spanish Fort and was paroled several months after the war closed.

Mrs. Tennie Covington, 68 Hermitage Avenue, Nashville, Tenn., is trying to complete the record of her husband, Robert W. Covington, of Company D, 24th Tennessee Infantry, under Capt. John A. Wilson. He enlisted at Camp Tronsdale, Tenn., and in July and August, 1863, he was reported as left sick in Rutherford County, Tenn. Mrs. Covington wants to learn something of his record from that time to the close of the war. She is trying to secure a pension.

Mrs. Blanche Hindman Cox, of Monteagle, Tenn., writes that the John W. Thomas Chapter, U. D. C., wants to mark the lookout points used by Generals Forrest and Bragg on Cumberland Mountains and wishes to know if these generals passed over the mountains near what is now the Assembly Grounds at Monteagle and at points now called Bragg's Point and Forrest's Point. Some one who knows will please write to her.

T. J. Goodwin, of Quitman, Tex., wants to hear from some of his old comrades. He went into service at Wetumpka, Ala., in May, 1861, as a member of Company B, 8th Alabama Regiment, afterwards part of Wilcox's Brigade.

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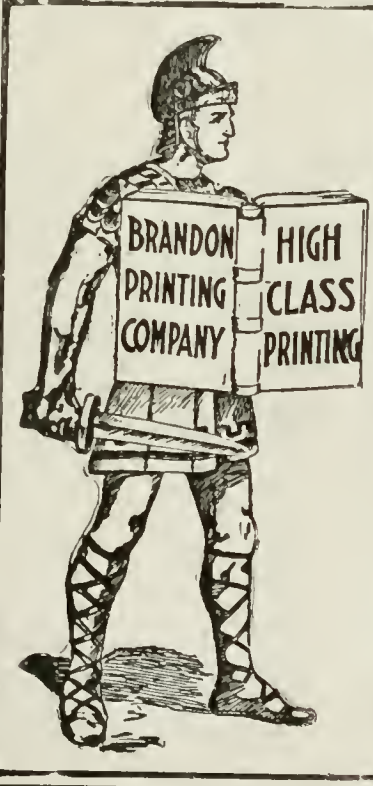
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B. F. Arthur, of Rockdale, Tex., R. F. D. No. 6, Box 12, asks that any one who knows the war record of Bob Dickey, who served in Captain Edwards's company of the 19th Texas Infantry, will kindly furnish such information promptly. This old comrade is nearly ninety years of age and needs a pension.

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By JOSIE FRAZEE-CAPPLEMAN

O sing me a song of the southland—
The Southland that used to be,
Of the deeds of our hallowed Grey heroes,
So sacred to you and to me.
O Southrons, ye proud, patriotic;
O soldiers of Jackson and Lee!
Another is sung in our South-lore—
Famed Forrest of Tennessee.

Our leaders were daring and dauntless,
As ever led battle array;
Each heart bore the stamp of the hero
That rode in the ranks of the Grey;
Yet never more far-eyed or fearless,
And never a bolder could be.
None ever more tried or triumphant
Than Forrest of Tennessee.

Aye, matchless this victor in valor—
A hundred hard battles and more
Saw him at the head of the horsemen,
The brunt of the danger bore;
At Donelson he our one hero,
Wrought wonders at Chickamauga,
And dashed lion-like down at Shiloh;
Dread Forrest of Tennessee.

The marvel of mourned Murfreesboro
The terror of Tishomingo,
Where with only a wearied-out handful
Far scattered the fear-stricken foe.
And, there on the fierce field of Franklin,
"Mong the flower of our chivalry,"
'Mid the groans and the gore and the carnage,
Charged Forrest of Tennessee.

'Twas a raid thro' beloved Alabama
Marched to our stores Gen. Streight;
All behind him was direst destruction,
Before, the same fearful fate,
But a message went thro' to the "wizard,"
When soon, and all suddenly—
"He is coming," rang out the glad tidings,
"Old Forrest" of Tennessee.

On, on, the swift "knight of the saddle"
Rushed for the foe in his lair;
But burned was the bridge, wild the waters
And Forrest, for once in despair,
When out of a cot of the mountains
Came a slight maid—said she:
"The way to the ford I will show you,
Brave Forrest of Tennessee."

On, on, sped the man and the maiden,
O'er rocks and mad-rushing stream,
And fast the few grey-coated followed
Till full in the bayonet's gleam—
A ruse, and a shout from the Southrons,
And the girl waved her bonnet in glee
As the federals thrice cheered Emma Sansom
With Forrest of Tennessee.

Aye, many his perilous exploit,
And many the death-knell his deed—
Where sword, shot and shell fell the fastest,
There Forrest was in the lead;
Yet noble, and kind, and tender—
As always the brave—was he,
And firm was his faith in the future—
True Forrest of Tennessee.

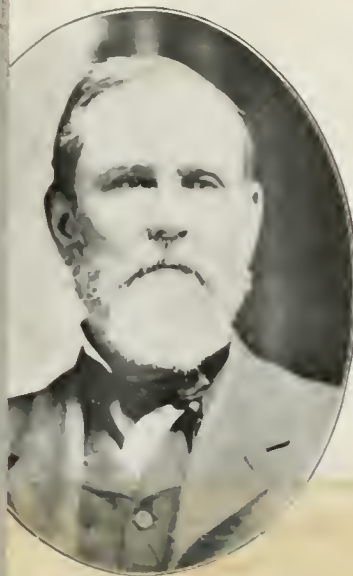
O Southrons, with laurels come crown him,
Protector, Defender of homes;
Let your praises reach up to the star-realm,
Where the grand soul of Forrest now roams,
For all that remains of our hero
Lies silent as silent can be,
But liveth forever in South-lore,
Loved Forrest of Tennessee.

ID THEIR WAR RECORDS.

e PEOPLE and for preservation
PUBLIC and PRIVATE
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nfederate Veterans
k, entitled :: :: ::

eterans CORDS



T. GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

in Franklin Co., Tenn., Nov. 7, 1836.
Confederate Service, Oct. 6, 1861,
then Major, of 7th Texas Infantry
nt, Army of Tennessee. Field service
ars and six months; post service one
Member R. E. Lee Camp No. 158, Fort
Texas. Lieutenant General com-
g Trans-Mississippi Department, U.
Banker.

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Books in S

The Men in

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Memoirs of

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in gray cloth, stamped

Prison Life

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that will be in Volume II of the beautiful book, entitled :: :: ::

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LOUISVILLE, KY.

Born Nicholasville, Ky., May 25, 1843.
Entered Confederate Service, October,
1862, as a private, afterwards 1st Lieut-
enant, 8th Ky. Cavalry, Gen. John H. Mor-
gan's command. Served to close of war.
Commanded St. Alban's Raid. President
Kentucky Confederate Home. Commander-
in-Chief, U. C. V.



LT. GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

Born in Franklin Co., Tenn., Nov. 7, 1836.
Entered Confederate Service, Oct. 6, 1861.
Captain, then Major, of 7th Texas Infantry
Regiment, Army of Tennessee. Field service
two years and six months; post service one
year. Member R. E. Lee Camp No. 158, Fort
Worth, Texas. Lieutenant General com-
manding Trans-Mississippi Department, U.
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(SEE INFORMATION CONCERNING PORTRAITS ON LAST PAGE)

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And His Portrait of To-day.**

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CONFEDERATE VETERANS



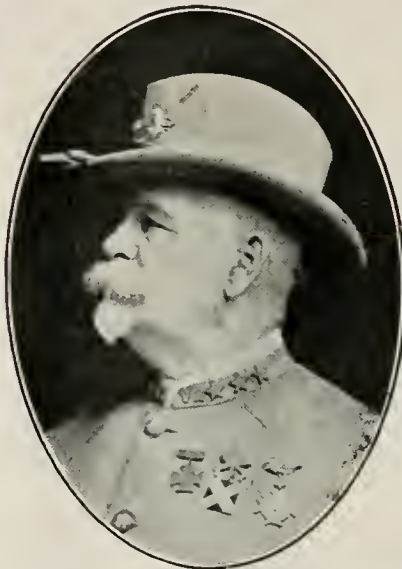
JOSEPH F. SHIPP, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Born Jasper County, Ga., February 3, 1845. Entered the Confederate Service April 12, 1861, as a private in Company G, 4th Ga. Infantry. Served to close of war, at which time he was Assistant Quartermaster. Is a member of N. B. Forrest Camp No. 4. Appointed Quartermaster General, U. C. V., by Gen. J. B. Gordon, and has retained office ever since. Farmer and breeder of thoroughbred Berkshire hogs.



J. WM. TOWSON, SHELBY, MO.

Born March 2, 1839. Enlisted June 9, 1863, as a private in the Black Horse Cavalry, 4th Virginia Regiment. Was in every battle of his command after enlistment except one, at which time he was a prisoner of war. He served till the close of the war, and was paroled May 6, 1865. Is now Major General commanding the Missouri Division of the U. C. V.



J. THOMPSON BROWN, RICHMOND, VA.

Born in Richmond, Va., May 4, 1840. Entered the Confederate Service in 1861 as a private in Co. A, 20th Va. Reg. When it disbanded in 1862, re-enlisted in artillery. Promoted to Captain of "Parker's Battery." Was in eighteen battles; wounded twice, captured twice. Served to end of the war. Is a member of R. E. Lee Camp No. 181, U. C. V. Commander First Va. Brigade, U. C. V. Dealer in real estate.



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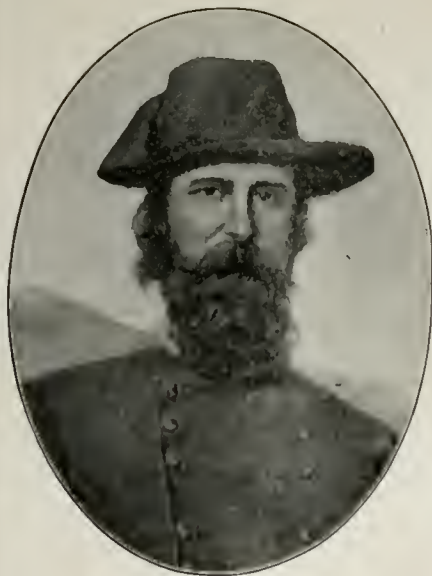
Born Louisville, Ky., July 27, 1846. Enlisted at the age of fifteen in May, 1862, as a private in Co. G, 9th Kentucky Infantry, of the "Orphans' Brigade," and served to May, 1865, when he was paroled with his command at Washington, Ga. Major General in command of the Kentucky Division. Editor Louisville Times, and part owner of the Courier-Journal.



RT. REV. J. M. LUCEY, PINE BLUFF, ARK.

Born Sept. 29, 1843, and enlisted at Fort Smith, Ark., in 1861. Paroled in 1864. Is Assistant Chaplain General on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief.

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GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.



GEN. W. B. HALDEMAN,
LOUISVILLE, KY.



GEN. VIRGIL Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.



COL. A. R. BLAKELY.



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WILLIAM E. MICKLE

(Adjutant General United Confederate Veterans)

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BECAUSE it will enable the Veterans in the different localities to become acquainted with one another, without a formal introduction, thus forming a closer comradeship; also, to trace a comrade.

BECAUSE it is the first opportunity that Veterans of all ranks have had to have their PORTRAITS and WAR RECORDS in a book that will be preserved and sought after by the future generation.

BECAUSE the ranks of the surviving Veterans are gradually thinning out, and long after they have all answered the "Final Roll Call" their faces will be lovingly gazed upon and cherished as sacred mementoes of their Bravery and Immortal Deeds.

BECAUSE it will prove a rich and deeply-cherished legacy to those who are descended from the men who fought so gallantly for the sovereignty of the States; and to preserve that legacy the cost to the Veterans will be a trifle when compared with the far-reaching influences and gratification that will accrue.

BECAUSE the cost to have a fine Photo-Engraved Portrait of a Veteran placed in the book is only TEN DOLLARS (\$10) (the price of the book alone is \$2.50, and will be ready in 1913. This is very reasonable, and much less than what a first-class photographer would charge for one dozen (12) cabinet photographs, and scores of dollars less than an oil painting would cost.

BECAUSE photographs become scattered, lost, or may be forgotten, and the oil or other painted portrait is hung in an obscure place. Therefore, it is the duty of every Veteran to place his features in the book, where they can be seen by all people and by the future Historian and Student of History.

The survivors of the dead should see that the portraits of their loved ones appear in this work.

If further information is wanted concerning Portrait and Book, address the publisher as below, and a prompt reply will be returned.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE

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Publisher

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXV.

FEBRUARY, 1917

NO. 2



JUDGE J. A. P. CAMPBELL, OF MISSISSIPPI

Member of the First Provisional Congress of the Southern Confederacy and
one of the signers of the Confederate Constitution. (See page 54.)

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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1917.

No. 2.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

REUNION ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.
NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 15, 1917.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 6.

I. The twenty-seventh annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in Washington, D. C., June 5, 6, and 7, 1917. This date has been agreed upon by the Commander in Chief and three Department Commanders and fixed at the suggestion as well as with the full approval of the local committee charged with the management of the details of the meeting.

These are the days set aside for the transaction of the business of the Association; but the good people of Washington have arranged for such pleasures and entertainments as will take up the entire week, commencing the fourth day of June.

This is the first time a Reunion has taken place outside of the limits of the late Confederate States, and it is eminently fit that it should be held in the city of Washington.

"On to Washington! On to Washington!" was the cry of Confederate soldiers after the victory of the First Manassas; but the judgment of the leaders was averse to the movement. Furthermore, the trenches near the city were defended by a line of men in blue, ready to dispute any attempt on the part of the Confederates to enter their territory. "On to Washington! On to Washington!" is shouted again throughout the Southland, and now the leaders cheerfully urge their commands forward, while the opposing blues, instead of making any objection, welcome with cordial handshake their late foes. These men, with the citizens in general of the capital city of the country, promise that this gathering shall in every respect be the most memorable in the history of the United Confederate Veterans.

It was a beautiful, pathetic, and patriotic act on the part of the local G. A. R. Post to take the initiative in asking that this Reunion be held in Washington, and it is one which fills the hearts of the Confederate soldiers with heartiest pleasure and shows to the world that the United States are one country, with one flag and one aim.

The General commanding notes with sincere satisfaction the great efforts the committees in Washington are making

for the entertainment of the men whom it is his privilege to command, and he can promise his comrades that no efforts will be spared, no outlay curtailed to add to the pleasure of the old Confederates.

To march down Pennsylvania Avenue in full uniform, to be reviewed by the President of the United States, surrounded by all the foreign dignitaries in Washington—this should arouse the enthusiasm of the most callous and add to the attendance from the entire South. The General commanding urges every one to attend this great assembly, which promises to be one of the most notable events in American history, long to live in the memory of every one who is present and who will be proud to say: "I was at the Confederate Reunion in Washington."

II. It is particularly desired that members of Camps attend in uniform. These uniforms can be had at reasonable prices, and Col. N. B. Forrest, of Biloxi, Miss., with enviable energy and devotion, has done much work to bring about these low prices. Officers should at once take up this matter with him.

III. 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, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their convention on the same days.

IV. The monument erected by the State of Virginia to the memory of her soldiers at Gettysburg will be unveiled on June 8 or 9 on the battle field. This date has been fixed by the Virginia Commission so that the veterans may easily go from Washington. Arrangements will be made with the railroads to handle passengers from Washington to Gettysburg and return. This will be a most important event, and it is hoped by the General commanding that as many as possible of the veterans will make arrangements to attend.

V. The General commanding sincerely hopes that the press of the entire country, ever ready to promote the cause of the Confederate soldier, 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.

By command of

GEORGE P. HARRISON,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

PORTRAITS OF GENERAL LEE.

"Yet when I view your old-time picture all
The proud past rises, though its day is fled."

One of the latest biographers of General Lee makes a comparison of his pictures in early and late life, in which he says: "From the study of photographs I get a more charming impression of his later years than of his earlier. The face and figure of the captain are eminently noble, high-bred, dignified; but with the dignity there is just a suggestion of haughtiness, of remoteness. But in the bearded photographs of later years all traces of such remoteness have vanished. The dignity is more marked than ever, but all sweet. The ample, lordly carriage, the broad brow, the deep, significant, intelligent eyes convey nothing but the largest tenderness, the profoundest human sympathy, the most perfect love."

We can concur in this impression of General Lee in his maturity, but who that has read of his gentle youth and thoughtful manhood can associate with him any idea of haughtiness or other quality that would in the least repel? True, there was about him that remoteness which made him seem almost as a man set apart by God for some high and lofty purpose, yet it but ennoble the countenance in giving the impression as of one who had to tread the way of life alone.

General Lee's son, Capt. R. E. Lee, Jr., in referring to a certain portrait considered a good likeness, said: "To me the expression of strength peculiar to his face is wanting, and the mouth fails to portray that sweetness of disposition so characteristic of his countenance. * * * My father never could bear to have his picture taken, and there are no likenesses of him that really give his sweet expression."

The picture of General Lee with which we are most familiar is the gray-bearded man with the dignified yet kindly mien which gives the impression of strength of character above all things. But there is an appeal about all his pictured representations. One can imagine his mother's joy in his physical perfectness as well as in that spiritual tenderness which made him both a son and daughter to her.

It is said that General Lee was the embodiment of manly beauty, of "a noble and commanding presence and an admirable, graceful, and athletic figure." At the time he became Superintendent at West Point he was pictured as tall and erect, with wavy black hair, hazel-brown eyes, and "a countenance which beamed with gentleness and intelligence." General Hunt described him as "fine-looking a man as one would wish to see, of perfect figure, and strikingly handsome." Another writes of the impression made at the time of the war, when more years had passed over him: "His form had full-

ness without any appearance of superfluous flesh, as erect as that of a cadet. * * * No representation of General Lee properly conveys the light and softness of his eye, the tenderness and intelligence of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of his face." And Alexander H. Stephens, when he saw Robert E. Lee for the first time and pressed upon him the question of Virginia's joining the Confederacy, felt that he was well worthy to make a great decision in a great cause. "As he stood there," said Mr. Stephens, "fresh and ruddy as a David from the sheepfold, in the prime of manly beauty,

and the embodiment of a line of heroic and patriotic fathers and worthy mothers—it was thus I first saw Robert E. Lee. * * * I had before me the most manly and entire gentleman I ever saw."

Thus in the prime of his strength and manly excellence he entered the war of secession, and by the record of his pictures we trace the progress of age, not of years, but that which comes from the weight of responsibility, from the burden of sorrow, and from the crushing realization

of failure. Yet through it all the countenance never loses that serenity, that sweetness of noble dignity which made him kingly among men.

THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

In the preparation of his article on the Hampton Roads Conference of February 3, 1865, Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, has rendered a great service to history. Although this matter was brought out at length in the *VETERAN* for June and July, 1916, the false statements have continued to be circulated; but it is hoped that General Carr's exhaustive treatment of the subject will be effective in silencing the disseminators of such statements. No one can read the article without realizing that he has demonstrated the falsity of the statement regarding a proposition by President Lincoln to Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, and every Confederate and others who are interested in the truth of history will feel a sense of obligation to General Carr for the splendid work he has done in demonstrating for all time that the story is a fiction, having no foundation except in the imagination of those who desire to glorify Mr. Lincoln. (See page 57.)

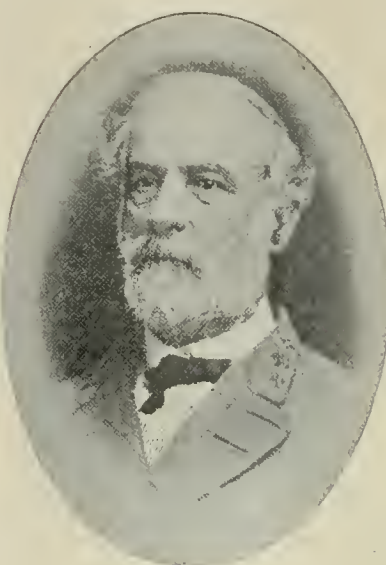
THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL AT FAIRVIEW.

On page 67 of this number appears the address made by Gen. Bennett H. Young to the Daughters of the Confederacy in convention at Dallas, Tex., November 10, 1916, on the memorial to be erected to Jefferson Davis, only President of the Southern Confederacy, at Fairview, Ky. The splendid liberality of Gens. George W. Littlefield, of Texas, and

(Continued on page 99.)



CAPT. R. E. LEE, U. S. ENGINEERS.



GEN. R. E. LEE, C. S. A.

THE HOUSE WHERE STONEWALL JACKSON DIED.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

'Mid fair Virginia's gently swelling plains,
Where once the roar of battle shook the hills,
Unique amongst all consecrated fanes,
Quaint with a beauty that inspires and thrills,
There stands a little house with roof tree low
And white walls gleaming 'neath the summer skies.
By what swift magic does it bring the glow
Of reverent wonder to our eager eyes?

"Whose is that humble cot?" I asked of one,
And with a glance of ardor he replied
In the soft speech that marks the Southland's son:
"That is the house where Stonewall Jackson died"

Then I bethought me of that mournful day
When over all this smiling, happy land
The darkness of a tragic sorrow lay
As Stonewall's sword fell from his stricken hand.

When from the field they bore their hero chief,
His blood-stained warriors wept with bitter rage;
His dying eyes saw through the mirk of grief
Green trees of heav'n with verdant foliage.

"Let us pass over the river," he sighed,
"And rest under the shade, the shade of the trees."
As he had lived, most valiantly he died
With childlike faith in God's divine decrees.

In vain we questioned through the long, sad years
Why the just God of battles willed it so,
And heeded not the anguish and the tears
And the sick hearts that shrank beneath that blow.

But as the smoke of conflict cleared away
And sweet-browed peace came with her message blest,
Slowly we learned to lift our eyes and say:
"Thy way, O God, not ours, for thine is best."

So, little house beside the dusty road,
Cherish for aye the memory and the pride
So strangely by an unseen Power bestowed—
Dear little house, where Stonewall Jackson died.



THE HOUSE WHERE JACKSON DIED.

MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

I noted not merely with surprise, but with a feeling approaching to chagrin and mortification, that in the tributes to their dead of 1916 by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their recent convention in Dallas, Tex., the name of the most cultured, brilliant, and heroic woman ever associated with the history of the South is passed over in absolute silence.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, of Virginia, who died in Richmond, Va., June 29, 1916, illustrated the ideal type of Southern womanhood as it prevailed in the days that are dead—all the charms and graces of a historic lineage, with comprehensive and catholic acquirement, uncompromising and invincible allegiance to the aims and aspirations embodied in the cause of the Confederacy. She was a collateral descendant of George Mason, of Gunston Hall, the friend of Washington and author of the Virginia Bill of Rights. Her "Life of Mason" and of "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," have long since attained the rank of classics. In addition to these, her edition of the poems of Dr. Ticknor and "The Journal of Julie LeGrand" reveal the same finely touched literary discrimination characteristic of her work in the sphere of biography. I have more than once compared Miss Rowland to Flora Melvor, the heroine of Scott's "Waverley." In either case life and energy, mind and heart were consecrated to a single purpose, and in each instance the dream faded, the vision of the house of Stuart as well as the "Ethnogenesis" of our fadeless Southern lyrist. During her final illness, when almost in "the twilight of eternal day," Miss Rowland wrote me that she trusted I might be spared to bestow a few more whacks upon certain Southern recreants "who, like Sir Bedivere, had betrayed their nature and their names."

In her life and character devotion, unswerving fidelity, and singleness of aim blended into harmony with purity and range of attainment in the high realms of literature and history. Yet in the official report of the dead for 1916 her record is passed over by her collaborators and sisters as though she had never been.

PATRIOTISM OF MISSISSIPPI WOMEN.

The legislature of Mississippi recognized the devotion and loyalty of the women of the State to the cause in the following resolution adopted January 28, 1862: "That the women of the State of Mississippi, for their exertions in behalf of the cause of Southern independence, are entitled to the hearty thanks of every lover of his country; and this legislature, acting from a sense of justice and gratitude, extends to them, individually and collectively, the sincere thanks of the people of this State for their noble efforts in aiding the cause of our common country."

In his inaugural address to the legislature on November 16, 1863, on this subject Governor Clark said: "One of the most gratifying indications of the times is the resolute spirit of industry manifested by our women. The spinning wheel is preferred to the harp, and the loom makes music of loftier patriotism and inspiration than the keys of the piano."

The strength of the Confederacy was largely in the heroic devotion and patriotic self-sacrifice of the women of the South, and it is gratifying to know that this was freely recognized and appreciated at the time by such official acts. The women of all the other Southern States were no less industrious and devoted to the cause.

APPOMATTOX, APRIL 9, 1865.

BY B. W. J., SPOTTSVILLE, VA.

On mem'ry's bell I hear again
 The echoes of that direful day,
 When valor owned the struggle vain
 And threw the well-worn sword away.

Our chieftain's eagle eye was dim;
 His heart was sad, his words were brief,
 And tearful orbs were turned to him
 That seldom wept o'er private grief.

Upon the field the soldier laid
 The arms he knew how well to bear,
 But o'er his brow a shadow strayed,
 For long-tried friends were severed there.

He turned to go, but paused in shame
 That this must be the end at last
 And fearing much lest on his name
 The coward's stigma should be cast.

But hark! the cannon's sullen roar
 Again disturbs the morning air,
 The old defiance telling o'er
 That warns the foe brave men are there.

Now back unto their guns they spring;
 The fire of hope has blazed anew;
 Quick to the breeze their flags they fling,
 While armed battalions rise to view.

Alas! 'tis vain. Across the field
 A horseman speeds with message dire.
 The South to fate the cause must yield
 And see her cherished aims expire.

Ah, woeful day! A nation died
 When Lee that vernal morning laid
 His chieftain's armor all aside,
 No more to wield the warrior's blade.

Ah, direful fate! But future years
 Will bring the gift we fought to gain,
 For all this blood and all these tears
 Were never meant to flow in vain.

Above our dead to-day we lay
 The cypress wreath to mark their graves.
 When time shall bring our natal day,
 We'll reckon them our conq'ring braves.

THAT APPLE TREE AT APPOMATTOX.

BY J. C. REED, HAMPTON, VA.

I have read with great interest the article in the January *VETERAN* concerning the "Historic Apple Tree at Appomattox." Having a more perfect knowledge of that noted apple tree, I here record the facts. When the surrender took place, I was a sergeant in the Bedford Light Artillery, Hager's Battalion, Longstreet's Corps. Capt. John Donnell Smith commanded the battery.

After the surrender our guns were parked near a log dwelling which is still standing. That dwelling was on a ridge, in front of which, about twenty-five or thirty yards, there was a

small branch, or ditch. Just beyond this ditch, about thirty yards away, was the famous apple tree. My tent was pitched on this branch on the side next to the dwelling spoken of and was therefore about midway between the house and the tree. We remained in this place several days while our paroles were being prepared.

The apple tree was not destroyed by the Confederates. Many small twigs and limbs were broken off by the Confederate soldiers. I myself broke off two small twigs and put them in my pocketbook and carried them home. I can bear witness that the tree did disappear one night. It was either on Tuesday or Wednesday night. I do not know, but I feel sure that some enterprising Yankee cut it down and carried it away. I know that I went to sleep with the tree within thirty yards of my tent, and the next morning it was gone. I suspect that a thousand souvenirs of apple tree wood have been sold claimed to be a part of that tree.

The present marker, whose inscription is given on the front cover of the *VETERAN* for January, I have often seen. It stands near the road and about four hundred yards from where the apple tree stood. I feel confident, were I permitted to do so, that I could place that marker within a few feet of the original site of the tree.

THE ANNE LEE MEMORIAL.

[In an address before the Virginia State Convention, U. D. C., at Lynchburg on October 10, 1916, Mrs. Lycurgus Edward Uhler eloquently set forth the plans for the Anne Lee Memorial Home for the Aged as a tribute to the memory of General Lee's mother. No finer tribute could be paid to General Lee and his mother than to dedicate this old home in Alexandria to the aged women who sacrificed and suffered for the Southern cause. Every Southern man and woman should be glad to honor General Lee by contributing to the memorial to his mother. There are now in the Home three widows of Confederate veterans, and others will soon be admitted. There is need of your coöperation in sustaining this work. All contributions should be sent to Mrs. Uhler, who is Vice President of the Association and also Chairman of the Finance Committee. Address her at 321 Washington Street, Alexandria, Va.]

A subject which must appeal to every Southern woman is the memorial to Anne Carter Lee, the mother of Virginia's illustrious soldier and statesman, Gen. Robert Edward Lee, whose brave deeds, noble patriotism, and honorable record won for him undying fame and the love and devotion of a grateful Confederacy. Of his mother General Lee once said, "All I am I owe to my mother"; and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee writes of her: "I have always heard that to her noble influence the perfect formation of General Lee's character was due." Thus to Anne Carter Lee the South owes her illustrious leader.

The first memorial erected by women to a woman was that to Mary the mother of Washington, and every Southern man and woman must feel that the second should be to the memory of the mother of Gen. Robert E. Lee, Virginia's noble chieftain.

About seventeen years ago the women of Alexandria, moved by a desire to commemorate the virtues of the mother of our beloved general, formed an association, the "Anne Lee Memorial Association." Its President was Mrs. L. Wilbur Reid, now President of the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, U. D. C. Sufficient funds not being secured at that time for a

suitable memorial, the money was invested; and in March, 1915, the work was again taken up, a board of governors was elected, and plans formed to make the memorial a home for the aged.

No more suitable place for this memorial could be selected than Alexandria. Anne Lee's home was there; she was a member of Old Christ Church, and but a few miles away, at Ravensworth, her remains lie buried. There could be no



HOME OF GENERAL LEE'S MOTHER, IN ALEXANDRIA, VA.

The building is in colonial yellow, with white trimmings.

more beautiful tribute to her memory than the care of the aged without home and loved ones to brighten their few remaining years.

It was in Alexandria in the yard of Old Christ Church, of which he was at that time a member and vestryman, that General Lee announced his determination to cast his lot with his native State in the pending conflict, stating his purpose to leave the next day to join the army of the Confederacy and offer his sword in defense of his native State.

We have purchased the old colonial home of the Herbert family, in the historic section of our city, within a few steps of the Carlyle House, Braddock House, and General Washington's headquarters, ideal for our purpose, with wonderful possibilities, but very much out of repair. When all improvements are completed, we will accommodate twenty to twenty-five inmates.

The Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, through the untiring energy of our President, Mrs. Reid, has erected a colonial portico and entrance at a cost of \$700, and on the ground floor is a beautifully furnished reception room, also a gift of the Seventeenth Chapter. Checks have been sent to the chairman of the Finance Committee from the New York Chapter; the Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, of New York; the Dixie Club, of New York; the Maryland Chapter, of Baltimore; and the Fairfax Chapter, of Fairfax. And we most earnestly solicit the coöperation of every Chapter in raising a fund to make a memorial the South can point to with pride.

In addition to the patriotic sentiment, it is a feeling of tenderness for the pitiful condition of a number of old wom-

en, several of them widows of Confederate veterans, that prompted us to devise a means to care for these dear old people. I have found that in almost every city there is crying need of a home for a class of women who by birth and education are unfitted for the ordinary charitable institutions. I could give you several examples among applicants for admission to our home; women who a few years ago were surrounded by every luxury wealth could devise or heart desire, but who to-day through misfortune or the passing away of loved ones are suffering abject poverty.

It is hard for youth to battle through life against poverty, but they have a future before them, something to hope for, something to work for; but our aged, what have they but memories! How true it is that "sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things"!

It was truly a brave undertaking; and while the country has been drained to send help to those suffering from the terrors of the gruesome war, we have raised over \$5,000. We should be congratulated on the work we have achieved under the existing conditions; but so thoroughly understood is the feeling that our tenderest consideration should be for the aged that, it matters not what urgent needs develop, when the time and call for contributions arrive the care of the aged has the first claim on our hearts and purses.

Our work has progressed despite the wave of financial depression which has swept our country, but the time has come when we ask assistance from our Daughters. We need \$4,000 to finish our improvements, put in our lights and heating plant, and we beg you whose religion is founded on charity and patriotism to give us a helping hand to aid us to complete our memorial. And as the shadows of little day in which these dear old people are now sojourning lengthen out toward the most perfect day to which they are fast approaching and the eventide of life's brief journey is gathering its gray mists around them help us, who regard it as a blessed privilege to guide with loving care their weary footsteps to the threshold of that door which sooner or later will open for us all.

It is our wish and hope that U. D. C. Chapters will furnish and endow for \$1,000 the room on the ground floor adjoining the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter room, to be used for the widow or daughter of a veteran who can be sent to us from any part of Virginia.

Our home is paid for; we have no debt, and up to this time \$1,500 has been paid for improvements, and we are incorporated under the State laws of Virginia.

It is not our wish to make the Anne Lee Memorial Home for the Aged a local institution; it should be a memorial made by Southern women. And we appeal not only to U. D. C. Chapters, but to every Southern woman individually to give \$1 (or more) to an endowment fund. We feel so fully assured of your sympathy and interest that we are satisfied we shall not ask in vain. We trust that our Daughters as a whole will respond with widespread enthusiasm to this appeal. Do not let us feel that outside interest is greater than ours.

In conclusion, let me say in regard to personal donation, as this home is a memorial to a mother, make your gift to us in the name of your own mother. She may still be with you, guarded by your tender love and care, or she may have passed on to the beyond, leaving in your hearts a heritage of loving memories. Keep the holiness of the Anne Lee Memorial work ever before you, and let each and every one give as best he can to the earnest workers who are striving to fulfill our dear Lord's teaching in caring for his children.

LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ORIGINAL CONFEDERATE STATES CONGRESS.

In the fullness of years, Judge J. A. P. Campbell, eminent jurist of Mississippi, died at his home, in Jackson, Miss., on January 10, 1917. He had reached the ripe age of eighty-seven years.

Of the forty-nine members of the first Provisional Congress of the seceding States meeting at Montgomery, Ala., in February, 1861, there is now not a survivor. The death of Judge Campbell marks the passing of the last of this famous body of men sent by the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas to organize the Confederate government and the last of the signers of the Confederate Constitution. He was only thirty-one when appointed a member of the delegation sent by Mississippi, youngest of the seven representatives of that State and also the youngest member of that Congress.

Josiah A. P. Campbell was born in South Carolina March 2, 1830, and went to Madison County, Miss., with his parents in 1845. His father was a well-known Presbyterian minister, a graduate of Princeton University. From his earliest years the son seemed to have a natural aptitude for the law, and he became a close student of the profession, beginning his practice at Kosciusko in 1847 when but seventeen years of age. At twenty-one he was elected to the State legislature, and five years later he was Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was also serving in that capacity in 1861 when the question of secession aroused the Southland. As one of the leaders in affairs of State, he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Mississippi which adopted the ordinance of secession, and his appointment as one of the delegates sent by that State to the first constitutional convention of the Confederacy naturally followed. His associates were Wiley P. Harris, W. S. Wilson, Walker Brooke, A. M. Clayton, W. S. Barry, and James T. Harrison.

Some years ago, in reminiscing on the Confederacy's birth, Judge Campbell referred to the Congress as "a very able body of men, as the States had as a rule selected leaders to represent them on that occasion." He further said: "I cannot recall all the members representing the six States that participated, but some of them stand out to my mind's eye now with wonderful clearness and distinctness. The South Carolina delegation was led by Robert Barnwell Rhett, a very able man, with a list of strong associates. Toombs, Stephens, and Cobb stood out conspicuously among the Georgians. Louisiana had Judah P. Benjamin; Conrad, himself an ex-Secretary of War; Slidell, Kenner, Sparrow, and others whom I do not at this moment recall. J. L. M. Curry was of the Alabama delegation."

After the organization of the Confederate government, Judge Campbell returned to Mississippi and took up arms for his State, serving as captain, lieutenant colonel, and colonel. As lieutenant colonel of the 40th Mississippi he led that regiment in the battles of Shiloh, Iuka, and in other engagements and activities along the Tennessee Valley. He was severely wounded during his service and after recovering became a member of the judicial arm of the struggling Confederacy, and so continued until the surrender at Appomattox.

Going back to his State, full of energy and determination, he again built up his law practice. In 1865 he was elected judge of the fifth circuit district; but in the next year, during the régime of carpetbaggery, he refused to take the oath of renunciation, so left the bench and resumed his law practice, in which he later became associated with Judge S. S. Cal-

houn until 1884, when he was appointed as a member of the Supreme Court of Mississippi by Governor Stone. It was here that Judge Campbell rendered his most conspicuous public service. During the sixteen years he was on the supreme bench he was absent from his post only fourteen days. He was considered one of the soundest lawyers of the State and



HON. J. A. P. CAMPBELL, 1861.

was one of the three commissioners appointed to codify the statutes of Mississippi in 1870, and in 1878 he prepared a new legislative code of nearly two hundred sections. He was the acknowledged head of the Mississippi bar, the most clear-headed law giver and law adviser within the State, and to him many lawyers, judges, and practitioners turned for enlightenment through the medium of his ripe and conservative judgment and counsel.

In honor of this distinguished citizen the State offices were closed and the Capitol draped in mourning, while the schools of Jackson were suspended for half a day. The body of Judge Campbell lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol until the hour of the funeral, hundreds of friends and relatives and other citizens of neighboring towns looking for the last time upon the face of the "Grand Old Man of Mississippi," as he was deservedly referred to. Many handsome floral designs were banked about the casket and hall. The funeral services were held at the First Baptist Church, of which Judge Campbell had been a member for many years. The honorary pallbearers were members of R. A. Smith Camp, U. C. V., and of the bench and bar of Mississippi, while the active pallbearers were his grandsons.

In 1850, shortly after he was twenty years old, Judge Campbell was married to Miss Eugenia Nash, and they lived happily together for fifty-six years. Five sons and three daughters were born to them, of whom two sons and two daughters survive: Robert B. Campbell, of Greenville, Miss.; Newton N. Campbell, of Greenville, Tex.; Mrs. Minnie Dameron, with whom he lived; and Mrs. Edward Yerger, of Jackson.

A NOTED LAW CLASS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

[The annual address by Col. W. Gordon McCabe before the Virginia Historical Society as its President on March 20, 1916, contained a tribute to the late Judge Theodore S. Garnett, whose death occurred in April, 1915. In reviewing the life of this friend and comrade, Colonel McCabe tells of his entering the law school of the University of Virginia just after the war, sustained by the meager fund which his immediate family could supply, and he takes occasion to refer to the personnel of the class in which Judge Garnett was one of many who became distinguished in their life work.]

And just here it is not only pertinent, but indeed necessary even in so slight a sketch as this, that we should pause and consider the unique conditions that existed at the university during the two sessions—1865-66 and 1866-67—when Garnett was attending lectures there in the law school. To essay this may seem to some an irrelevant excursus, but this is far from true. We must know something of his environment during those years that ushered in his formal manhood if we would know the man himself.

As the conditions that existed were unique, equally unique was the "atmosphere" they created—an atmosphere which the youthful student drank in with full lungs and which inspired in him those lofty ideals as to the conduct of life that were to inform well-nigh every act and utterance of his maturer years. Never before and never since have there been two such sessions in the history of the great institution which is the pride of the commonwealth and of the whole South. It was a veritable era of "plain living and high thinking." The State harried by four years of devastating war, lay prostrate and could extend but meager help to "the child of Jefferson's old age." Everywhere were the outward signs of what is called "poverty," but it was the poverty which the great Greek tragedian in a well-known fragment calls "the stern parent who breeds the more strenuous sons better fitted for the strife of life." Beside such poverty, the "pauperies nitida" of the Roman poet, the smug luxury of the rich foundations of this commercial age seems mean and tawdry.

Never was there gathered within "the well-remembered gates of *Alma Mater*" such a band of determined students, a very large proportion of them, though young in years, veterans of Lee's army, who every day went to class in their faded old uniforms, making merry over the silly order of the military satrap who at the time reigned over "District No. 1," as "the mother of presidents" was then designated, requiring them and all other old soldiers to cover carefully the military buttons on their "fighting jackets." Richard Cœur de Lion was still "in every bush." No doubt the "district commander," they soliloquized, was an ass to descend to such pettiness, but let it go; as for themselves, they had no time to give to him and his covering of buttons.

The perils and privations they had undergone had sobered them beyond their years; yet withal they were a cheerful set, full of health and vigor, save in a few cases, and touched with a natural exaltation at the thought that they had done their duty as good soldiers, as was attested by the many honorable wounds they could count among them; that they had stuck to "Ole Mars Robert" to the last and "seen the thing through"; and now here they were, safe and sound, with still a fighting chance to retrieve in some measure the educational sacrifices they had cheerfully made for hearth and home and country.

Optimism disdained to "consider too curiously" the very palpable *res angusta*. They wanted so little that they felt they still had much. Even if things were ill to-day, it should not be so to-morrow. Hadn't Horace said the identical thing nearly two thousand years ago?

"Non si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."

And so they buckled afresh to their tasks with hearts as high as when they charged with Stuart at Aldie or went up the slopes of Cemetery Ridge.

Never before was the tie so close between professors and students, for it was the tie of comradeship, than which none on earth is stronger. The professorial staff was, indeed, small, but it was of the first order. Many of its members had been trained in the best universities at home and abroad, and, fired by unselfish devotion to their State and a proper pride in their calling, they gave without stint the best that was in them to their pupils, quite content to share the common lack and to labor for the most meager stipend.

Some changes had come about in the personnel of the faculty since the university had practically closed its doors in '62 and been turned into a hospital, but they were not many.

Albert Taylor Bledsoe, professor of mathematics, who had been at West Point with Jefferson Davis and been appointed by him at the outbreak of hostilities Assistant Secretary of War, had, it is true, resigned his chair and gone his way to Baltimore to edit the *Southern Review* and to write his famous book, "Is Davis a Traitor?" which carried consternation into the ranks of radical demagogues, who had been clamoring for President Davis's blood, and which by its inexorable logic and wealth of constitutional learning drove the reluctant law officers of the government to advise the dismissal of the indictments against the Confederate executive. Mr. Davis was never tried, because the Federal government was afraid to try him.

But Bledsoe's chair had been taken by Col. Charles Scott Venable, a brilliant mathematician trained in Germany, whose martial face and figure were familiar on every battle field to old soldiers, who knew him as one of Lee's most alert and daring staff officers.

Lewis Minor Coleman, professor of Latin, the gentle scholar, whom some of us—the lingering few—still hold fast in our "heart of hearts," had fallen mortally wounded amid his blackened guns in the moment of victory on the snow-clad heights of Fredericksburg, lieutenant colonel of the 1st Virginia Artillery; but in his place came in '66 William E. Peters, also trained in Germany, who as colonel of the 21st Virginia Cavalry had fallen desperately wounded in the fierce cavalry combat at Moorefield and been left for dead on that sanguinary field.

Yet another there is of these fighting professors who should find mention here, Basil L. Gildersleeve, now of the Johns-Hopkins University, the greatest Grecian of our time and one of the greatest scholars of any time, long since so recognized both in Germany and in England, who, still limping heavily from the grievous wound received in the Valley while serving on John B. Gordon's staff, might be seen daily making his way to his lecture room, where he expounded more brilliantly than ever to his eager class out of his own experiences in the field the varying fortunes of the Peloponnesian War as set down in the matchless pages of Thucydides, elucidating many a puzzling bit of strategy by apt illustrations drawn from

the recent contest, in which professor and pupils had alike borne honorable part as tried comrades. Not seldom, too, would this great scholar relax for a brief space his inexorable syntactical grilling and enliven the close of the lecture hour by reading aloud (the reading punctured by tumultuous applause) his own exquisite and inspiring translations of the marching songs of Tyrtæus, the rush of whose swift anapests recalled to his delighted hearers the lilt of their own war songs, which they had sung, it seemed, but yesterday to the rhythmic beat of tramping feet as they swung down the Valley Pike under old Stonewall.

Others among the instructors had also served their State in arms, but we may not pause longer to make mention of them.

In the law class with Garnett what a bedè roll had we but time to call it!

John W. Daniel, still on his crutches (as he was to the last day of his brilliant career) from the frightful wound he had received at the Wilderness in 1864, and Thomas S. Martin, who, too young to enter the army until the last year of the war, had yet seen active service in the Cadet Corps of the Virginia Military Institute, sat beside him on the rude wooden benches, both of them destined to represent Virginia for many years in the Senate of the United States. There too, of scarcely less note in after years, sat the brilliant Upshur Dennis, of Maryland, Lunsford Lomax Lewis, of Rockingham (afterwards on the bench of the Supreme Court of Virginia), and Edward Christian Minor, who had lost his arm in a cavalry skirmish at Luray in the Valley—all destined to become judges of note who did honor to the ermine.

Other future judges there were among these classmates of Garnett's, who himself became judge, and, in addition, a surprising number of men who in after years attained notable distinction in their profession, among them William H. White, who, be it noted, had taken part as a Virginia Military Institute cadet in the thrice-glorious battle of Newmarket and who became later on Garnett's law partner in a firm whose high reputation extended far beyond the boundaries of their native State.

One cannot resist the temptation to set down here that his most intimate friend (not, however, in the law school) was the late Joseph Bryan, so long the beloved president of this society, his old chum at the Episcopal High School, who had been twice wounded while serving as a simple trooper under the dashing Mosby. Another of these intimates, also in the Academic Department, was the lovable and talented Frank Preston, of Lexington, who, like Minor, had lost an arm in battle (brave old Frank with the empty sleeve) and who, after a brilliant record for headlong valor in the field and an equally brilliant record for exquisite scholarship in the universities at home and in Germany, was struck down by fell disease in the full flush of his young manhood.

Was there ever a nobler, a more inspiring chapter in the educational history of any people? It is a chapter unwritten before, so far as is known to us, and written here only in part. But, such as it is, we hold that it finds a fitting place in the proceedings of this society, whose aim and purpose it is to preserve and transmit to posterity the veracious record of Virginia's glory, not alone in Colonial and Revolutionary times, but down through all the centuries, culminating in those heroic days of 1861-65, when our mother attained what future ages will haply hold the supreme height of her great renown.

PERILS OF STAFF SERVICE.

[During the last two years of the war Maj. Robert R. Henry, of Virginia, served on the staffs of Gens. R. H. Anderson and William Mahone. He was three times wounded and had five horses killed under him. The following incidents of thrilling experience in such capacity are taken from a tribute prepared by James P. Whitman, part of which was published as a memorial sketch in the *VETERAN* for March, 1916, page 126.]

In relating his participation in the battle of Gettysburg, serving on the staff of Gen. R. H. Anderson, Major Henry told of being sent by the General with orders to the division, which at that time was under a severe fire from the enemy's batteries. Before he realized the position in which he was placed, he encountered a sweeping and withering fire of shrapnel and ball so furious and constant that nothing could remain in it alive. After his horse was shot from under him, he threw himself flat on the earth behind a small tree, with his head close to the trunk. The shells having cut the tree almost in two, and fearing it would fall upon and crush him, he arose and fled to a different section of the division, delivered the orders, and returned to the General without receiving a wound—a perilous escape.

The duties of an aid-de-camp on the staff of a fighting general were not those of inaction or sought after by the timid. In the latter part of 1864 Gen. G. K. Warren, the Federal commander, had forced back the right wing of Gen. R. E. Lee's army and taken possession of the Weldon Railroad leading from Petersburg; but, unfortunately for Warren, he had not connected his right with the left of the Federal lines and thus left a gap through which Mahone moved his division and attacked Warren's flank and rear. The fighting was severe, and Mahone's Division was about to be cut off and annihilated. Mahone had sent Major Henry to Gen. A. P. Hill for reinforcements, requesting that Gen. Harry Heth's division connect with his lines. But Hill was so hard pressed that he could not comply. After passing through a dense thicket of pines in the execution of this order, Major Henry discovered in a large clearing some distance in his front what seemed to be two batteries of artillery supported by infantry, with a train of ambulances. Seeing that he would be captured if he attempted to cross or flank their line, he turned back to report the situation. He had not gone far when, at a sharp turn in the path a short distance from where he left General Mahone, he suddenly came upon a Federal officer and another mounted man. They were bewildered, evidently lost. Henry drew his Remington revolver and demanded their surrender, which they did without resisting. The pistol was a relic of the Crater and was not in shooting order. He returned to General Mahone with his captives and reported the reason for his failure to find General Hill. Mahone directed him to take the prisoners to division headquarters, from which he returned riding the horse of Col. William Ross Hartshorne, one of the prisoners captured.

In assisting to extricate Mahone's Division from this perilous position, with no hope of reinforcements, Major Henry was severely wounded at Burgess Mill on the 27th of October, 1864, and was unable afterwards to return to duty. General Mahone in his report highly complimented him for his gallant action. Major Henry had a horse shot under him at Gettysburg, another at the Wilderness, one at Spotsylvania, and three around Petersburg, Va., including the one captured from Colonel Hartshorne, two of them being wounded twice.

THE HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

BY JULIAN S. CARR, DURHAM, N. C.

The True Story of the Hampton Roads Conference between President Lincoln and William H. Seward, on One Side, and Alexander H. Stephens and Other Confederate Commissioners, on the Other Side.

A Refutation of the Statement That Mr. Lincoln Told Alexander Stephens That if He Were Permitted to Write "Union" at the Top the South Might Fill in the Balance.

A Demonstration That Mr. Stephens Never Made Any Such Report.

It is common to hear that President Lincoln at the Hampton Roads Conference during the War between the States said to Vice President Stephens something like this: "Let me write 'Union' at the top of a sheet of paper, and you may write after it whatever you please."

The effect of the story as it is generally told is to make a good impression about President Lincoln and a bad impression about President Davis; the one big-souled and yielding and the other blind and self-destructive.

The beginnings of the story seem to have been very early. The conference was held on February 3, 1865, and on February 6 the *Louisville Democrat* contained this item:

"According to the *Herald's* (New York) correspondent, the President (Lincoln) is reported to have proposed to Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell (Confederate commissioners) that if they were prepared to promise the return of their

States to the Union he was ready to wave all minor questions but that of Chief Magistrate of the republic, sworn to maintain the Union and laws."

Then in the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel* there appeared in the issue of June 7, 1865, what purported to be an interview with Vice President Stephens about the Hampton Roads Conference. (It will be shown later that Mr. Stephens repeatedly and even bitterly complained about the incorrectness and injustice of this article.)

Then Judge John H. Reagan in his "Memoirs" (page 177) mentions the names of four persons who averred that Mr. Stephens himself was the original author of the story—to wit: The Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; the Rev. E. M. Green, of Kentucky; Dr. R. J. Massey, of Georgia; and Mr. Howell, of Georgia. These persons are quoted as saying that they heard Mr. Stephens himself expressly assert it.

In addition to these, Mr. Henry Watterson, in the *Louisville Courier-Journal* of June 20, 1916, avers that Mr. Stephens on the night of his arrival in Richmond from Hampton Roads told this story to "Mr. Felix G. de Fontaine, with whom he lodged and who, when the facts were disputed, made oath to the truth of them." In the same editorial Mr. Watterson says Mr. Stephens said it to him personally.

So the authorship of this story about Union and the sheet of paper is charged to Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy and a member of the Hampton Roads Conference.

The purpose of this paper is to examine the available sources of information and follow the data to such a conclusion as the records may warrant. In its preparation the following have been examined and are the basis of its conclusions:

Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel, June 7, 1865

Louisville Democrat, February 6, 1865.

Louisville Courier-Journal, May 2, 1916.

Louisville Courier-Journal, June 20, 1916.

Lincoln's "Message to House," February 10, 1865. ("War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XLVI., page 505.)

Lincoln's "Instructions to Seward," January 31, 1865 ("War of the Rebellion," Ibid.)

Lincoln's Life," by Nicolay and Hay, Volume X

Seward's "Letter to Adams." ("War of the Rebellion," Series III., Volume IV., pages 1163-1164.)

"Report of Confederate Commissioners," February 5, 1865 ("War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XLVI., page 446.)

Davis's "Message to Congress," February 6, 1865. ("War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XLVI., page 446.)

Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Volume II., pages 611-620.

Stephens's "War between the States," Volume II., Chapter XIII. Published 1870.

Stephens's "Pictorial History of the United States."

Stephens's "Recollections," diary kept while a prisoner at Fort Warren; sixteen references to Hampton Roads Conference.

"Stephens's Letters and Speeches," by Henry Cleveland, pages 198-200. Published 1866.

"Stephens's Life," by Pendleton, pages 330-342. Published 1908.

Stephens's five articles in controversy with B. H. Hill in *Atlanta Herald*, April 17, May 8, 25, 31, June 5, 1874.

Campbell's "Recollections." (*Southern Magazine*, December, 1874, page 191.)

Hunter's "Account." ("Southern Historical Society Papers," Volume III., page 175. April, 1877.)



JULIAN S. CARR,
Past Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department,
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Goode's "Account." "The Forum," Volume XXIX., pages 92-103. March, 1900.)

Hill's "Life, Letters, and Speeches," page 399.

Hill's "Unwritten History of Hampton Roads Conference," Atlanta *Herald* May 3, 1874.

Reagan's "Memoirs," Chapter XIII. Published 1906.

Gordon's "Reminiscences."

Watterson's "Might-Have-Beens of History," *Courier-Journal* May 2 and June 20, 1916.

This conference was held February 3, 1865. Its object was to find, if possible, some terms of ending the war between the Northern and Southern States. It was brought about by Francis P. Blair, Sr., an influential journalist of Washington. He was a native of Abingdon, Va., had lived in Kentucky, but was at this time a citizen of Maryland. He was a Democrat and had been a personal friend of President Davis, but had supported Lincoln for President and fellowshipped with the North during the war.

Blair thought peace might be brought about by getting the two governments to suspend hostilities against each other and join their forces in a common campaign against Maximilian and the French in Mexico in an application of the Monroe Doctrine. He surmised that by the time this task should be finished and because it would have been jointly done the animosities between the two sections would be so assuaged that the North and South could settle their differences without further bloodshed. He presented his idea first of all to President Lincoln, who gave him a passport to Richmond. There he laid his project before President Davis in a private interview. Mr. Davis first satisfied himself that he was an informal, though unofficial, representative of President Lincoln, made a written memorandum of the interview, submitted the same to Blair for his approval of its correctness, and on January 12, 1865, gave him a note, in which he said:

"I am willing now, as heretofore, to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace."

Blair received this note, took it to Washington, and showed it to President Lincoln. He then brought back to Richmond a note dated January 18, 1865, in which Mr. Lincoln said:

"I have constantly been, am now, and shall continue ready to receive any agent whom he or any other influential person now resisting national authority may informally send me with a view of securing peace to the people of our common country."

The way was thus cleared for both Presidents to appoint conferees and arrange for the meeting.

President Davis appointed three commissioners: Vice President Alexander H. Stephens, Senator Robert M. T. Hunter, and Assistant Secretary of War John A. Campbell. He thus intrusted the mission to the gentleman most likely to succeed. All three of them were known to the public as critics of Mr. Davis's administration of Confederate affairs. They persistently believed that the war could be settled by negotiation if only a fair trial were made. They were at least in as good favor at Washington as any men who could be selected, particularly Mr. Stephens. He and Mr. Lincoln had been fellow Whigs and personal friends, and Mr. Lincoln had expressed a desire that he might have him as a member of his Cabinet. He had been opposed to secession from the beginning and had all along been an aggressive advocate of peace by negotiation. The Northern papers of the day were diligently circulating the report that he was on the eve of severing his connection with the Richmond government and the cause of the South. Mr. Hunter was a leading malcontent in the Confed-

erate Senate, and Mr. Lincoln was known to entertain a very high regard for Judge Campbell. Mr. Davis, furthermore, knew that he himself was bitterly disliked at Washington, and this animosity toward him personally would likely handicap any negotiations for peace. He also well understood that if the conference should fail all the blame and censure would be heaped upon him. So he selected conferees who could most likely get favorable terms for the South. He gave his commissioners the following instructions:

"RICHMOND, January 28, 1865.

"In conformity with the letter of Mr. Lincoln, of which the foregoing is a copy, you are to proceed to Washington City for an informal conference with him upon the issues involved in the existing war and for the purpose of securing peace to the two countries.

"With great respect, your obedient servant.

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

He thus left his commissioners untrammelled. The conference they were to go to was to me "informal." The matters they were to confer about were "the issues involved in the existing war." The object which they were to seek was "peace to the two countries." There were no supplementary oral instructions which "tied their hands." Their powers were unqualified except by the terms of the President's written note. There were "two countries" at the moment this note was given, but he did not bind the commissioners to make such a settlement as would leave "two countries" in existence after the conference. The clause about the "two countries" was merely descriptive of the *status quo* at the beginning of the conference.

President Lincoln appointed as his representative his Secretary of State, W. H. Seward, known by every one to be unusually astute, if not foxy, and bitterly hostile to the South. He gave him the following instructions, specifically defining what he was to require as "indispensable":

EXECUTIVE MANSION, January 31, 1865.

"Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State: You will proceed to Fortress Monroe, Va., there to meet and informally confer with Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell on the basis of my letter to F. P. Blair, Esq., of January 18, 1865, a copy of which you have. You will make known to them that three things are indispensable—to wit: (1) the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States; (2) no receding by the executive of the United States on the slavery question from the position assumed thereon in the late annual message to Congress and in the preceding documents; (3) no cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of all the forces hostile to the government. You will inform them that all propositions of theirs not inconsistent with the above will be considered and passed upon in a spirit of sincere liberality. You will hear all that they may choose to say and report to me. You will not assume to definitely consummate anything.

"Yours, etc.,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Mr. Seward was thus instructed by his President to require three things as "indispensable" preliminaries to any subsequent terms: (1) Submission, (2) emancipation, (3) disbandment of the Southern armies. Nothing was to be entertained "inconsistent" with these demands.

After many difficulties and much dispatching, the conference was held, not at Washington, but at Hampton Roads on February 3, 1865. When the Confederate commissioners

reached the place of meeting, they found that President Lincoln himself had joined Mr. Seward.

The conference was held in the saloon of the River Queen, a small steamer, anchored out in the stream for the sake of greater privacy. The meeting lasted for four hours. It was held behind closed doors. Messrs. Lincoln, Seward, Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell were all present throughout the entire time. Besides these five, no other person entered the room, except that once a negro servant came in and was promptly sent out. At the outset the wily Seward proposed that there be no secretary and nothing like minutes. So no written memorandum of anything said or done was made at the time.

What, then, did transpire at this conference? What terms of peace were offered to the Confederate commissioners? It would seem to be easy to answer this question, because every member of the conference, the only ones who could possibly know, has written and printed and given to the public each his own account of what did occur. And every one of these accounts agree. There is no variation as to the substantive terms that were there proposed. And yet there has been much discussion down to the present day as to what was precisely proposed to the South at that conference. Some contend that the only terms offered were "unconditional submission." Others contend that President Lincoln said to Mr. Stephens, the chairman of the Confederate representatives, words to this effect: "Stephens, let me write 'union,' and you can write after it what you please." And so the great-hearted and generous-minded Lincoln offered them reconciliation and peace on their own terms!

Now let us carefully examine all the available sources of information on this subject and accept the conclusion to which they lead.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ACCOUNT.

The contemporary newspapers of the day filled all the public mind with conjectural reports of what had taken place at Hampton Roads. For example, the Louisville *Democrat* in its issue of February 6, 1865, contained this item:

"According to the *Herald's* correspondent, the President is reported to have proposed to Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell that if they were prepared to promise the return of their States to the Union he was ready to waive all minor questions but that of Chief Magistrate of the republic, sworn to maintain the Union and laws."

Then the *Herald* under the same date gives another current report to the effect that "no concession or promise was made by him [Lincoln] in the least degree yielding."

These conflicting newspaper stories led the Federal House of Representatives on February 8 to pass a resolution requesting President Lincoln himself to give a true account of what did happen at Hampton Roads. He complied with this request, and on February 10 sent an official message to the House, purporting to give a correct account of the matter. In this message he first quotes all the letters and telegrams and communications leading up to the conference and then concludes with these words:

"On the morning of the 3d the gentlemen, Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, came aboard our steamer and had an interview with the Secretary of State and myself of several hours' duration. No question of preliminaries to the meeting was then and there made or mentioned. No other person was present. No papers were exchanged or produced, and it was in advance agreed that the conversation was to be informal and verbal merely. On my part the whole substance of the instructions to the Secretary of State, hereinbefore re-

cited, was stated and insisted upon, and nothing was said inconsistent therewith. * * * The conference ended without result. The foregoing, containing, as is believed, all the information sought, is respectfully submitted." ("War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XLVI., pages 505-513.)

Mr. Lincoln being the reporter, what did he offer at Hampton Roads? He says, "On my part * * * nothing was said inconsistent" with his instructions to Secretary Seward, and he had instructed Seward to demand three things: (1) Submission to national authority, (2) emancipation of the negroes, (3) disbandment of Confederate armies. But if he said, as is alleged, "Let me write 'union,' and you can write what you please," he said something seriously "inconsistent" with his instructions to Secretary Seward, and his message was not honest and truthful. It is unbelievable that Mr. Lincoln did thus misrepresent the facts to the House. What he himself substantively says he demanded at Hampton Roads was equal to "unconditional submission."

SECRETARY SEWARD'S ACCOUNT.

This is found in a letter to Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to London. This letter was dated February 7, 1865, four days after the conference, and is printed in the "War of the Rebellion," Series III., Volume IV., pages 1163-1164. In it Mr. Seward says:

"The President 'announced that we can agree to no cessation or suspension of hostilities except on the basis of the disbandment of the insurgent forces and the restoration of national authority throughout all the States in the Union. Collaterally, * * * the President announced that he must not be expected to depart from the positions he had heretofore assumed in his proclamation of emancipation. * * * It was further declared by the President that the complete restoration of the national authority everywhere was an indispensable condition of any assent on our part to whatever form of peace might be proposed.'"

This is not the entire letter, but there is nothing in it which can possibly be construed as inconsistent with what is quoted. Mr. Seward here asserts that the President announced as "indispensable" preconditions: (1) "The disbandment of the insurgent forces," (2) the maintenance of "his proclamation of emancipation," and (3) "the complete restoration of the national authority." All of this means "unconditional submission" and is absolutely inconsistent with anything even approximating, "You can have union on your own terms."

REPORT OF THE CONFEDERATE COMMISSIONERS.

On their return from the Hampton Roads Conference the three Confederate commissioners made a unanimous report of what took place at the meeting. As you read it, as copied below, notice whether there is anything in it that even sounds like Lincoln saying, "Stephens, let me write 'union,' and you can write what you please":

"RICHMOND, VA., February 5, 1865.

"To the President of the Confederate States—Sir: Under your letter of appointment of the 28th ult. we proceeded to seek an 'informal conference' with Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, upon the subject mentioned in the letter. The conference was granted and took place on the 3d inst. on board of a steamer in Hampton Roads, where we met President Lincoln and the Hon. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State of the United States. It continued for several hours and was both full and explicit.

"We learned from them that the message of President Lincoln to the Congress of the United States in December last explains clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to the terms, conditions, and methods of proceeding by which peace can be secured to the people, and we were not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end. We understand from him that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which under no circumstances would be done, and for this reason that no such terms would be entertained by him from the States separately, that no extended truce or armistice, as at present advised, would be granted without a satisfactory assurance in advance of a complete restoration of the authority of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy.

"That whatever consequences may follow from the reestablishment of that authority must be accepted, but that individuals, subject to pains and penalties under the laws of the United States, might rely upon a very liberal use of the power confided to him to remit those pains and penalties if peace be restored.

"During the conference the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States, adopted by Congress on the 31st ult., was brought to our notice. This amendment declares that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crimes, should exist within the United States or any place within their jurisdiction and that Congress should have power to enforce this amendment by appropriate legislation. Of all the correspondence that preceded the conference herein mentioned and leading to the same you have been informed.

"Very respectfully your obedient servants,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS,
ROBERT M. T. HUNTER,
JOHN A. CAMPBELL."

("War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XLVI., page 446; Stephens's "War between the States," Volume II., page 792.)

These three signers were competent to tell what transpired at the Hampton Roads Conference, because they were there from its beginning to its end and participated in all its deliberations. Their summing up of the matter was deliberate and was submitted as their official account of what took place. They had every reason to believe that whatever they said would affect the conduct of the President of the Confederacy, of his Congress, of his military department, and react upon the public sentiment of the Southern people. We must believe that their report was serious and that they intended to put Mr. Davis in possession of the exact state of Mr. Lincoln's mind as to the ending of the hostilities between the two sections. We cannot imagine that they were trifling or suppressive or duplicitous. We must hold such gentlemen under such circumstances to have been sincere and honest and fully conscious in this account. Any other view is a grave aspersion upon them.

They formally and officially informed Mr. Davis that Mr. Lincoln would entertain no "terms," or "conditions," or "methods of proceeding," or "proposals," or "agreement," or "truce," or "armistice" "without a satisfactory assurance in advance of a complete restoration of the authority of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy." This can mean nothing else under the circumstances but that the Confederate government must first surrender before Mr.

Lincoln would consider Blair's project of applying the Monroe Doctrine to Maximilian and Mexico or anything else. Their report assured Mr. Davis that Mr. Lincoln was implacable and determined to drive the war, without any interruption whatsoever, to utter subjugation. This would not have been true had Mr. Lincoln at any time or in any manner said in words or in substance: "Give me union on your own terms."

Moreover, the three Southern members of this conference were critics and opponents of Mr. Davis's administration. Mr. Stephens was the ringleader of the malcontents and obstructionists at Richmond and soon after this conference left the Confederate Capitol and went to his home in Georgia to nurse his dissatisfaction and disgust with Mr. Davis's conduct of affairs. He and Hunter and Campbell and their like-minded associates were in favor of trying to settle the controversy by some diplomatic compromise, while Mr. Davis consistently and persistently persuaded that it would have to be fought to a finish. If, therefore, Mr. Lincoln had said at Hampton Roads, "Let me write 'Union,' and you can write anything else you want," it is inconceivable that these gentlemen, struggling as they had been for some compromise, would not have promptly and avariciously seized upon it, committed the country to it there and then, rushed back to Richmond, proclaimed it, capitalized it, and set to work to put it through.

But they did not pursue this course. They came back with the lugubrious report that they found Mr. Lincoln implacable and that he would consider nothing but the complete surrender of the Southern States.

REPORT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

The Confederate Commissioners not only made their written report of the conference to President Davis, but Mr. Stephens says: "We reported to him verbally all that had occurred at the conference and much more minutely in detail than I have given you." We may assume that Mr. Davis had full and free interviews with his commissioners after their return to Richmond and that they put him in possession of the minutest inside details of all that was said and done at the meeting. Mr. Stephens says that they withheld nothing, and it is unthinkable that such honorable gentlemen would have kept back one iota of important information. Did they tell Mr. Davis that Mr. Lincoln had said that the Confederate government could have union on its own terms?

If they did, Mr. Davis deliberately falsified to the House of Representatives, for on February 6 he sent to that body a formal message in which he said: "The enemy refused. * * * to permit us to have peace on any other basis than our unconditional submission to their rule." ("War of the Rebellion," Series I., Volume XLVI., page 446; Stephens's "War between the States," Volume II., pages 621, 792, 623.) To sustain this interpretation, he laid before the body the written report of the three Confederate commissioners, in which Messrs. Stephens and Hunter and Campbell said: "We understand from him (Lincoln) that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the Confederate States." Messrs. Davis and Stephens and Hunter and Campbell are equally guilty of the grossest misrepresentation and shameful dishonesty if they knew that Mr. Lincoln had said that they could have union on their own terms.

Having sent this account to the House of Representatives, Mr. Davis straightway called for a mass meeting of citizens in the African church, the largest building in Richmond, and

made what Mr. Stephens called the most Demosthenian speech since the days of Demosthenes, in which he told his hearers that the Hampton Roads Conference had demonstrated the diplomatic hopelessness of their cause and called upon the country to make a last desperate military effort. Mr. Stephens himself gave up in despair and went to his home in Crawfordsville, Ga. This is all incredible upon the supposition that Mr. Lincoln had said to all the commissioners or to any one of them at Hampton Roads: "You can have union on your own terms."

Did Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell consciously misrepresent Mr. Lincoln and impose upon Mr. Davis? They were honorable gentlemen. Did Mr. Davis misrepresent Messrs. Stephens and Hunter and Campbell and impose first upon the Confederate House of Representatives and then upon the public? The thing is unbelievable.

When Mr. Davis sent to the Confederate Congress the report of the Hampton Roads commissioners, the Senate and the House passed joint resolutions. The preamble recited the previous efforts which the government had made to get peace by negotiations and then said concerning the Hampton Roads effort:

"They (the commissioners), 'after a full conference with President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, have reported that they were informed explicitly that the authorities of the United States would hold no negotiations with the Confederate States or any of them separately; that no terms, except such as the conqueror grants to the subjugated, would be extended to the people of these States; and that the subversion of our institutions and a complete submission to their rule was the only condition of peace.'"

Then the Congress passed the resolutions, accepting the issue, calling upon the army and the people to redouble their efforts, and invoking the help of Almighty God. Mr. Stephens was President of the Senate, and Mr. Hunter was a member of it; and we are seriously asked to believe that they sat there and heard this false interpretation of Mr. Lincoln and the conference and saw this desperate action of their Congress without opening their mouths to inform those bodies that they could have union on their own terms. One cannot believe that Mr. Stephens was so guilty.

In reviewing this whole Hampton Roads affair in 1881, when he was writing his great history, Mr. Davis says:

"I think the views of Mr. Lincoln had changed after he wrote the letter to Mr. Blair of June 18, and the change was mainly produced by the report of what he saw and heard at Richmond on the night he (Blair) stayed there." ("Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," Volume II., page 618.)

It is perfectly certain that Mr. Lincoln had some terms in his mind when he first sent Blair to Mr. Davis. They were probably concessory in their nature. The report somehow got out that he might be in a yielding frame of mind when he should meet the commissioners from the South. Hence the newspapers of the North were circulating it, and when the conference was over the House of Representatives called upon him to report exactly what had been done. Mr. Davis thinks that what he learned from Mr. Blair about the desperate condition of the Confederacy caused him to change his mind. It is also likely that in the interim while the conference was being arranged for he also felt the spirit and temper of those about him who were implacable toward the South. At any rate, Mr. Davis says that the President of the United States declared at the conference that he would accept nothing but "unconditional surrender." We may fairly suppose that

after the lapse of so many years, when writing about it with the war all over, he would have said something about Mr. Lincoln's generous attitude at Hampton Roads if he had ever been told by any of the commissioners that the President of the United States had said to any one of them that the Confederacy could have union on its own terms.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

At the time and later a great many divergent reports were spread abroad as to what did actually occur at the Hampton Roads Conference. Mr. Stephens, one of the principal actors in it (and because of these variant reports), devotes the whole of his twenty-third chapter in the second volume of his history of the "War between the States" (published in 1870) to the Hampton Roads Conference. He undertook to give the substance of what each member of the conference said with considerable detail and in the order of each speaker. His chief object was to make public the internal facts of the meeting and clear all misunderstandings and misrepresentations. At the close of his narrative he wrote: "This is as full and accurate an account as I can now give of the origin, the objects, and the conduct of this conference from its beginning to its end." (Page 619.) The following is a fair summary of his long account:

Stephens: "Well, Mr. President, is there no way of putting an end to the present trouble?" (Page 599.)

Lincoln: "There is but one way: those who are resisting the laws of the Union must cease their resistance." (Page 600.)

Campbell: "How can a restoration to the Union take place, assuming that the Confederate States desire it?" (Page 609.)

Lincoln: "By disbanding their armies and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions." (Page 609.)

Hunter: "Then there can be no agreement, no treaty, no stipulation—nothing but unconditional surrender?" (Page 616.)

Seward: "No words like 'unconditional surrender' have been used." (Page 616.)

Hunter: "But you decline to make any agreement with us, and that is tantamount to 'unconditional surrender.'" (Page 617.)

Lincoln: "The executive would exercise the powers of his office with great liberality." (Page 617.)

Stephens: "Mr. President, I hope you will reconsider." (Page 618.)

Lincoln: "Well, Stephens, I will reconsider, but I do not think I will change my mind." (Page 618.)

Boil down this long narrative of Mr. Stephens to a single terse phrase and put that phrase in the mouth of Mr. Lincoln at the conference, and it is not "Union on your terms," but it is "Union on terms of the complete surrender of the South." (Stephens's "War between the States," Volume III., pages 576-624.)

A publication appeared in the *Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel* on June 7, 1865, purporting to give Mr. Stephens's version of the Hampton Roads Conference. It was republished in many other papers. Mr. Stephens in his "Recollections," a diary which he kept while a prisoner in Fort Warren, makes sixteen entries concerning the Hampton Roads Conference, several of them bemoaning this newspaper article. He describes it as "a discordant jumble of facts which presents almost anything but the truth" (page 264).

His early biographer, Henry Cleveland, who wrote in 1866, while Mr. Stephens was still alive and accessible, says:

"He (Mr. Stephens) has often been heard to say that his views in consenting to take part in that conference can never be fully understood without a knowledge of the true objects contemplated by the authors of the mission. These he has never disclosed and does not yet feel himself at liberty to disclose. * * * The report (of the commissioners) contains the exact truth touching the points embraced in it; but the real object of that mission was not embraced in it. This was verbally and confidentially communicated." ("Letters and Speeches," pages 198, 199.)

This biographer says that "he (Mr. Stephens) has on several occasions told a few particular friends some things that transpired." Then he adds: "Particularly the agreeableness of the interview, the courteous bearing of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward; but he has always objected to giving the public any account whatever beyond that contained in the official report of the commissioners."

Finally, in 1870 Mr. Stephens told his whole story of the conference in his history and failed to put in it anything like the story of the sheet of paper and union on any terms.

JUDGE CAMPBELL'S ACCOUNT.

This is to be found in the *Southern Magazine* for December, 1874, page 191. This careful, judicious, and "judicial" gentleman says:

"In conclusion, Mr. Hunter summed up what seemed to be the result of the interview: that there could be no agreements by treaty between the Confederate States and the United States or any agreements between them; that there was nothing left for them but unconditional submission."

According to this member of the commission, they got nothing at Hampton Roads, when all the four hours' conversation was boiled down to its essence, but a proposition of "unconditional submission." This, however, would not be true if Mr. Lincoln said anything approximating, "Let me write 'Union,' and you can write after it what you please."

SENATOR HUNTER'S ACCOUNT.

Both Mr. Stephens in his history and Judge Campbell in his "Recollections" represent Senator Hunter as summing up and reducing to a nut shell the sum and substance of all that had been proposed in the four-hour conference. Consequently great weight ought to be attached to his account of the meeting. It is to be found in the "Southern Historical Society papers," Volume III., pages 168-176. It was written in April, 1877.

Mr. Hunter opens his narrative with some account of the occasion and origin of the conference. Then he says that Mr. Stephens seemed "possessed with the idea that secession was the true remedy for sectional difference," but neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mr. Seward "countenanced the idea for a moment." Then Mr. Stephens "revived the old Monroe Doctrine and suggested that a reunion might be formed on the basis of uniting to drive the French out of America," but Mr. Hunter says: "This was received with even less favor than I expected." Continuing, he says: "Their (Lincoln and Seward) whole object seemed to be to force reunion and an abolition of slavery." Then an "armistice" was proposed and talked about, but it "was promptly opposed by the President and Secretary of State." Then he says: "I asked him (Lincoln) to communicate the terms, if any, upon which he would negotiate with us. He said he could not treat with us with arms in our hands in rebellion, as it were, against the government." Mr. Hunter concludes his story:

"They (Lincoln and Seward) would hint at nothing but unconditional submission, although professing to disclaim any such demand. Reunion and submission seemed their sole conditions. Upon the subject of the forfeiture of lands * * * I said that nothing was left us but absolute submission both as to rights and property. * * * Mr. Seward, it is true, disclaimed all demands for unconditional submission. But what else was the demand for reunion and abolition of slavery without any compensation for the negroes or even absolute safety for property proclaimed to have been forfeited?"

According to this story, at the Hampton Roads Conference the members talked first about "secession" and made no progress toward getting together on that theory. Then they talked about Blair's proposition, the Monroe Doctrine, and Mexico, and still made no progress. Then they conferred about an "armistice," and got nowhere. Then Mr. Hunter asked Mr. Lincoln on what terms they could have reunion, and he would "hint at nothing but unconditional submission." Then Mr. Hunter inquired what safeguards they could expect for their slaves and their property, and Mr. Lincoln referred them to his mercy. Mr. Hunter says (and he was there) "that nothing was left us but absolute submission both as to rights and property." And yet there are some (who were not there) who ask us to believe that Mr. Lincoln said something like this: "You can have union on your own terms."

Mr. Hunter says it was "reunion" that they were talking about, and what the Confederates wanted to know was the terms. Mr. Lincoln "would hint at nothing but unconditional submission." That certainly is not the same thing as saying: "Let me write 'union,' and you can write what you please after it."

CONGRESSMAN GOODE'S ACCOUNT.

Mr. John Goode was a Virginia member of the Confederate Congress in 1865 when the Hampton Roads Conference was held. In the March *Forum* of 1900, Volume XXIX., pages 92-103, he has published his version of this conference. It has an evidential value, because it is based upon a conversation which he had with one of the Confederate commissioners in Richmond soon after his return from Hampton Roads. His story agrees with all the other published accounts. The terms, according to his informant, were "unconditional submission." There is nothing in it which approaches "union and then what you please."

JUDGE REAGAN'S ACCOUNT.

On the formation of the provisional government of the Confederate States at Montgomery, Ala., Mr. John H. Reagan, of Texas, was made Postmaster General in the Cabinet of Mr. Davis and continued in this office to the end of the war. Always in the confidence of his chief and loyal to him throughout the whole conflict, he was taken prisoner with him at the wind-up of it all. He published his "Memoirs" in 1906. He had all the controversies and allegations about the Hampton Roads Conference before him and devoted the thirtieth chapter of his book to the subject. He says:

"During recent years there has been an extensive discussion through the public prints of the questions which arose at the Hampton Roads Conference. It has been asserted over and over that President Lincoln offered to pay \$400,000,000 for the slaves of the South to secure an end of the war and that he held up a piece of paper to Mr. Stephens, saying: 'Let me write the word "union" on it, and you may add any other conditions you please if it will give us peace.' I am

probably not using the exact words which were employed, but I am expressing the idea given to the public in the discussion. It has frequently been alleged that Mr. Stephens said these offers were made. This has been repeated by citizens of acknowledged ability and high character, and it has been said that these offers could not be acceded to because the instructions given to the commission by President Davis prevented it. * * * I shall submit evidence that no such propositions were ever made."

The "evidence" which Judge Reagan presents is the joint report of the Confederate commissioners to Mr. Davis, the message of Mr. Davis to his Congress based upon that report, the resolutions of the Confederate Congress predicated upon the reports made to them, Mr. Lincoln's message to the Federal House on the subject, and Secretary Seward's letter to Mr. Adams, the American Minister to Great Britain. Then he says:

"While it is true that some respectable men have asserted that Mr. Stephens told them of Mr. Lincoln's alleged offer, * * * and I have all their statements in writing or print, * * * there must have been some misunderstanding as to his language, for he was an honorable and truthful man and a man of too much good sense to have made such allegations in the face of such record as is here presented."

Then Judge Reagan names the following persons as those who have said that Mr. Stephens made the assertions about the piece of paper and union and about the \$400,000,000 for the slaves: Hon. Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; Rev. E. A. Green, of Kentucky; Dr. R. J. Massey, of Georgia; and Mr. Howell, of Georgia.

Over against these four he sets the following eight gentlemen who allege that Mr. Stephens denied to them that he ever made such statements: Rev. F. C. Boykin, of Georgia; Mr. R. F. Littig, of Mississippi; Hon. James Orr, of South Carolina; Hon. Frank B. Sexton and Col. Stephen W. Blount, of Texas; Mr. Charles G. Newman, of Arkansas; Gov. A. H. Garland, of Arkansas; and Senator Vest, of Missouri.

Inasmuch as four reputable gentlemen affirm and eight reputable gentlemen deny, Judge Reagan disposes of the matter by saying that "there must have been some misunderstanding as to the language" which Mr. Stephens did use.

COL. HENRY WATTERSON'S ACCOUNT.

Colonel Watterson is the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and the most brilliant journalist on the American continent. He has recently told the story of the Hampton Roads affair in his newspaper. In an editorial of May 2, 1916, under the caption, "The Might-Have-Beens of History," he says:

"There had been many epistolary and verbal exchanges between the two capitals, Washington and Richmond, before this fateful conference had come to pass. The parties to it were personally well known to each other. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens were indeed old friends. The proceedings were informal and without ceremony. At the outset it was agreed that no writing or memorandum should be made of what might be said or done. It is known, however, that at a certain point, the President of the United States and the Vice President of the Southern Confederacy sitting a little apart from the rest, Mr. Lincoln took up a sheet of paper and said by way of completing the unreserved conversation that had passed between them: 'Stephens, let me write "union" at the top of this page, and you may write below it whatever you please.' He had already committed himself, in the event that

the Southern armies laid down their arms and the Southern States returned to the Union, to the payment of \$400,000,000 for the slaves. That such an opportunity for the South, then on the verge of collapse, to end the war should have been refused will remain forever a mystery bordering on the supernatural."

He then characterizes President Lincoln as "the Christ-man who had thrown out a life line," wonders if it all were due to "the hand of God," moralizes about Napoleon, and prophesies direfully for the German Kaiser. He then introduces this paragraph:

"It will be recalled that Mr. Jefferson Davis was wont to dwell upon the reluctance with which he quitted the Union and joined in establishing the Confederacy. Yet at the supreme moment he could not see his way clear to an advantageous peace by honorable agreement. He let the golden moment pass and went, taking with him the cause he had maintained during four years so valiantly, to precipitate and complete extinction."

Mr. Davis was not in the conference. We have seen that the report which the commissioners brought back to him informed him "that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the authorities of the Confederate States." If the commissioners told him the truth, that he could get "no terms," how did Mr. Davis "let the golden moment pass"? If Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Stephens, "Let me write 'union,' and you can write what you please," and Mr. Stephens withheld this information until after the war was over, it would seem that it was he who "let the golden moment pass." Mr. Watterson writes like one obsessed with admiration for Mr. Lincoln, "the Christ-man," and biased against Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederacy.

When his editorial of May 2 was characterized as "fiction" by the *Oklahoma City Times* and the *Macon Telegraph*, Mr. Watterson replied in an editorial of June 20 in the *Courier-Journal*, in which he said:

"That Mr. Lincoln said on the occasion of the Hampton Roads Conference what is denied as 'fiction' rests upon the statement of Mr. Stephens himself made to many persons of the highest credibility. It admits of no doubt whatever. It does not appear in the official documents because it was not a part of the formal proceedings, but an aside during an interview between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens. They were warm personal friends, old Whig colleagues, Lincoln an ardent admirer of Stephens, whom he wanted to ask to become a member of his Cabinet when he was elected President. The two had drawn apart from the rest. 'Stephens,' said Lincoln, as Mr. Stephens reported the conversation to many of his friends, 'you know I am a fair man, and I know you to be one. Let me write "union" at the top of this page, and you may write below it whatever else you please. I am sure you will write nothing I cannot agree to.' Mr. Stephens replied that the commissioners were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy alone. 'Then, Stephens,' said Lincoln sadly, 'my hands are clean of every drop of blood spilled from this time onward.'"

Mr. Watterson says this story "does not appear in the official documents," and the reason is "because it was no part of the formal proceedings." He has told us that "no writing or memorandum was made," and so there could have been no "official documents" prepared by the conference. He has told us that "the proceedings were informal and without cere-

mony," and yet he says this story does not "appear" because it is "no part of the formal proceedings." He says it was "an aside," made as a kind of private remark, while Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stephens were sitting apart from the rest. Continuing in his editorial of June 20, he says:

"Mr. Davis did not see Mr. Stephens at all. But all that Mr. Watterson has averred in this regard was told the night of his arrival in Richmond by Mr. Stephens to Mr. Felix G. DeFontaine, with whom he lodged and who, when the facts were disputed, made oath to the truth of them, as did also Dr. Green, Mr. Stephens's pastor, and Gen. John B. Gordon and Evan P. Howell, of Atlanta, to whom later along Mr. Stephens likewise related them, as indeed he had done to Mr. Watterson himself."

Here Mr. Watterson says, "Mr. Davis did not see Mr. Stephens at all," presumably after his return from Hampton Roads. But Mr. Stephens says in his long narrative in his history: "We reported to him (Davis) verbally all that had occurred at the conference. * * * In this report to him I gave it as my opinion. * * * I called Mr. Davis's attention especially to the fact. * * * I gave it to him as my opinion that there should be no written report by the commissioners touching the conference. * * * I again yielded my views on that point." Mr. Davis did not deal with Mr. Blair in the beginning of this business without making a written memorandum of what was said and submitted it to Mr. Blair. He saw the blunder of the commissioners in making no written memorandum of what was said at Hampton Roads. He wisely required that the report to him should be in black and white, so that he could be protected against misrepresentation in the matter. If Mr. Stephens may be believed, and he may be, he did see Mr. Davis after he returned from Hampton Roads and had every opportunity of telling him that Mr. Lincoln had said: "Stephens, let me write 'union' at the top of this page, and you may write below it whatever you please." If Mr. Lincoln said it, why did not Mr. Stephens tell his President, the Confederate Congress, and all the South and change all the results?

Did Mr. Lincoln say it? Did Mr. Stephens say he said it? Here are two questions. Let us take them up separately and see if we are not shut up to Judge Reagan's conclusion that there is a "misunderstanding" somewhere.

1. If Mr. Lincoln said it, his message of February 10 was not frank and disingenuous. It suppressed a vital fact. At that time the newspapers had filled the atmosphere with disturbing reports, some giving it out that the President of the United States had been yielding and others that he had been uncompromising. Besides, there were two groups at Washington vexing Mr. Lincoln, the one urging that terms be made with the South and the other implacable in its attitude and urgings. Here was a context which caused the House of Representatives to ask him for the truth about the matter. He replied, saying he believed his message contained "all the information sought." That message, if our alleged story was fact, ought to have said in substance: "I offered them union on their own terms, and they declined my offer." But his message did not say that. It said: "I offered them the terms I had previously laid down to Secretary Seward—namely, (1) submission, (2) emancipation, (3) disbandment of their armies, and then such mercy as the President of the United States might be pleased to show them." If he thus kept back material fact while professing to give "all the information sought," his admirers must think him something else than "the Christ-man." Had he made such an offer and had

it refused, it is unbelievable that he would not have told the country and extinguished the peace troublers who were tormenting him. Nicolay and Hay, his heroizing biographers, do not put this story into his mouth. Why did they not tell it to illustrate his kindness and chivalry to his foe? Moreover, why should he have made such a proposition? His game was as good as in his bag, and he knew it. Appomattox was on the 7th of April, and this conference was on the 3d of February preceding.

2. If Mr. Lincoln said it, why did not Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell seize upon it, even with avariciousness, and hurry back to Richmond with it and give it out to the President of the Confederacy and to the Southern Congress? They were the leaders of the party at Richmond who desired and believed that peace could be had by negotiation. They had been sent by their Chief Magistrate to the meeting to get the best terms they could, and the terms, according to this story, were, "Union on your own terms." Yet we are asked to believe that they came back and told Mr. Davis and the country that they found Mr. Lincoln implacable—no "terms," "conditions," "proposals," "agreements," "truce," or "armistice" except they "submitted" and threw themselves upon the mercy of the President of the United States. Did they misinform their chief? Did Messrs. Stephens and Hunter sit in Congress the next day and see that body pass resolutions frantically calling upon the country to exert itself to the last extremity because no terms could be had when they privately knew that they could have "union on their own terms"? What right had they to keep back the very heart and substance of what had been proposed at the conference? They were honorable gentlemen. Besides, they were critics of Mr. Davis. Why did they not use the information, if they had it, to triumph over Mr. Davis and save "the golden moment" and the country from "precipitate and complete extinction"? For the sake of a hearsay story lionizing Mr. Lincoln are we to blast the good name of the three Confederate commissioners?

3. If Mr. Lincoln said it only as an "aside" to Mr. Stephens for his private benefit, how was it done? They were all together during the entire time in the cabin of a small steamer. Why should Mr. Lincoln have whispered it to Mr. Stephens so that the others could not hear him? What motive could he have had in such a conference for whispering in the ear of Mr. Stephens, "Any terms you want," and then saying out loud to Messrs. Hunter and Campbell, "No terms whatever"? Why should Mr. Stephens receive such an "aside" and keep it from his fellow commissioners? Why did he not get Mr. Lincoln to say it out loud? Why should he keep such a secret from his associates? Carrying such a secret in his bosom, why did he not say to Mr. Davis, "Don't send that message; I have 'aside' information and will seek release from privacy"? Why did he not say to the Congress, "Don't pass those frantic resolutions; I have knowledge up my sleeve"? Secret? Private? Why, Mr. Watterson says he told it to Mr. de Fontaine and Dr. Green the first night he got to Richmond. Why could he not have told Mr. Hunter and Mr. Campbell on the way? If he did, his fellow commissioners were not ignorant of it when they reported to Mr. Davis.

4. If Mr. Lincoln said it to Mr. Stephens as an "aside" and then put him under the bonds of secrecy, why did he not write it down after the war was over and all obligations of secrecy had been removed by the death of Mr. Lincoln and the collapse of the Confederacy? He frequently wrote about the Hampton Roads Conference with the avowed purpose of

telling its whole inside history. Why did he not set down this story in something that he wrote? The public was confused about it. Some were saying that it was true, and some were saying that it was false. He himself became involved in a controversy with Senator B. H. Hill about it. Why did he not put it in black and white? He was a bitter critic of Mr. Davis. In all his voluminous writing about the war after it was all over he ceaselessly put the blame for the failure upon the administration. Upon the supposition that it was fact, can we imagine that he would not have somewhere written it down and upon it made a telling point against the administration? But none can point to the story as put down by his own pen and above his own signature. The best they can do is to try to interpret his written words in such a way as to make them seem to support the story.

5. But they say that Mr. Stephens verbally told this story "to many friends." If eight men, good and true, aver that they heard Mr. Stephens tell this story, eight other men, just as good and just as true, aver that they heard Mr. Stephens say that he did not tell it. If the first eight write or print their assertion, the second eight write or print their assertion.

What conclusion shall we reach and rest in? Mr. Stephens was a Christian gentleman of the highest piety, a statesman of the highest honor, a patriot of the purest loyalty. All the records and all the circumstances are inconsistent with the story that he ever said anything like what is imputed to him. He could not have been malignant and vengeful nor yet stupid enough to have withheld from Mr. Davis, his fellow commissioners, the Confederate Congress, and the country at large information which, being known, might have saved "the cause" which Mr. Davis had maintained so "valiantly" for four years from "precipitate and complete extinction."

Judge Reagan's conclusion is the only reasonable and fair one—namely, that there must have been some "misunderstanding" of Mr. Stephens's words when he was speaking freely and conversationally with his friends about the Hampton Roads Conference.

In a recent issue the *New York Times* gave the following account of the Hampton Roads Conference:

"At Hampton Roads he (Lincoln) refused to accept any proposal except unconditional surrender. He promised 'clemency,' but refused to define it, except to say that he individually favored compensation for slave owners and that he would execute the confiscation and other penal acts with the utmost liberality. He made it plain throughout that he was fighting for an idea and that it was useless to talk of compromise until that idea was triumphant. We are aware, of course, of the long-exploded myth telling how he offered Stephens a sheet of paper with 'Union' written on it and told

the Confederate statesman to fill up the rest of the paper to suit himself. 'He offered us nothing but unconditional submission,' said Stephens on his return, and he called the conference therefore 'fruitless and inadequate.'"

The *Courier-Journal* of December 23, 1916, takes this as a text and miswrites again the "long-exploded myth" as veracious history and upon it takes occasion to reflect upon Mr. Davis and to characterize Mr. Lincoln as "a kindly, just man."

How in the name of all that is frank and fair, unbiased, and unprejudiced can the accomplished Southern editor blame Mr. Davis for not taking advantage of information obtained through the Hampton Roads Conference for the benefit of the people over whom he presided? The proposal to hold the conference came to him from Washington; he appointed commissioners out of sympathy with his general administration, honest believers that something could be done by negotiating and more likely to have the favorable ear of Mr. Lincoln than any other persons in the Confederate government; left them, unhampered by instructions, a free hand to do the best they could. These gentlemen brought back the report that they could get no "terms" or "agreements." The conference was a dismal failure because Mr. Lincoln was implacable.

If the Confederate commissioners, all or any one of them, had private and "aside" information that might have been used to the advantage of the Southern people, it was they who suppressed it and voided all the possible results of the conference. No one can believe that Mr. Stephens or Mr. Hunter or Judge Campbell, all or any one of them, were so unpatriotic. This story about "union on your own terms" reflects most upon Mr. Stephens, for the allegation is that it was made known to him privately, and there is no evidence that he ever communicated it to his chief who sent him.

SUMMARY.

The quotations in this brief show that neither President Davis nor Vice President Stephens nor any one of the Confederate commissioners had any public or *sub rosa* information obtained through the Hampton Roads Conference which they failed to make use of to the benefit of the Southern people.

To continue to repeat this story about "union and then what you please," in view of the records presented in this monograph, is nothing short of a fabrication of history. It is based upon reports of the free conversational talks of Mr. Stephens about this meeting, and he was wont to complain with great bitterness about hearsay misrepresentations of him.

All the actors in that celebrated conference are now dead and gone. They were every one gentlemen of the highest reputation and honor. They were all incapable of any un-



patriotic or duplicitous action. Each of them, and some of them more than once, has put on record in cold print his account of what transpired at that conference, and neither of them has intimated that there was some vital information that was not revealed or, being known, was not used.

Mr. Lincoln told Congress what he knew about it. Mr. Seward set down in black and white what he knew about it. The three Confederate commissioners, Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, made a formal statement of what they knew about it. These were all the members of the conference and all the persons who could have had first-hand information of what was said and done on February 3, 1865, on board the River Queen at anchor in Hampton Roads. President Davis gave to the Confederate Congress his version of what occurred as it was given to him. Years after the war Mr. Stephens wrote much in books and newspapers about what did occur according to his recollection. Mr. Hunter also set down his recollections, and Judge John A. Campbell also put to record his remembrances of it. Judge John H. Reagan and other gentlemen who were present in Richmond at the time and publicly connected with administrative affairs have also written their versions, gotten from general sources.

In all fairness, these ought to constitute the veracious history of the Hampton Roads Conference, and it is altogether historically illegitimate for any man to read into this record a report founded upon the alleged free conversations of one man, who himself subsequently wrote much on the subject, but nothing which supports the alleged story and which report needlessly reflects upon the honorable participators in that conference.

MISS ADDIE SANDERS.

[From the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*.]

When Miss Addie Sanders died at Senatobia, Miss., at the age of seventy-nine years, there passed away a woman whose life was closely interwoven with the best days of the Old South. Born in Denmark, Tenn., she was reared in luxury by an aunt on a beautiful country estate in Virginia. Possessing the advantages of gentle birth and education, she was a belle of ante-bellum days, and during the War between the States her daring spirit led her into adventures which are permitted to few women.

In those years and later there were many suitors for her hand. She enjoyed the society of men. In the drawing-room or in the ballroom she turned a smiling face to chivalry and beauty; but locked in her bosom was the image of "her captain," and to the day of her death she cherished his memory. It was at a popular resort just before the war clouds lowered over the Southland that she met and became engaged to a gallant young Southerner. Then came the call to arms, and he marched away under the Stars and Bars. She never saw him again. His gallantry won promotion for him, and as a captain he laid down his life for his country in the battle of Gettysburg.

In connection with the death of this young officer, Miss Sanders told to a friend the story of an apparition appearing to her on the day a cannon ball ended his life. She was not superstitious, but the visitation was to her so real and so inexplicable that she said to her companion: "John has been killed." Miss Sanders's account of the incident was as follows:

"On horseback Miss Ann — and I were on our way to

collect some money due us for the hire of some slaves. While riding through a lone lane in Panola County, a broad stretch of open country on each side, we heard a horse come galloping through a field, the fallen cornstalks crackling under his feet as he ran. The horse ridden by my companion was spirited, and I told her to jump to the ground for fear the animal would become frightened and run away. Just as she made ready to jump the approaching horse appeared at the roadside, thrust his head over the fence, and neighed—once, twice, three times. The animal was white, bearing cavalry harness and saddle, but riderless. Then as quickly and as mysteriously as he had appeared the horse vanished from sight. My startled companion turned a blanched face to me and said: 'My God, Addie, what does that mean?' To me there was but one answer, and I replied: 'John has been killed.'

"This strange vision, seemingly so real, left its impress on us. To satisfy ourselves, we stopped at the home of my cousin near by and asked him if there were any soldiers in the neighborhood, and when he replied in the negative we related the incident that had just taken place. My cousin then got on his horse and made a search in all directions, but found no trace of the riderless horse. To this day the mystery has not been solved. I should never have mentioned it, so unreasonable it seems, were it not for the fact that my companion was a witness to it.

"A few days later I received a letter notifying me of the death of Captain John, which occurred on the day the riderless white horse appeared to us."

Twice during the war Miss Sanders was held as a prisoner by the Federals, and on one occasion she was mistaken for a Northern spy by the Confederates, but was quickly released with due apologies by the commander for the error. At the time she was on her way from Panola County to a Confederate camp with medicines and clothing for the Southern soldiers. Neither the dangers nor the sorrows of war had altogether subdued her fondness for elegant gowns, and this feminine trait on her part so aroused suspicion that when she reached Hernando she was arrested and taken before Captain Henderson. It required but a few minutes of conversation to convince the captain that a mistake had been made. He informed his men that their beautiful young prisoner was an invaluable aid to his camp, made amends to the fair young captive, and then himself escorted her across the line.

Shortly after the battle of Shiloh, learning that nurses were needed in Memphis, Miss Sanders volunteered her services and labored among the sick and wounded soldiers in the Bluff City. At the time the Ayers Building had been converted into a Confederate hospital.

While accepting the fortunes of war with the best grace possible, it was not to be expected that one so spirited and intensely Southern as she should become reconstructed in a day. She made frequent trips to Memphis by boat. On one occasion she wore a miniature Confederate flag in her hat, and when requested by one of the officers of the boat to remove it she refused. A warm discussion followed. As a last resort the officer threatened to put her off the boat. She boldly stood her ground and defied him. Her persistency won, and she finished the journey unmolested.

Miss Sanders was a devout Christian, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and her genial disposition and unwavering optimism endeared her to a large circle of acquaintances, both old and young.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

SPEECH OF GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG AT DALLAS, TEX., NOVEMBER 10, 1916, TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY ON A MEMORIAL TO JEFFERSON DAVIS AT HIS BIRTHPLACE, FAIRVIEW, KY.

I am much pleased to address an audience on matters which affect the South, its history, its heroism, and its memories, without the possibility of saying aught that will offend any listener. In this large and intelligent constituency, thank God, there is not a single "tenderfoot" when we come to deal with the achievements and record of the Confederate States. Here we can speak candidly, fearlessly, and loyally of the past with only care that we speak truthfully.

The South had an illustrious part in establishing the independence and in creating the glory of this great country of ours. It was a Southern pen, dipped deep in the Southern heart, which drew the immortal Declaration of Independence. It was a Southern military genius who led the toil-worn, battle-scarred, and ragged Colonial patriots to final victory. It was the Southern men from Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee who struck the flank of Cornwallis at King's Mountain and sent him limping into the jaws of Washington at Yorktown. And when the Revolutionary War was over and nothing was left but the bill to be paid, the South settled the largest part of that account. Virginia contributed of her domain what is now the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan; North Carolina contributed Tennessee; and Georgia donated Alabama and Mississippi. And of the first fifteen Presidents of the new republic, nine of them were from the South and slave-holders. Washington himself being the largest slave-owner on the American continent.

In 1860, when the Northern States, which had been such conspicuous beneficiaries of the Southern States, forced the slavery issue to the point of war, the Southland laid its hand upon Jefferson Davis and charged him with the defense of its rights, its property, and its life. Rich-born, cultured, scholarly, and chivalrous, he was the incarnation of the Southern spirit and the type of the Southern ideal. He belonged to all the South. He was a native of Kentucky; he was adopted by Mississippi; he fought for Texas; he was inaugurated in Alabama; he administered the Confederate government from Virginia; he fled across North and South Carolina; he was captured in Georgia; he lived his patient martyrdom at Beauvoir; he was buried in Louisiana, and his remains now sleep in Virginia, in whose Southern bosom are two other graves, the grave of British sovereignty at Yorktown and the grave of the Father of his Country at Alexandria. Mr. Davis's illustrious character, his splendid patriotism, his lofty ideals, his absolute consecration to duty, his magnificent courage and immeasurable sufferings for the South are each and all a rich heritage which belong equally to all the people of the Confederate States, their descendants, and those who sympathized with the South in its gigantic battling for national independence and national life.

I am here not to beg, but to seek your coöperation in a matter which affects every man and woman in the Southland and to ask your aid in an enterprise which will, if possible, add greater glory to the splendor and renown of Southern womanhood.

When the North had finished its war upon the South, which had so largely created the country, nothing was left to it but name untarnished, honor unsullied, pride unhumbled, and spirit

unbroken. The task which then confronted the Southern people was a double one: First, to retrieve its broken fortunes; and, second, to monumentalize its history and transmit its records to subsequent generations. To achieve the one the sons of the South have wrought valiantly, and to accomplish the other the daughters of the South have labored amazingly and are triumphing gloriously. More monuments to Southern valor have been erected upon Southern soil than have been set up in any other land to any other people.

In this cause of preserving the heroic story of the South and immortalizing its illustrious past the Daughters of the Confederacy have equaled the devotion and loyalty of their mothers, who inspired and suffered throughout the fearful struggle of the sixties. Their task has been to preserve the name and the fame of the land, red with their fathers' blood and drenched with their mothers' tears. The handing down to posterity a correct history of the Southern people and their cause; the casting up of heaps of stone to mark the things that ought to be remembered with pride; the erection of monuments to point their fingers to a sky starred with Southern virtues; the defense of a story that was full of patriotism and glory, of lesson and inspiration—this was the task which the Daughters of the Confederacy laid upon their hearts and to which they stretched out their hands. Who can contemplate the project or behold the triumphant result without placing an amaranthine crown upon the snowy brows of the daughters of Dixie?

I challenge the world to bring out of the annals of the past a story like theirs—of an organization so efficient, of a purpose so lofty, of a resolution so persistent, of a determination so invincible, of a devotion so unselfish, of a spirit so drainless, of a victory so signal. When all the South has brought first a votive offering of frankincense and myrrh and laid it in the lap of those women of the South who lived during the War between the States, it then turns with thankful hands brimful of garlands and flowers, of gratitude and praise and empties them at the feet of the Daughters of the Confederacy and their allied societies. And all the world looks on and applauds the deed and commends the tribute.

At the risk of being considered a retailer of ancient history I may remind you that Jefferson Davis was born one hundred and eight years ago in a little town called Fairview, in Christian County, Ky., halfway between Hopkinsville and Elkton, the county seat of Todd County. When he was eight years old his father removed to Mississippi, and Kentucky lost her son. One hundred and seven years ago Abraham Lincoln was born in Larue County, near Hodgenville, Ky. As the crow flies these two spots are something like one hundred and forty miles apart. Kentucky thus gave in 1861 the two leaders, one President of the United States, the other President of the Confederate States.

Eight years ago Col. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, conceived the idea of properly marking the birthplace of Mr. Davis. He prepared a series of resolutions which he submitted to some friends—myself amongst others—and sent them to Glasgow, where the Orphan Brigade was holding one of its annual meetings. At Colonel Cunningham's request General Buckner there presented resolutions suggesting the acquisition, as well as marking, of the birthplace of Mr. Davis. A corporation was organized known as the Jefferson Davis Home Association; of this General Buckner was elected President.

In the course of a few weeks General Buckner sent for me and said: "General Young, I have neither the gifts nor the

time nor the strength to make this scheme a success, and I beg of you to do me the kindness to become its President." This I did.

Twenty-one acres of land, covering substantially the birthplace of Mr. Davis, were secured. Options had been taken upon this property, and they were about to expire; the Association had no money and no credit, and I was so fortunate as to be in such a position that I could advance the entire sum necessary to secure the ground, now known as "Jefferson Davis Park." Through these intervening years, through appeals to the men and women of the South, something like \$20,000 has been raised, the grounds have been cleared, improved, and on the two street sides inclosed by a handsome stone fence. The State of Kentucky, desiring to do honor to her son, appropriated \$7,500 to aid in the work.

With something like \$10,000 at our command, we induced Gen. George W. Littlefield, of Texas, to visit the Jefferson Davis Park and look over the work already done and suggest plans for the construction of a suitable memorial to the first and only President of the Confederacy. Sagacious, wise, enthusiastic, successful, and endowed with a large measure of this world's goods, he became deeply interested in the plans for the erection of a memorial that would be worthy of Mr. Davis, as well as worthy of the South, to which Mr. Davis gave more than any man who survived the war. He esteemed it a very high honor to be one of the leaders in this patriotic movement. If carried out along the lines now projected, to him will be justly assigned the chiefest place amongst its promoters.

The women of the South erected at Richmond, where Mr. Davis is buried, a beautiful and imposing monument. The people of New Orleans and their friends have also builded a handsome testimonial indicative of the love the Confederate people had for their President. I can but feel that the world will yet further expect the people of the South in some more extensive and intensive method to show to mankind their appreciation of Mr. Davis's sacrifices and sufferings for his nation. In no other manner can it be done more fittingly than by erecting on the spot where he was born a magnificent, impressive, and distinguishing structure which shall stand through the ages as a silent but eloquent tribute to him who bore in his body and soul dreadful punishment and humiliation because he loved and served his people.

This feeling has been intensified by the fact that recently the United States government has taken over the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln and arranged that it shall be under the care of the American nation, and there are thousands of Confederates and their descendants who will insist that the Daughters of the Confederacy concur in the resolve that something equal in splendor and beauty and grandeur should be erected at the place where Mr. Davis was born. This spirit does not come from the wish to have Mr. Lincoln honored less, but only from the desire to have Mr. Davis honored more. There are a vast number of us who feel that Mr. Davis was a much greater man than Abraham Lincoln and that justice to his talents, justice to his memory, and a protest against the excruciating humiliations which were heaped upon him by his foes all demand with relentless call that the men and women of the South must do as well for Mr. Davis as the nation has done for Mr. Lincoln.

This is a period, my dear auditors, of big things. Little things do not appeal to the human mind in this day and generation. Great things alone can reach the imagination and inspire to the highest and noblest effort.

The chiefest monument builders of the ages were the Egyptians. Their tombs, their mausoleums, their monuments to the dead surpass those of all nations, ancient or modern, and their architects and engineers thought the obelisk the most impressive of all forms of commemorative work. In this country there are four obelisks regarded as the highest in the world. The Washington monument overshadows all other structures of this kind. It is five hundred and fifty-five feet high. It required a government to build it. The Perry column at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, is three hundred and thirty-five feet high. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Kentucky built this. The Bennington monument (at Bennington, Vt.), built to commemorate the great battle at that point during the Revolutionary period, is three hundred feet high. Three States stood behind this memorial. The Bunker Hill monument, for many years the greatest structure of its kind in the world, is two hundred and twenty-one feet high. It was made particularly attractive to Americans because Lafayette in 1825 attended the laying of the corner stone, and the speech of Daniel Webster on that occasion has become the world's classic for similar occasions. The London monument, the best in England, built by Sir Christopher Wren, is only two hundred and two feet high.

After General Littlefield and I had looked over the Davis birthplace, we concluded that we could construct something at Fairview that would be majestic and imposing, not only to this generation, but to all other generations for a thousand years to come, and we thought of an obelisk three hundred and fifty feet high. This would make it the highest creation of a similar nature in the world except the one at Washington. We argued that it was not unreasonable to ask the South and Southern sympathizers to do this great thing. We considered that success would only be possible when we projected it on a scale so large that the structure would strike the beholder with awe by its gigantic proportions and by its immensity create in the human mind profoundest admiration. I do not think anybody will complain because we are seeking in a sense to overshadow the memorial at Mr. Lincoln's birthplace. The South respects the memory of Mr. Lincoln, but the South adores the memory of Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis was great enough to command the admiration of all men; but when we consider his sufferings and sacrifices for the South, it is his just reward that somewhere in the Confederate States, which he loved so much and where he lived out his days, there shall rise up some structure which, in so far as art in its feebleness can proclaim, shall declare the love and veneration of the people for whom he gave his all—time, money, place, citizenship, health, and lifelong peace.

There are those who believe that Robert E. Lee died of a broken heart. Jefferson Davis survived the war for twenty-five years, but Mr. Davis lived through the sufferings of Fortress Monroe, which have no parallel for their brutality and cruelty in the political history of civilization. He passed with his people through the horrors and persecution of reconstruction. He was denied citizenship, his humanity was cruelly misjudged and slandered. Every possible effort through perjury and false testimony was used to stain his name or to impugn his motives.

Thank God, he was allowed the privilege of witnessing the restoration of all their rights to the seceding States. He looked over his beloved South and saw every political restriction removed and the people restored to their constitutional rights in the republic.

Refused amnesty by the government under whose flag he



VIEW OF THE LANDS OWNED BY THE FATHER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS—FAIRVIEW IN THE DISTANCE.

shed his blood and for whose glory and renown he had offered his life, he calmly and heroically accepted the result which came to him as Chief Executive of the Confederate States. His ambitions were buried in the grave of the Confederacy. The past was a sealed, though a holy, memory. Permitted fourscore years, he let the dead past bury its hopes, and he pointed his people to the future that was full of golden promise. He even prayed for a reunited country. He saw the future as it developed into a complete triumph in all that makes a country great. His beloved Southland grew under the marvelous energies and sagacity of his followers, and her magnificent development won him glory and renown under the leadership of the men who had followed him in the most dreadful war of modern time. The people met bravely the trials and difficulties on every hand. They triumphed wherever truth could prevail, and only great men could win under the tremendous disadvantages they were compelled to face, and their glorious victory in peace brought solace to his spirit, as old age dimmed the forces of his body, but left unimpaired his vigorous mind.

God graciously permitted Jefferson Davis to live a quarter of a century after the cessation of the great struggle, on the Southern side of which he was the controlling spirit. When the end came he looked into the face of death without a quiver. His hands were folded in dignified silence, no word of his stirred ungenerous thoughts or actions in the hearts of his compatriots. He suffered with them and passed through the fires and persecutions of reconstruction which have become, to the minds of all reasonable men, the blackest page in our national history. He emerged from the shameful humiliation of Fortress Monroe with the sympathy and respect of the world, and the clanking of the cruel chains which cowardice and malignity fastened upon his limbs only render his reception of the decrees of fate more beautiful and made him a thousand times more beloved by the people for whom these sufferings and humiliations were endured.

The people of his adopted State would gladly have returned him to the United States Senate, from which he retired to take up the leadership of the Southern people; but he gently yet firmly declined the proffered honor, recognizing that he could serve and help them best by retiring from all public office. He knew that his reappearance in official position would turn loose bitterest venom and fiercest hate, and with manly and philosophical composure he became a looker-on

amid the political conflict of that memorable period of the South's history.

The broad mind of Mr. Davis revealed to him that in taking the presidency of the Confederate States he had cast the die for success or failure and that if he failed he would become an alien in his native land. He well understood that failure meant that he would become the most powerless of all who might survive the struggle and that thereafter he could do nothing personally to retrieve the fortunes of those who followed him. He measured up to the highest standard among his associates and companions, and he traveled in no company where he was not the equal of his fellow voyagers.

Aftersight, so much more effective than foresight, in human affairs does not always indicate the correctness of his judgment or the supremacy of his wisdom; * * * but no just man can honestly affirm that any other man of the hour would have made fewer mistakes or proceeded differently with better results. Robert E. Lee, who was in a better position to know all the difficulties Mr. Davis faced, said he believed Mr. Davis did as well as any man could similarly situated, and in the Southland this judgment of Robert E. Lee will remain unchallenged.

Jefferson Davis's courage, loyalty, patriotism, and nobility of soul and heart are enshrined in every Southern mind, and that is a better and grander memorial than any human genius can design. His was a magnificent life, so veracious that no man was ever deceived, so intrepid that no duty was ever shirked, and so pure politically that no flaw has ever been found.

Great as was Mr. Davis, superb as he was in the discharge of all the duties that came into his life as President of the Confederate States, yet, my friends, there was something in the gigantic struggle far greater, far grander than Mr. Davis; it was the spirit and courage that animated the people who constituted the nation of which he was the Chief Executive. While Mr. Davis stands alone by reason of his integrity and his courage and his eloquence, his faithfulness to duty would have made him great under any circumstances with which his life could have been connected. While all this is true, it is also true that Mr. Davis was greatest in his relations to the men and women who shared with him all the burdens that great struggle brought, who faced heroically with him all the vicissitudes of the fateful days from 1861 to 1865, who supported him with a cheerfulness of sacrifice and a unity of patriotism that renders the brief existence of the Confederate

nation a story of such marvelous heroism that it touches the highest and noblest sentiments of every honest soul.

No nation or country has ever shown such regard for the memories of its soldiers nor built so many monuments to voice and perpetuate their heroism and their valor. Measured by the length of years and the numbers of survivors, the extent of the monumental construction by the Southern people surpasses all previous annals. These facts demonstrate the power, the persistence, and the indomitable spirit and unconquerable courage of those who constituted the hosts who then stood for what was held by them to be right. There are more monuments to the Confederate cause than have ever been erected to any cause—civil, political, or religious.

The glory of this fact, my friends, is not due to the men who followed the Stars and Bars or wore the gray, but to the invincible spirit of the women of the South. There is no memorial to Jefferson Davis which meets the peculiar conditions which attach to his name. Those which have been erected are artistic and bear upon the imperishable granite of which they are constructed much of love and admiration for Mr. Davis; but however beautiful and indestructible they may be, there is nothing in them just grand enough and great enough for this generation to feel that they justly and truly convey to coming generations the full appreciation of Mr. Davis and his relations to the people of the South. So on the soil of that State where he was born, in the keeping of that commonwealth that gave Jefferson Davis, Albert Sidney Johnston, John C. Breckinridge, John H. Morgan, Roger W. Hanson, Ben Hardin Helm, and forty-two thousand valiant sons to the defense of Confederate rights and the creation of Confederate glory, there ought to be a memorial which will excel and surpass all other monuments built without government aid, it matters not what cause they represent or what name they bear.

A few enthusiastic and earnest spirits have set about to do this great work. I am here to tell you that it shall not fail; that at Fairview there must and will be erected an obelisk which will be amongst the highest and most imposing of such structures in the world outside the Washington Monument. We must see that the men who come afterwards and look upon this magnificent obelisk, towering amongst the clouds, graceful in its lines, superb in its immensity, will thoroughly understand who Jefferson Davis was, what he did, and who were the people that he led and who loved him and made under his guidance transcendent and immeasurable sacrifices for the great principle of self-government.

My friends, I do not think this is an unworthy ambition. I do not think you will say the money and energy which will bring these things about are wasted. In the South we have no great monument of the kind that is proposed to be erected. This one, designed and erected, will be unique in its plan, in its purpose, and in its grandeur.

We come, Daughters of the Confederacy, to ask your cooperation and your assistance. This is a tremendous project, but it is proposed to dedicate this monument within ten months of this date. We want this Association to aid the Jefferson Davis Home Association as one of its chiefest and most prominent workers. We want you to pass a resolution pledging the Association to endeavor to raise amongst its various Chapters and members at least \$10,000 to help on with this work. With your unceasing loyalty, your splendid activities, and your unconquerable devotion to all that pertains to the memory of the Confederate States, you cannot very well afford to decline a full and complete part in this

great enterprise. It is worthy of you. It is worthy of the Southland. It is worthy of the best men and women the world has ever produced, and we want you to help. I have no doubt at all that when the claims of this work are properly presented to your members not only \$10,000 will be raised, but that a greater sum will flow into the Association's treasury from the gentle hands and loving hearts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who have done more than any other agency in all the world to perpetuate the glories of the heroic story of what the South did and what its people suffered in that great struggle for national life and national independence.

The nation has undertaken the care of the birthplace of Mr. Lincoln in Kentucky. The admirers of Jefferson Davis assure you that his birthplace shall be fittingly cared for. It is understood and believed that Kentucky will do this. As a Kentuckian I declare that the watchful and loving care of that commonwealth that gave more than twelve thousand of its sons to die for the cause of the Southland will see that this park and this monument shall be fully preserved in its beauty, grandeur, and splendor through all the ages to come.

HEARTS OF THE LILIES.

BY GRACE IMOGEN GISH.

We hail in its pride and its beauty
Our Southland they died to defend;
We love the green meadows spread round us,
The blue skies that over us bend.
And fair are all blossoms we're bringing
In memory of soldiers in gray,
But sweetest are hearts of the lilies
That tell of their glory to-day.

Their war cry is now hushed forever,
The names that they loved are no more;
No reveille their calm slumber breaking.
They rest, for their labors are o'er.
Ah! years that are swift in receding,
Your hallowed scenes slip away,
Like dew on the hearts of the lilies
That tell of their glory to-day.

And so when, the blue sky above us,
Together united we stand
And list to the sweet strains of "Dixie,"
We think of that lessening band;
We think of the comrades that await them,
The joy at the end of life's way,
As bright as the hearts of the lilies
That tell of their glory to-day.

O hills, lift your heads in the sunlight!
O valleys, grow wondrously fair!
O mountains, be steadfast as they were
Who guarded our land with such care!
O rivers, sing ever their praises
Till we, of good courage as they,
May grow pure in heart like the lilies
That tell of their glory to-day!

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

BY JASPER KELSEY, SECOND LIEUTENANT COMPANY A,
23D TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

At one o'clock on the morning of April 3, 1862, the Army of the Mississippi, which had been concentrated at and around Corinth, Miss., in command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, with Gen. G. T. Beauregard second in command, was ordered to be ready to march at any moment with five days' rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition. It was also understood by many officers, and even by many private soldiers, that a great battle was to be fought; and every man was full of patriotism and enthusiasm, ready for the conflict. We had lost Fort Donelson, Bowling Green, Southern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee, and this army had not as yet gained a decided victory in battle, and a greater part of the men had never been in a battle. The army was well organized, well drilled, and well seasoned, considering the length of time it had been in service, which was from a few months to about a year. While all had a sufficient supply of rations and clothing, not all were well armed. Several thousand Enfield rifles with accouterments were issued about that time. We received orders from General Johnston to aim low, to shoot at the knees, because it took about two men to carry one wounded man off the field; but a dead man needed no attention, so it would weaken the enemy more to wound a man than to kill him. An order was issued that no soldier should leave the ranks to attend to a wounded comrade, but to let the infirmory corps attend to them; also an order was given that when any soldier or company got lost from their command in time of the battle they should go where the heaviest firing was, because the battle ground was covered with forests, hills, ravines, and swamps. On the evening of the 3d the army was put in motion, marching in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee River and about twenty-two miles from Corinth, where the Federal army was encamped under the command of Generals Grant and Sherman and about 49,314 strong.

The Confederate army consisted of three army corps, the first commanded by General Polk, the second by General Bragg, and the third by General Hardee—about 35,000 or 36,000 men exclusive of the cavalry, which numbered 4,300 and which could do but little service except to guard the flanks, owing to the nature of the ground on which the battle was fought. General Hardee was ordered to form the first line of battle with his corps in front of the Federals. General Bragg was to form the second line with his corps about eight hundred yards in the rear of Hardee's Corps, and General Polk was to put his corps in line, or in double column, in the rear of Bragg's line. General Breckinridge's command was to be placed on the right of Polk's Corps as a reserve, while the cavalry was to be placed on the flanks and in position to guard the fords of Lick Creek on the right and Owl Creek on the left.

We met with no resistance from the enemy from the time of leaving Corinth until reaching the ground where the lines were to be formed except that on the 4th Cleburne's Brigade, of Hardee's Corps, met and repulsed a small detachment of the enemy's cavalry. On Friday there were cold, drenching rains which made it very disagreeable for the soldiers, and roads in some places were almost impassable. By nine o'clock on Saturday the clouds had passed away, and there was fine spring weather until the battle was over.

On the morning of the 5th General Hardee reached the

place designated and deployed his corps in line of battle on the high ground between Owl Creek on the north and Lick Creek on the south, with the left wing near Owl Creek and the right near Lick. The creeks were about three miles apart, running in a northeastern direction and emptying into the Tennessee River, one above and the other below Pittsburg Landing, so that the line of battle was about three miles in length and about two miles from the Federal encampment. General Johnston intended to attack the Federals on Saturday morning, but on account of the heavy rains and bad roads and some misunderstanding a portion of Bragg's and Polk's Corps did not arrive and deploy in line before about four o'clock Saturday in the afternoon; so it was too late to make the attack on that day as intended. Late Saturday evening Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Polk, Breckinridge, and perhaps some other officers met in a consultation. Beauregard was opposed to giving battle and favored withdrawing and marching back to Corinth. His reasons were that one day had been lost, that he believed the Federals were strongly fortified, and that they had a much larger army than the Confederates.

General Johnston said he had as many men as he could manage on the ground between the two creeks, and he knew he could handle as many as the enemy, his flanks being protected by the two creeks, and, said he, "We will fight them if there are a million of them"; and he gave orders for the battle to begin at daylight Sunday morning, April 6. Here was assembled an army of brave men, the flower of the South, mostly from Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, commanded by one of the greatest generals on the American continent, who had served in the Black Hawk War, in the Texas War of Independence, the Mexican War, and in command of the United States army that subdued the Mormon rebellion—Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

The army silently and quietly bivouacked in line of battle for the night, while in the Federal encampment, about two miles in front of the Confederate lines, music and cheering could be heard until midnight. They were serenading some officers' headquarters, not knowing of the nearness of the Confederate army or dreaming of the fierce conflict that was to take place on the morrow. On Sunday morning before daylight the oak forest was alive with Confederate soldiers eating their cold breakfast, preparing their weapons, and falling into line to be ready for the great battle which every man knew was going to take place. At daylight Hardee's line, three miles in length, without the sound of bugle or drum, advanced silently and grandly toward the Federal encampment, followed by the sturdy solid lines of Bragg, Polk, and Breckinridge. The morning was bright and clear, a typical spring morning; the air was fresh and bracing; and when the sun rose bright and clear it added splendor to the scene. Every soldier had braced himself for the battle and went forward determined to reclaim the ground recently lost or die in the attempt. Gen. Basil Duke says in his "History of Morgan's Cavalry": "Every one who witnessed the scene—the marshaling of the Confederate army for the attack on the morning of the 6th of April—must remember more distinctly than anything else the glowing enthusiasm of the men, their buoyancy and spirited impatience to close with the enemy."

At 5:14 Hardee's line came in contact with the Federal outpost, and the first gun of Shiloh was fired; then began one of the hardest-fought battles of the war. The Confederate lines moved quickly and steadily forward. The Rebel yell was heard mingled with the rattle of muskets, the roar of

cannons, and the bursting of shells. Soldiers were falling, dead or wounded, upon the right and the left. That was a time to test the bravery of men. Quoted from Beauregard's report: "Like an Alpine avalanche, our troops moved forward, despite the determined resistance of the enemy, until 6 P.M., when we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl and Lick Creeks but one, nearly all his field artillery, about thirty flags, colors, and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss) and several brigade commanders, thousands of small arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage, and munitions of war, and a large amount of means of transportation—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory. The remnant of his army had been driven in utter disorder to the immediate vicinity of Pittsburg Landing under the shelter of the heavy guns of his ironclad gunboats."

It happened that, though the first collision between the two armies was with Prentiss's outposts, it occurred nearer to Sherman's camp than to his own; and as his lines were more retired than Sherman's, the first blow fell upon the left brigade of the latter under Hildebrand. This lay in the pathway of the impetuous Hindman, and the swiftest of the fugitives, scattering through the Federal camps, gave the alarm; the rattle of musketry also gave sharper notice that it was no common peril that threatened. The long roll was beaten, the bugle sounded, and brisk volleys gave still sterner warning. and Sherman's division woke to find the Confederates pressing right upon them. Sherman hurriedly formed his line of battle in front of the camp. It was good ground for defense—a low timbered ridge, with an open valley, traversed by a small stream, in front. To attack them the Southern brigades had to cross the stream and open field. The Confederate line, which had hung for a few minutes only on the crest of the hill, like a storm cloud on the mountain's brow now burst with a sudden impulse upon Sherman's camps. The Rebel yell, so inspiring to friends, so terrific to foes, rose sharp and shrill from the rushing lines of Southern soldiers; their volley came pouring in, and the bayonet even was used on some whose slumbers were broken only by the oncoming of their foes.

Sherman's orderly was shot dead by his side, and he himself rode away to the right out of the wreck. Then Hildebrand's Brigade, of Sherman's Division, was beaten and fled from the field in wild disorder. While this struggle was going on Hindman's right brigade, under Colonel Shaver, and Gladden's Brigade burst in upon Prentiss's Division. It was not eight o'clock when Shaver's and Gladden's strong lines fell fiercely upon them. Here was enacted, though in a less measure, the same scenes that had occurred in Hildebrand's camps. Crowded in front, to the right, to the left by eager antagonists, Prentiss's whole division gave way and fell back in confusion on its supports. At the first alarm Sherman sent back to McClelland, Hurlbut, and W. H. L. Wallace for help. McClelland hurried three Illinois regiments to the front, which, arriving just as Hildebrand was routed, were unable long to withstand the vigorous attack of Hindman's brigades as they pushed on in their victorious career, part of Shaver's Brigade, coming to Wood's assistance, breaking in on the left flank of the Illinois regiment. Assailed, beset, shivered, these gallant Northwestern troops gave way. In their demolition Waterhouse's Battery fell into the hands of Wood's Brigade. It was charged and taken by the 16th Alabama and 27th Tennessee Regiments. When Hardee's first line of battle was formed, Chalmers's Brigade occupied the right flank near

Lick Creek, Cleburne on the extreme left leading his brigade against Sherman's right.

Sherman's strong position has already been described. The ravine that fronted it descended rapidly to Owl Creek, spreading into a marsh filled with undergrowth and tangled vines. The assailants had to cross this under fire and charge up a steep acclivity, though more to the right the ground was less difficult. The center of the morass was impassable and split the brigade into two parts. The 5th, 24th, and 2d Tennessee passing to the left, the 23d Tennessee was divided, the left wing going to the left, the right wing, with the 6th Mississippi, passing to the right. The 15th Arkansas, which was deployed as skirmishers, fell back on its supports. Never was there a more gallant attack or a more stubborn resistance. Under the terrible fire from Sherman's impregnable lines the 23d Tennessee on reaching the swamp wavered and fell back about fifty or seventy-five yards, then went forward, and the right wing charged immediately into the Federal encampment; the left wing followed, and the regiment re-formed in line of battle and continued in pursuit of the retreating Federals. Then Lieutenant Colonel Neill, commanding the 23d Tennessee, was severely wounded, Major Moore was killed, and Captain Harden was severely wounded.

The 6th Mississippi suffered a quick and bloody repulse, losing, after making charge after charge, its two field officers, Colonel Thornion and Major Lowry, both wounded, and three hundred men killed and wounded out of four hundred and twenty-five. The fighting had been murderous on the left also. The 15th Arkansas had lost its major, J. T. Harris, and many good men. The 24th Tennessee had borne itself with steady valor, and the 2d Tennessee, commanded by Col. (afterwards Gen.) William B. Bate, had been terribly cut up by the iron storm from the hilltop. This regiment was on the extreme left, and it is said that the fire there encountered was the worst the regiment suffered during the war except at Richmond, Ky. The regiment was repulsed with the loss of Maj. W. R. Doak, Captains Tyree and Bate, and two lieutenants killed, and nearly a hundred men and officers killed and wounded out of three hundred and sixty-five men on the field. But the regiment re-formed, and the gallant Bate led them again to the charge. As he was crossing the creek at the bottom of the valley a Minie ball crushed his leg bone and wounded his horse. He pressed on until he was too weak, when he retired. The 24th Tennessee, being on more favorable ground, clung to the advanced position it had won. It too suffered heavily, losing over two hundred in killed and wounded.

Sherman's position was the strongest point on the line and virtually impregnable to a direct attack. At this time two brigades of Bragg's Corps, which had now come up, attacked Sherman's left and rendered his position no longer tenable, and his brigades fell back, fighting confusedly, on Hurlbut's and Wallace's line. Captain Behr was shot from his horse and his battery taken at the point of the bayonet, his men barely escaping. Another battery, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Strahl, was charged and captured by the 4th Tennessee, the regiment losing in the charge thirty-one men killed and one hundred and sixty wounded. In the meantime Russell's Brigade charged a battery and helped to drive the enemy some five hundred yards. This was part of a simultaneous advance which drove Sherman from his first position and in which Cleburne's, B. R. Johnson's, and Stewart's brigades joined. Johnson himself was finally wounded. Preston Smith then took command of the brigade; his regiment and Blythe's Mississippi had already captured six guns. The whole Federal

front had been broken here and there, and they fell back across a ravine to another strong position; but they were not allowed to get away unnoticed. They were pursued, driven and slaughtered as they fell back, and the route of his retreat was marked by the thick-strewn corpses of his soldiers. Sherman was not allowed to remain in his new position; Polk attacked him with two brigades. The Federals fought with determined courage, contesting every inch of ground. Here Brigadier General Clark and B. R. Johnson were severely wounded, and Colonel Blythe, of Mississippi, was killed. The loss was severe, but the enemy was dislodged and two batteries captured. There the right wing of the Confederate lines was swung around on the center, Hindman's Brigade as a pivot, so that every command of the Federals was taken successively in front and flank, and a crumbling process ensued by which the whole line went to pieces.

General Chalmers, on the extreme right, swept down the left bank of Lick Creek, driving in the pickets, until they encountered the brigades of Stewart and McArthur. Stewart was strongly posted on a steep hill near the river covered with thick undergrowth and with an open field in front. McArthur was to his right and near the woods. Jackson attacked McArthur, who fell back, and Chalmers went at Stewart's Brigade. This command reserved its fire until Chalmers's men were within forty yards and then delivered a heavy and destructive volley, but after a hard fight they were driven back down the river. Chalmers's right now rested on the Tennessee River bottom lands, and he fought down the bank toward Pittsburg Landing. The Federal left was completely turned and their army crowded on a shorter line, a mile or more to the rear of its first position. This was all done and the Federals had established their new lines before ten o'clock. Thus far all had been successful. The second line of the Federals was shorter and more compact than the first, with its right resting on Owl Creek and its left near the bank of the Tennessee River.

The whole Confederate army had become engaged in the battle and was in the front line, Breckinridge on the right, Polk and Bragg in the center, and Hardee on the left. The advance of the Confederates had been steady up to about 1 p.m., when the right wing encountered such resistance as prevented its farther advance. The Confederates were upon a ridge, while upon a parallel ridge in easy musket range the Federals were in great force. After the fire had been continued about an hour, General Johnston ordered a charge, and he and General Breckinridge led in the charge. Governor Harris also led a Tennessee regiment in this bloody charge. The line moved forward with rapid and resistless step. A sheet of flame burst from the Federal stronghold and blazed along the crest of the ridge. There was a roar of cannon and musketry, a storm of lead and iron, and the Confederate line withered, and its dead and dying strewn the dark valley; but there was not an instant's pause. Right up the steep they went. The crest was gained, and the enemy was in flight, a few scattering shots replying to the ringing yell of the victorious Confederates.

A short time after this charge was made it was seen that General Johnston was wounded. Governor Harris and Captain Wickham helped him from his horse, and he was dead in a few minutes. Just when General Johnston was killed the victory seemed complete. The enemy was not merely broken, but was in such close quarters and so rapid was the charge that they suffered more than the usual slaughter in a defeat. Then there came a lull in the conflict on the right, lasting

more than an hour from half past two, the time at which General Johnston fell. About 3:30 the struggle at the center was renewed with the utmost fury. Polk's and Bragg's Corps, intermingled, were engaged in a death grapple with the sturdy commands of Wallace and Prentiss. The Federals had consulted and resolved to stand and hold the ground at all hazards, hoping thus to save the rest of the army from destruction. This manful resistance cost one his life and one his liberty. They checked the Confederates enough to gain some time and perhaps prevented the capture of Grant's army. General Ruggles collected all the artillery he could find, some eleven batteries in all, which he massed against Prentiss's right flank. The opening of so heavy a fire and the simultaneous advance of the whole Confederate line resulted at first in the confusion of the enemy and then in the defeat of Wallace and the surrender of Prentiss.

But while the artillery massed by Ruggles and his division was so effective in achieving this result, they were not alone. Polk and Hardee burst through and destroyed the troops occupying the right of Wallace's position, who were thoroughly beaten and driven from the field or captured and their commander killed in the riot. They thus got in on Prentiss's right flank. Bragg, who had gone to the Confederate right with Breckinridge, pushed in on Prentiss's left flank and, with Chalmers on his rear, thus intercepted his retreat. Immediately after the surrender of Prentiss General Polk ordered a detachment of cavalry to charge the fleeing enemy, which dashed forward and intercepted a battery, the 2d Michigan, within one hundred and fifty yards of the river and captured it before it could unlimber and fire. It was a six-gun battery and was captured, men, horses, and guns.

This was about the end of the battle for that day. It is true that there was some more fighting and advancing of the Confederate lines; but General Beauregard sent orders to the troops to retire and rest for the night, which they did, except Chalmers, who kept up the battle with his command until night, not having received the orders of Beauregard to retire.

Thus ended the first day of the battle of Shiloh. The Confederates slept in the tents which had been occupied by the Federals on the night before, while the Federals were reforming their lines and Buell was crossing his troops over the river and making preparations for the battle which was to begin on the next morning. On Monday morning Grant had about twenty thousand effective men. Buell had come up and crossed the Tennessee River with about twenty thousand, making the Federal army number about forty-five thousand men. General Beauregard, who took command of the Confederate army after the death of General Johnston, had about twenty thousand effective men on the field with which to meet the overwhelming forces of the enemy. The Confederates, though almost worn out by the hard fighting of the day before, marched out, formed in line of battle, met the enemy, and fought bravely for some time, but could not long hold their own against such overwhelming forces. Soon the line became thin, wavered, and began to give ground, fighting bravely as they retired. There was hard fighting all along the line, some of the Confederate commands holding their positions or falling back slowly, taking new positions and fighting fiercely until by one o'clock it was apparent to General Beauregard that the contest was hopeless. The movement of the Federal army was that of the tide as it crawls up the beach. Each living ripple was rolled back at the musket's mouth, and yet, after seven hours' struggle, the Confederates had lost ground and were evidently maintaining a hopeless con-

flict. There was no reason for remaining there without a chance of victory. Beauregard at last determined to retreat and made his disposition judiciously to that end. In a lull of temporary success he retired his right wing in good order. The retreat was by alternate lines and was skillfully conducted. About an hour after the Confederate troops retired the Federal army reoccupied its front lines of April 5. The only attempt of the Federals to follow up the victory was on Tuesday. A force of Federal infantry and cavalry attacked the Confederate rear guard, which was commanded by Colonel Forrest, and was repulsed with considerable loss.

Thus ended the battle of Shiloh, one of the hardest-fought and bloodiest of the war—the one great army contending for State rights, self-government, and because their country was invaded; the other for the Union and centralizing government; both for what they conceived to be their rights. The Confederates learned in that battle that one Southern man could not whip ten Yankees, and the Yankees learned that it was necessary to carry the spade with them as well as the gun.

(Although a participant in the battle, the author of this paper is indebted for many of the above facts to Col. William P. Johnston's "Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.")

CHICKAMAUGA AS I SAW IT.

BY ELDER J. K. WOMACK, PLANT CITY, FLA.

It was Sunday, September 20, 1863. After forming and reforming Baxter Smith's regiment, Paul Anderson commanding (it was known as "Paul's People"), the men were numbered off, "One, two, three, four, five." The trooper who was numbered five shouted very distinctly "Bully." Paul said very clearly through his nose: "Let 'Bully' go into the fight and number four hold horses."

Skirmishes being on some distance in front, I remember seeing Captain Lester, of Lebanon, Tenn., who was by far the best-looking man in the regiment, as we slowly marched toward the enemy. The command "Charge!" came in distinct tones. All went forward with a rush. I could still see the long black hair of Captain Lester, which seemed to quiver from the Minie balls that filled the air around us.

Before this charge was ordered, in marching slowly through the woods, where bomb shells were heard shrieking, Colonel Anderson would cry out: "Lie down, boys!" Flat to the earth we stuck like lizards. When the bombs passed over us and burst, "Up and forward!" and again, "Lie down, boys!" we heard, and quickly we obeyed, becoming lizards again by hugging the earth. In a few seconds a bomb in some mysterious way exploded only a few feet over our heads. Without orders from colonel or captain, we struck the earth with a thud.

"Ha! ha! ha!" was heard from the colonel. "Too late now, boys." Turning my head a little to the left, I saw Colonel Anderson standing, tall and erect, laughing at our predicament. I noticed that he remained erect all the time, so I thought in my boyish mind: "If you don't lie down, neither will I. Do you think that we are cowards and you the only brave man in this regiment? I will not lie down any more if you stand upright."

So the laugh from our colonel drove all the fear from me during the whole day. I shall never forget how the enemy, concealed behind trees and logs, poured a volley of leaden hail into us. Captain Parton, of East Tennessee, fell near me with his left thigh crushed. Cartridge boxes were shot off; men were wounded right and left. The enemy was driven before us with a rush. Orders came to "Halt! Fall back to your horses and mount them!" As I walked along to the horses in the rear I saw dead Confederate soldiers and then dead Yankees. In a few steps I came to a wounded Federal soldier whose face I liked as soon as I saw him. "What can I do for you," said I. "Nothing," was the reply, "for I think I will soon be dead." Upon getting closer I saw he had only a flesh wound and had not bled much. "Friend, you are not hurt much, and you can get well if you will try. You are just sick from the wound."

One of my own company (M—) cried out from a distance: "I am going to take his boots." I had noticed they were extra fine, to my mind worth about twelve dollars. "No," said I; "you cannot take his boots. This is my prisoner, and I will see that his boots are not taken from him." Upon coming closer M— swore that he would take the boots; so I tried to reason with him, but without effect, as he continued to clamor for the boots. At last I said: "This is my prisoner, and as long as I have a load in my gun you are not going to take them." The wounded Yankee had not at first looked at me, but he now turned his head and was looking me squarely in the face. I shall never forget the kind expression and evidence of confidence he had in me. I said to my comrade: "I would go barefooted the rest of my days before I would take the boots off of a wounded man." As the man wished to be moved to the shade of a tree, I ordered M— to help me, and we placed him in the shade. I put a soft chunk under his head, took off his boots, and placed them under his head on the chunk, as the tops of the boots were soft and made a good pillow. I then bade him good-by, expressing the hope that he would get back to his people.

I was immediately detailed to go to the rear to wait on the wounded of our brigade. This was two or three miles to the rear, and when I got there I found that the hospital was an old log house, the floor covered with the wounded of our brigade. A small space in the middle was left so the nurses could walk between the wounded. Here I found Captain Parton, whom I saw fall in battle. One or two were almost crazy from wounds. I noticed one trooper take his pistol from the scabbard and point forward, saying: "I am going to shoot the Yankees." Having only two nurses to twenty-five or thirty men, we quietly slipped the pistols from all we could and hid them in the corner of the house.

About eight days later I was called back to my regiment. In passing back over the battle field I saw wounded and dead Federals lying in a space not larger than twenty-five feet square who had never been touched by nurse or doctor. They were crying, "Water, water, water," their long hair standing out in all directions, glued together with blood. The dead among them were swollen twice or three times their natural size. But I noticed no dead or wounded Confederates. I was anxious to know why the Federals had not looked after their men; but when I passed by a very large tent flying the United States flag, I saw wounded Federals lying as thick as they could be placed.

And this was war, and "war is hell." O that we could have had a Woodrow Wilson at Washington then as now!

THAT FURLOUGH.

BY R. J. DEW, TRENTON, TENN.

During the winter of 1864, while the Army of Tennessee was camped at Dalton, Ga., I asked for a furlough to Oxford, Miss., as Tennessee was at that time held by the enemy. To my surprise, my request was granted; so early in the morning Lieutenant Day (now Rev. J. B. Day) and I bade farewell to the boys with hearts set on going to West Tennessee. The evening of the first day found us in Atlanta, and after a short stay we were soon on the road to Montgomery; but before reaching that city we heard bad news regarding our trip, and Lieutenant Day, deciding to take no risks, spent his time with the good people of Opelika. However, I went on, feeling lonely over the loss of my traveling companion. On reaching Montgomery I learned that I could not get a boat until the next evening. Late in that afternoon the hoarse whistle warned me that she would soon weigh anchor. Haversack in hand, I hurried toward the river, but imagine my surprise before reaching the wharf to see Lieutenant Day standing on the hurricane roof waving his hat. Feeling blue over being left, he had taken the next train and was first on board the boat. It was a happy meeting. A pleasant trip down the Alabama brought us the next day to Selma, only to meet additional discouragement. Furloughed soldiers returning to camp told us that we could not pass Demopolis. We were greatly upset, but took the first train in that direction. On the way we held a counsel as to farther plans. Day decided that the trip would be too hazardous, but I was still determined to go on. The train slowed up and stopped on a big farm, and on leaving the car Day said, "I will spend my furlough at the farmhouse yonder," at the same time handing me a letter to his wife. With a warm grasp of the hand, he was off. The train moved on; our journey together had ended.

Just as the train moved off a soldier boy, a mere youth, slender and pale, who had heard our conversation, came and asked that he might go along with me to his home in Tennessee. I surveyed the little stranger closely, at last telling him regretfully that when I left the railroad, which I expected to do soon, he could never keep up with me; that I belonged to the infantry. He insisted, as only a boy can, that he could and would give me no trouble. His youthful appearance touched my sympathy, and when I consented to take him the joy of his countenance repaid me. We left the railroad before reaching Demopolis and took up line of march northwest, meeting before we reached Columbus, Miss., many families refugeeing, almost panic-stricken, before the reported advance of General Smith, who was at the time moving south from Memphis. The constant warning of these people caused us to change our route; so we turned north into the mountains of Alabama, keeping the Tombigbee between us and the Yankees and walking almost around the headwaters of that river through a country at that time dangerous. After encountering many sad disappointments, we at length reached Iuka, Miss., with only one word of cheer, that from Major McNairy, of General Cheatham's staff, whom by chance we met.

Leaving Iuka the next evening, we found ourselves in a deserted waste of country on the banks of the Tennessee, night approaching and lost, badly lost. The Yankees tented on the other side of the river. Bewildered, we stood gazing, and while thus engaged two or three soldiers got into a big skiff, taking a dog with them, and began to row toward us.

That made me nervous. I turned to the boy and said: "They will try to capture us with the dog. We must get away so we can kill the dog before the soldiers overtake us." With this warning, like a deer I went through the woods, closely followed by my little comrade, not stopping until we were lost in darkness. We heard nothing more of the soldiers or their dog. After hours of wandering in the dark the rest of the night was spent on Shiloh battle field with some kind old people. We occupied an office room in their yard.

Worn out with fatigue, the boy was sleeping sweetly when at early dawn our host crept softly in and made us a fire. While sitting there, patiently awaiting our awakening, in walked two savage-looking men with murderous old rifles. After some minor questions they asked about us. In bed and without the shadow of a chance to escape, I thought my time had come. But the old gentleman, used to emergencies, assured them that we were Rebel deserters going home, at which they seemed satisfied and soon left. Our host informed us that they were desperate men and bushwhackers and that we must hurry out of the country. Fully satisfying himself that the unwelcome visitors were gone, he kindly volunteered his services to pilot us out of immediate danger. Without coat or hat, through the dreary woods of the desolate battle ground, he led the way, the cold wind playing with his long, thin, and almost white hair, making a picture I cannot forget. After walking some distance through this silence and desolation, a point was reached where I remembered to have been once before. He then gave us a parting blessing and slowly turned toward his home, we hurrying on in the direction of Purdy, the home of the noted Colonel Hurst.

A few days more, and our long journey was ended. We at last reached the forks of the road not far from the home of my boy comrade, where I bade him good-by after a weary pilgrimage of more than four hundred miles, much of the way through pathless woods and over rugged mountains, riding one Sunday on a wagon at a dollar a mile. The name of this youthful soldier has gone from my memory. Is he living? Who can tell? Wounded in the army, disabled, and discharged from service, I reached my home, not far from Lexington, Tenn., in February, 1864, the remainder of the trip being made in safety. Home, sweet home! Father, mother, the younger children were there. The wandering boy knows the joy of being once more at home. It was a great surprise to them, for when last heard of I was wounded at Chickamauga. No other tidings reached them until I walked into their presence that dark, snowy evening. That happy meeting can be compared only to the meeting that awaits the faithful in the "home beyond the skies." I had only a few days at home, as my furlough had already expired. Mounted and well clad, I turned my face southward. Forrest had defeated General Smith and driven him back to Memphis. To Lieutenant Day I carried a letter and a pair of socks from his good wife, whom I met on my way South.

The half has not been told of what happened while I was running the gauntlet on that furlough.

BILL ARP'S "LETTER TO LINCOLN."—Mr. Lincoln, sir, have you any late news from Harper's Ferry? I heard that Stone W. Jackson kept the parole for a few days and that about fourteen thousand crossed over in twenty-four hours. He is a smart ferryman, sure. Do your folks know how to make it pay? It's a bad crossing, but I suppose it is a heap safer than Ball's Bluff or Shepherdstown.

JACKSON'S WINTER CAMPAIGN IN 1862.

BY P. S. HAGY, ABINGDON, VA.

Thrilling transactions of long ago stand out in memory as a silhouette against the flight of time, and so also the unusual that bring about great suffering and distress to the participants of an event. Doubtless there was no episode during the War between the States that entailed more real acute bodily suffering and discomfort to the troops engaged therein than that of General Jackson's winter campaign in 1862. The result of this campaign and the suffering and fatality following many of the troops by exposure will justify no favorable verdict in its behalf. Neither can it be said that good generalship marked its conception or its execution. Its intent was on a sound basis, if we take no note of the ability of the South to ward off the impending bolts of war in preparation and known to be accumulating at all accessible points to hurl against us at the opening of the season of activity that was so near at hand. With the large number of troops called into service by President Lincoln's proclamation and their almost unlimited resources to draw from, common prudence seemingly ought to have dictated a careful husbanding and careful preparation in every conceivable way to have the troops of the South in as good condition to prove efficient in the defense of their country at the needed hour, rather than to have exposed unseasoned troops to the rigor of a North Virginia midwinter campaign. Its successful execution under the unfavorable influences attending it was a moral impossibility, and the eclat to be hoped for in an expedition of the kind was lost. Let us contemplate what would have happened at Kernstown only a few weeks later if General Jackson had had with him the per cent of troops lost in this winter expedition. This was the opening battle of the season, when and where, with 2,742 infantry, a few cavalry, and two or three batteries of artillery, he had at one time the 11,000 of the enemy defeated; but the grave and the hospital give the answer. This article will deal more in stubborn facts than willful criticism in recording the incidents of this memorable campaign.

The first day of January, 1862, opened as one of the prettiest, warm and balmy, the atmosphere charged with the redolence of yet lingering flowers. The temperature lulled into confidence the unsuspecting soldier, who, when called upon to march, stripped himself of blanket, extra clothing, and, indeed, all extras, and placed them in the baggage wagon, to be retrieved by him at the time of need. On this morning General Jackson mustered the troops he had gathered around Winchester, in Frederick County, Va., his command in all arms numbering close to ten thousand men, and started northwest on the Pewtown Road for some point, his closest friends did not know where. After passing Pewtown he turned his column to the northeast and advanced toward Bath (now Berkeley Springs), in Morgan County. After a march of eighteen or twenty miles the troops went into camp, expecting their baggage wagons to come up. The crowded condition of the road, caused by advancing troops, rendered it impossible for the most of the wagons to pass along in time to find their different commands; therefore a large per cent of the army were destitute of tents, blankets, provisions, and every comfort and necessity the wagons contained; and, to add to their discomfort, the weather had undergone a change, turning cold and threatening rain or snow, making it impossible for the troops to secure comfort except by keeping up fires during the night, a task difficult to do even in a timbered

country without axes, while hunger and the lack of natural rest showed the effect it was having upon the temper of the troops. Some few wagons got through early in the morning, relieving some of the commands, but they were exceptions. General Jackson was relentless and ordered the troops forward. While passing along the road, it is said, he came up with the Stonewall Brigade, whose wagons had come up that morning, and the men were cooking their breakfast. He approached General Garnett, who had succeeded him in command of the brigade, and wanted to know the reason of his delay.

"I have halted to let the men cook rations, General," was Garnett's reply. "There is no time for that," replied Jackson briefly. "But it is impossible for the men to march farther without them." "I never found anything impossible with that brigade," answered Jackson in his curtest tone. (J. Esten Cooke, page 90.)

As the day advanced the intensity of the weather became greater. By noon it was raining, and by night it was sleeting and freezing. The command was now approaching Bath, and after the turn of the evening Jackson found his advance guard, a portion of the 48th Virginia under Colonel Campbell, fiercely attacked by a strong body of the enemy posted behind fences and other shelter, from which they poured into the Confederates advancing a fire of considerable volume, but doing little execution. The enemy held their ground until reinforcements were brought up under Colonel Patton, when they fell back on their main body, leaving in the Confederates' hands twenty or more prisoners. This transaction took place a considerable distance in front of Bath and terminated just at dark, when the army went into camp for the second night, the wagons again failing to get to the relief of a large portion of the commands, who were still without food, shelter, or axes, the severity of the weather still increasing.

As night came on it sleeted and froze, so that everything, as well as the ground, was covered with ice the next morning, rendering the condition of many of the troops very distressing. Under this unfavorable condition Jackson's word was, "Press forward!" The army broke camp and started for the town, and on its approach the enemy made a precipitate retreat, running over a body of militia General Jackson had sent around in their rear to intervene between them and the river. Colonel Ashby followed with his cavalry, and the enemy, after removing the impediments in his rear, showed a disposition to dispute the ground before crossing the river, when some cannonading ensued. The enemy retained his position during the day and at night recrossed the Potomac River by wading, the night being severely cold.

The enemy left considerable supplies, which proved quite acceptable to the hungry troops. Among other things which they abandoned in their hurry to get away were a number of fine uniforms, which were appropriated by Confederate officers. Many camp luxuries also fell into the hands of the Confederates and much of the plunder which had been gathered from the citizens of the surrounding country. General Jackson, leaving Bath the morning of the 5th, drew his army up in front of Hancock on the Maryland side, the river between them. The town was occupied at the time by General Lander with a considerable force. General Jackson placed his artillery in position to open on the town, after which he sent forward a flag of truce by General Ashby demanding its surrender. On refusal of the summons Jackson again sent the flag of truce with the statement that he would give them two hours to remove the women and children out of

danger, and at the end of that time he would put his artillery in action against the city if not surrendered. Much stir was noticeable in the town. At the expiration of the time limit General Jackson directed his artillery on that part of the town occupied by the enemy. The Federal batteries replying, a brisk cannonade lasted for some time. When it died down for the day, no material damage had been done on either side. The next day the cannonading was resumed, but soon again ceased. This ended the attack on Hancock, but a considerable amount of stores left by the detachment of Federal troops stationed on the south side of the river fell into Confederate hands.

From this point an expedition under Colonel Rust—composed of his regiment, the 3d Arkansas, one other regiment, and a battery—was sent against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with instructions to destroy the railroad bridge over Capon River and do as much other damage to the railroad as their means would admit. This service was performed by the destruction of the bridge and the tearing up of much of the road, which proved of great disadvantage for a time to the Federals, it being the main artery of travel westward from Washington City. This service done, the detachment rejoined the main army in front of Hancock. General Jackson remained in front of Hancock until he removed all the captured stores and then turned his course toward Romney, in Hampshire County, where General Kelley was posted with a Federal army estimated at from six to eight thousand men.

By this time General Jackson had divested his mind of the éclat of a surprise, for his movement had become necessarily slow on account of the continued severe weather, and news travels faster than a half frozen army can or will. The country was under a glaze of ice and snow. There had been moderation of the atmosphere enough to dampen the snow, followed by weather below zero, so heavy a crust of ice forming as often to bear up the entire train of army wagons. It was with the greatest uncertainty that the regimental wagons would or could come to us, let the distance be ever so short between camps. It is related that it took from daylight until 3 P.M. for one train of wagons and artillery to pass one hill point.

"The difficulties of the march were fourfold for the trains and artillery. The roads were covered with ice two inches thick and so thoroughly glazed by the sleet that horses and men kept their feet only by the greatest exertion. Men were slipping and their guns going off along the line. Thousands fell flat every day, and both men and animals were often seriously hurt. The knees and muzzles of the horses were terribly injured, and they were seen limping along, crippled and streaming with blood; but still Jackson continued his march. Wagon after wagon slid off the steep and slippery roads and turned bottom upwards despite every attempt made to steady them." (Cooke, page 93.)

General Jackson was everywhere along the line, giving encouragement and often set the example of imparting physical help to a stalled wagon or a disheartened horse. The heart-rending scenes that sometimes rose to view and frequently placed before us by the suffering of the people in that part of the country in which these movements took place was feelingly touching. It appeared at times that the Federal soldier esteemed it his duty to kill and destroy and do all damage possible to the weak and defenseless, leaving alone to them their woes as a heritage to linger with them. Nothing was too sacred for them to defile and destroy, and no tender human attachment that bound together family circles was

a safeguard in the hearts of some miserable wretches who were a curse and terror to the inhabitants of this section.

One noted regiment which figured in this part of the country and left a trail of blood and misery the 37th Virginia had the pleasure of meeting at Kernstown, with a stone wall between them, and there and then gave them such a castigation that the 5th Ohio, it was reported, became almost an unorganized force. It was reported that at a large tanyard these marauders shot the man of the house, he falling in his doorway, after which they put the family, consisting of wife and children, out without the privilege of taking anything with them and burned the house over the man. They then killed every domestic thing on the place. This writer counted twenty-two fat hogs that were killed and left in their pen, milch cows, dogs, cats—indeed, there was no domestic thing left alive, the horses and poultry no doubt being appropriated to their use. The tanyard was burned, as well as every outhouse on the premises. At one point on the road for a space of seven miles every house, outhouse, and barn was burned and nothing left to indicate that the country had been inhabited but their ruins.

Having accomplished the feat of clearing Morgan County of the enemy, General Jackson then directed his course toward Romney, in Hampshire County. Falling back to Unger's store, he sent his sick to the hospital at Winchester and then pushed forward by way of Slane's Crossroads, crossing Great Capon River, and finally arrived at Romney with a much-exhausted army. The enemy, under General Kelley, first determined to hold and defend the town, but finally withdrew in a panic and fled across the Potomac River, leaving in the Confederate hands a considerable amount of stores.

As to the composition of the troops led by Jackson in this expedition, a little light thrown thereon will elucidate and explain the feeling that existed between him and Gen. W. W. Loring and also entertained by the different portions of the army originally commanded by each in their separate spheres. Like all unnecessaries, it proved an evil to the service. It was understood that the two generals had equal authority in the management of the expedition, and this proved an evil, for Jackson ignored it, and a feeling of estrangement arose between the two generals that was participated in by the subaltern officers and the privates. J. Esten Cook says: "Jackson was regarded as a man of weak judgment and deficient intellect, who accidentally attained his position, and the report was industriously circulated that he cared nothing for the men of Loring's command. With this the camp had buzzed at Winchester, and the hardships of the winter expedition had added virulence to the sentiment."

General Loring was a West Point graduate and had attained a favorable reputation for military skill in the war with Mexico. After General Garnett was killed on the Laurel Hill retreat, he was sent up to take command of the Confederate troops in that mountainous region. He stood in high favor with the troops, and in a short time they began to idolize him. When in December, 1861, he was ordered with a large portion of his force to Winchester, in the Valley of Virginia, the two favorite generals were brought together, the Loring forces outnumbering those General Jackson already had at that point. Friction between the two forces soon began to crop out, as well as between the two commanders, and this spirit between them lasted until the activities of the spring campaigns began and Jackson proved his great ability as a military leader. Romney was in Confederate hands, but the Federals yet had control of a part of

Hampshire County. Some skirmishing between detachments of the opposing forces took place, but no action of magnitude occurred. The 37th Virginia, with the 3d Arkansas Regiment, all under Colonel Rust, was reconnoitering toward Little Capon Bridge when it fell into ambush by the enemy at night posted across and along the railroad. A sharp skirmish ensued, the enemy soon yielding in retreat, after some casualties, to the Confederates. In John O. Casler's "Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade," page 64, is given a good summing up of the results of the campaign: "We were out nearly one month and had miserable weather all the time and did no fighting except some little skirmishing, but we lost more men from sickness than if we had been engaged in a big battle. We accomplished nothing, for the enemy retreated across the Potomac, only to come back again as soon as we left. Winchester was full of soldiers sick with pneumonia, and they died by the hundreds."

The results of the campaign were such as could be accomplished. General Jackson could only hope that the ground he had retrieved from the enemy would remain so. In this he was doomed to disappointment, for this very section of country proved to be a ground of contention until the Confederates were forced from the country. To appearances all had been done that had been planned for at the beginning, and it had come to the time to arrange the results gained. To do this the Stonewall Brigade was ordered to return to their winter quarters at Winchester and the Loring Division ordered to remain at Romney and police that and the surrounding country. This arrangement seemed to suit General Jackson and the Stonewall Brigade all right; but it must be remembered that where there are two parties it takes the two to make a contract. It was claimed to be wholly one-sided by the Loring view, and they alleged that General Jackson was "taking care of his pets"; so steps were at once taken to enter their complaint and lay the matter before the authorities at Richmond. The result was that only a few days elapsed before orders came to General Loring from the Richmond authorities to fall back with his command on Winchester, which place they reached on the 7th of February. Much adverse feeling was engendered on both sides, and the action of the Richmond authorities caused General Jackson to resign his position in the army; and it was only by much persuading that the country did not lose his valuable services afterwards.

What a perfect mirror time is, and how clearly is shown the duty of men in after years, when it is too late!

THE REAL NATION.

There was a time when nations came to be
Because they were locked in from sea to sea,
Because they lay between great mountain ranges high,
Because a people spoke one language commonly,
Because they claimed one common worship-creed,
Because they were of but one race, one breed,
Because some institution held them true—
The Church, the army, or the union—through
Peculiar mode of living, government. But none
Of these things count, when all is said and done,
For perpetuity in any nation's life; there needs must be
A greater element, a purpose grounded in real unity;
There must be underneath and over all that strong,
True, vital principle, unselfishness, which lives
For service to the race, which grows because it gives.

—D. G. Bickers, in *Macon Telegraph*.

A GEORGIA COMMAND IN ACTIVE SERVICE.

BY JOHN W. HIGGINS, GRAPEVINE, TEX.

On April 20, 1861, I enlisted from Dade County, Ga., in Company B, known as the "Lookout Infantry," which became a part of the 6th Georgia Regiment of Infantry, A. H. Colquitt being our first colonel. We reached Richmond, Va., on the 31st of May. From there we were ordered to Yorktown and got there on the 3d of June, 1861, remaining there under drill until April, 1862.

When McClellan's army laid siege to Yorktown on the 4th or 5th of May, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston being in command, we evacuated the place and fell back up the Peninsula westward toward Richmond. McClellan's army overtaking our rear guard forced us to stand and give battle at Williamsburg, the old colonial capital of Virginia.

Johnston's attack on the west wing of the Federal army on May 31, 1862, resulted in the battle of Seven Pines, in which battle our company had a total of fifty-five men, nine of whom were killed on the field and nineteen were wounded, of whom a number died later. All of these casualties of Company B took place in about seven minutes.

General Johnston having been wounded on the 31st, Gen. Robert E. Lee was assigned to the command of this army on the 2d of June, 1862. On the 26th of June he attacked the right wing of the Federal army. The fighting continued for seven days, my company participating in four of the seven battles: Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill. In the battle of Cold Harbor my company lost six killed and sixteen wounded, and a few were wounded in the other three battles, but none were killed. At Malvern Hill my regiment was under Stonewall Jackson and fought on the left center of Jackson's Corps. My regiment reached the top of the hill three times, but in each instance we were repulsed and driven back. Very soon after the battle the Confederate army began to move north to meet the Federal army under Pope, and on August 9 a considerable battle ensued, in which Jackson defeated Pope. The two armies maneuvered for several days, Jackson finally moving around the west wing of Pope's army, taking position between this west wing and Washington City at Manassas; and there on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of August he fought the second battle of Manassas and expelled the Federal army from the field, it retreating into Washington.

In the meantime the Confederate army marched into Maryland by the fords of the Potomac River and took possession of Frederick. From this point General Jackson was detached from this army to capture, if possible, Harper's Ferry, D. H. Hill and other commands engaging McLoud's army at South Mountain to keep McClellan from approaching Jackson's rear, all of which resulted in the fall of Harper's Ferry on the 15th of September, 1862. After this General Lee concentrated his army at or near Sharpsburg, and in the battle of Sharpsburg, on September 17, 1862, my regiment lost six officers in command, all being killed. The seventh commander of this regiment was wounded and taken prisoner on the field. My company's loss in this battle was six killed and about eighteen or nineteen wounded. I and two others were the only surviving members present and able for service when the battle closed. Lee's army remained on the field confronting the enemy until the early night of September 18, when we began to fall back and recrossed the Potomac into Virginia.

At this stage of the war General Burnside superseded McClellan as commander of the Army of the Potomac and at

once began his move on to Richmond via Fredericksburg; but Lee concentrated his army in front of Burnside and defeated him on the 13th of December, 1862, at Fredericksburg, forcing the Federals to recross the Rappahannock River. After this Burnside was superseded by General Hooker, who recrossed the Rappahannock in the last days of April and early in May and was attacked and defeated by General Lee with only about two-thirds of his army, three divisions of Longstreet's Corps being absent in Southeast Virginia. This was the battle of Chancellorsville, where the great Jackson was wounded.

After this battle Colquitt's Brigade, of which the 6th Georgia was a part, was detached from the Army of Northern Virginia and sent South to Kinston, N. C., from which point we were transferred to Charleston, S. C., and fought the enemy on James Island on the 16th of July, 1863, forcing them back under cover of their gunboats. We then garrisoned James Island and Battery Wagner on Morris Island and Fort Sumter until the 9th of February, 1864, at which time we were put aboard cars and sent to Savannah and from there on to Florida, meeting Seymour's army on the 20th of that month in the battle of Olustee, or Ocean Pond, driving him back to Jacksonville. The casualties of my company in this short but hotly contested battle were eight killed, only a few being wounded. Soon after this battle we marched north through the Ocanoca Swamps, striking the Gulf and Savannah Railroad, over which we were again transferred to Virginia, getting to Drewry's Bluff in time to participate in that battle on the 16th of May, 1864. Three regiments of Colquitt's Division, my regiment being one of them, were held in reserve in the beginning of the fight, finally being sent to the extreme left to assist Gracie's Brigade; and we turned the enemy's right from the James River, doubling it back and driving it to the westward on or toward their center. During this fighting through the woods a six- or eight-pound shell burst over us, wounding sixteen men. I was among the number; but, finding my wounds not serious, I continued on with my company throughout the entire engagement. In this fight our ammunition became exhausted, and we were ordered to lie down and seek such shelter as the surroundings afforded. Four of us took shelter behind one small tree, and my three comrades were wounded, while I escaped unscathed. After this battle Butler retreated, under the protection of his gunboats, to Bermuda Hundred, where we besieged him for about two weeks, when he withdrew from his position across the James and joined Meade's army on the left.

Very soon after this we crossed the James River on pontoon bridges and joined Lee's right on the old battle field of Cold Harbor on June 1, and there on the 3d of June we fought the second battle of Cold Harbor, in which the lines of battle were some eighteen or nineteen miles long. The enemy rushed our position early in the morning and succeeded in breaking our line in two places. We regained the lost ground at one point early in the fight, but failed to entirely regain the other point. This battle, to my mind, was the bloodiest of the entire war, the dead lying in heaps in front of our position. I might except the fight at Spottsylvania C. H. on the 12th of May, 1864, when Grant asked permission three different times to bury his dead, which was granted; and yet quite a number of the boys in blue were left to be buried by us.

About the 11th or 12th of June Grant withdrew from our front, crossed the James River, and attacked Petersburg. Colquitt's Brigade was ordered to Petersburg, arriving there on the night of June 16, when the siege of Petersburg properly

began; and our brigade was on the firing line at various points almost daily until the 28th of September, 1864. On the 19th of August we were in the battle on the Weldon Railroad and then back to the ditches again until September 28, when Colquitt was ordered across the James to take back Fort Harrison. On the 30th of September the following brigade commanders were ordered to do this work by a concerted attack: Colquitt and Clingman in center, Denning and Anderson on left, and Martin and Haygood on right. But by some mis-carriage or misconception of the plans the effort to retake this fort failed, resulting in a number of our men being taken prisoners, the writer among the number. I was carried to Point Lookout and held until June 27, 1865, when I was paroled and furnished free transportation to Chattanooga, Tenn. I am now seventy-five years old and still think I fought in a just cause.

STEELE'S ESCAPE AT JENKINS'S FERRY.

BY C. J. HANKS, GERMANTOWN, TENN.

In his article in the *VETERAN* of December, page 545, P. S. Hagy is badly off in regard to General Steele. No doubt it was the intention of Steele and Banks to unite at Shreveport; but after leaving Little Rock General Steele had reached Camden, Ark., on his march to meet Banks when he learned that the latter had been beaten by General Taylor. Steele started back to Little Rock by way of Pine Bluff. Comrade Hagy says Steele was met at Jenkins Ferry, on Sabine River. He was not met at Jenkins Ferry, but was overtaken there by General Price. (Jenkins Ferry is on the Saline River; there is no Sabine River in Arkansas.) The Saline River is a small stream, probably fifty yards wide, between the Arkansas and Onachita Rivers. I was on General Churchill's staff at the time and was in the battle with him. I belonged on Gen. Dandridge McRae's staff, but had gone South with him from Jackson, Woodruff County, where we had been recruiting. Having no command of his own, he volunteered on General Price's staff and I on General Churchill's.

It had been raining for a day or two, and the roads were in a terrible condition. The battle took place in the Saline River bottom, which was so boggy that neither side could use artillery; so it was purely a small arms fight. The Confederates ran one battery on the field, but it was practically useless on account of the soft ground of the river bottom.

It seemed that the fortune of war favored Steele at this time. Had we been able to come up with him a few hours earlier, we could probably have captured his army, as we could also have crossed the river; or if he had been a few hours later the river would have been out of its banks, and he could not have crossed. As it was, the river was just bank full, and he had just time to cross on a pontoon, which he destroyed as soon as he was over; and as we had no pontoon, he made his escape. He was encumbered by a great many negroes with every kind of vehicle and all kinds of plunder taken by them. The last of Steele's troops to cross the river were negroes, and this was the first time I had met any negro troops. I think Steele's idea was to sacrifice his negroes if necessary to save his white troops. It was a very severe fight and cost us some fine officers and a good many men. The fight lasted for some three or four hours or more. We had with us the cavalry of Generals Fagan and Marmaduke.

IN THE YEAR 1861.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

VOLUME I., "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Maj. Robert Anderson, of Sumter Fame.—A Southern writer said that as Major Anderson was born in the noble old "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky he would be found on the side of the South when the Union was dismembered. But he stayed with the Union and made about as large a commotion in the rest of the war as a ripple caused by a stone thrown into the Atlantic.

Americans as Fighters.—General Beauregard said that two thousand Americans ought to beat twice that number of any troops trying to land in Charleston Harbor. He evidently did not class the Yankees as Americans.

Floating Battery Constructed by Confederates.—The floating battery intended to breach the walls of Sumter went ashore and is now a fixed fortification. This was, I think, the first effort in history of such a weapon.

A Rash Boost.—Governor Moore, of Louisiana, said: "The people of Louisiana are one and cannot be subdued." He changed his mind later, however.

C. S. A. Bounty First on Record.—A bounty of \$30 was promised all men who enlisted in the regular army of the Confederacy. Note that "promised" is in italics.

Extraordinary Cannon.—Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, tells of the arrival of a fine gun that threw a shell with the accuracy of a dueling pistol on a charge of only one and one-half pounds of powder. Evidently powder had more force in those days than at the present.

Cartridge Bags.—General Whiting reports from Wilmington: "I have started the ladies making cartridge bags, and that keeps their little hearts quiet." And that was going some.

Confederacy Recognized by the United States.—General Bragg said that the blockade of Pensacola was an acknowledgment of the national existence and independence of the Confederacy. Whether they did recognize our independence, I am not sure, but before they tackled us many times I am certainly sure they at least recognized that we were some belligerents.

Cotton as Breastworks.—General Ripley states that one shot from the enemy entered an embrasure, but that no damage was done, as it was stopped by a bale of cotton. This idea was probably taken from Old Hickory's defense of New Orleans, where, it is said, he had cotton bales and molasses puncheons to slow the Britishers up. I would judge that a molasses cask hit by a cannon ball would make a hideous mess.

First Death Consequent of the War.—On January 26 Thaddeus S. Strawinski, aged eighteen years, private in the Columbia Artillery, South Carolina Troops, was accidentally killed by a shot from a revolver. So a ball was started with the youth of the South.

Spoiling for a Fight.—A gentleman in Pensacola wails that the troops are dispirited by inaction, despondent at the thought of never having a fight; only in for twelve months, but want a place for the war. And they got it both ways from the middle.

C. S. A. Flag First Under Fire.—General Beauregard sent the flag that waved over Moultrie to the War Department, saying that as it was the first Confederate flag ever under fire he thought it worthy preserving. That flag had three shots through it.

South Carolina Flags.—Morris Island batteries floated a red flag with a white palmetto and Fort Moultrie a white one with a green palmetto. South Carolinians will have to say which was the official color.

Florida Looking Out for Herself.—Governor Perry tells the War Department that two thousand men are needed for the defense of the State, and if "We are to take care of ourselves say so." And they came mighty near having to do it too.

C. S. A. Fuses.—General Beauregard writes from Charleston that the shells sent cannot be used, as there were no fuses with them. Same old story happened all through the war.

Frightful Hardships.—A Confederate officer during the siege of Fort Sumter reported: "In the midst of the greatest exposure to the most inclement weather (in the month of April) many were bivouacking in the open air without any covering; many more sheltered by wide burrows in the sand hills; not a murmur of complaint was made." Wasn't it awful as compared to Petersburg and other salubrious places later in the war?

Fall of New Orleans Foretold.—General Beauregard predicted that one steamer with two or three big guns could go up to New Orleans and in a few hours lay the city under a forced contribution of millions of dollars. Which was done in a way.

Ranges of Firing at Fort Sumter.—Fort Moultrie to Sumter, 1,900 yards; Fort Johnson, to Sumter, 2,450 yards; Morris Island to Sumter, 2,400 yards. With the guns of to-day at these ranges it would be like shooting birds on the ground.

Search Lights.—General Beauregard reports that the Drummond lights had arrived, but no operator with them. To the Confederacy, I think, belongs the honor of the first use of these powerful aids to warfare.

The First Shot of the War.—The first shot of the war was fired on January 9 by South Carolina troops against the steamer Star of the West, and, as Captain Foster, U. S. A., puts it, "Thus the war was started." Whoever pulled the lanyard certainly had the satisfaction of realizing that he had started something.

The First Shot Fired at Fort Sumter.—The first shot fired at Fort Sumter was fired by the venerable Edward Ruffin, who begged that honor. He evidently was a bloody-minded "venerable."

Shot Penetration.—Major Anderson reported that the greatest penetration made in the walls of Sumter by any one shot was twenty-two inches. Comparisons of this and the penetration of the European "Jack Johnsons" of to-day are odious.

Red-Hot Shot.—Major Anderson says: "As soon as the flames burst from the fort the enemy's batteries redoubled their fire with red-hot shot from most of their guns." We got the start on them with burning, but the man who made war what he is supposed to have called it made our efforts appear puerile in that line.

VOLUME II., "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Waste of Ammunition.—General Lee issued a circular to the effect that one man had been killed and several wounded by the reckless waste of ammunition around the camps and hoped that the troops would pay regard to the importance of economizing their supply, so vital at all times. That was General Lee's fault; he invariably hoped, wished, or trusted instead of demanding.

Well Armed.—A Virginia gentleman wrote President Davis that, although he already had three sons in the army, he himself would personally take the field armed with rifle, shotgun, pistol, and cutlass and relying upon the God of battles, go to meet the enemy. That gentleman was almost equal to a brigade later in the war.

Failure of Confederates to Advance After Bull Run.—General Beauregard said: "An army which had fought as ours did that day against uncommon odds, under a July sun, most of the time without water, and without food except a hastily snatched meal at dawn, was not in condition for the toil of an eager and effective pursuit of an enemy immediately after the battle. On the following day a heavy rain intervened to obstruct our advance with reasonable prospects of success and added to this the want of cavalry force of sufficient numbers made an efficient pursuit a military impossibility." That settles the question. He was there and also certainly a military man of great ability.

Any Cause if Sustained Is Just.—General Patterson, U. S. A., tells Colonel Townsend: "The moral force of a just cause, sustained by a strong and equable government, will conquer." He was right. If the government is strong enough, any cause, whether just or unjust, will conquer.

Chaplain Wanted.—A Virginia colonel of cavalry reported to the War Department that of sabers his command had few and wanted no more, as he much preferred hatchets as a cavalry weapon. He also asked for a chaplain, saying that having a fully commissioned and authenticated man of God attached to his command, aside from the positive good done, would tend to dispel some of the unenviable soubriquets preferred against his regiment. He needed a man of God to offset those scalping hatchets.

Militant Clergyman.—A South Carolina colonel, in his report of the battle of Bull Run, mentions particularly the gallant conduct of a clergyman, whose rifle did good service. This goes to show that "a man's a man for a' that" and reminds us of the stuttering parson captain of a battery, who, unable to say fire, told the gunner to "shoot the damn thing."

Southern Copperheads.—Gen. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, told General Cooper: "We are treading on snakes while aiming at the enemy. The grass of the soil we are defending is full of copperhead traitors." I had thought that this reptile was confined to the North, but this proves that some of them had slipped over the border.

Jefferson Davis Compared to an Army.—General Scott, U. S. A., told General McDowell that "Mr. Jefferson Davis, or the enemy, is advancing against you. Rally and compare your troops to meet any emergency." General Scott surely had a wholesome respect for our President, even if he did call him "Mister," and at that he did more than General Beauregard, who called President Lincoln "Abraham."

Freezing for a Fight.—A spy told General McDowell a few days before the Bull Run fight that, of the Southern army, the South Carolinians were better armed and equipped and "freezing for a fight." They got what they wanted, and if anybody fought better than they did it is not on record.

Only One Confederate Flag Captured in Bull Run Campaign.—Colonel Heintzelman, U. S. A., reported that his command picked up a secession flag at Fairfax Station and adds that it was the only one captured in the campaign. If the list of "medals-of-honor" holders, U. S. A., is consulted, it will be seen that this is also the only Confederate flag captured that a medal was not issued for.

Hurrah for Georgia!—President Davis tells Gen. Joseph E.

Johnston that "Georgia tenders men for any length of service and to go anywhere." And it did the same thing all through the war.

Grapevine News.—A deserter tells General Davis, U. S. A., that Gen. R. E. Lee is opposing him at Blackburn's Ford. General Patterson is told that Ben McCulloch, with a brigade of Texas sharpshooters, is approaching Harper's Ferry. General McClellan is informed that Albert S. Johnston is marching into West Virginia with a large force. Which goes to show that "all's fair in love and war."

A Hell Snorter.—A captain of Virginia cavalry reports that when he came in sight of the enemy: "I walked my horse out into the clearing in plain view and when not more than twenty paces from them picked out the commanding officer and shot him dead in his tracks. The whole party then yelled, 'Look out for the d— Virginia horsemen,' and at once fled. I rode into them at full speed, giving at the same time a loud 'Walla-Walla' war whoop, and then delivered my second shot, which brought another man to the ground dead. I shot the first through the heart and the other under the right shoulder blade. My third shot missed a man, but killed a sorrel mule. I fired only three times." From the above we deduce: First, that the captain was one of the army corps of descendants of Pocahontas on account of his war cry; secondly, that, although his third shot missed a man, he got considerable of that delicacy that was later in the war worth its weight in gold in Vicksburg; and, thirdly, that he was running a close second to the hero of San Juan Hill during the "Yankospanko" War in 1898.

Modesty.—Another captain of Virginia cavalry, in his report of the Bull Run affair, says: "As to the number killed by my command, I decline speaking, but I know it was very considerable." He doesn't remind us of the man that killed the mule.

Proclamations.—It is said that the art of oratory died in the sixties, and I must confess that the following extracts from proclamations of Southern leaders are a cut above anything that I have ever heard: "Men of Virginia! Men of Kanawha! To arms! The enemy has invaded your soil. Rise and strike for your firesides and altars. Repel the aggressors and preserve your honor and your rights. Come to the aid of your fathers, brothers, and comrades for the protection of your mothers, wives, and sisters." Good! "A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln has thrown his abolition hosts among you. Their war cry is 'Beauty and booty.' Your honor and that of your wives and daughters, your fortunes and your lives are involved in this momentous conflict." Better! "The North has not openly and according to the usage of civilized nations declared war on us. We make no war on them; but should Virginia soil be polluted by the tread of a single man in arms from north of the Potomac, it will cause open war. Men of the Potomac border, to arms! Your country calls you to her defense. Already you have in spirit responded. You await but the order to march, to rendezvous, to defend your State, your liberty, and your homes. Women of Virginia, cast from your arms all cowards and breathe the pure and holy, the high and glowing inspiration of your nature into the hearts and souls of lover, husband, brother, father, and friend. Almighty God, Author and Governor of the world, thou Source of all life, truth, justice and power, be thou our God, be thou with us, then shall we fear not a world against us." Best!

Didn't Appreciate Being Shot At.—A captain of Virginia troops in Alexandria reported that his videttes were fired upon and forced to seek shelter, as the balls struck trees close to their post, and he further says that he demanded an explanation from the corporal of the United States forces opposite to them. These men never did get over not liking to be shot at, but they at least afterwards never asked for an apology.

VOLUME III., "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Breastworks of Hemp.—Gen. Sterling Price, commonly known as "Old Pap," reported that in the battle of Lexington, Mo., bales of hemp were successfully used as movable breastworks. Later in the war the owners of this commodity asked to be paid for same, but history fails to show with what success.

Irish Flag Captured at Belmont from the Confederates.—A Union colonel reported that his regiment captured a fine large flag, decorated with the "Harp of Erin" on a green silk ground. Which goes to show that, as usual in most wars, Pat fought cheerfully on both sides of the question.

Grapevine News.—Gen. Leonidas Polk writes: "We have heard from Virginia that Lee has met and defeated Rosecrans and taken almost the whole of his command prisoners." But the shoe was on the other foot.

Proclamation.—The following order issued by General Polk after the battle of Belmont shows that the Bishop was some talker as well as fighter: "The major general commanding, with profound acknowledgment of the overruling providence of Almighty God, congratulates the army under his command on the glorious victory achieved on the 7th of November. The battle began under disadvantages which would have discouraged veteran troops, yet the obstinate resistance offered by a handful of men to an overwhelming force must long be a lesson to them, and the closing scenes of the day, in which a routed enemy was vigorously pursued, will ever be remembered in connection with that spirit of our people which has proclaimed in triumphant tones upon every battle field: 'We can and will be free.'" But Providence willed it otherwise.

Didn't Like Their Rations.—Some Arkansas troops were complaining of the rations, or rather lack of them, which brought forth the following salty remarks from the issuing officer: "You Arkansas men can live on beef alone and then live better than you ever lived at home. You can do the same as Missourians; and in a war of liberty coffee, sugar, and rice are not indispensable." They fought later and mighty well at that on heap worse than beef.

Flowery Report.—A Missouri general, in his report of the Lexington fight, said: "All the men under my command acted with a patience, courage, and endurance worthy only of the cause engaged in. For more than fifty hours they lay there panting like hounds in summer when they scent the stately deer, eager not for revenge, but to teach again the minions of the tyrant that Missouri shall be free." But—

Retaliation.—A Missouri general issued the following manifesto which was brought forth by an order issued by the Union general, Fremont, sometimes called the "Path Finder," which name was very appropriate when Stonewall Jackson got in behind him in the Valley of Virginia later in the war: "Whereas General Fremont, commanding the minions of Abraham Lincoln in the State of Missouri, has threatened to shoot any citizen-soldier found in arms within certain limits; therefore know ye that I, ———, brigadier general of Mis-

souri troops, do most solemnly promise that for every member of the Missouri State Guard who shall be put to death in pursuance of this said order of General Fremont I will hang, draw, and quarter a minion of said Abraham Lincoln." The brigadier would have done it too.

Both Sides Running.—A general of Missouri State troops reported that his cavalry exchanged shots with the enemy, and both sides turned tail and headed for home; and he added that he intended giving his men a good lecture. And I have no doubt that he did.

Sigel's Flying Dutchmen.—General Steele, U. S. A., reported that, in regard to what had been called Sigel's masterly retreat from Springfield, it more resembled a crowd of refugees than an army of organized troops. He put his brigade in the advance, and his rear was brought up by the regulars, and this was the only evidence of skill manifested by him during his memorable retreat. General Halleck said of Sigel that he always had and always would run.

State Troops.—A Missourian wrote the Secretary of War of the Confederate States: "The State troops were all willing to be transferred to the Confederate service, and not a dissent would have been made if the transfer had been made by order without referring to the men. They had been in the army for five months and had never received any pay or clothing; and when it was left to their individual choice, being naked and barefooted, the natural impulse to each individual was, 'I must go home.'" And they went. Ben McCulloch said: "I have made myself very unpopular by speaking to them frequently about the necessity of order and discipline in their organization. A thousand of them were put to flight by a single cannon shot and ran in the greatest confusion without the loss of a single man except one, who died of overheat or sunstroke." I will not mention the State these people came from, but history tells us that some of this class from my State "also ran."

M. Jeff Thompson.—One of the unique figures of the war was Brig. Gen. M. Jeff Thompson, who wrote to General Pillow (by the way, the latter general was also in this class) as follows: "I am working for the cause and am willing to work in any kind of harness and any part of the team, so you do not tie me behind the wagon. You ask me to let you know our condition and wants. The fact is that although my men are in fine spirits, yet we want everything to make them efficient, shoes especially, tin cups, canteens, and several hundred guns. I herewith send you a requisition for a tent for my own use. I have been sleeping about more like a stray dog than a general, and the State of Missouri has not a yard of material suitable for tents or money to buy it with. If you wish a legal excuse to advance, withdraw your control over me for a few hours and then come to my rescue." Both of these generals were unique, but they proved by their acts that the Confederacy had no braver or more patriotic soldiers than they.

Rebel Yell.—General McCulloch, in his report of the battle of Springfield, Mo., says: "Missourians, Arkansans, Louisianians, and Texans pushed forward. The incessant roll of musketry was deafening, and the balls fell thick as hail stones; but still our gallant Southerners pushed onward and, with one wild yell, broke upon the enemy, pushing them back and strewing the ground with their dead." The famous Rebel yell had possibly been heard before, but this is the first instance of its appearance in history.

SUFFERING ON THE SOUTHWEST BORDER.

BY MRS. FLORA E. STEVENS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

An article in the January *VETERAN* on "The South's Suffering" dwells upon the devastation inflicted by Sherman and Sheridan as the greatest endured by the South during the war; but these troops were chivalrous, high-principled men in comparison with the Kansas soldiers and the members of the 2d Colorado in their treatment of the unfortunate dwellers of Missouri on the Kansas border. The Kansas troops, especially the 5th, 6th, and 7th Volunteer Cavalry, came into Missouri solely to murder—i. e., hang and shoot—and to plunder. Trains of wagons filled with household goods, supplies, grain, etc., rolled over the border and thousands of sheep, cattle, and fine horses till the border of Missouri was simply "cleaned out" of everything worth carrying away. They began even before Missouri seceded and made no distinction between Union and Confederate. In the negro cabins at Lawrence, Kans., were many thousand-dollar pianos. Mr. E. Stine, a well-known citizen of Kansas City and a Union man, told me that on one single trip Jennison, the gambler-colonel of the 7th Kansas, crossed into Kansas with a hundred freight wagons loaded with stolen plunder, followed by all kinds of stock and a thousand negroes on foot, whom Jennison was taking into Kansas to form into regiments and send back into Missouri to steal and destroy.

The border was not in favor of secession for itself, for, though Southern and slave-holding and sympathizing with the other States, it feared secession would leave it unprotected, open to the assaults of the entire Northwest. Senator Vest stated that "but one-fifth of the votes cast in 1860 were for the secession candidates." Not a single Kansas soldier had a right to enter Missouri, yet this district bore the most enormous suffering of the entire country in proportion to its extent.

Where else in the South did a United States Senator head a regiment and fall suddenly upon a peaceful hamlet, slay a score of defenseless citizens, and then return with great loads of plunder and stock, boasting that they came but for loot, as did Jim Lane in 1861 in attacking Osceola, Mo.? while even the *Western Journal of Commerce*, of Kansas City, a black Republican paper, openly accused them of selling blooded horses, stolen from Missouri, on the streets of Leavenworth at twenty-five dollars a head (worth five hundred), adding that "General Lane's own share of the spoil was a fine carriage."

Where else do you find a regiment crossing the State line in covered wagons, as did John T. Burris, of Olathe, Kans., and the 6th Kansas Volunteers, going to Independence, Mo., and back to their homes, every man riding a horse taken from the defenseless Missourians—nine-tenths of them Union—and the wagons, called "Burris's gunboats," loaded with costly spoil? And these raids were repeated again and again upon an unprotected people. After the war Lane committed suicide through remorse for his blood-stained career.

Where else do you find old men and mere boys hanged by the hundreds simply because they or their fathers had come from some seceded State years before?

Where else do you find a general who would pick for his staff such a set of cutthroats that their very name has become a byword, as did Blunt, of the notorious "Red Legs"?

Where else do you find an officer issue an edict that every boy of nineteen years or over who did not join the Union army should be shot, as did at Independence, Mo., William Homer Pennock, of St. Joseph? Where else that old ladies,

feeble, refined, were ordered out into the Red Leg camps to cook for these villains.

In what other State was a woman put in jail for giving a loaf of bread to her own son, a Confederate soldier, as was Mrs. Tarleton, of Jefferson City, mother of Mrs. Phil Chappell, wife of a State Treasurer of Missouri?

In what other State were young girls put in prison or banished from the State by the hundreds for the sole offense of conveying food to their brothers and relatives hiding in the timber to protect them from the negroes?

In what other part of the country were delicate young women sentenced to the penitentiary for humanely aiding Confederates?

In what other part were men hanged for selling corn to Confederates?

Where were Confederates denied burial and their bodies ordered left exposed to be devoured by wolves and vultures, while any who dared bury them were themselves shot?

Where were men killed for feeding Confederates? Where were prisoners shot by the scores?

Where else did men chain ten-year-old girls on the upper floor of a brick building and Union soldiers dig out the foundation beneath till the building fell and killed these girls with infinite torture, as "Bill" Anderson's young sisters were treated by the soldiers in Kansas City in August, 1863?

Where else did a general issue a decree depopulating three counties—Jackson, Clay, and Bates—as did Tom Ewing in August, 1863? And his superior commander, Schofield, said that he "regretted the edict (order No. 11) had not been extended to a fourth county, Lafayette."

In what other State did the legislature forbid men to preach the gospel unless they took oath that they had shown no act of mercy to a Confederate or his family as did the radicals of Missouri in 1864, pass the hideous "ironclad," or "test," oath under which for years honest, kind-hearted ministers were put in jail, fined, and a dozen or more killed, even Union men, because they set God and their conscience above venal law-makers?

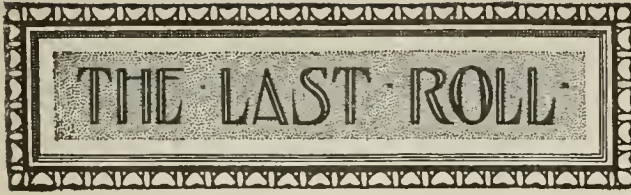
No, people of the South, of the country, for sheer open, gloating, undisguised atrocity toward the helpless give the black honors (?) to the Kansas troops, the "Dutch," part of the Union Missouri militia, a detachment of the 2d Colorado while in the border district of Missouri.

For unexampled suffering, for the highest rank of victims give the supreme place in history and your love and memory to the Southerners of this despoiled country, the northwest outpost of the Confederacy.

THE AVATAR OF HELL.

Six thousand years of commune, God with man,
Two thousand years of Christ; yet from such roots,
Immortal, earth reaps only bitterest fruits.
The fiends rage now as when they first began:
Hate, Lust, Greed, Vanity, triumphant still,
Yell, shout, exult, and lord o'er human will.
The sun moves back. The fond convictions felt
That in the progress of the race we stood,
Two thousand years of height above the flood,
Before the day's experience sink and melt
As frost beneath the fire! And what remains
Of all our grand ideals and great gains,
With Goth, Hun, Vandal warring in their pride,
While the meek Christ is hourly crucified?

—Selected



FROM "MEMORIAL ODE."

We read a lesson in God's open Book—
All the fair page with one great text is rife;
And though we run, we yet read in one look
That death but leads to life.

Thus thinking o'er life's promise-breaking dreams,
Its lights and shadows made of hopes and fears,
I say that death is kinder than he seems
And not the king of tears.

Why shrink, then, from the tender grave aghast?
Why shed hot tears above its friendly sod?
For is it not in sooth, O friends, the last
Great charity from God?

Let perfect faith bind up each bleeding heart,
Smile through your tears upon its grassy slope.
Since Christ hath slumbered, may we not depart
Sustained by Christian hope?

—James Barron Hope.

JAMES A. FISHER.

James Alexander Fisher was a gallant Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Company G, 17th Virginia Regiment of Volunteers, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, in April, 1861, and served faithfully throughout the war in Virginia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania. A part of the time he was with Company K. He was wounded on May 16, 1864, in the battle of Drewry's Bluff and sent to Howard Grove Hospital. Six months later he returned to his command and served continuously from that time until discharged at Appomattox in April, 1865.

Comrade Fisher died at Marshall, Mo., on November 17, 1916, and was buried in Ridge Park Cemetery by his comrades of the John S. Marmaduke Camp, No. 554, U. C. V., of which he had long been a member. Fitting resolutions were passed by the Camp in honor of this faithful comrade, of whom it was said that "he was a friend to all, in hearty sympathy with every good and honest effort, and loyal and true to his cause. A Virginian by birth, he was a worthy son of his native and honored State. For forty years he had been a part of the life of his community, where his faithful, unselfish, and sacrificing service as a public official had been above criticism. No appeal was ever made to him in behalf of a worthy cause that did not have his hearty support. Devoted to his family and home, his was an ideal life. His loyalty to the cause of the Confederacy could never be shaken, and no greater pleasure ever came to him than to review the trying experiences of the war. His last days were spent in pleasant reminiscences of the past. * * * Our Camp has lost a faithful member and our community a citizen whose memory will ever be cherished with honor."

DANIEL MURRAY LEE.

Died on his farm, in Stafford County, Va., two miles from Fredericksburg, Va., on December 17, 1916, Daniel Murray Lee, son of Capt. Sidney Smith Lee, of the Confederate States navy, brother of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee. His mother was the sister of James M. Mason, United States Senator from Virginia and Ambassador to England from the Confederate States, who, with Slidell, was captured on the English steamer Trent by United States authorities, who were compelled by the English government to surrender him back to England.

Daniel Lee was a past midshipman in the Confederate States navy and upheld the records of his ancestry. He was at Hampton Roads on the steamer Johnstown March 8 and 9, 1862; at the naval battle of Drewry's Bluff, May 15, 1862; at Charleston, S. C., during 1863; at the capture of the United States gunboat at Newbern February 4, 1864; at the capture of Plymouth, N. C., on the cruiser Tallahassee; and surrendered with the naval brigade under Raphael Semmes at Appomattox. Daniel was a jovial, lovely boy, and his comrades will shed a tear when they hear that he has crossed the river.

[W. F. Clayton, Florence, S. C., January 9, 1917.]

DR. J. D. WAGNER.

Dr. James D. Wagner, pioneer physician of Selma, Cal., died at Long Beach on October 15, 1916. He was born in Savannah, Tenn., in October, 1844, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm, but his youthful inclinations were to practice medicine. He enlisted in the Southern cause when but sixteen years of age, fought under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in the Army of Tennessee, and also served as a member of Company G, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under Gen. Joseph Wheeler. He narrowly escaped being buried alive in the battle of New Hope Church when a shell struck the tree behind which he was fighting, felling him to the ground. Thinking him dead, his comrades wrapped him in a blanket for burial, when they were obliged to retreat. On recovering consciousness he returned to them alone.

After the war young Wagner went back to the farm, but continued his medical studies, diligently working at his books between school terms, and graduated from the University of Nashville in 1873. He went to California in 1881 and became one of the foremost factors in building up the town of Selma. His practice carried him into the mountains and the country of that section, and he never refused to brave a midnight storm in behalf of those unable to pay him, often providing a sick family with necessities out of his own means.

Dr. Wagner was married in 1869 to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Gray, and to them nine children were born. His wife died in 1886, and in 1896 he married Miss Emma Corbley, who survives him with two daughters and a son of the first marriage.

Dr. Wagner was prominent in the social life of Selma and in its Church work, being a charter member and an officer of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was also a charter member of the Masonic Lodge there, which he served in different offices, and was an officer in the Chapter of the Royal Arcanum. He was always active in community affairs, serving on the school and city boards at different times, and took a leading part in county and State politics. He was a member of the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Fresno County, and was interested in all its work.

COL. A. C. McALISTER.

After an illness of several months, Col. A. C. McAlister, one of the oldest and most substantial citizens of Ashboro, N. C., answered the last roll call on December 8, 1916. He had entered upon his seventy-ninth year. His example and influence will be long felt in the community in which he lived. Colonel McAlister was educated at the University of North Carolina, graduating in the class of 1858. He entered the service of the Confederate States early in the war and rose to the rank of colonel by his gallantry and efficient service. He commanded his regiment, the 46th North Carolina Infantry, in a number of the most serious engagements and always so as to deserve the commendation of his superior officers.

After the war Colonel McAlister lived for a few years in Alamance County, which he represented in the legislature during the Reconstruction period. It is a matter of history that he was especially detailed and served the writ of habeas corpus upon the notorious Kirk, who had terrorized the central part of the State. Later he moved to Randolph County and took part in its politics, for many years being the efficient chairman of the Democratic Committee and winning many hard-fought battles. He was for thirty years an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and at the time of his death he was chairman of the School Board of Ashboro, which position he had held for several years. His last public service was rendered as director of the State Board of Public Charities.

Colonel McAlister is survived by his wife, four sons, and two daughters. Many friends and admirers were present at the last sad rites to this courteous, kindly gentleman, who was loved for his Christian integrity, culture of mind, gentleness of heart, and the all-embracing charity and nobility of his soul.

MEMBERS OF CAMP AT HERNANDO, MISS.

Commander W. L. Glenn, of De Soto Camp, No. 220, U. C. V., at Hernando, Miss., sends a list of losses in membership during 1916 and says: "We are rapidly passing away, and in a few more years the last Confederate will have gone to his reward."

Alfred Dockery, captain Company E, 38th North Carolina Infantry; W. J. Bynum, Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry; J. H. Crumpler, Company A, 10th Mississippi Infantry; J. M. Coggins, Crozier's Mississippi Artillery; T. A. Dunn, Company I, 29th Mississippi Infantry; Francis Holmes, lieutenant Company I, 29th Mississippi Infantry; H. N. Harbin, Company F, 42d Mississippi Infantry; W. H. Love, Hart's Battalion of Alabama Infantry; J. T. Malone, Company I, 29th Mississippi Infantry; R. P. Bogan, Company L, 10th Mississippi Infantry; E. H. Randall, Company A, 7th Tennessee Cavalry; G. W. Dixon, Company F, 18th Mississippi Cavalry; J. A. Burrus, Company F, 42d Mississippi Infantry.

DEATHS IN J. E. B. STUART CAMP, OF TERRELL, TEX.

Vic Reinhardt, Adjutant, reports the losses in J. E. B. Stuart Camp, No. 45, U. C. V., Terrell, Tex., for 1916:

P. G. Nebhut, captain Company H, 14th Texas Infantry.

James T. Rowell, private Company D, 41st Tennessee Infantry.

W. L. Camp, private Company K, 27th Louisiana Infantry.

McD. Kerby, first lieutenant Company I, 11th Tennessee Cavalry.

H. C. Graves, private Company I, 43d Tennessee Infantry.

J. H. Graham, private Company I, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.

JOSEPH MASON KERN.

Joseph Mason Kern was born at Romney, Va. (now West Virginia), July 9, 1842, and died in Brevard, N. C., September 5, 1916. At seventeen years of age he enlisted in the Hampshire Guards, a volunteer company of Romney. The following year this company was ordered to Harper's Ferry and became a part of the 13th Virginia Infantry, Col. A. P. Hill. On July 18, with other organizations under the command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the regiment moved to join General Beauregard at Manassas. In entraining at Piedmont Station the regiment became divided, only half of it reaching Manassas with the rest of the brigade in time to assist in the battle. After wintering at Centerville, Va., the regiment did picket duty for some time at Mason's Hills, seven miles from Washington and in sight of the Capitol's dome. In the spring of 1862 the division was sent to join Gen. T. J. Jackson, took part in the celebrated Valley Campaign, then moved to Richmond to join General Lee.

At Cold Harbor Comrade Kern was wounded in the leg, and while recovering he was given a clerkship in the Treasury Department, C. S. A. In March, 1863, he resigned and, his wound still incapacitating him from infantry duty, enlisted in the cavalry, Company D, 11th Virginia. He was captured a few weeks later and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio. Later he was transferred to Johnson's Island Prison and there held five months. From thence, with other prisoners to the number of two thousand five hundred, he was sent to the prison camp at Point Lookout, Md. He was exchanged and sent to Richmond February 22, 1865, after nearly twenty-two months of prison life.

In the fall of 1865 Comrade Kern moved to Mississippi, living twenty years in Natchez and five years in Jackson. At Natchez he was Adjutant of the local Camp, U. C. V., for several years. In 1908 he moved to Brevard, N. C., where for some years, or until age and infirmity rendered it impossible, he was Adjutant of that Camp. He was a regular attendant at all of the Confederate Reunions.

In 1868 Mr. Kern married Miss Jane Sivley, of Raymond, Miss., who died in 1900. He is survived by two daughters, Miss Florence Kern and Mrs. Harold Vernor Smedberg, both of Brevard.

CAPT. S. E. KIEROLF.

Capt. S. E. Kierolf, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. D. Dodson, near Alamo, Tenn., on July 11, 1916, was born in New York City November 2, 1833. His father was Jacob Elias Kierolf, from Norway, and his mother, Juliet De Bretton, was a Dane, both of the nobility. With their infant son they went to Mississippi and from there to Nashville, Tenn., where the boy was reared to manhood. When young Kierolf was about twenty-three years of age he went to West Tennessee, where he married Miss Mary Harris, and they journeyed happily together through fifty-seven years of married life. He entered the service of the Confederacy at the beginning of the war, joining the company raised in his community, and at the organization of the regiment, the 27th Tennessee, he was made quartermaster. He was captured near Lexington, Tenn., with Col. Alex Campbell and Major Clark, of Jackson, Tenn., by General Hatch, and sent to Johnson Island Prison for two years. Some humorous incidents of that prison life are given in the article published in the VETERAN for December, 1916, page 555, which was sent to the VETERAN shortly before his death.

DR. EUGENE LANIER DEADERICK.

Dr. Eugene L. Deaderick was born at Jonesboro, Tenn., August 16, 1843. He was educated in the schools of that town and at the East Tennessee University, now the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville. Early in the War between the States he volunteered as a soldier in the Confederate army, serving faithfully until the close of hostilities, in 1865. He then devoted himself to the study of medicine and received the degree of M.D. at the Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, Pa. He became a successful physician, having practiced his profession in Jonesboro, Knoxville, and Johnson City. He was married to Miss Rebekah Williams, of North Carolina, and seven children were born to them, but none of them survived him; his wife too died several years ago, leaving him entirely without a family of his own. Besides the sorrow of being bereaved of his dear ones, Dr. Deaderick suffered greatly from physical ailments during the latter part of his life, and death was welcomed as a relief from all his sorrows and sufferings. His faith was strong, and he was ready when the summons came on December 4, 1916.

Dr. Deaderick was a man of modest and gentle demeanor, but at the same time firm in his convictions of right and duty. A friend said of him: "If we were all like Dr. Deaderick, there would be no need of courts and laws." Kind and considerate of the rights of others, he seemed to desire to practice the Golden Rule in all his dealings with his fellow man.

DR. THOMAS PROCTOR.

Dr. Thomas Proctor, who died at Monroe City, Mo., on December 12, 1916, was born near Philadelphia, in Marion County, Mo., on May 26, 1839. Upon the breaking out of the War between the States he entered the Missouri State Guard under Colonel Green and was with General Price in the battle of Lexington. During the retreat south he was stricken with typhoid fever and left behind. On his recovery, finding that he was north of the Federal lines and being unable to rejoin his command, he entered the Iowa University at Keokuk, graduating from that institution with the degree of M.D. in 1864.

Dr. Proctor practiced medicine at Withers Mill and Monroe City until 1881, when he entered the Monroe City Bank as cashier. In 1887 he became its president and held that position until his death. For many years, up to the time of his death, he served as treasurer of the Monroe City School District and was also treasurer of the First Baptist Church. He was married to Miss Luta Bailey in April, 1865, and is survived by his wife and four sons. His brother, David M. Proctor, also of Monroe City, is the only surviving member of a family of eleven.

The life of Dr. Proctor was one of far-reaching influence. He was a factor in the business, social, educational, and religious life of his community, and his example will be an inspiration to those who come after him.

DEATHS IN STOCKDALE CAMP, No. 324, U. C. V.

Commander W. C. Vaught reports the following losses in membership of Stockdale Camp, No. 324, U. C. V., at Magnolia, Miss., within the past twelve months:

H. S. Brumfield, S. C. Walker, and Edward Pierce, 38th Mississippi Infantry; H. A. Dawson, 45th Mississippi Infantry; Thomas Lard, 7th Mississippi Infantry; W. L. Scott, 33d Mississippi Infantry; J. W. Lyles, 9th Louisiana Infantry.

JOHN HARVEY ARTHUR.

John Harvey Arthur died at his home, in Arthur City, Lamar County, Tex., October 30, 1916. He was born in Tennessee August 31, 1824, and moved to Georgia with his parents when quite young. On reaching maturity he engaged in merchandizing in Calhoun, Ga. In March, 1862, young Arthur enlisted in Company E, 40th Georgia Regiment, Barton's Brigade, under Capt. J. F. Groover and Col. Abney Johnson. At Perryville, in October, 1862, he was captured by the Federals and sent to Louisville, Ky., and later to Vicksburg, Miss. He was exchanged in February, 1863.

After the war Mr. Arthur resumed merchandizing at Calhoun, Ga. He was county treasurer for eight years; then moved to Lamar County, Tex., and engaged in merchandizing and cotton-planting at what is now Arthur City until his death.

He was married in November, 1868, to Miss Sue Lane, of a Georgia family, and to them a son and daughter were born. His son died in 1914 and his wife in 1916, leaving only the daughter, now the wife of C. D. Purdon, chief engineer of the St. Louis and Southwestern Railway lines.

J. J. ESTES.

J. J. Estes was born in Kanawha County (now Putnam County, W. Va.) on the 30th of March, 1838, and died December 19, 1916, after a lingering illness of more than two years, and was buried by the side of his wife. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, having joined Capt. W. R. Gunn's company, D, 8th Virginia Cavalry, in August, 1862. He was captured in 1864 and remained a prisoner in Camp Chase, Ohio, until the close of the war.

He was a member of Camp Garnett, No. 902, U. C. V., of Huntington, W. Va., and was held in high esteem by his comrades; was also a member of Mount Vernon Baptist Church, near his home, for about fifty years.

Resolved, That, while we shall miss him from our meetings, we realize that our loss is his gain, for we trust that he has entered into rest "where sickness, sorrow, pain, and death are felt and feared no more."

[Committee: C. A. Reece, N. C. Petit, M. McClung.]

GEORGE J. HOLLEY.

George Jeff Holley, born in South Carolina in 1839, enlisted in the Confederate army in Louisiana as a member of Company B, 9th Missouri Cavalry. He served faithfully during the hard campaigning of his command and remained till the last battle was fought and the surrender came at Appomattox. He was a member of Cunningham Camp, U. C. V., at Kemp, Tex., and was always glad to meet with his comrades. He went to Texas in 1866 and was there married to Miss Martha Jackson in 1869. He reared a large family, all of whom occupy positions of usefulness. His death occurred at Kemp, at the home of his daughter, on October 19, 1916, after many years of suffering. His oldest son, Rev. Edgar Holley, is a Methodist minister of prominence and ability and is now a student at Chicago University.

DENNIS DUGAN.—Dennis Dugan, who died at Galesburg, Ill., in November, 1916, served in the Confederate army as one of the Louisiana Tigers and was severely wounded in the battle of Antietam. He had accumulated quite a fortune during his lifetime, in addition to which, it is said, he was drawing a pension from the State of Louisiana and also from the Santa Fe Railroad.

J. L. ROBERSON.

J. L. Roberson enlisted from Chickasaw County, Miss., in the spring of 1861, joining Company H, 11th Mississippi Regiment, and served with General Lee in the Virginia Army. He was at Cold Harbor, Seven Pines, and Gettysburg; was captured near Richmond just before the surrender and kept in prison until the last of June, 1865. He was born July 14, 1837, and died November 25, 1916, at Wynne, Ark. He removed from Mississippi to Arkansas in 1885. Only a short time before his death he had celebrated his golden wedding anniversary. His wife and four sons survive him. Comrade Roberson was a member of Marion Cogbill Camp, No. 1316, U. C. V., and loved to meet with his comrades of the sixties. He was a man of kindly disposition and loved by all who knew him.



J. L. ROBERSON.

W. P. BREWER.

DEATHS IN CAMP AT TALLADEGA, ALA.

The committee from Camp No. 246, U. C. V., of Talladega, Ala., reports the death of two members in November, 1916:

G. K. Miller, born in Talladega in December, 1836, was the first white child born in that town. He entered the Confederate service in July, 1861, and remained until the war closed. A brave and faithful soldier, he was also an honest and upright citizen and a true and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. The Camp has lost a worthy member, the community a worthy and useful citizen.

J. K. Jones, born April 20, 1845, entered the Confederate army in March, 1862, as a private of Company K, 30th Alabama Regiment, and remained in service to the close of the war. He made a gallant soldier and was none the less faithful to the duties of civil and religious life. His loss was deeply felt in the community, and his place, in Camp and Church cannot be filled.

THOMAS A. GILL.

After a lingering illness, Thomas Allison Gill died at the home of his nephew, E. W. Gill, near Whon, Tex., on November 15, 1916. He was born in Green County, Ala., February 14, 1837, and went with his parents to Arkansas in 1843. At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in Capt. Joe Neal's company at Marshall, Ark., and was sent to the northern part of the State to Col. Tom P. Dockery's regiment, which was soon disbanded. He then joined the 19th Arkansas early in 1862 and was sent to General Pike at Fort McCulloch; was removed from there in June and served the remainder of the war in General Price's command, following him in his raid through Missouri. When the regiment was disbanded in June, 1865, he returned to his home, in Arkansas, and removed to Ellis County, Tex., in 1871.

Comrade Gill was never married and spent the latter part of his life with the family of his brother, the late J. M. Gill. He was a member of the Methodist Church and lived a true Christian life. Of the family of two brothers and four sisters, only a sister is left, Mrs. M. J. Patterson, of Childress, Tex.

WILLIAM ANDREW GRIFFIN.

In Oakdale, Stanislaus County, Cal., on December 24, 1916, the spirit of that brave soldier and Christian gentleman, William Andrew Griffin, went to the God who gave it. The Oakdale Leader referred to him as "a man of keen intellect, a close student of public affairs, and one who lived his life bravely, as he had fought for his country."

William A. Griffin was born in Monroe, Walton County, Ga., October 4, 1836, going when a young man to Augusta. When the War between the States began he enlisted in the Oglethorpe Infantry, which left Augusta on April 1, 1861, for Macon, where it was mustered in as a company of the 1st Georgia Regiment of Volunteers, C. S. A., under Col. James N. Ramsey, of Columbus, Ga. The regiment went to Pensacola, Fla., and there saw service for several months. In June, 1861, it was ordered to Virginia and took an active part in the West Virginia campaign. In March, 1862, the regiment was sent to Augusta, Ga., and mustered out, being a twelve months' regiment. In April young Griffin reenlisted for the war in the Oglethorpe Infantry, Company B, commanded by his cousin, Capt. Ewin W. Ansley, who was killed in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. The company went to Corinth, Miss., in April, 1862, being assigned to the 5th Georgia Regiment of Volunteers and later incorporated as Company C in the 2d Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters, Jackson's Brigade.

In 1863 Comrade Griffin was made orderly (first) sergeant of the company and was serving as such when he received a desperate wound in front of Atlanta July 31, 1864, his right elbow being shattered. He took part in the fighting in Kentucky, also at Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and was in all the engagements of his command from Dalton to Atlanta, Ga., until disabled for further service. As a soldier he was brave and faithful, as a friend true and steadfast, and as a Christian pure. Only some six or seven of those who belonged to Company C from April, 1862, to April, 1865, are now living. Comrade Griffin is survived by his wife, two daughters, and a son.

[A tribute of love to "dear Grif" from his comrade and friend, Frank Stovall Roberts, Company C, 2d Georgia Battalion of Sharpshooters.]

CAIN BATES.

Comrade Abel Bates, of Mansfield, La., reports the death of his twin brother, Cain Bates, on October 4, 1916, at the age of seventy-one years. They served in the same company of the 44th Battalion of Virginia Volunteers, of Petersburg, from the latter part of 1863, and two other brothers, Tom and Nat, were also in the Confederate army. Tom Bates passed away about two years ago in the Soldiers' Home in Richmond, Va., and Nat died several years ago at his home, near Como, Miss. They belonged to Pickett's Division, and both were wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. The oldest brother, Bob, died in Richmond during the war. All were born in Halifax County, Va. Two brothers, Abel and Dave, survive. Cain Bates died at Homer, La.

HEALY-CLAYBROOK CAMP, U. C. V.

Dr. D. B. Dutton, of Lot, Va., reports the following deaths among the members of Healy-Claybrook Camp, No. 57, U. C. V., during the past year: Adjutant John Hardy, Warren Carter, R. D. Hilliard, Zadoc Clayville, Elisha Clayville, and Ephraim Young. Mr. Young was one of the crew on the Virginia (Merrimac) in her famous fight with the Monitor in Hampton Roads.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*
Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal. *First Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Second Vice President General*
MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HALEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor.*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, West Point, Miss. *Historian General*
MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn. *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: February seems late to acknowledge the many loving Christmas and New Year greetings you sent me, but I want you to know how deeply I prize them. The apparent delay is due to my communications having necessarily to reach the VETERAN a month before you read them.

Please do not think that I am neglectful of you when your letters are not answered immediately. I receive many each day, some of them requiring careful consideration and the most urgent demanding the earliest reply. During November and December the greater portion of my time was taken up in forming committees and communicating with our general officers, that the machinery of the society be put in order for the year's work; but I endeavor to answer every communication as promptly as possible.

The first thing I want to draw your attention to is the audit of the report of our former Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate. I know that every one of you has a full realization and appreciation of the seven years of faithful and conscientious service she gave us, and it is with a feeling of pride that I quote the remark of the auditor: "The first glance at her books showed me how little trouble I would have, as they were so systematically kept." The correctness of this assertion was affirmed in his subsequent indorsement: "Every disbursement was supported by proper evidence of payment and duly authorized by proper authority." Mrs. Tate fully realized that when a society had grown to the size ours has attained strictly business methods must be used to conduct it.

Sir Moses Ezekiel sent you through me his Christmas and New Year's greeting.

Miss Gautreaux has just written me that she has forwarded Louisiana's final pledge of \$135 for Arlington to Mrs. Little, Treasurer General, and I trust that many others have sent in theirs. While it was a task to raise the required sum, I am confident, Daughters, that we will never regret the time and effort expended upon this magnificent monument.

In a recent letter from Mrs. Trader she states that she is improving, but must stay at the hospital longer to insure a complete cure of her malady. It was a bitter disappointment to her to learn that, after her hopes had been aroused by an error in the newspapers, the resolution by the late Mrs. Van Wyck, read by Mrs. C. C. Clay, of California, urging that one hundred dollars a month be given to her, was not acted upon by the convention. Pledges were made and a small amount given from the floor, but not enough to insure the barest existence. Therefore, Daughters, let me again urge you to remember your pledges made at the Washington convention in 1912.

I hope next month to give you the exact amount yet to be collected for the payment of the window to the Confederate women of the sixties to be placed in the Red Cross Building.

When the Veterans, Sons, and Southern Memorial Association meet in Washington in June, we wish to unveil this window, and to do so it must be paid for in full.

When Gen. Bennett H. Young, former Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, so eloquently told us at Dallas of the great shaft it was planned to erect in memory of Jefferson Davis at his old home, Fairview, Ky., and urged our assistance, we heartily indorsed this memorial, but made no definite pledges. I have appointed directors of committees representing each State, and from what I know of the women composing them I am confident that material help will be given.

On December 7 I attended the annual convention of the District of Columbia Division, at which I addressed the delegates, and on December 8 I went to Baltimore for the annual meeting of the Maryland Division. During the week of December 11 I was the guest of Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke in Norfolk, Va., where I represented you at the Southern Commercial Congress. While there I attended many brilliant functions, receiving at all, among them being the reception given by the Norfolk Woman's Auxiliary, Miss Nannie Kensett, Chairman, at the Monticello Hotel; luncheon by Miss Serpell, State Regent, D. A. R.; reception at the home of Mrs. Wilke given by the Hope Maury Chapter, U. D. C., and the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, U. D. C.; luncheon in honor of Mrs. Julian Heath at Southland Hotel by the National Housewives' League; reception by the members of the Virginia Club; reception by Admiral and Mrs. Walter McLean at the Navy Yard; reception by the Great Bridge Chapter, D. A. R.; reception by the Women's Club; and a trip on the steamer Memphis to review the battleships off Old Point. The Presidents General of our sister societies were present during the Congress, and I had the pleasure also of meeting many members of our own organization.

On New Year's Day I attended an eggnog luncheon given by Miss Frances Washington Weeks at her home, in Washington, in honor of Camp 171, United Confederate Veterans, and on New Year's night I received with Mrs. James Mulcare, the newly elected President, Miss Mary Custis Lee, and the Division officers at the reception given in honor of the Confederate Veterans by the District of Columbia Division at the Confederate Memorial Home.

An important part of our work for the year 1917 should be in the interest of a more general circulation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN among the members of this organization. As our official organ, the columns of the VETERAN are always open to the Daughters of the Confederacy, furnishing such a means of communication between Divisions and Chapters and for exploiting our work as could be gotten in no other way so effectively, and for this there is no expense to the organization. All that is asked is that the membership through individual

and Chapter subscriptions get the benefit of what is published. When we consider that other patriotic organizations support their official organs by a heavy tax on the general treasury, we can realize that little is being asked of us while much is being given.

Take this thought to heart, my dear Daughters, and let us make this year (1917) the banner year in the life of the VETERAN. With the rapid thinning of the ranks of the Confederate veterans, there is consequent decrease in the subscription patronage of this publication, and we must see that the loss is made up in the ranks of the Daughters and Sons. In the support we give it will we show our appreciation of the bequest by its founder. Send to the office at Nashville for sample copies and subscription offers.

Faithfully yours,
CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR PRINTING LAST ADDRESS OF MISS RUTHERFORD, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C., 1911-16.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE OLD SOUTH.

DALLAS, TEX., November 9, 1916.

When Mrs. Williams, Recording Secretary General, announced that there would not be a sufficient amount of money in the U. D. C. treasury to print her minutes and Miss Rutherford's address also, volunteer offerings were suggested after a motion was made that the address must be printed. These offerings came so rapidly that when a sufficient amount was thought to be in hand the President General and the Recording Secretary General called a halt, while yet a long line stood eager to give. By a motion of Mrs. Eakins these subscriptions were to be sent direct to Miss Rutherford to be used as she desired in her historical work.

Mrs. Odenheimer, the President General, notified Miss Rutherford that she would request Mrs. Little, the Treasurer General, to forward the list of subscribers to her at once in order that she make the collections and use them as by Mrs. Eakins's suggestion.

The list as sent by Mrs. Williams shows only \$592 promised, while the announcement was made from the platform when the halt was called that \$612 had been recorded, and later some supplemental gifts raised the amount to \$630.

Many of the recorded gifts are lacking in complete address; so the list is printed at Miss Rutherford's request, that the names and amounts accidentally omitted and others added may be sent to her at once.

Owing to the expense of printing this year, the amount recorded below will not be sufficient to print and distribute the twenty thousand copies ordered, and the order for printing was made on the promise of a cash payment; so any supplemental gifts will be appreciated and can be added to the list of collections reported next month.

It was the thought of the subscribers that the amount would also be sufficient to secure stronger binders for the fifty-five volumes of history prepared by Miss Rutherford to be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. The present binders are considered inadequate to properly protect the valuable material, as Miss Rutherford stated in her historical report.

All checks are requested to be made payable to ex-Historian General U. D. C. and sent to Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs Emma H. Townsend, Corsicana, Tex.....	\$ 10 00
C. S. A. Chapter, Dallas, Tex.....	100 00
S. A. Gerrald, a veteran.....	10 00
Ohio Division (paid).....	20 00
California Division (paid).....	25 00
Arkansas Division.....	25 00
Mrs. C. L. Randle, Kentucky (paid).....	10 00
Mrs. S. M. Ward, Kentucky.....	5 00
William B. Bate Chapter, Nashville, Tenn.....	5 00
Nashville Chapter, No. 1.....	5 00
Harriet Overton Chapter, Nashville.....	10 00
T. M. Wall.....	10 00
Texas Division.....	25 00
Mrs Cornelia Branch Stone (paid).....	5 00
North Carolina Division.....	25 00
Bessemer Chapter, Alabama.....	5 00
Mrs. Peter Youree, Louisiana (paid).....	50 00
Georgia Division.....	10 00
Georgia Children of the Confederacy.....	5 00
Baltimore Chapter (paid).....	15 00
Maryland Division.....	10 00
Missouri Chapter.....	5 00
Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, Tenn. (paid).....	10 00
Hood Texas Brigade, Junior C. of C.....	5 00
Virginia Division.....	30 00
Dallas Chapter, Dallas, Tex.....	25 00
Philadelphia Chapter (paid).....	10 00
Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, New York.....	10 00
William R. Scurry Chapter, Texas.....	5 00
Barnard E. Bee Chapter, San Antonio.....	5 00
Mary West Chapter, Waco, Tex.....	5 00
O. C. Horn Chapter.....	5 00
Stonewall Band, C. of C., New Orleans.....	5 00
Hannibal Boone Chapter.....	5 00
Frank Bennett C. of C., Wadesboro, N. C.....	2 00
Mrs. Bannermann, Louisiana (paid).....	5 00
J. J. Finley Chapter, Gainesville, Fla. (paid).....	5 00
Mrs. Charles E. Parr.....	5 00
Julia Jackson Chapter, Fort Worth.....	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter.....	5 00
Monroe Chapter, North Carolina.....	5 00
Mrs. R. V. Houston, Monroe, N. C.....	5 00
Atoka, Okla., C. of C.....	5 00
Oklahoma C. of C. (paid).....	5 00
Children of the Confederacy, Tulsa, Okla. (paid)....	5 00
Cash	30 00

Total\$592 00

Check received from Mrs. Little, Treasurer General U. D. C., December 30, 1916, \$175.

THE BOOK COMMITTEE, U. D. C.

Miss Mildred Rutherford has been appointed Chairman of the Southern Literature Committee, U. D. C., and through the VETERAN she asks authors of books relating to the South to send them to her for examination, so that recommendation may be given to those true to the South and her ideals. She also asks that these books be considered as gifts to a Confederate library and so autographed, which library will be placed by action of the next convention and added to year by year. As soon as the committee is complete the names will be sent for publication, so that each State chairman can do her part in commending or rejecting books.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CORA M. DU BOSE, CHARLESTON, MISS.

Inasmuch as the Mississippi Division presented the name of one of her gifted members as Historian General, the convention, U. D. C., held at Dallas, Tex., in November, was of special interest to Mississippi Daughters. Mrs. Rose's name was received without opposition and amid much applause. She is recognized as a woman of wonderful personality and rare executive ability, serving her Division ably as Historian and President, and as the author of "The Ku-Klux Klan" is known as a writer of ability. The Division is justly proud of the high honor accorded her, but feels that it is deserved.

The Daughters of the Mississippi Division have been untiring in their support of Arlington and Shiloh and have at last been rewarded for their efforts. Since these monuments have been paid for, attention can be turned toward the memorial window to be placed in the Red Cross Building at the nation's capital as a tribute of love and honor to those noble mothers, wives, and sweethearts who bravely endured all the hardships of the War between the States. Congress has honored itself by honoring the women of the sixties and in so doing has brought forth the love and admiration of the solid South.

The Mississippi Division is wide awake to all things pertaining to the good of the work and is progressing surely toward its goal under the brilliant leadership of its gifted president, Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, of Carrollton.

Many new Chapters have been organized during the last few months. New energy has been infused into the work, and all loyal Daughters are determined to make the year of 1917 a banner year in history.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. LOUISE AYER VANDIVER.

South Carolina Chapters have accomplished good work in various lines. At the State convention, which met in Union in November, 1916, Mrs. McWhirter, Division President, presented to Dick Anderson Chapter, of Sumter, the South Carolina banner for greatest increase in membership. Miss Bertie Smith, Vice President of the Piedmont District, presented three gavels to Chapters in her district for most excellent work, one going to Calvin Crozier Chapter, of Newberry, for the greatest disbursement of money for U. D. C. work during the year. This Chapter gave over \$200 for educational purposes alone and gained the State banner as well as the District gavel. Miss Smith presented a gavel to the William Wallace Chapter, of Union, for gaining the greatest number of new members of any Chapter in the District for the year, and she gave one to Hampton-Lee Chapter, of Greer, for the best all-round work of the year.

At Thanksgiving the Cheraw Chapter made glad the hearts of a number of needy veterans by generous gifts of groceries. The Mary Ann Bowie Chapter, of Johnston, following its yearly custom, served a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner to the inmates of its County Home.

The Edgefield Chapter and Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Anderson, sent, as usual, generous gifts, prettily arranged, to their County Homes at Christmas, and the old people in these institutions look forward to this Santa Claus visit with as

much eagerness as the little ones anticipate the yearly visit of the same old saint.

In the U. D. C. department of The State Mrs. McWhirter has a Christmas letter of greeting and encouragement to her numerous Daughters, and she urges them especially to put forth every effort to gain new members during the coming year, that South Carolina's vote may be large for the candidate for President whom she expects to present to the next general convention.

General Reed, South Carolina's commanding officer of Confederate Veterans, has asked the Chapters of the State to assist in providing Confederate uniforms for veterans who cannot get them for themselves, to be worn at State and general reunions and all other Confederate gatherings which they may attend and to serve these faithful sons of Dixie as burial robes, feeling that perhaps their last long sleep may be sweeter if the worn old frame is laid to rest in Confederate gray. Many of the Chapters have taken up the work.

Dick Anderson Chapter, of Sumter, has offered ten prizes to county schools for the best celebration of Lee's birthday.

Several Chapters are making special efforts to collect and preserve personal recollections of the war as told by veterans. It was in collecting these reminiscences that the Mary Ann Bowie Chapter, of Johnston, made its wonderful record last year, fifty-two papers being handed to the State Historian, thus winning for South Carolina the historical banner.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

BY MRS. ANNE D. WEST, CINCINNATI.

The annual convention of the Ohio Division, U. D. C., was held in Dayton October 10-12, 1916, the hostess Chapter being the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter of Dayton, Mrs. E. H. Estabrook, President. Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells, State President, conducted the convention with her usual tact and executive ability. All six Chapters of the State had delegates, and the Chapter Presidents' reports were full of interest. All Chapters have given largely to needy veterans, women of the Confederacy, scholarships, and the General Relief Fund. Emphasis was laid on the need of a State educational fund, and this was left in the hands of an able committee.

A beautiful memorial service was held in memory of those lately deceased. The convention came to a close after much business had been accomplished, and thanks were given to the hostess Chapter for a delightful time socially.

DAUGHTERS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Pittsburgh Chapter, No. 1605, U. D. C., made a plea for truthful statements in Southern history at its annual historical meeting on December 15, 1916, in the William Penn Hotel, Pittsburgh. Mrs. Fannie L. Hoof, Chapter Historian, read Miss Mildred Rutherford's address on "The South in the Building of the Nation," and Mrs. J. Marvin Hall read the essay on "The Confederate Private," which won the prize offered by Hope Maury Chapter, of Norfolk, Va. A musical program followed.

Mrs. John Pryor Cowan, President of the Chapter, and Mrs. J. Marvin Hall, Registrar, attended on December 12 a meeting for the observance of the one hundred and twenty-ninth anniversary of the Statehood of Pennsylvania as guests of the Women's Relief Corps, Nos. 1 and 60, of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

The Historic Yearbooks for 1917 have been distributed, and all is in readiness for the Chapters to begin the year's study. The programs give events in chronological order, thus forming a great chain, and you cannot afford to miss a single link. Your Historian is deeply grateful for so many complimentary letters as to the plan of study and feels more than repaid already for the time and study spent in the preparation of the programs. The notes will be brief this month, as the U. D. C. and C. of C. programs for February and March are being placed in this number, so as to restore the regular order of having programs appear in advance. Read every word in the Yearbook, as all necessary information is contained therein, and thus undue correspondence may be avoided. Study the historical contests and prepare to enter one of them, and have the children study programs arranged for them. The form of opening meetings, whether by ritual or prayer, is left to the preference of each Chapter, also as to selections for music and readings, however the suggestion being offered that selections be from our Southern authors. Remember the motto and keyword of the Historical Department and let every month's study be such as will count in the final reckoning of the historical work for 1917.



MRS. S. E. F. ROSE.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1917.

TOPICS FOR FEBRUARY PAPERS.

Events of 1861: Secession of Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26; Texas, February 10.

Tell of the organization of the Confederate States government, February 4, at Montgomery, Ala., first capital of the Southern Confederacy, by the seven seceded States. Personnel of first Confederate Cabinet. Inauguration of Jefferson Davis, President, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President, Confederate States of America, February 18.

Who were the peace commissioners sent by Jefferson Davis to confer with the Federal government, and what was the result?

Describe the first Confederate flag. When, where, and by whom was it raised?

Round-table discussion: "Was the South the first to threaten secession, and were the statesmen of the South the only noted statesmen who held that under certain conditions a State had a right to secede?"

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1917.

TOPICS FOR MARCH PAPERS.

Events of 1861: Bombardment of Fort Sumter, April 12. Who was the Confederate commander, and who was in command of the fort? Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers to coerce the South, April 15, and the proclamation of blockade of the entire Southern coast. Virginia seceded April 17. Baltimore riot April 19, where the first blood of the war was shed. Tell of this conflict. Arkansas seceded May 6; North Carolina, May 20; Tennessee, June 8, uniting with the Confederacy. Confederate capital moved to Richmond, Va., in May, 1861. Tell of the first meeting of the Confederate Congress there.

Round-table discussion: "Was the firing on Fort Sumter by the Confederates or reinforcements sent to the fort by the Federal government the beginning of the war?" "Was faith as to Sumter fully kept?" "Why was it expedient to move the capital from Montgomery to Richmond?"

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY, 1917.

What State called the Peace Convention of 1861?

Where was Jefferson Davis when his State, Mississippi, seceded, and what did he do?

Where was the "Bonnie Blue Flag" first sung, and what incident suggested the writing of it, and who was its author?

Where and when was the Southern Confederacy formed?

Who were made President and Vice President of the Confederate States, and when were they inaugurated?

Where was Jefferson Davis when he was elected President of the Confederacy? Did he seek the office?

Who were the peace commissioners sent by him to the Federal government to try to avert the war?

Tell what you know about the first Confederate flag.

"Grandmother's Stories about the War."

Song: "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

Reference, "The South in the Building of the Nation," Volume 11.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1917.

Who made the call for 75,000 volunteers to coerce the South back into the Union?

What States seceded in rapid succession after this?

Give dates of their secession and number of States now composing the Southern Confederacy.

Give date of the bombardment of Fort Sumter and where this fort was.

Where was the first blood of the war shed?

What two States passed acts of secession and became Confederate States in October and November, 1861?

What other State attempted to secede?

Were the people living in the Southern States the only ones who owned slaves?

Was not the South trying to free her slaves long before the War between the States?

"Grandfather Stories About the War."

Song, "Maryland, My Maryland."

Reference, "Brief History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XII.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Washington, D. C.

MEMORIAL WORK IN ALABAMA.

BY MRS. R. P. DEXTER, VICE PRESIDENT FOR ALABAMA C. S. M. A.

The first day of the new year, 1917, my year's work passes in panoramic view before me, but foremost of all are my memorial duties. Alabama has accomplished much in the past. The question is asked, Are the women of this generation losing interest in the cause their mothers loved so well and for which they labored so unceasingly? No. Last year we celebrated our fiftieth anniversary in perpetuating the memories of the heroes of the sixties, "lest we forget." And the occasion was our grandest success, with the largest crowd and greatest interest manifested. Our work will live and grow, for the women of the Southland will ever pay the debt they owe to the "heroes of yesterday," whose "death is the crowning glory of their lives."

Can we as true, loyal Daughters forget how our mothers, clothed in somber black, the emblem of grief for lost ones, began in '66 to gather dear ones on Alabama soil and place markers? Look on Capitol Hill at the grand monument erected by those heart-bruised mothers to Alabama's dead, to the navy, cavalry, artillery, and infantry. How they struggled and saved! The country was devastated and impoverished in '66; but the Southern woman had learned at her country's shrine the lesson of sacrifice, and shortly the work of wonder and beauty arose. It was a marvel where the accumulated fifty thousand dollars came from; but "earnestness, the key to success," was ever their motto.

Surmounting this shaft is the beautiful Goddess of Peace. When our National Guards were called to mobilize and marched up Dexter Avenue to the Capitol, I thought I saw her hand tremble as though she might draw the sword from its scabbard. This prayer arose in my heart: "God forbid."

President Davis unveiled this beautiful monument, and our mothers said: "The debt is paid." But presently a low phantom voice came from Chickamauga saying: "Don't pass us by. We fell on Kelly's bloody battle field; in the fiercest of the fight fell Alabama's boys." Again these mothers arose, but years had thinned their ranks, and their steps were feeble. "We will begin this work, but, our children, you must finish it." And we did. At the Confederate Veteran Reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1913 we, the children, unveiled the monument built by the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery, Ala. Scarcely half a dozen of those devoted mothers lived to see the completion of their work. Since the unveiling four have gone to their heavenly home, one of whom was our beloved Vice President of Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee. In our pride we did not selfishly take the best site, but left a glorious one for our State monument, which the legislature has promised to erect.

Memorial Day has spread into every city, town, and hamlet in the State. Some say the memorial work has merged into the U. D. C. My friend, you can be a Daughter every day in the year; but if you observe the 26th of April as Memorial Day, then you are for that day a memorial woman and should feel proud of the title. It is the oldest patriotic organization in the South.

The Marion monument ever rises before me, for it is most pathetic, "The Unreturned Dead"—grief without a solace.

The Montgomery Woman's College, with her Junior Memorial and the Mary Graves Lee Junior Memorial, is to the Ladies' Memorial Association its star of hope, for their young, loving hands will carry on our sacred work. The example set by the students of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute is most worthy of emulation by all Southern colleges for our boys.

A letter from Mrs. B. B. Ross, a brilliant, loyal Daughter of Auburn, tells of the beautiful observance of Memorial Day held in that town. Auburn is historic, for in classic Langdon Hall the finest orators of the South have been heard. From Georgia came Seaborn Jones, Alexander Stephens, Ben Hill, and Bob Toombs; among these was our magnificent William L. Yancey. The Auburn students of the days of the sixties, though mere boys, closed their books and nobly responded to their country's call. After a lapse of fifty years Auburn's faculty in 1913 gave to these veterans the diplomas they sacrificed in '61. Auburn students hail from many States in the Union, even from Old Mexico, India, China, and England. The participation in the memorial exercises is not compulsory, but voluntary on the part of the student body. The letter from Mrs. Ross follows:

MEMORIAL DAY IN AUBURN, ALA.

"Memorial Day is indeed a day of days in Auburn's calendar, for beautiful and impressive exercises are annually held in Langdon Hall, where the faculty and the large student body of one thousand splendid young men join the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Veterans in paying loving tribute to the matchless heroes of 1861-65.

"The college band, one of the best in the South, is an inspiring addition to a program in which the students take the leading part, a young man from the senior class generally being the orator of the occasion. The commandant of the college is marshal of the day. The students march by companies as the band leads the way to Auburn's cemetery to decorate the soldiers' monument and to place wreaths on the ninety-six graves in the Confederate lot. Songs are sung, a prayer is offered, salutes are fired, and 'Taps' is sounded.

"Memorial Day is observed in answer to the purest dictates

of the heart to teach the truth of history and to keep ever before these splendid young men, the future citizens of our country, the high ideals that actuated their noble Confederate ancestors and to remind them of the devoted and unselfish service their fathers rendered to their State and country.

"So far as known, this is the only Memorial Day observed in connection with a State institution of learning."

One might ask, Does not the annual observance of our Southern patriotic days engender bitterness? No, not at all, for our Confederate veterans will this spring march up Pennsylvania Avenue, though fifty years late, cheered by the wearers of the blue, and this will be their thought, "Peace on earth and good will to men," one country, one flag, one President; "but memory makes love eternal."

A MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY T. J. MOSLEY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mrs. Margaret Fullerton Abney was born near Pickensville, Pickens County, Ala., on October 18, 1829. Her father was one James Fullerton, born of a respectable family in Belfast, Ireland, in the year 1799. He came to America at the age of



MRS. ABNEY AND A LITTLE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

seventeen, chose the South as the land of his adoption, and when yet a young man found means of bringing his mother, one brother, and three sisters across the ocean to him. Shortly afterwards he was married to Adaline Heflin, a daughter of Alabama. Sons and daughters were born to them, of whom the last survivor is the Margaret of this sketch.

At the age of seventeen Margaret Fullerton became the wife of Paul Collins Abney, a youngster of the same age; for those

were the days when youth wedded on instinct and was blest—days when the joy of life and the call of adventure pulsed with the blood. The young couple at once steered a bold course westward and first settled in Louisiana, where their eldest son was born; two years later found them established in their life home, a delightful seat a mile west of the present town of Lufkin, Angelina County, Tex. There amid the magnolias and the pines they reared a family of nine stalwart sons and three unspoiled daughters, not to mention a sister's three orphaned children—all heirs of God's out-of-doors and the best traditions and ideals of the Old South.

At the outbreak of the War between the States P. C. Abney found himself disqualified for active service on account of an arm crippled in a hunting accident. He therefore continued in his duties as assessor and collector of Texas, at the same time supervising government commissary stores and looking after the interests of the women and children left behind. His part in the war was not the least noble played during those heroic days, as Angelina County can testify.

Meanwhile the eldest son, James Abney, heard with impatience his country's call, but it was not until 1864 that his years qualified him for effective service. But at that earliest possible moment James might have been seen riding away from the pleasant farm home astride his father's strongest horse, a rugged, stout-hearted seventeen-year-old boy. He carried with him two serviceable gray suits, of which he was very proud; for when a mother spins, weaves, cuts, and stitches two suits complete for a fellow, he has every right to consider himself well taken care of. James Abney had a splendid blanket too from the same loom. Neither did he lack for saddle and shoes—there were lots of cowhides, oak bark, and big tanning vats in Angelina County in those days and more people who knew how to get about making shoes and saddles than do at the present time. Consider also that James was further equipped with a tremendously long, hard-kicking rifle and his mother's blessing, and you have a picture of the "Happy Warrior" that Wordsworth himself could not improve. Young Abney was sworn into Capt. H. G. Lane's company, E. Anderson's Regiment, Kirby Smith's division, in March, 1864, and performed efficiently all the duties of a soldier until discharged in June, 1865.

Thus did the dear old lady whose picture is shown on this page earn her title as a "Mother of the Confederacy." To substantiate her claim still further, there is living to-day at Lufkin her son-in-law, E. H. F. McMullen, who celebrated his golden wedding last year and is himself a great-grandfather. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company D, 7th Texas Cavalry, Sibley's Brigade, better known afterwards as Green's Brigade. He was mustered in at San Antonio in September, 1861, and served throughout the war. Returning safe and sound to the girl he left behind him, he was wedded to Miss Sarah Abney in the fall of 1865.

Mrs. Abney has thirty-nine grandchildren, forty-three great-grandchildren, and one great-great-granddaughter; so that she possesses the unusual distinction of living into the fifth generation. So here you see her sitting at ease in the home of her veteran son at Brownwood, Tex., happy in the company of little Miss Helen Elizabeth Abney, a great-granddaughter. Serenely she looks through her window at the stream of younger life flowing past, rich in memory, plenteous in good deeds, and comforted by the thought that her eighty-seven years have not been without their part in the establishment of the civilization of Texas, the mightiest star in the constellation of the South.

CAPT. BROMFIELD LEWIS RIDLEY.

A TRIBUTE BY HIS FRIEND AND COMRADE, CAPT. RICHARD BEARD.

Capt. Bromfield L. Ridley, who died at his home, in Murfreesboro, Tenn., on January 12, 1917, was born near the old town of Jefferson, Rutherford County, Tenn., which is now a "deserted village," but in the early life of Tennessee prided itself on being the county seat, having a courthouse and large brick hotel for the accommodation of distinguished visitors. Among those who attended the courts there were Gen. Andrew Jackson, Thomas H. Benton, and a number of other worthies whose names were famous in the early history of the State.

Young Ridley was a playmate and schoolmate of the hero-martyr Sam Davis. They attended a school near Old Jefferson taught by Rufus McClain, of Lebanon, afterwards a captain in the 7th Tennessee Regiment, and were together in the Military Academy at Nashville when the war broke out, from which Sam Davis enlisted in Company I, 1st Tennessee Regiment. Ridley went home and was in the rear of the Federal army when, on the 31st of December, 1862, McCook's Corps, on the right of the Federal line of battle, was shattered by Cleburne's and Cheatham's Divisions. Vast numbers of McCook's command ingloriously left the field and, straggling through woods and cornfields, made their way toward Nashville. "Brom" Ridley and other youngsters from the neighborhood of Jefferson, such as President Davis called the "seed corn of the Confederacy," armed themselves with shotguns and other implements of warfare and captured vast numbers of the stragglers, including a Federal colonel, who was afterwards cashiered for cowardice.

Soon after this young Ridley enlisted in a company of Ward's Regiment, in Morgan's command, his brother, George C. Ridley, being a lieutenant in the company. He had his first baptism of fire in the battle of Milton, Tenn., where Morgan, coming in contact with a largely superior force of the enemy, met with disaster. Ridley was with his captain on the field when the latter fell mortally wounded and begged the boy not to leave him. True to the instincts of a chivalrous nature, the gallant boy picked up the body of his captain, who was dying, if not already dead, and trudged slowly back to his command, which had already retired, knowing that the death-dealing bullets of the enemy were following every step he made.

After this he was commissioned a lieutenant and ordered to duty as aid on the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart. He was with General Stewart at Chickamauga, all through the Dalton and Atlanta campaign, the ill-starred and ill-fated expedition of Hood into Tennessee in the fall and winter of 1864, and finally at Greensboro, N. C., where, on April 26, 1865, the Southern Confederacy became only a memory. Returning home, he entered a private school, taught in the old university building at Murfreesboro, and later entered the Law Department of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, from which he graduated with honor. He then entered upon the practice of law at Murfreesboro, becoming the junior member of the firm of Ridley and Avent, and from that time he was an active and successful practitioner until his death, accumulating a handsome estate. He was a writer of ability, and some years ago he published his reminiscences of the war under the title of "Campaigns and Battles of the Army of Tennessee." He was well known throughout Rutherford County, and few men have been more missed than he.

Captain Ridley was married on December 4, 1879, to Miss



CAPT. E. L. RIDLEY.

Idelette Lyon, daughter of the Rev. James A. Lyon, D.D., of Columbus, Miss., who survives him with two sons.

His last official act was attaching his notarial seal to an instrument of law for me the evening before he died. We separated then for the last time. The next morning I was shocked to learn that he had died suddenly the night before.

Comrade, farewell!

"Sleep deep, sleep in peace, sleep in memory ever;
Wrapt be the soul in the deeds of its deathless endeavor
Till the stars be recalled and the firmament furled
In the dawn of a daylight undying."

THE BATTLE OF YELLOW BAYOU.

During the retreat of Banks's army from its unsuccessful Red River expedition many engagements took place between it and the pursuing Confederate army, under Gen. Richard Taylor. None was more spirited and hotly contested than the battle of Yellow Bayou, which took place on the 18th of April, 1864. The scene of this engagement was along an inland stream, a tributary of Bayou des Glaises, in the eastern section of the parish of Aroyelles, about two miles from the Atchafalaya River. The Federal army, after meeting slight resistance at Marksville, Mansura, and Moreauville, found the Confederates in force ready to meet it and formed in line of battle at Yellow Bayou. General Taylor's command, after the victories of Mansfield and Spring Hill, had, however, been considerably reduced by the transfer of about fifteen thousand of its veteran soldiers to Arkansas to join Gen. Kirby Smith, and there were left him just enough men to harass the retreating Federals. General Polignac, who, after the death of General Mouton at Mansfield, had been promoted to the command of a division, commanded the Louisiana troops and General Walker the Texans, their divisions numbering but a few thousand each.

All along and around Yellow Bayou was a dense wood in which the Confederates were concealed. As soon as the "bluecoats," as Polignac called them, appeared near that now famous bayou the Confederate batteries, notably the St. Mary Cannoneers and the Pelicans of Louisiana and the Benton of Texas, opened a fierce fire and precipitated a deadly conflict between the contending forces which soon became general. The rattle of musketry and the boom of cannon made this hitherto peaceful and fertile valley echo and reecho with their fearful sounds. The battle began at eleven o'clock in the morning and lasted until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Confederates withdrew or rather ceased firing and permitted the enemy to pass by on its way to the east side of the Mississippi River.

While the Confederates had but a handful of men against Banks's entire army, the result was decidedly in favor of the boys in gray. There were between 1,200 and 1,500 men killed, the Federals losing about two-thirds of that number. A large number of Avoyelles boys took part in the battle and acquitted themselves, like their comrades in arms, as true heroes. Many were killed, and to-day their kinsmen point with pride to the spot where they met a soldier's death, dying in defense of principles deemed worthy the arbitrament of the sword.

The effect of this engagement was to rid the Trans-Mississippi Department of the army of invasion, and ever afterwards the resounding footsteps and dull tramp of a hostile soldiery ceased to be heard on this side of the Mississippi River. The lesson taught the invaders at Mansfield, Spring Hill, Monette Ferry, and Yellow Bayou was not soon forgotten and caused the armed hosts of the North to leave in peace and tranquillity the valleys of the Red and Atchafalaya.

IN CAMP AND PRISON.

[At the request of his family, the following story of his services as a soldier was dictated by John Rupert Baird in 1910 at his home, in Baird, Miss. He was a native of that State, born at the plantation home of his parents, near Wanalak, Noxubee County, in May, 1841. When he returned from the army, he settled in Sunflower County, where he accumulated a large landed estate and became prominent as a leading citizen. Many years before his death his health failed; but in the midst of his great suffering he was bright and cheerful, always sanguine, genial, and hospitable, interested in all matters of private and public concern. He died at his home, in Columbus, Miss., on August 27, 1916, and was laid to rest in Friendship Cemetery, of that city.

I was at Bethany College, Va., when war was declared and started home at once, going down the Ohio River from Wheeling to Cairo, then down the Mississippi to Vicksburg. Federal troops were then stationed at Cairo. As my father, Dr. James M. Baird, with his family, had refugeeed to his plantation in Sunflower County, Miss., to escape the Federals, I went directly there. Soon after I enlisted in Blythe's Mississippi Regiment, Cheatham's Brigade. We went first to Union City, Tenn., and drilled. I was selected as a sharpshooter and placed in the battalion of Maj. William Richards. We next camped for a short while at New Madrid, Mo., going thence to Columbus, Ky., into winter quarters, afterwards dropping back to Union City and vicinity. From there we went to Shiloh, participating in that battle. We then fell back and were transferred to Chattanooga and Stevensonville,

marched through Tennessee into Kentucky, being in General Bragg's army, camped a day or two at Cave City, and had a battle at Mumfordsville in Gen. James Chalmers's brigade. Here Col. William Richards, of Columbus, Miss., and of our battalion of sharpshooters, was shot through the lungs with a Minie ball. I was wounded on the nose, lip, and hand, and lost three teeth by being struck by a fragment of shell.

I went home on a three weeks' furlough, then rejoined my command between Atlanta and Chattanooga, when we marched to Chickamauga and fought there and at Missionary Ridge, where I was captured and kept in prison at Rock Island for nineteen months. I was detailed as a clerk in the adjutant's office, on parole oath, to keep his books, records, etc., and was afterwards detailed in the office of the surgeon in charge as clerk. For this I was paid a small amount and received all the citizen's clothes I needed and many comforts. I was allowed the freedom of the city, also of Moline and Davenport, under parole oath. During this time I made the acquaintance of many Southern sympathizers, known as "Copperheads," and frequently visited Miss Kate P— and the Misses B—, all of Kentucky. I remained at the prison until all were exchanged, and when ready to return home I was given \$25 and furnished transportation to Cairo and thence down the Mississippi River to Greenville. The captain of the boat refused to stop there, but went over to Gaines's Landing, Ark., where I spent the night on a plantation.

The following morning I attempted to cross in a dugout, but was soon compelled to throw the water out vigorously with the paddles; and it became a problem as to whether to return or to continue to the Mississippi shore. When about half over, the boat began to sink. I eased myself out, first passing my arm through the handles of my grip, which contained many trinkets for the dear ones at home, such as beautiful pieces of jewelry made by me and other prisoners from rubber combs and other articles and inlaid with shells resembling mother-of-pearl. As the boat turned over I caught the gunnels and rested my chin upon the end



JOHN R. BAIRD.

which afforded a support. I thus floated for an hour and a half, until I saw a boat coming downstream. When the boat had come near enough, an Irish deck hand threw out an immense rope which struck me across the face and head, but I grasped it. I then held up my grip for him to take, but with an oath he said I was a greenhorn not to let it drop. Finally he reached down, and just as he caught the handles of the grip they broke, and it sank out of sight forever. I was in a dazed condition for a while after being taken on board. Fortunately, a Rock Island comrade from Louisiana named Hazard, who happen to be a passenger, recognized me and procured restoratives which brought me warmth and life, and dry clothing was also provided me. I was landed at Greenville, where I borrowed a mule and soon reached my home in Sunflower County.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN IN DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

BY W. E. BROCKMAN, COMMANDER D. OF C. DIVISION.

A monster membership campaign is now being inaugurated by the Sons in the District of Columbia with the idea of enrolling one thousand Sons by the time of the Reunion in Washington, which has been set for June 5, 6, and 7. Mr. T. Frank Morgan has been made chairman of this committee, and he will start the work in earnest by sending out several thousand letters to those eligible for membership and will also make this appeal through the newspapers.

It now looks as if the Sons would have from five to ten thousand members uniformed to march in the parade. Col. Robert N. Harper, Chairman of the Civic Committee in Washington, is making an appeal to all the cities in the South, through the medium of their Chambers of Commerce, to uniform every Veteran and Son that can be found and, with bands of music, send them on to the national capital as representatives of their city. Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Assistant Adjutant in Chief, is making an appeal to each Camp in the Confederation to send large delegations uniformed to the Reunion.

In order that all visitors may be well cared for and entertained, the city has announced a plan of erecting a structure on the monument grounds that will accommodate any number. Sleeping quarters and free medical attention will be provided for all veterans who desire to make this building their headquarters. In addition to this, all veterans and their families will be provided with free medical attention during their entire stay in this city.

Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Chairman of the Sons' Reunion Committee, will return at an early date to this city and open the Sons' Reunion headquarters, where all communications for information should be addressed.

COMMANDER OF THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Commander in Chief Ernest G. Baldwin has announced the appointment of R. I. McClearen, of Nashville, Tenn., as Commander of the Tennessee Division, succeeding Walter C. Chandler, of Memphis. Mr. McClearen is one of the active young business men of Nashville and has been prominently identified with the Sons of Veterans for several years, serving as Commander of the Third Brigade on the staff of Commander Chandler.

Tennessee is divided into six Brigades, and upon each Commander rests the active work of organizing new Camps and making preparations for reunions. Commander McClearen is now selecting his Brigade Commanders to perfect the State official organization. His staff will be composed of about eighteen members of the organization in various parts of the State. It is hoped to make Tennessee lead in the number of Camps and members to report at the Washington Reunion in June. General activity along this line has begun in all parts of the South.

"COMMODORE MONTGOMERY"—A CORRECTION.

BY W. F. CLAYTON, FLORENCE, ALA.

In the *VETERAN* for January, 1917, appears an article by Mrs. Eloise Tyler Jacobs, Historian of the Illinois Division, U. D. C., giving a history of Commodore Montgomery, whom she styles a "naval hero." It appears that this article is taken from the *Chicago Tribune* of April 5, 1896; therefore she is not to blame for its being mostly fiction.

As Secretary of the Survivors' Association of the Confederate States Navy, it is my duty to keep the record of that branch of the Confederacy straight. We simply want facts; our record needs no embellishment. It stands for itself when truthfully told.

Montgomery was never in the Confederate States navy; as to his connection with the army I know nothing. He was a kind of "water rover," subject to no authority other than to do the enemy all the harm he could. He organized a small fleet of river boats and operated mostly in or on the upper Mississippi River. Like Mosby and Morgan, he did considerable damage to the enemy. His daring attracted much comment and praise, but his career was short, continuing only until the United States was able to build a Mississippi fleet, when he was driven up rivers flowing into the Mississippi where the United States boats could not pursue. I don't wish to detract from his record, for while it lasted it showed him to be a man of extraordinary courage and ability and one of whom the Confederacy was proud. My object is only to keep the record straight.

Commodore Montgomery was not the inventor of what is termed here as the "submarine ram." It was as old as the hills, consisting only of a mere pointed piece of iron placed on the bow of the ship to strengthen the bow and protect it in case of a collision. Neither did he fit one to the warship *Virginia* (*Merrimac*). I was an eye-witness of the Hampton Roads naval battle, being a midshipman on the *Patrick Henry*, which participated in the Saturday's fight on March 8, 1862, on which day the *Cumberland* was sunk by the *Virginia*, and in striking her the submarine ram, as here styled, was wrenched off. That was the only ship the *Virginia* ever rammed. Nor did this claimed invention inspire the building of the *Monitor*, as she arrived at Fortress Monroe Saturday night, and the battle with the *Virginia* took place on Sunday, March 9, 1862. Neither did he file charges against Commodore Hollins or they were thrown in the wastebasket, for Hollins was the officer who bombarded Greytown for an insult to our flag before the war and who, with an army officer, Colonel Thomas, of Baltimore, captured the steamer *St. Nicholas* running between Baltimore and Washington, D. C.

A story of this capture will not be out of place here. Hollins conceived the idea of capturing this boat; so, immediately running alongside the United States gunboat *Pawnee*, the largest of the Potomac fleet, under the plea of having mail for her, he captured her and others of the United States fleet. Certainly a daring proposition. He then sent Thomas to Baltimore, who there disguised himself as a woman and took passage for Washington under the name of Madame Zarvona. She had several large trunks and on the way down, complaining of the headache, retired to her stateroom. At every stopping place laborers were boarding the steamer, going to Washington to hunt work, and when the boat reached Point Lookout a venerable old man took passage for Washington. The steamer had barely cleared the wharf when the lady came from her stateroom dressed as a Confederate officer, the old

man threw off his disguise, and the laborers opened the trunks containing arms. The surprised captain surrendered without resistance. No United States gunboats being in the vicinity, Hollins's plan to capture the Pawnee failed; but he overhauled several ships and burned them, then, running up the Rappahannock River, dismantled and burned the St. Nicholas. Does such an act show cowardice? The only Confederate ship on the upper Mississippi that made any special record was the Arkansas.

Montgomery had nothing to do with raising or converting the Merrimac into a war vessel; Confederate States naval officers did that. The claim of sinking the Preble as captain of the Van Dorn is entirely fiction. I have before me the United States naval list of vessels that attacked New Orleans after bombarding Fort Jackson for several days, and the Preble is not in the list; neither is the Van Dorn in the list of the Confederate fleet.

The naval records of both the United States and Confederate States mention nothing of Montgomery in the fights between the Arkansas and the Federal fleet, and all that is claimed for him in this article is fiction, for his claim to sinking the United States Mound City fairly contradicts the story. After the destruction of the Arkansas, her officers and crew were transferred to land batteries. Capt. Joseph Fry, who commanded the Confederate States steamer Haurepas, escaped to White River. Hearing that the enemy's fleet was coming up to assist General Curtis, Fry ran his vessel a short distance below St. Charles, sank his ship and two others to prevent their passage, and placed his men and guns in two batteries, he commanding one and Lieutenant Dunnington the other. On June 17, 1862, the Mound City, St. Louis, Lexington, and Connestoga appeared and opened fire upon him. Fry waited until he had the Mound City between the two batteries, then both batteries opened upon her; a shot entered her boilers and blew her up.

Montgomery claims that he built the great man-of-war Nashville which sank seven of Farragut's fleet one morning. Was there ever such rot published? The ironclad Tennessee and the wooden gunboats Morgan, Gaines, and Selma constituted the Confederate fleet at Mobile when Farragut with his fleet attacked. The Tennessee carried six guns, Commander J. D. Johnson; the Gaines, six guns, Capt. G. W. Harrison; the Selma, four guns, Capt. P. Murphy. Farragut's fleet consisted of four monitors, with fourteen wooden ships carrying one hundred and forty-eight guns of large caliber. The Confederates lost the Tennessee, while the Federals lost the monitor Tecumseh, with her whole crew, between four hundred and five hundred men and officers. The whole loss of the Confederates was: killed, 12; wounded, 19. The Federals, killed, 172; wounded, 112, or more than all of Buchanan's command. The Tennessee, having had her steering gear shot away, became unmanageable and in that position was surrounded by the Federal fleet at short range, when Buchanan, commander of the fleet, surrendered, as did also the Selma. The Morgan escaped to the city of Mobile. Thus ended the battle of Mobile, which occurred on August 5, 1864.

At Mobile Captain Ferrand had on the stocks two ironclads building and the wooden steamers Nashville, Baltic, and Morgan. The approaches to Mobile had been pretty well protected by torpedoes, and after the evacuation of the forts the Yankees turned their attention to the city; but before they got it they lost another monitor and seven wooden ships. The city was occupied by the Federals on April 11, 1865.

I might analyze this fairy tale in which Montgomery is "Jack

the giant killer" to its whole length, but nothing more is necessary. I want to say that I don't place any of the blame on Mrs. Jacobs, but on the Chicago Tribune. I am confident that its information never came from the lips of Commodore Montgomery, whose record exonerates him from such froth and self-praise; and it is simply to keep the record straight that I ask for this correction.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY W. H. KEARNEY, TREZEVANT, TENN.

To-day, the 9th of January, 1917, I am made to realize that life, like the natural day, has its morning, noon, and evening, its joys and its sorrows, and that the aged cannot feel the exhilarating brightness of life. For I am celebrating my seventy-third anniversary to-day. Many changes have come in those seventy-three years. The old-fashioned fireplace, the stagecoach, the spinning wheel and hand loom have all disappeared for things more convenient.

My memory runs back to about fifty-five years ago, to March, 1862. I was only eighteen years old, dreaming of a bright future, when war came as a bolt out of the blue. Then I quit dreaming and went to face the cruel and bitter realities of war. I joined Company L, of the 6th Tennessee Regiment, and on the 27th of June, 1862, we fought a great battle at Dead Angle, Ga., and slaughtered many. Oftentimes we were very tired and hungry, and after a long, cold journey we would wrap ourselves in our blankets and lie down to sleep all night, awaking the next morning to find ourselves buried in the snow. I was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga, but, being only a flesh wound, it didn't delay me very long. I was also in the last battle fought at Nashville, December 15 and 18, 1864. We endured many hardships during those four years. Memory fails me when I try to recall them all, but I do remember that I went home without any shoes upon my feet.

Most of the comrades with whom I started have one by one gone on before; two of those I loved last year, Capt. W. W. Fulsom, of Hope, Ark., and Dr. W. J. W. Kerr, of Corsicana, Tex.

Long may the CONFEDERATE VETERAN live in its noble work! It will ever be a welcome visitor in my home.

A WEAK LINK.

A Connecticut man who says he was a spy for the Union army at the time of our late family row was over in Atlanta a day or so ago and while there told the newspaper boys some of the thrilling experiences he had while Sherlocking in that immediate vicinity. Among other things, he said: "I came into Atlanta in '62, slipping into the Confederate lines to see what I could. Somebody got next to me, and while I was trying to get away I heard bloodhounds baying. I was away out near the river then, and I beat them to it and got out in the water up to my knees. The hounds came on in single file. I was afraid to use my revolver because of the noise, but had a big knife, and as each hound leaped for my throat I caught him by the neck with my left hand and stabbed him to the heart with my knife. I dropped all six of them into the river and swam across." Which would be thrilling enough if it were not that, for us anyway, the edge had been taken off by seeing it in "The Life of Ananias" or somewhere before it appeared in the Atlanta papers.—*Macon Telegraph*.

Training the dogs so they would come at him one at a time must have been the hardest part of the feat.—*Mobile Register*.

MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

BY GEORGE C. ROUND, MANASSAS, VA.

About fifteen years ago a bill was introduced into Congress by our member, Hon. John M. Pincy, to provide for the care and preservation of the monuments and other historical associations connected with the first battle field of the War between the States and the field nearest the capital of the nation. Since that time the Military Committee of the House has given hearings to the veterans on both sides who favor the project and to the Daughters of the Confederacy, who have erected near Groveton a white marble monument in the Confederate Cemetery and near by a pretty pavilion in which excursion parties of both gray and blue have been at various times welcomed. The various hearings were printed in a House document three years ago, together with the report made by the War Department at the request of Congress.

Our present member of Congress, Hon. C. C. Carlin, introduced a year ago House Bill No. 8 to carry out the recommendations of the Army Board and hopes to secure favorable action at the present Congress. Finding that the House document which contained the hearings mentioned and the map from the War Department was not obtainable at the present time owing to the great demand therefor, Mr. Carlin has secured a reprint of two thousand copies. This letter is written to suggest that the VETERAN readers who are interested write at once to their members of Congress asking for a copy of Mr. Carlin's bill, No. 8, Sixty-Fourth Congress, and House document No. 481, Sixty-Third Congress, second session. It is important to mention the Sixty-Third Congress, as the report in question was made three years ago. This document contains much interesting historical matter only obtainable therefrom. I also ask your interested readers to write their members to interview Mr. Carlin and to assure him of their support for his bill.

The report of the Army Board recommends the purchase by the United States of one hundred and twenty-eight acres of the Henry farm and one hundred and forty-five acres of the Dogan farm. It may be of interest to know that these tracts of land are both still in the possession of the same families owning them in 1861 and 1862.

The writer is a subscriber to the VETERAN and is known to many of its readers as a Union signal officer during the war who settled at Manassas in the practice of law in 1869. He is vain enough to ask your readers to read the "Brief" filed with the Army Board and published on pages 5-11 of said House document No. 481 of the Sixty-Third Congress, in which he has endeavored to bring out some singular facts regarding these historic plains with which the history of our country is so closely identified.

In closing I venture to refer to the dedication by Northern and Southern veterans on September 30 of last year of a jubilee tablet on our courthouse lawn, corner of Grant and Lee Avenues. The tablet is part of a striking commemorative group erected by our County Board of Supervisors, consisting of two bronze cannon of the vintage of 1862 and other military and naval insignia secured for us from the United States Congress by Mr. Carlin. The unique inscription is as follows:

"In commemoration of the Manassas National Jubilee of Peace, the first instance in history where survivors of a great battle met, fifty years after and exchanged friendly greetings at the place of actual combat. Here on July 21, 1911, the closing scene was enacted."

"The tableau of the reunited States. The President, the Governor of Virginia, and forty-eight maidens in white took part with 1,000 veterans of the blue and the gray and 10,000 citizens of the new America."

At the time of the great Confederate Reunion in Washington next spring I shall be glad to join in welcoming the boys in gray to these historic and battle-scarred plains.

TO YOU AND ALL YOUR FAMILY.

Al Field, leader in the minstrel world, is a philosopher as well as fun-maker. His "Tenth Annual Letter to Bill Brown," sent out as a Christmas and New Year greeting "to all mankind," is invigorating by its breeziness. Now and then he drops into verse that "helps to point a moral." He says:

"Life is a short day's climb, and it behooves us to make the best of it for our fellow men's sake.

"There is only one method of meeting life's test—

Just keep on a-strivin' and hope for the best;

Don't give up the ship and retire in dismay

'Cause hammers are thrown when you'd like a bouquet.

This world would be tiresome, we'd all get the blues

If all the folks in it held the same views.

So finish your work, show the best of your skill;

Some people won't like it, but other folks will.

If you're leading an army or building a fence,

Do the best that you kin with your own common sense.

One small word of praise in this journey of tears

Outweighs in the balance 'gainst a cartload of sneers.

The plants that we're passing as commonplace weeds

Oft prove to be jes' what the sufferer needs.

So keep on a-goin'; don't you stay standin' still;

Some people won't like you, but other folks will."

He heartily subscribes to this New Year resolution: "We agree to let the unfortunate past drop into oblivion and never recall a disagreeable mistake unless it be to arm ourselves against falling into further error.

"So here's to the coming year—

A prayer, a song, a cry,

To the God of passing years,

Who can give us strength for the journey's length

And rainbow all our tears."

COLONEL OF 5TH TENNESSEE CAVALRY.—W. G. Allen, of Dayton, Tenn., calls attention to an error by Dr. Donohoe in his article on "A Long Night," page 27 of the January VETERAN, in referring to a "Colonel McKinley" as commanding some Tennessee cavalry. Mr. Allen says: "Gen. W. Y. C. Hume's division, composed of Terrell's and Ashby's Brigades of Cavalry, covered the W. & A. Railroad from Dalton to Atlanta. The battle of Calhoun was fought May 16, 1864. Col. George W. McKenzie commanded the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, of Ashby's Brigade, which was Wheeler's rear guard in posting pickets. I was adjutant of the 5th Tennesse, and I came by the field hospital, where the wounded were left. After hearing a report of wounded being left, Colonel McKenzie directed me to write an order to Dr. Delany, Ashby's Brigade surgeon, for ambulances to carry the wounded to a place of safety. I remember well talking to the comrades and wounded, but don't remember the names. Those were busy days and nights. I have the old order book of the 5th Regiment. There was no Colonel McKinley in Hume's Di-

vision or Wheeler's Corps. If there is an adjutant of Hume's Division now living, I would like to hear from him."

[In a list of officers of the Confederate army there is no one by the name of McKinley; so it is evident that the officer referred to by Dr. Donoho was Col. George W. McKenzie, of the 5th Tennessee Cavalry.]

On page 549 of the December VETERAN an error in title of article locates the battle of Dingle's Mill in Florida instead of in South Carolina.

In the article by John W. Higgins, on page 78, sixteenth line from bottom of column, there is reference to "engaging McLoud's army," when it should have been "McClellan's."

INFORMATION WANTED.—Mr. Leroy S. Boyd, 15 Seventh Street N. E., Washington, D. C., desires to hear from any one who knows anything about the Kappa Alpha College Fraternity, which existed at many Southern colleges before the war and which died out in 1866. It was also called Kuklos Adelpheon, or Circle of Brothers. Its badge was diamond-shaped, with a large circle in the center and the letter "A" in the center of the circle. Names of members especially desired and location of chapters.

Mrs. E. S. Crowell, of Chelsea, Mass., wishes to secure the record of her grandfather, John Floyd Stallings, as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted from Mississippi and served in the artillery; at one time he was under General Bragg. She will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades.

Mrs. E. L. Dickenson, of Herndon, Ky., Route 1, is anxious to get in communication with some one who remembers her husband, R. D. Dickenson, who was with Captains Craig and Nelson under Generals Forrest and Bell. His duty was to gather up the cattle and deliver to the commissary department.

John W. Bratcher, of Mena, Ark., wants to get in communication with some one who can testify to the service of James P. Hasty, who enlisted in Company A, 28th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, in 1861 under Capt. Parker Simms and Col. John P. Murray. Mr. Hasty was wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro and discharged. He afterwards joined the 16th Tennessee Regiment, Company B, commanded by Ad Fisk. He also would like to hear from some one who knew J. H. Parker, of the 31st Tennessee Infantry and 12th Tennessee, consolidated. The widows of these men are in need of pensions.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

(Continued from page 50.)

Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, has made this possible. It will be a magnificent memorial not only to Mr. Davis, but to the Confederate States, for it will be the most imposing of all the monuments which have been erected to the glory of Southern manhood and womanhood. This great work will certainly interest many people throughout the Southland who would be glad to contribute in some amount to the completion of the wonderful monument.

Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, Louisville, Ky., reports that \$2,000 was received during the month. All contributions should be sent to him. Everybody is asked to contribute liberally.

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R. U. Brown, of Lytle, Tex., enlisted in the Confederate service on the 22d of May, 1861, at Jackson, Tenn., in a company commanded by Captain Haywood, later merged in the 7th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment. He would like to hear from some of his old comrades.

Marion W. Ripy, Inter-Southern Life Building, Louisville, Ky., is trying to complete the record of George Washington Brown. It is thought that he served under Captain Fitzhenry until his death and then under Captain Buchanan. He was with Forrest. His widow is in need of a pension.

Mrs. I. L. Newsome, 606 East Houston Avenue, Marshall, Tex., wants information of the service of her husband, I. L. Newsome, who enlisted at Sebastopol, Miss., and was under Captain Howard; second lieutenant, Hardy Hill. They were at Jackson, Miss., two months. He was in the Bethel fight.

Mrs. J. K. Munnerlyn, of Jacksonville, Fla., wishes to hear from any one who can testify to the record of Capt. W. D. Oliveros, who entered the Confederate service in Company B, 8th Georgia Regiment, was later transferred to the navy, and was commander of the steamer Resolute at the time she was tender to Ram Savannah. Captain Oliveros is eighty-four years of age and is in need of a pension.

Mrs. Edward Schaaf, of St. Mary's, Mo., is trying to complete the record of her uncle, William Henry Harrison Cox, known as Harry Cox, who enlisted in the Confederate army early in 1862 from Pocahontas, Ark., and served until the end of the war. His brother, George Washington Cox, also enlisted in the 7th Arkansas under General Shaver. He was made lieutenant at Corinth. Any information of either will be gladly received.

D. F. Thompson, of Jefferson City, Mo., seeks information of one Rev. James C. Thompson, who at the beginning of the war was a resident of Dunklin County, Mo., and presiding elder of the Bloomfield Circuit, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was chaplain of an Arkansas regiment—thinks it was the 45th Arkansas Infantry Volunteers—and died a few months after his return from the war. Information is wanted of his life and where he is buried.

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C. E. Brooks, 239 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Dr. Milton Dunn, of Aloha, La., makes inquiry for W. M. Ettor, a native of Virginia and a jeweler by trade, who, when Virginia seceded, left Montgomery, La., and volunteered with the troops from that State.



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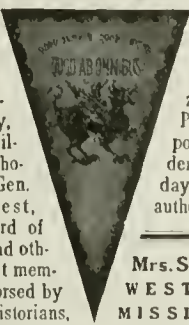
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Mrs. S. E. F. Rose
WEST POINT
MISSISSIPPI

E. B. Bowie, 811 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md., wants to know where the revolver factory of Leech & Rigdon was situated and who made the Confederate "Colt" revolvers with brass frames.

J. W. Nunnelee, Route 3, Tupelo, Miss., wants to know how long it took Gen. Andrew Jackson to move his army from Nashville, Tenn., to Natchez, Miss., or to New Orleans, and on which side of the Tombigbee River he traveled.

Mrs. Sarah P. Jones, of Vida, Ala., Route 1, is applying for a pension and wants to hear from some comrade who remembers her husband, M. G. Jones, of Company F, 3d Alabama Cavalry. He enlisted at Selma, Ala., and was under Col. J. Robins.

Mrs. Sarah J. Belmar, 976 Penn Street, Memphis, Tenn., wants to get in communication with some one who knew her husband, Jefferson O. Belmar, who belonged to Company A, 21st Arkansas Infantry, and served from the first to the last. She is in need of a pension.

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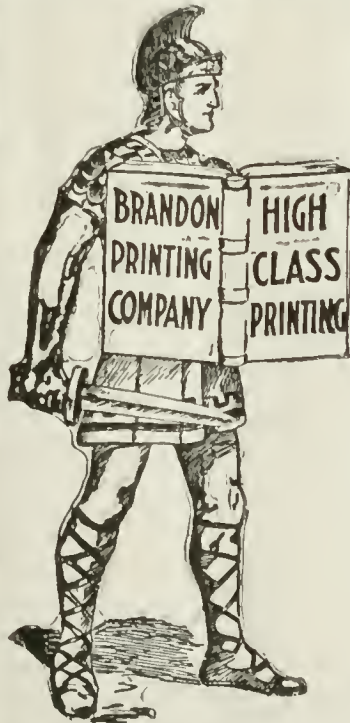
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Joseph B. Seth, of Easton, Md., wishes to know where he can procure a copy of the poem entitled "Beechenbrook," by Mrs. Preston. Doubtless some of the **VETERAN'S** readers have the collection of her poems and can furnish Mr. Seth a copy.

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Next to Admiral Semmes's fascinating story of "Service Afloat," which is now out of print, is this account of service with that great commander and his wonderful ship by Lieut. Arthur Sinclair. Handsomely illustrated. This book formerly sold at \$3; now offered at \$1.50. Stock limited.

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Have you read the story of how this neglected prison cemetery was transformed into a place of beauty? Capt. William H. Knauss, a Federal veteran of Columbus, Ohio, has given in detail a history of this place as prison and cemetery, how the work of reclamation was started and carried through to success, and with what pride they dedicated the handsome monument, which was contributed to by friends of both sides. Just a few copies of this book are in our stock and will be disposed of at \$1.20.

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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXV.

MARCH, 1917

NO. 3

FREEDOM

(SONNET WRITTEN IN 1864. AUTHOR UNKNOWN)

What right to freedom when we are not free;
When all the passions goad us into lust;
When for the worthless spoil we lick the dust;
And while one-half the people die that we
May sit with peace and freedom 'neath our tree,
The other gloats for plunder and for spoil,
Bustles through daylight, vexes night with toil,
Cheats, swindles, lies, and steals? Shall such things be
Endowed with such grand boons as Liberty
Brings in her train of blessings? Should we pray
That such as these should still maintain the sway—
These soulless, senseless, heartless enemies
Of all that's good and great, of all that's wise,
Worthy on earth or in the Eternal Eyes?

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L. E. Lastinger, of Adel, Ga., is trying to get a pension for the widow of Daniel K. McPhaul, of Company K, 12th Louisiana Infantry, and any information of his service will be gladly received.

Mrs. Alice D. Andrews, 42 West North Avenue, Atlanta, Ga., wants the address of J. M. McElroy, a Confederate veteran of Texas, or some member of his family. She wants to complete the family record.

William H. B. Wiseman enlisted in Company H, 52d Virginia Infantry, the last year of the war at Middlebrook, Augusta County, Va. He bears the scar of a wound received at Hatcher's Run. He is too feeble to work and is trying to secure a pension. He would like to hear from some comrade who could testify to his record. Address him at Staunton, Va., care Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell.

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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1917.

No. 3.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.



In appreciation of the generosity of Dr. Kennedy in behalf of his Confederate comrades, the trustees of the Home at Jacksonville, Fla., placed this tablet in his honor. This benefaction by Dr. Kennedy seems to have been the first and only bequest to a Confederate Soldiers' Home. The bronze tablet was made by the Albert Russell & Sons Company, of Newburyport, Mass.

UNVEILING OF SHILOH MONUMENT.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General of the Shiloh Monument Committee, U. D. C., announces that the Confederate Shiloh monument will be unveiled in Shiloh National Military Park, Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., at one o'clock on Thursday, May 17.

All Camps and Chapters of all Confederate organizations and the general public are cordially invited to attend the dedication ceremonies. All Federal veterans are invited, especially those of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, States that had so many soldiers in the battle of Shiloh, and the Governors, with staffs, of those States and of all Southern States will be invited.

All the railroads and river packet companies will put on reduced rates for this important occasion, and thousands will attend the eventful dedication.

Last November the monument was informally dedicated with Masonic ceremonies, with two thousand people present. For the great occasion of its unveiling many more thousands will be in attendance.

REUNION PLANS.

Plans for the Reunion in Washington during the week of June 4 are progressing rapidly, according to reports from the Reunion Committee. Those in charge of Reunion affairs are gradually making arrangements for the great gathering, and after the inauguration ceremonies the Reunion work will begin in earnest. Committees have been appointed and will take up the work in the different lines.

Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, President of the Southern Relief Society, has been appointed official hostess for the convention. She is a daughter of the late Gen. Harry Heth.

The Boy Scouts of Washington are preparing to lend their assistance during the Reunion, and it is planned to use them as information guides on the trains as the crowds begin to come into Washington.

Members of the Publicity Committee have been announced by Winfield Jones, Chairman, who is President of the Federation of Veterans. The membership, in addition to the chairman and secretaries, is composed of well-known professional newspaper men, members of the Congressional Press Gallery or connected with Washington papers, who will lend their services toward making the Reunion a great success. The chairman is one of the best-known and most experienced newspaper men and publicity experts in the country. Headquarters for this committee will be in the District National Bank Building.

Officers of committee: Chairman, Winfield Jones; Vice Chairmen, Frank B. Lord, Col. C. Fred Cook, C. N. Odell, M. H. McIntyre, Frederick W. Steckman; Secretary, James D. Preston; Assistant Secretary, W. J. Donaldson.

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S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

PEACE.

What was the first prophetic word that rang
When down the starry sky the angels sang
That night they came as envoys of the birth—
What word but peace, "Peace and good will on earth"?

And what was the last word the Master said
That parting night when they broke brother bread,
That night he knew men would not let him live—
Ah! what but "Peace I leave" and "Peace I give"?

And yet behold: near twice a thousand years
And still the battle wrath, the grief, the tears!
Let mercy speed the hour when swords shall cease
And men cry back to God: "There shall be peace!"
—Edwin Markham.

TRIBUTE TO MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND.

In depending upon newspaper notes largely for a report of the Dallas convention, U. D. C., a serious oversight occurred in not including the name of Miss Kate Mason Rowland in the list of those to whom tribute was paid at the memorial hour of that convention. This was referred to by Dr. Henry Shepherd in his short sketch of Miss Rowland in the VETERAN for February and brings response from Mrs. M. E. Merchant, of Chatham, Va., who writes: "On the contrary, a tender, loving tribute was paid Miss Rowland at the memorial hour by Miss Nelly C. Preston, President of the Virginia Division. Miss Rowland was Honorary President of the Virginia Division, in the formation of which she was deeply interested. This Division always delighted to honor her, and the simple, gentle words with which Miss Preston concluded her remarks appeared peculiarly fitting: 'God's finger touched her, and she slept.'"

The President General U. D. C., Mrs. Odenheimer, also calls attention to this tribute in her letter published in the U. D. C. department this month.

THE SPIRIT OF OUR WOMEN.

The Daughters of the Confederacy have been generally moved to offer their patriotic services to the President in the present critical condition of international affairs. The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, of New York City, at its regular meeting of February 5 sent the following telegram to President Wilson:

"The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, wishes to express its indorsement of your action in the present crisis and offers its loyal support and service in any manner that in the future may be found necessary. MRS. LIVINGSTON ROWE SCHUYLER, *President*;
MRS. JOHN J. JORDAN, *Secretary*."

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The Jefferson Davis Memorial Fund is being largely added to each month. Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$2,286.80 in the month from January 15 to February 15, 1917. The proposed design, an obelisk three hundred and fifty feet in height, will make this one of the most striking memorials ever erected. Send contributions to Captain Leathers at Louisville, Ky.

A KINDLY ACT.

Col. D. M. Scott, of Selma, Ala., received the following letter from a Union soldier of Mount Sterling, Ky., W. C. Bostwick, who served in Company G, 113th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, 14th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland. His kindly act will have the appreciation of every Southerner: "A number of years ago a Confederate soldier by the name of Frank Chick came to our town, his trade being a saddler and harness maker, at which he worked for two years before his death. He is buried in the cemetery near this place, in which there are one hundred and seventeen Union soldiers, all of whom have private monuments or government stones. Being an ex-Union soldier, for a number of years I have seen that these government headstones are provided. Frank Chick was buried beside a Union soldier, and I felt that he should have a headstone, which I provided at a cost of ten dollars, this being a duplicate of the government stone. The inscription is: 'Frank Chick, a Confederate Soldier.' His grave is decorated with flowers and a flag every Decoration Day, as are the other soldiers' graves. It may be a satisfaction to his friends to know this."

CONSOLIDATION OF VETERANS AND SONS.

At a regular meeting of Camp Magruder, No. 105, U. C. V., of Galveston, Tex., February 4, 1917, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Whereas it has been agitated in the Association that it is expedient for the United Confederate Veterans to be consolidated with the Sons of Confederate Veterans; therefore be it

"Resolved, That this Camp is most heartily in accord with that proposition and that the delegates to the general convention at the annual Reunion in Washington, D. C., June 5-7, 1917, be urged to press this matter to a conclusion.

"Resolved, That, feeling that other Camps are of necessity weakened by the natural decrease in the number of members through the passing away of many, we need the vitality of younger men to keep up the work of our Association, to aid us in our deliberations and in our work of attending to the sick and indigent Confederate veterans, and to bury our honored dead.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the headquarters of the Texas Association.

WILLIAM L. CAMERON, *Lieutenant Commander*;
R. M. FRANKLIN, *Adjutant*."

REUNION CHAIRMAN OF DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA U. D. C.—Col. Robert N. Harper, Chairman U. C. V. Reunion Committee, has appointed Mrs. Maud Howell Smith as Chairman of the District of Columbia Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Smith is President of the District of Columbia Division, U. D. C., and is asking the cooperation of all Daughters in making this the grandest event in the history of the organization.

COL. WILLIAM H. KNAUSS.

BY GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG, PAST COMMANDER U. C. V.

When a man rises so far above the passions of war as to show a chivalrous respect for the graves of his enemy's dead, mankind applaud the act. Then human nature triumphs over itself. Such victories are beautiful, but all too rare in this world in which we live.

So when the wires told of the death of Col. William H. Knauss, a Federal soldier, there were men all over the Southland who bowed their heads and mourned at the news of his departure. For before his going he had done something

which for the past thirty years has been working like a benevolent leaven, removing that bitterness and allaying those animosities which were gendered by the war between the North and the South. By it he taught the people of his own section to lay aside hate and think more generously of those who had fought for their ideas and ideals. By it he touched a tender place in the



COL. WILLIAM H. KNAUSS.

Southern heart, sore and tempted to nurse the injury it felt. He did this noble thing in the face of opposition, mistrust, and ugly criticism; but in the calm persistence and with fearless courage he climbed up where heroes dwell and hold communion with lofty thoughts and exalted sentiments.

The war over, the Southern people had to give their first attention to getting meat and bread and rebuilding their shattered homes. They had no means with which to care for their dead; the briars and bushes took charge of their sleeping places.

Colonel Knauss's spirit was touched by these signs of neglect, and his soldierly sentiments were affected by the desolation under which he saw brave men waiting for the resurrection morning. It was a noble emotion. He addressed himself to the betterment of such conditions and to the awakening of a spirit which would make the graves of Southern soldiers an object of affectionate respect and care. While a resident of New Jersey he was first affected by the unkempt condition of Confederate graves in Virginia and began his exertions to have those sleeping places of thousands of brave men who laid down their lives in devotion to their country more neatly and respectably cared for. In a brief while he changed his residence to Columbus, Ohio, and then gave his attention to the graves of those Confederate prisoners who had died in Camp Chase. This place is four miles west of Columbus, and in it lie the bodies of two thousand four hundred and sixty Confederate soldiers. They had perished in bonds, away from their kindred, in a foreign land, and were planted in the earth by the hands of their foes; whether gently or rudely, only the imagination can surmise.

Colonel Knauss saw how the brambles and bushes and weeds and all manner of undergrowth had taken this burial

ground and made it an unseemly bed for brave men. Those who might have loved them were far away; those who were about them had cast them as enemies into the ground. The pathos, the tragedy, the utter inappropriateness of treating such men as rubbish moved the heart of this Federal officer of finer spirit and higher sentiment. As early as 1893 he took steps to remedy the shocking condition of this Camp Chase cemetery. He employed men to clean off the ground and gave it some semblance of decency.

Time, however, had not then sufficiently softened the feelings of those about him. They did not see the nobility and chivalry of his act. They suspected his loyalty. They threatened his expulsion from Federal organizations. They feared he was like one of the things that were crawling in the nighttime among the brambles and the graves. His self-imposed task was a difficult one. He must show loyalty to his own while showing humanity to a foe. He did not give way under aspersion. He was not stopped by innuendo. His spirit was too great to be made little by any harsh criticisms. He pursued his course until a better spirit was born in those about him. Opposition faded, criticism grew silent, abuse hushed, and then applause and help came from his neighbors.

The enthusiasm spread. The gates were opened to the South. Her citizens sent money and flowers. Men of the North and men of the South, officers in the Federal army and officers in the Confederate army, met and planted trees and scattered flowers and united to adorn and beautify the cemetery of Camp Chase—the one to pay tribute to patriotism and valor though illustrated by a foe; the other to pay a tribute of remembrance and affection to those who had offered themselves for the land of their birth and their love.

The decoration of these well-nigh forgotten graves of Confederate prisoners sleeping in Northern soil has become an event in the calendar of Columbus, and as many as five thousand men and women have gathered on these memorial days to testify to the gallantry of that spirit which brought these men, through the vicissitudes of war and the adverse orderings of fate, to lay down their bodies in apparently a God-forgotten and man-forsaken inclosure at Camp Chase.

It was the sentiment, persistence, and courage of Colonel Knauss that routed the bushes and reclaimed the place of these prisoner dead. He did more than that, more than reclaim a graveyard. He put to sepulture, to everlasting burial, burial so deep that the hand of resurrection will never reach it, much of the sectional bitterness between the North and the South. They cannot think hardly of us if they can put a flower upon the grave of our dead, and we cannot think hardly of them if the tear falls from our eyes as we see the flower drop from their hands.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which voices the gray spirit that never soiled a uniform, that pulses with the poetry and chivalry of the Southland, that devoted its noblest sons and fairest daughters to the cause it thought was right, lays a chapter of gratitude and affection upon the grave of Col. William H. Knauss. If not great and prominent, he showed the heart of a nobleman and did the deed which makes humanity more lovable.

Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama, Texas, Arkansas, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana, Tennessee—all the queenly States of the South—have prisoner sons lying under the sod in the cemetery of Camp Chase, and they lift their hats and bow their heads and drop their tears and scatter their flowers upon the grave of William H. Knauss.

If the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy were to obtain the privilege of erecting a monument over the grave of this Federal colonel, it would be a beautiful tribute to the chivalry of the South, to the generosity of the North, to the grandeur of those men who fight when they must and yet bow their heads when they stand by the grave of one who loved truly, fought bravely, and died in charity with all the world.

But whether the Sons and Daughters of the South can place a worthy stone above his grave, may the women of the South in the spring, when the flowers bloom and the birds are singing, send some token of fragrance and beauty especially for the grave of Col. William H. Knauss!

But whether they express it in stone or wreath it in beautiful flowers, the people of the South, who have risen out of the ashes of war, will gratefully embalm the name of the Northern soldier whose spirit could not be content to see brave but unfortunate men sleep beneath the weeds and briars as if there were none who cared for these heroic victims of patriotic devotion.

WHO CAPTURED GENERAL PRINCE?

William Warden Patteson, of Manteo, Va., replies to the statement in the *VETERAN* for January by George C. Pile in regard to the capture of Gen. Henry Prince at the battle of Cedar Run, Va., August 9, 1862:

"If Mr. Pile will read my account in the *VETERAN* for September, contributed by Dr. Emerson, of Denver, Colo., he will see that I do not claim all the honor of the capture of General Prince; but I do say that Augustine Patteson, another sharpshooter, and I made the capture. I do not know the name of this other sharpshooter.

"Augustine Patteson caught General's Prince's horse by the bridle. I was on one side, and the third sharpshooter was on the other side of the horse. General Prince's report of his capture as given in the Official Records, Series I., Volume XII. (Second Part), pages 167-170, says: 'While walking my horse in the dense cornfield, where the ground was heavy, my bridle was seized, and I perceived that I was in the midst of enemies (before otherwise discovering any person to be there).'

"And I quote from a letter of Capt. D. H. Lee Martz, of Harrisonburg, Va., dated June 10, 1910, in which he says: 'Two or three of our men came to me on the field with a Federal general. As I was then only a captain, I directed the men to take him to General Jackson.'

"General Prince's statement of itself should be sufficient. Neither Augustine Patteson nor myself took General Prince back, other soldiers coming up and taking him to the rear."

RAILROAD BUILT BY CONFEDERATES.

BY A. D. JONES, WALNUT COVE, N. C.

Hundreds of Confederate veterans and others who go to Washington over the Southern Railway to attend the annual Reunion at the national capital June 5-7, will travel over one stretch of track about fifty miles in length which was built by Confederate soldiers and remains to this day a permanent monument to the Confederacy. This historic line of railroad is from Greensboro, N. C., to Danville, Va., and now forms part of the Southern Railway Company's main line from Washington to Atlanta.

At the beginning of the War between the States there was

no railroad connecting the old Richmond and Danville line with the railway system of North Carolina. Early in the game the Confederate authorities saw the necessity of building a link of railway to connect the Old Dominion with the lines south. Owing to rivalry, North Carolina and Virginia each seeking to protect its own interests, this line had not been built.

After overcoming various obstacles, the Confederate government built the "missing link" of roadway by drafting soldiers to aid in construction work. Necessary rails were procured by demolishing railroads of lesser importance. In many local traditions the origin of the line is recalled. Tennessee Curve is on a stretch of the track, so called because the grading at this point was done by a Tennessee regiment.

The Southern Railway has made numerous improvements, including double-tracking, along this line; but it is said that few changes in the matter of location as determined by war-time engineers have been found necessary.

THE MONUMENT AT WINCHESTER, VA.

The realization of a cherished dream was the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Winchester, Va., in the month of November, 1916. With simple and impressive ceremonies the veterans of Winchester and Frederick County dedicated the handsome monument on the Public Square, commemorating the valor of its people during the War between the States. It will be a lasting honor to those who in heroic self-sacrifice and devoted loyalty gave their manhood and their lives to the South in her hour of need.

The heroic figure in bronze of a Confederate soldier, fully armed and equipped, stands on a base of polished granite in



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL AT WINCHESTER.

front of the historic courthouse of Frederick County, said to be one of the finest specimens of colonial architecture in the South. The simple beauty of the monument makes a most agreeable impression. The young soldier is represented as in the act of leaving for the front. The figure is well proportioned and typifies all those ideals for which the South made such a valiant and heroic fight.

The principal address of the occasion was made by Hon. Harry St. George Tucker, of Lexington, Va., a noted constitutional lawyer and former member of Congress. The veil was drawn by two grandsons of Confederate veterans, young Billy McGuire, son of Dr. W. P. McGuire and grandson of Dr. Hunter McGuire, and John Eddy, grandson of Capt. George W. Kurtz, Commander of the Gen. Turner Ashby Camp, C. V., of Winchester. Just as the veil fell the band played "Dixie" amid tremendous applause. Confederate veterans, among whom were many from the Shenandoah Valley sections, Daughters and Sons of the Confederacy, and their friends largely made up the great crowd in attendance; there were also students from the High School, Fort Loudon Seminary, and a corps of cadets from the Shenandoah Valley Academy.

After the unveiling the program was concluded at the City Hall Auditorium with music and readings, a poem written especially for this occasion by Miss Kate McVicar being read by the Hon. R. Gray Williams.

It is fitting that Winchester and Frederick County should erect a worthy memorial to the soldiers who fought for the South. Many historic associations cling to that old city, about which the tide of war ebbed and flowed in the sixties, and its people have honored themselves in honoring their heroes. Much credit is due to Messrs. James B. Russell and Thomas K. Cartmell and Miss Lucy W. Russell, treasurer of the monument fund, who were ably assisted by Dr. W. P. McGuire, Capt. George W. Kurtz, and Hon. Robert T. Barton, forming the Monument Commission. The work was executed by Frederick C. Hibbard, of Chicago, who is now completing the monument that will soon be dedicated on the Shiloh battle field.

A CASE OF FIELD SURGERY.

BY DR. L. A. WAILES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

In view of the present-day advancement in medical and surgical science and the magnificent equipment in hospital and field requirements, which scarcely overlooks or leaves unprovided for any emergency or contingency that can happen, compared to the crude, deficient, unsanitary unpreparedness and inefficiency of those dark days—well, nothing adequate to the conditions can be said; there can be no comparison. In illustration a detailed account of an actual case of field surgery may not be without interest, at least to any of the old remnants of the medical corps of the Provisional Army of the Confederate States who may be readers of the VETERAN.

I will premise by the reminder of fact that in the hurried organization of companies, in the general ignorance of army regulations, every company supposed it was requisite for every separate command to have its individual surgeon, who was elected or appointed with the other line officers. So far as I know, there was no such organization as a medical examining board available; and it was not until after having served in the ranks two years, doing at the same time duty

as medical officer, that I, by order of my colonel, was sent before the army medical board then convened for the first time in the Trans-Mississippi Department. At the organization of my company I was one of three doctors enlisted in the ranks and not the one elected, or rather selected, by previous understanding with a wealthy and influential relative who was a large contributor to the equipment of the company. After the regimental organization, I can now recall the names of at least six doctors like myself who were privates in the ranks and, though not excused from routine camp and guard duty, often bore the drudgery of the service by special detail, to the relief of the officer who wore the insignia of surgeon.

On one occasion (this in the Army of Tennessee before our transfer to the Trans-Mississippi Department), when we were facing the enemy and doing heavy picket duty, I was one of an unusually large detail on advance picket. We were fortunate enough to have at our command for bivouac a deserted, dilapidated shack, where we had at least the relief of a chimney and the comfort of a fire. At guard mount the relieved picket, coming in cold, tired, and sleepy, made a rush for the fire, around which they squatted. One coming in late, by the awkward handling of his gun struck the hammer, the discharge taking effect in the shoulder of one of his comrades at the fire, entering from behind the humerus, just below the capsular ligament comminuting the bone, literally tearing off the entire deltoid and severing the humeral artery, entailing, of course, a fearful hemorrhage. Fortunately, there was help in the shape of nifty men to handle him and medical aid, such as it was, at hand. Our equipment to meet the emergency consisted of a defective, much-worn pocket case, the remnant of two years' service—a mere remnant: two or three scalpels, a tenaculum, forceps, and a digital saw, all much worn, dulled, and rusted. Of course the first requisite was to control the hemorrhage, a very simple matter, as the extensive laceration of all soft muscular tissue fully exposed the artery. The bone was completely comminuted, but leaving a large spiculum of probably one-fourth the circumference of the humerus, tapering to a point too long to be covered by fleshy tissue. In fact, there was not enough tissue left to half cover the wound. It was imperative that the bone be cut off, and here began our difficulties. No bone pliers, of course. Our only recourse was the digital saw, a frail, delicate affair at best, and that snapped in two before the bone was one-fourth severed. In the extremity one of my assistants drew from his pocket what was known as a "pocket tool chest"—in other words, a heavy clasp knife having, among other contrivances, a saw blade. It was reeking with filth—tobacco, the sweat of his body, particles of food and grease, for it was his table knife also—a veritable cesspool (if the word is admissible) of microbic infection. "Sterilize," you say. Admitted, but easier said than done. While we had a fire, and water was available, we had no possible means of heating the water and thus having even that primitive means of sterilization. So after as good a washing as ice-cold water could effect, the operation was resumed and prosecuted to the end.

The operation could not be claimed as "a brilliant success"; but in spite of the butchery, the lack of antiseptics, anesthetics, and all manner of dressing except the crude bandages we made from the dirty shirt he wore—no, he didn't die, but survived, ultimately got home, and, to my knowledge, was still living years after the war!

CONFUSION IN HISTORY.

BY JOAB EDWARDS, LEESVILLE, S. C.

The titles given by writers to the war of 1861-65 are altogether confusing. Is there no way by which this confusion can be set to rest? It is the province of history to remove all rubbish and let the bare facts in every case stand out, no matter who is to be touched by them. It is called the war of secession, the war of the rebellion, the war between the States, the war between the sections, the civil war, the war against slavery, the rich man's war, the poor man's fight, etc. Now, all of these cannot be true; it is possible that none of them is true. How, then, are we to arrive at the proper title? Fifty-odd years seems quite long enough for it to be wandering around with a half dozen names or more. Are there no facts to guide the historian back to the origin of this war? He should, it seems to me, be just as able and as willing to give us the right title to it as he is to lead us along the line of its progress. It is not the historian who is to make the facts which determine the name, but it is his business to select from the facts the fact which above all others determines what the title shall be. He should not shrink from this plain duty on account of any personal or political preference or feeling. To do this would disqualify him for the accredited position of historian.

Great as is the need for this, and abundant as have been the opportunities for settling this title, I do not know of a single historian who has set about to fix the right title. It may be that, owing to the character of the facts, a general looseness as to title has been thought to be best. In that way the most unwelcome facts can be easily obscured. But is this a fair way to treat an important matter? I should say not! Forasmuch, then, as more than fifty years have passed and the war of 1861-65 has been under the cover of more than half a dozen loose titles, I venture to throw aside these loose titles and give it the title which the facts of history will maintain. These facts are abundant and are within reach of students of history. Here it is: *The War of the Abolition Party against the Principles of the Constitution of the United States*. If the facts do not sustain this title, then I ask, What do they show?

The first gun was fired by John Brown at Harper's Ferry and not by Beauregard at Fort Sumter. James Gordon Bennett asserted boldly in 1861 in the New York *Herald* that the principles of the Constitution of the United States were rightly interpreted by the Confederate States. When Jefferson Davis was brought before Chief Justice Chase, no charge of treason was sustained. In the fall of 1860 the legislative and the executive departments of the United States passed into the hands of the Republican party, and that which had for years been planned was put into operation. Obstructions had been thrown in the way of these principles for nearly half a century, but now the way was clear for open hostilities against them. Abraham Lincoln fought them with all the energy of his soul; U. S. Grant gnawed at them like a consuming cancer; W. T. Sherman with his torch tried to consume them; but to-day they are alive and vigorous. They are alive to-day because Jefferson Davis lived, because a Confederate host lived, and last, but not least, because the judicial department of the United States government stood firmly by them in it all. It was doubtless for this that Mr. Gladstone said: "Jefferson Davis has created a nation."

After the death of Mr. Lincoln, the war being closed, the conduct of the Republican party toward the principles of the

Constitution and common rights was such as to drive President Johnson out of that party. They wanted to be self-appointed guardians for the rights and property of the people of the South, using as a pretext therefor that there was "no legal government or adequate protection for life or property * * * in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Arkansas." (See Acts of Congress, March 2, 23, and July 19, 1867.) The forming of the five military districts out of this territory was foreign to the Constitution. The spirit of madness had to succumb; and when the Republican party had to break its military grip on the South and return to constitutional methods of procedure, it was doubtless wiser, if not better. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe lived long enough to discover that the act she regretted most was the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." If President Lincoln had lived long enough, he might have discovered that the misuse of the power of the President's office was the act he regretted most. If the Republican party lives long enough, it may discover that its war against the Constitution and its effort to dethrone the intelligence of the Anglo-Saxons of the sunny South are what it regrets most. When it does this, the South may break its solid ranks and take its erring brother into closer confidence.

I could heartily wish that these facts did not stand at the mileposts of our country's march; but while lamenting that they are facts, there is some comfort in the thought that they lay the responsibility of the war of 1861-65 at the feet of the Republican party. It failed to override the Supreme Court of the United States; it failed to impeach President Johnson; it failed to demolish Anglo-Saxon rule. It controlled Abraham Lincoln; it controlled Congress; it controlled the United States army and navy; it crushed the Confederate army, but the principles for which that army stood are living to-day, and "Dixie" has more inspiration than ever before, while no one gathers any inspiration from "The Spirit of John Brown Goes Marching On." The acts of Congress in June, 1866, in relation to the payment for property other than slaves, marked "etc.," is a reflection on good morals and an insult to justice; and all of these things combine to show that history must ultimately say that the war of 1861-65 was a "war of the Republican party against the principles of the Constitution of the United States" or keep the facts in the background. It is impossible to estimate the cost of that party to the United States government.

There was one incident in the life of Judge Underwood which doubtless influenced his action in the trial of Jefferson Davis. It was his arrest by order of Mr. Davis. Capt. T. H. Clark, of Company I, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, made the arrest; he found the Judge hidden away in a wardrobe. This no doubt so humiliated his honor that he wanted some revenge on Mr. Davis. He, like the Republican party at the time, was so blinded by personal feeling against Mr. Davis that he lost sight of constitutional principle and was ready to seek personal revenge.

We live in dreams as well as deeds, in thoughts as well as acts,

And life through things we feel, not know, is realized the most;

The conquered are the conquerors, despite the face of facts,

If they still feel their cause was just who fought for it and lost.

—Madison Julius Cawein.

TROOPS DEMORALIZED AT FISHER'S HILL.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

After the great battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, General Early collected his forces on Fisher's Hill, south of Strasburg, and deployed them in breastworks extending entirely across the valley, from the main pike road and Massanutten Mountain, on the east, to North Mountain, on the west. The position on the eastern end of the line was an admirable location for defense, but that on the west offered every opportunity to the enemy to move down the west side of North Mountain, cross over, and attack on the flank and rear. Stonewall Jackson was too shrewd a military man to fight at this place when hard pressed by his numerous enemies in the spring of 1862.

I suppose, after counting out the losses at Winchester, we had nine or ten thousand men, while Sheridan had about thirty-seven thousand, or about four to our one. He divided his army and sent a large part of it up (down) the west side of North Mountain, while he leisurely took position in our front to wait until the result of the flanking movement should develop. These crossed the mountain and fell on our flank and rear; and our brave troops holding that part of the line, though they fought well, were obliged to give way and fall back toward the main pike or be captured. At this time Sheridan advanced his main force against our entire line. The troops holding the center could have repulsed the attack from the front easily; but they saw the enemy coming up in the rear, and their resistance was feeble. All withdrew from the works and fell back in disorder to reach the pike leading south, as that was now their only means of escape.

Our brigade (John B. Gordon's) held the extreme right and my regiment (31st Georgia) the right of the brigade, with the pike just a little to the right and rear. We held the enemy in check for a time and could have held the place against ten times our numbers; but the regiments on the left from our higher position, seeing the critical condition of things, began to give ground also and to fall back to the pike. Finally our regiment reluctantly abandoned the works when we saw that there was no use in trying to hold them longer, and every man sought safety for himself. Most of them in the very face of the enemy took to the pike, while others fled across it to open the fields beyond.

When I reached the pike the blood from a wound over my eye, inflicted by one of my comrades in the scuffle at the breastworks, was blinding me considerably; but I saw the brave and noble Col. E. M. Atkinson, of the 26th Georgia, one of our best regiments, holding on to a piece of artillery and begging every man that passed to stop and help him get it away. Not a man paid any attention whatever to him, but kept straight on. If any one had done so, he would have been as big a fool as I was; for I, a boy, was simple enough to stop in the most imminent danger to do what I knew was utterly impossible, because I was ordered to do so. This brave but unwise officer held on to the spokes of the right wheel and surged, while I worked at the other. I stayed with him in the storm of bullets discharged at us by the enemy at close range in this inane labor until they were only a few feet away, when I came to realize that if Colonel Atkinson was too brave to run it was no reason why I should stay there tugging at that old piece of artillery and be taken by the Yankees to die in prison. This resolution, formed at the last moment, I broke and left him there holding on to the wheel of that cannon, when everybody had fled, until the Yankees

came up and took him and carried him to prison, where he remained until the war ended.

According to my observation, some of our men were much braver than they were discreet. I have often since wondered why a man of Colonel Atkinson's cool judgment and standing, a man who had commanded our brigade on many occasions, would under the circumstances try to save a piece of artillery abandoned by the men of a battery when they saw no possibility of saving it.

"He that fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

And so it was in this case; for while he was starving and shivering in a cold Northern prison, I was helping our comrades to keep up the contest to the last.

When I got about two hundred yards away, the higher ground behind protected me from the Minie balls passing over. Stopping here to rest and looking back, I saw one of our regiment, a brave soldier and an honorable citizen at home, coming toward me in full flight. He had fought till the last minute, but when he turned his back on the enemy he had become completely demoralized. He had thrown away his gun and all his equipment and was unbuttoning his coat. I suppose, to cast it aside also. His wild eyes glared at me when I called to him to stop and told him we were now comparatively safe. He paid no heed to what I said, but continued to flee like a runaway horse maddened by fright. I have never seen nor heard of this man since. After leaving this place the rising ground exposed me to the bullets, but I and all with me escaped unharmed.

Night now came on, and I found myself with two comrades from my own State (Georgia), but of a different command. I made a proposition to them that we stay together whatever our fate might be. One of them was older than myself, while the other was a sixteen-year-old boy. They agreed to the proposition, and we held a consultation to decide how we should escape and rejoin our commands, now completely routed. After falling back from the pike, we had made our way somewhat parallel to that highway. I proposed to them that we make one more effort to escape south by that way before we took to the mountain dividing the Shenandoah Valley from the Luray Valley. This they agreed to, and we set out across the open field until we reached the road, where we concealed ourselves among the bushes. Here we remained for some time. We found a great mass of men passing south only a few feet from us and could tell by their foreign dialect that they were Yankees.

There was nothing now for us to do but to retrace our steps and cross the Massanutten Mountain into the Luray Valley. Climbing its rocky side in the darkness, we at last reached the top after much of the night had passed, and in this lonely place we stopped and listened for some sound that would lead us to man's habitation. Far down in the valley we heard the barking of a dog that brought joy to our hearts. We started in that direction in the darkness of the night down the rocky mountain side, guided only by the continual noise made by the dog; and just as the first signs of day made their appearance we reached a public road and a comfortable farmhouse. We hailed, and a window upstairs opened. A young lady put her head out and inquired what we wanted. She reproved us for our defeat and deplored the hopelessness of our cause, but told us to follow the road until we reached the mill, where we would find a bateau concealed, in which we could cross the river, and we would be safe from the enemy as soon as we were across.

That day I fell in with two comrades of my company and perhaps a thousand stragglers from various commands. We made our way leisurely through this lovely little valley, assured by the good people we met that the enemy would not molest us, for many of our men were now wounded. They told us that they had been molested by them but once since the war started and that they had had such a rough reception by the bushwhackers that they had never come back again. That evening we arrived at the south end of the valley and bivouacked. The next day our path led us up the side of the Blue Ridge to the top and along the crest to a gap (Snicker's?), where there was an inn. Here we stopped and rested, while a woman washed the blood off my face and dressed my wound.

We now started down by the fine graded road into the valley once more to seek our comrades. As we proceeded, looking to the west, we could see a little handful of brave souls on the main pike still offering resistance, while the well-organized forces of the enemy were making every effort to destroy the last one of them. O how my heart bled for them, and how I wished that I could render them some assistance! When the artillery and infantry in front and the cavalry on the flanks drove them from one position, they ran back and threw up some kind of protection with rails or anything movable and fought behind this until it was untenable. And so they had been contending with the victorious enemy ever since I was separated from my command and so continued until they left the main pike and turned toward Brown's Gap. The pursuit now ended, and the broken regiments of the army assembled and reorganized at that place.

When we reached the foot of the mountain my comrades kindled a fire, and I went to a house near by to get some milk. We had made a hasty hoecake and put it in a frying pan on the fire, when a cavalryman came trotting by and said: "Hurry up, boys! The Yankees are right behind and coming on." We snatched up our dough and struck out after the cavalryman for the mountain road. This led along the foot of the Blue Ridge on the east side of the valley and offered every facility for escape, if necessary. Some of my comrades decided to take to the mountain rather than to flee before the enemy, but I had had enough of the mountains and kept the road. Looking back, I could see them climbing up the mountain side, and I wondered what would be their experience. After a month or so they all returned to us, and I asked them how they fared. "O," they said, "finely. The Yankees soon found by the smoke from our fires that we were up there and kept a patrol of cavalry pickets down in the valley on guard, riding to and fro all the time; but they did not know how many there were of us up there and how well we were armed. If they had tried to take us, we could have killed all of them coming up the steep mountain by shooting them and rolling rocks down on them. They knew this and didn't try it. At night we made a detail to go down the mountain and run the blockade of pickets and get bread, milk, and apples from the people in the valley, who were always our friends. We lived like lords the whole time in full view of the Yankees every day. The Yankees finally withdrew their pickets, and we returned to our commands."

While our army was broken up and routed by the mismanagement and lack of foresight of brave old Jube Early, our loss in killed, wounded, and missing was very small, and in less than a month we were ready once more to renew the campaign. This we did at Cedar Creek under the able planning and execution of Gen. John B. Gordon, routing the Yan-

kee army and capturing everything it had and winning the most complete victory of the whole war, but, again by the bad management of General Early, lost it all. It seems that it was not in the plan of Divine Providence for us to win, but only to punish and harass our enemies as much as possible.

THE EVACUATION OF RICHMOND.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. AMELIA GORGAS AS
RECORDED IN HER DIARY.

Sunday, April 2, 1865, opened bright and beautiful, false harbinger of the gloom that enveloped the devoted city before the meridian hour. I attended St. Paul's Church, as usual, sitting with Judge John A. Campbell, as our pew was filled with strangers. Soon after Mr. Minnegerode began his sermon a messenger swiftly and silently passed up the aisle and whispered to General Cooper and other officers of the War Department news which took them immediately from the church. The sermon proceeded, and all was quiet until the messenger returned and, going directly to the President's pew, gave the same whispered message. Mr. Davis arose, pale but composed, and with great dignity passed out of the church. In a moment it was known that Lee's lines in front of Petersburg had been assaulted and broken by the enemy and could not be reestablished, and that Richmond must be evacuated by eight o'clock that night.

All was confusion and despair, for every wife knew that she must be separated from her husband and left to the mercy of a victorious army. The women were brave and aided to the best of their ability the departure of the men. I hastened to our quarters at the armory and found preparations already begun to move the public property. My husband was too much engrossed with his duties to assist me except to urge that I would leave the armory before the enemy entered the city, as he knew the large buildings would be used as barracks for the Federal soldiers. At midnight a messenger announced that the ordnance train was ready, and we parted not to meet again for many long and anxious months. That train was the last to pass over the bridge, which was burned in an hour. Some men too old and infirm for military service and whom we had befriended assisted me in removing a few necessary things to my sister's house, to which asylum my young children had already been taken. My oldest child, a boy of ten years, remained at my side working all night. Two faithful negro servants made Herculean efforts to leave nothing for the Yankees, and in their panic they deposited on the top of Gamble Hill a sewing machine, a mirror, and a stand of shovel, poker, and tongs. The latter are still preserved and used in my sitting room. Just as the day was breaking a sentinel rushed in and announced that the Yankees were coming over Church Hill and begged me to leave at once, as I could not save the furniture, carpets, etc. Much exhausted by the night's work, my young son and I slowly made our way to Mrs. Bayne's house through bursting shells and the lurid glare of many buildings on fire.

Then began wild scenes of confusion on the streets. Liquor from the medical stores emptied in the gutters offered temptation to those who wanted to forget their fate. The contents of the commissary stores were fought for by poor wretches long strangers to food and clothing. As the sun rose long lines of the conquering army passed down our street. The brilliant uniforms of the officers and men and the sleek, prancing horses formed a painful contrast to our ragged and shoeless braves and their half-starved animals. We peered

at the enemy through closed shutters, even the children shrinking from the gaze of the terrible Yankees. My sister, Mrs. Bayne, and our friend Mrs. James Alfred Jones were sitting together on a sofa in the sitting room when the fragment of a shell crashed through the window and passed within a few inches of their heads. My son Willie assisted me to spread wet blankets over the flat roof of the house to protect us from the debris of the fires, which at that hour filled the air to suffocation. In the afternoon Willie rushed in and gave the alarm that Yankee soldiers were robbing our neighbor, Mrs. Freeland, of her silver plate and were coming next to our house. In hot haste my sister's cook plunged her silver into a barrel of soft soap. My nurse and I threw the contents of my chest upon the top of an old-fashioned shower bath, the numerous pipes effectually concealing the silver. The marauders were arrested before reaching our house; but my silver bears honorable scars and dents of that dreadful evacuation day.

As night came on crowds of soldiers and negroes filled the streets, and our fears increased, as we had no male protector for the three women and nine children who composed our family. Learning that no guard would be granted unless by personal application, my friend Mrs. Jones and I, with courage born of despair, determined to go to the headquarters of the general commanding, General Ord, and present a little note my husband had addressed to the General, asking his protection for his helpless family. General Ord was a classmate of my husband at West Point. Dressed in deep mourning, we drew our crape veils and with timid steps threaded our way through smoking ruins and masses of flaunting negro women and Yankee soldiers to the City Hall. The crowd around the entrance was so dense that we could not have reached the provost's office but for the assistance of Dr. Nichols, who had a way opened for us. Trembling, we approached the man of authority, who proved not to be General Ord, and presented our note. He scanned us closely and politely and, catching a glimpse of the pale and beautiful face of my friend, invited us with some solicitude to be seated. In a few minutes, in response to instructions given to his orderly, a tall Prussian soldier presented himself and was ordered to follow the two ladies to their home and protect them from molestation and intrusion. Our neighbors, seeing us followed by an armed soldier, concluded that we were under arrest and sent messages of sympathy and encouragement. The guard was faithful and attentive, and during the week he was on duty he made warm friends of our children and promised next time he would be "a nice Confederate and not a bad Yankee," for which concession the little Rebels embraced him.

After our little ones were asleep we three tired, heart-broken women sat bemoaning the terrible misfortune that had befallen our beloved city. We tried to comfort ourselves by saying in low tones (for we feared spies even in our servants) that the capital was only moved temporarily to Danville, that General Lee would make a stand and repulse the daring enemy, and that we should yet win the battle and the day. Alas! alas for our hopes!

In the VETERAN for April, 1913, page 180, appeared a sketch of Mrs. Gorgas, whose beautiful life extended into the eighty-seventh year without bringing old age. A picture of her is also given with her son, Dr. William C. Gorgas, whose splendid work in Panama brought him the gratitude of a nation. In May, 1916, the Alabama Division, U. D. C., presented to the University of Alabama a memorial tablet inscribed:

"Amelia Gayle Gorgas,
1826-1913.

Daughter of John Gayle, Governor of Alabama.

Wife of Josiah Gorgas, Brigadier General C. S. A.

Mother of William Crawford Gorgas, Surgeon General U. S. A.

Untiring Nurse in Confederate Hospital, 1861-65.

First Historian Alabama Division, U. D. C., 1897-99.

Matron of University Hospital, 1879-1907.

Librarian University of Alabama 1883-1907.

"In commemoration of this noble record and of her exalted personal character, this memorial tribute is erected by the Alabama Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Greatly beloved and rarely gifted,

Her life was an inspiration."

A CHIVALROUS SOLDIER.

War must always be terrible, but it need not be unrelieved by shining examples of chivalry and consideration for others as well as by the display of courage and self-sacrifice that are inseparable from it. Our own War between the States was full of such amenities between the warring soldiers. One of the most charming courtesies was shown by Gen. Irvin McDowell, who commanded the Federal troops at Bull Run, to the wife of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

On May 24, 1861, a column of Federal troops from Washington took possession of Arlington Heights and Alexandria. The family of General Lee left the beautiful Arlington mansion as the troops approached. Subsequently the Federal commander, Gen. C. W. Sanford, was relieved by General McDowell, and it was into the latter's hands that a letter from Mrs. Lee addressed to the commander at Arlington fell.

General McDowell's reply is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHEASTERN VIRGINIA,
Arlington, May 30, 1861.

"Mrs. R. E. Lee—Madam: Having been ordered by the government to relieve Major General Sanford in command of this department, I had the honor to receive this morning your letter of to-day addressed to me at this place. I am here temporarily in camp on the grounds, preferring this to sleeping in the house, under the circumstances which the painful state of the country places me with respect to its proprietors.

"I assure you it has been and will be my earnest endeavor to have all things so ordered that on your return you will find things as little disturbed as possible. In this I have the hearty concurrence of the courteous, kind-hearted gentleman who is in immediate command of the troops quartered here and who lives in the lower part of the house to insure its being respected.

"Everything has been done as you desired with respect to your servants, and your wishes, as far as they are known or could be anticipated, have been complied with. When you desire to return, every facility will be given you for so doing.

"I trust, madam, you will not consider it an intrusion if I say I have the most sincere sympathy for your distress and that, as far as is compatible with my duties, I shall be ready to do whatever may alleviate it. I have the honor to be very respectfully your most obedient servant, IRVIN McDOWELL.

"P. S.—I am informed it was the order of the general in chief [General Scott] if the troops on coming here found the family in the house that no one should enter it, but that a guard should be placed for its protection."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

STONEWALL.

From Northern uplands comes he not, nor from the Western plains,
Nor where in ports the stately ships ride safe from hurricanes;
But in a sweet Virginia vale, where mountain shadow falls,
Was born and nurtured Jackson, the mason of stone walls.

Napoleon's gray overcoat bore fewer weather stains
Than does the jacket that "Old Jack" wears through his swift campaigns;
And if you chanced to see his back, you'd call him some dragon
Who'd worn his elbows fairly out in forays 'neath the moon.

But if he faced about on you, his gray eyes' glow and fire
Would teach you chieftains can be known without full-dress attire;
And if in fight you saw that glance and heard that pealing voice,
You'd think that Ney had come to life to lead the "Stonewall boys."

He is a mason, this our chief; and fairly may he boast
Of all the stone walls ever built, his make can do the most;
For when it stands the rooted rock has not a firmer base,
And in pursuit the swift sea wave cannot outstrip his chase.

He served apprentice at West Point, and there he got his tools;
But many a bridge and arch he builds in scorn of booky rules,
And many a hasty line he's formed of simple sunburnt clay
Had strength to stay a Yankee flood and dash it into spray.

But though he scout the formal rules of book and architect,
In picking out his building stuff no mason's more select;
No stone he uses till 'tis tried and tested in his hand,
And most he likes the bowlder stanch that comes from Maryland.

And when he finds a stone to suit, no mason can be prouder;
He shapes it neatly first in camp, then drills it well with powder;
And when no flaws remain nor faults, but it is proven all,
He takes it to the field with him and builds it in his wall.

And thus the chieftain and his troops are fitted each to each;
The wall is strong to meet the shock, and he to mend the breach;
And every time the battle calls in prayer he bends his knee,
And afterwards gives prayerful thanks to God for victory.

And when the sentry hears his voice in midnight murmurs melt,
He gives his gun a firmer grasp and tightens up his belt;
For well he knows it argues blows when Jackson prays by night,
And well he feels he'll need his heels to catch the foe in flight.

This fine poem, printed in the Charleston Mercury of April 18, 1863, has never been reprinted in any of the collections of war poetry. The allusion to Maryland seems to point to Randall as the author, though the style is more that of John R. Thompson.

O. W. BLACKNALL.

KITTRELL, N. C.

THE BATTLESHIP MISSISSIPPI.

BY C. W. TRICE, LEXINGTON, N. C.

At the recent launching of the superdreadnaught Mississippi, Secretary of the Navy Daniels stated that it was the third battleship named Mississippi. The first was used during the War between the States and, he said, took part in several engagements—once in Mobile Bay, where she destroyed a Confederate gunboat; once with Admiral Farragut in the engagement at New Orleans, helping to silence our guns and to capture that city; and then, with Admiral Farragut's fleet, steamed up the Mississippi River to Port Hudson, where she grounded and afterwards blew up. Allow me to make a correction about this battleship.

In the early spring of 1863 I was stationed at a small town on the east bank of the Mississippi, about sixty miles above Baton Rouge, La. The town was Port Hudson. The bank of the river was high at this point; and we had about fifty cannon, ranging in size from large siege guns down to small field artillery, all planted along this high bank for several hundred yards.

At one point we had excavated a place ten or twelve feet deep opening out on the river. In this dugout we had a long, black steel cannon, about a twelve-pounder, and a furnace which was built of railroad iron. On this furnace, with a fire burning in it, was kept a large pile of solid shot for the cannon, the shot being kept red-hot all the time. In loading the cannon a crane was used to handle the balls. A block of wood was used between the powder and ball; and when this gun was fired we could see the shot, which looked like a streak of lightning.

One night about two o'clock Admiral Farragut's fleet of about fifteen or twenty boats started to pass our guns. As soon as they were in range our guns began firing at them. The Federals had planted a mortar battery on the west side of the river about a mile below us, and these mortars began throwing shells our way. We could see every one of them as they went up into the air, rainbow fashion. The guns on the boats and our guns then all fired and made the most terrific noise I ever heard. Their guns had to be elevated so much that they overshot us, and we suffered no loss and but little damage.

The first boat was the Hartford, Admiral Farragut's flagship, which hugged the bank under our guns. On account of the high bank our guns could not be depressed sufficiently to do her much damage, and she succeeded in getting by. The second boat in line was the Mississippi. She was farther out; and when she got in range of our hot-shot gun one red-hot cannon ball took effect, which set her on fire. The crew immediately jumped into the water, and most of them were picked up by our men. Among these was Lieut. George Dewey (afterwards Admiral Dewey). I think Captain Peary, of North Pole fame, was among them, but am not sure of that.

As soon as the Mississippi started to burn all the other boats turned back down the river to get out of her way. They knew she would blow up as soon as the fire reached her magazine. The Mississippi floated downstream several miles. We could see the light from the burning boat until just before day, when she blew up with a great noise, sending fire and smoke high in the air.

That is the way the battleship Mississippi was grounded in the middle of the Mississippi River.

TORPEDO SERVICE IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

[The following account of experiments in torpedo warfare was written by Lieut. W. T. Glassel and published in the "Southern Historical Society Papers" for November, 1877. Lieutenant Glassel was living in Los Angeles, Cal., at the time of writing the article, and in a letter referring to it he mentions that it was not the fault of the gallant men who were willing to undertake such risk that they failed to destroy the whole fleet in Charleston Harbor, saying: "It might easily have been done at that time with very little expense or danger but for the opposition thrown in our way by a set of old grannies." The worthies thus referred to evidently did not believe in newfangled notions and hindered him in his ambitious undertaking. The VETERAN for May contained a sketch of Lieutenant Glassel prepared by Col. John W. Du Bose, of Alabama.]

I had served faithfully, I believe, as a lieutenant in the United States navy and had returned from China on the United States steamer Hartford to Philadelphia sometime in 1862, after the battles of Manassas and Ball's Bluff had been fought, when I was informed that I must now take a new oath of allegiance or be sent immediately to Fort Warren. I refused to take this oath on the ground that it was inconsistent with one I had already taken to the United States. I was kept in Fort Warren for about eight months and then exchanged as a prisoner of war on the banks of the James River. Being actually placed in the ranks of the Confederate States, I had thought even President Hayes would now acknowledge that it was my right, if not my duty, to act the part of a belligerent.

A lieutenant's commission in the Confederate States navy was conferred on me, with orders to report for duty on the ironclad Chicora at Charleston. My duties were those of a deck officer, and I had charge of the first division.

On the occasion of the attack upon the blockading squadron (making the attack at night), if I could have had any influence, we should not have fired a gun, but trusted to the effect of iron rams at full speed. It was thought, though, by older and perhaps wiser officers that this would have been at the risk of sinking our ironclads, together with the vessels of the enemy. I have ever believed there was no danger to be apprehended, and if there was we had better have encountered that than make the fruitless attempt which we did, only frightening the enemy and putting them on their guard for the future.

It was my part on that memorable morning to aim and fire one effective shell into the Keystone State while running down to attack us, which, according to Captain LeRoy's report, killed twenty-one men and severely wounded fifteen and caused him to haul down his flag in token of surrender.

The enemy now kept at a respectful distance while preparing their ironclad vessels to sail up more closely. Our Navy Department continued slowly to construct more of these rams, all on the same general plan, fit for little else than harbor defense. The resources of the United States being such that she could build ten ironclads to our one and of a superior class, almost invulnerable to shot or shell, I had but little faith in the measures we were taking for defense.

Frank Lee, of the engineers, was employed in constructing torpedoes to be placed in the harbor and called my attention to the subject. It appeared to me that this might be made an effective weapon to use offensively against the powerful vessels now being built. An old hulk was secured, and Major Lee made the first experiment. A torpedo made of copper

and containing thirty or forty pounds of gunpowder, having a sensitive fuse, was attached by means of a socket to a long line pole. To this weights were attached, and it was suspended horizontally beneath a rowboat by cords from the bow and stern, the torpedo projecting eight or ten feet ahead of the boat and six or seven feet below the surface. The boat was then drawn toward the hulk till the torpedo came in contact with it and exploded. The result was the immediate destruction of the old vessel and no damage to the boat.

I was now convinced that powerful engines of war could be brought into play against ironclad ships. I believed it should be our policy to take immediate steps for the construction of a large number of small boats suitable for torpedo service and make simultaneous attacks, if possible, before the enemy should know what we were about. The result of this experiment was represented to Commodore Ingraham. I offered all the argument I could in favor of my pet hobby. Forty boats with small engines for this service, carrying a shield or boiler iron to protect a man at the helm from rifle balls, might have been constructed secretly at one-half the cost of a clumsy ironclad. The Commodore did not believe in what he called "newfangled notions." I retired from his presence with a feeling of grief and almost desperation, but resolved to prove at least that I was in earnest. I got rowboats from my friend George A. Trenholm, and at his expense equipped them with torpedoes for a practical experiment against the blockading vessels anchored off the bar.

Commodore Ingraham then refused to let me have the officers or men who had volunteered for the expedition, saying that my rank and age did not entitle me to command more than one boat. I was allowed some time after this to go out alone with one of these boats and a crew of six men to attack the United States ship Powhatan with a fifty-pound torpedo of rifle powder attached to the end of a long pole suspended by wires from the bow and stern beneath the keel of the boat and projecting eight or ten feet ahead and seven feet below the surface.

I started out with ebb tide in search of a victim. I approached the ship about one o'clock. The young moon had gone down, and everything seemed favorable, the stars shining overhead and the sea smooth and calm. The bow of the ship was toward us and the ebb tide still running out. I did not expect to reach the vessel without discovery; but my intention was, no matter what they might say or do, not to be stopped until our torpedo came in contact with the ship. My men were instructed accordingly. I did hope the enemy would not be alarmed by the approach of such a small boat so far out at sea and that we should be ordered to come alongside. In this I was disappointed. When they discovered us two or three hundred yards distant from the port bow, we were hailed and immediately ordered to stop and not come nearer. To the question, "What boat is that?" and numerous others, I gave evasive and stupid answers; and, notwithstanding repeated orders to stop and threats to fire on us, I told them I was coming on board as fast as I could and whispered to my men to pull with all their might. I trusted they would be too merciful to fire on such a stupid set of idiots as they must have taken us to be.

My men did pull splendidly, and I was aiming to strike the enemy on the port side just below the gangway. They continued to threaten and to order us to lie on our oars; but I had no idea of doing so, as we were now within forty feet of the intended victim. I felt confident of success, when one of my trusted men, from terror or treason, suddenly backed

his oar and stopped the boat's headway. This caused the other to give up apparently in despair. In this condition we drifted with the tide past the ship's stern, while the officer of the deck, continuing to ply me with embarrassing questions, gave orders to lower a ship's boat to go for us.

The man who backed his oar had now thrown his pistol overboard and reached to get that of the man next to him for the same purpose. A number of men by this time were on deck with rifles in hand. The torpedo was now an encumbrance toward the movements of my boat.

I never was rash nor disposed to risk my life or that of others without large compensation from the enemy. But to surrender thus would not do. Resolving not to be taken alive till somebody at least should be hurt, I drew a revolver and whispered to the men at the bow and stern to cut loose the torpedo. This being quickly done, they were directed quietly to get the oars in position and pull away with all their strength. They did so. I expected a parting volley from the deck of the ship; and, judging from the speed with which the little boat traveled, you would have thought we were trying to outrun the bullets which might follow us. No shot was fired. I am not certain whether their boat pursued us or not. We were soon out of sight and beyond their reach, and I suppose the captain and officers of the Powhatan never have known how near they came to having the honor of being the first ship ever blown up by a torpedo boat.

I do not think this failure was from my fault or want of proper precaution of mine. The man who backed his oar and stopped the boat at the critical moment declared afterwards that he had been terrified so that he knew not what he was doing. He seemed to be ashamed of his conduct and wished to go with me in any danger. His name was James Murphy, and he afterwards deserted to the enemy by swimming off to a vessel at anchor in the Edisto River.

I think the enemy must have received some hint from spies, creating a suspicion of torpedoes before I made this attempt. I got back to Charleston after daylight next morning with only the loss of one torpedo and convinced that steam was the only reliable motive power.

Commodore Tucker having been ordered to command the naval forces at Charleston, torpedoes were fitted to the bows of the ironclad rams for use should the monitors enter the harbor.

My esteemed friend, Mr. Theodore Stoney, of Charleston, took measures for the construction of the little cigar-shaped boat David at private expense, and about this time I was ordered off to Wilmington as executive officer to attend to the equipment of the ironclad North Carolina. She drew so much water that it would have been impossible to get her over the bar and consequently was fit only for harbor defense.

In the meantime the United States fleet, monitors and ironclads, crossed the bar at Charleston and took their comfortable positions, protecting the army on Morris Island and occasionally bombarding Fort Sumter.

The North Carolina, being finished, was anchored off Fort Fisher. No formidable enemy was in sight except the United States steamer Minnesota, which, knowing that she could not get out, had taken a safe position at anchor beyond the bar to guard one entrance to the harbor. I made up my mind to destroy that ship or make a small sacrifice in the attempt. Accordingly I set to work with all possible dispatch, preparing a little steam tug which had been placed under my control, with the intention of making an effort. I fitted a torpedo to her

bow so that it could be lowered in the water or elevated at discretion.

I had selected eight or ten volunteers for this service and would have taken with me one rowboat to save life in case of accident. My intention was to slip out after dark through the passage used by blockade runners and then to approach the big ship from seaward as suddenly and silently as possible on a dark night, making such answer to their hail and questions as occasion might require and perhaps burning a blue light for their benefit, but never stopping until my torpedo came in contact and my business was made known.

I had everything ready for the experiment and only waited for a suitable night, when orders came requiring me to take all the men from the North Carolina by railroad to Charleston immediately. An attack on the city was expected. I lost no time in obeying the order and was informed on arriving there that "my men were required to reinforce the crews of the gunboats, but there was nothing in particular for me to do." In a few days, however, Mr. Theodore Stoney informed me that the little cigar boat built at his expense had been brought down by railroad, and if I could do anything with her he would place her at my disposal. On examination I determined to make a trial. She was yet in an unfinished state.

Assistant Engineer J. H. Tomb volunteered his services, and all the necessary machinery was soon fitted and got in working order, while Maj. Frank Lee gave me his zealous aid in fitting on a torpedo. James Stuart (alias Sullivan) volunteered to go as fireman, and afterwards the services of J. W. Cannon as pilot were secured. The boat was ballasted so as to float deeply in the water and all above painted the most invisible color (bluish). The torpedo was made of copper, containing about one hundred pounds of rifle powder and provided with four sensitive tubes of lead, containing explosive mixtures, and this was carried by means of a hollow iron shaft projecting about fourteen feet ahead of the boat and six or seven feet below the surface. I had also on deck an armament of four double-barreled guns and as many navy revolvers; also four cork life preservers had been thrown on board, and they made us feel safe.

Having tried the speed of my boat and found it satisfactory (six or seven knots an hour), I got a necessary order from Commodore Tucker to attack the enemy at discretion and also one from General Beauregard. And now came an order from Richmond that I should proceed immediately back to rejoin the North Carolina at Wilmington. This was too much. I never obeyed that order, but left Commodore Tucker to make my excuses to the Navy Department.

On the 5th of October, 1863, a little after dark we left Charleston wharf and proceeded with the ebb tide down the harbor. A light north wind was blowing, and the night was slightly hazy; but there was starlight, and the water was smooth. I desired to make the attack about the turn of the tide, and this ought to have been just after nine o'clock, but the north wind made it run out a little longer.

We passed Fort Sumter and beyond the line of picket boats without being discovered. Silently steaming along just inside the bar, I had a good opportunity to reconnoiter the whole fleet of the enemy at anchor between me and the camp fires on Morris Island. Perhaps I was mistaken, but it did occur to me that if we had then instead of one just ten or twelve torpedoes to make a simultaneous attack on all the ironclads, and this quickly followed by the egress of our rams, not only might this grand fleet have been destroyed, but the twenty

thousand troops on Morris Island left at our mercy. Quietly maneuvering and observing the enemy, I was half an hour more waiting on time and tide. The music of drum and fife had just ceased, and the nine-o'clock gun had been fired from the admiral's ship as a signal for all unnecessary lights to be extinguished and for the men not on watch to retire for sleep. I thought the proper time for attack had arrived.

The admiral's ship, *New Ironsides*, the most powerful vessel in the world, lay in the midst of the fleet, her starboard side presented to my view. I determined to pay her the highest compliment. I had been informed through prisoners lately captured from the fleet that they were expecting an attack from torpedo boats and were prepared for it. I could, therefore, hardly expect to accomplish any object without encountering some danger from riflemen and perhaps a discharge of grape or canister from the howitzers. My guns were loaded with buckshot. I knew that if the officer of the deck could be disabled to begin with it would cause them some confusion and increase our chance for escape; so I determined that if the occasion offered I would commence by firing the first shot. Accordingly, having on a full head of steam, I took charge of the helm, it being so arranged that I could sit on the deck and work the wheel with my feet. Then, directing the engineer and fireman to keep below and give me all the steam possible, I gave a double-barreled gun to the pilot, with instructions not to fire until I should say so, and steered directly for the monitor. I intended to strike her just below the gangway, but the tide, still running out, carried us to a point nearer to the quarter. Thus we rapidly approached the enemy.

When within one hundred yards of her a sentinel hailed us, "Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!" repeating the hail several times very rapidly. We were coming toward them with all speed, and I made no answer, but cocked both barrels of my gun. The officer of the deck made his appearance and loudly demanded: "What boat is that?" Being now within forty yards of the ship, with plenty of headway to carry us on, I thought it about time the fight should commence and fired my gun. The officer of the deck fell back mortally wounded (poor fellow!), and I ordered the engine stopped. The next moment the torpedo struck the vessel and exploded. What amount of direct damage the enemy received I shall not attempt to say. My little boat plunged violently, and a large body of water which had been thrown up descended upon her deck and down the smokestack and hatchway.

I immediately gave orders to reverse the engine and back off. Mr. Tomb informed me then that the fires were put out and something had become jammed in the machinery so that it would not move. What could be done in this situation? In the meantime the enemy, recovering from the shock, beat to quarters, and general alarm spread through the fleet. I saw that our only chance to escape was by swimming, and I think I told Mr. Tomb to cut the water pipes and let the boat sink. Then, taking one of the cork floats, I got into the water and swam off as fast as I could.

The enemy, in no amiable mood, poured down upon the bubbling water a hailstorm of rifle and pistol shots from the deck of the *Ironsides* and from the nearest monitor. Sometimes they struck very close to my head; but, swimming for life, I soon disappeared from their sight and found myself all alone in the water. I hoped that, with the assistance of the flood tide, I might be able to reach Fort Sumter; but a north wind was against me, and after I had been in the water more than an hour I became numb with cold and was nearly exhausted. Just then the boat of a transport schooner picked

me up and found, to their surprise, that they had captured a Rebel.

The captain of the schooner made me as comfortable as possible that night with whisky and blankets, for which I sincerely thanked him. I was handed over next morning to the mercy of Admiral Dahlgren. He ordered me to be transferred to the guard ship *Ottawa*, lying outside the rest of the fleet. Upon reaching the quarter-deck of this vessel, I was met and recognized by her commander, William D. Whiting. He was an honorable gentleman and a high-toned officer. I was informed that his orders were to have me put in irons and if obstreperous in double irons. I smiled and told him his duty was to obey orders and mine to adapt myself to circumstances. I could see no occasion to be obstreperous. I think Captain Whiting felt mortified at being obliged thus to treat an old brother officer, whom he knew could have been actuated only by a sense of patriotic duty in making the attack which caused him to fall into his power as a prisoner of war. At any rate, he proceeded immediately to see the admiral, and upon his return I was released on giving my parole not to attempt an escape from the vessel. His kindness and the gentlemanly courtesy with which I was treated by other officers of the old navy I shall ever remember most gratefully. I learned that my fireman had been found hanging on the rudder chains of the *Ironsides* and taken on board. I had every reason to believe that the other two, Mr. Tomb and Mr. Cannon, had been shot or drowned until I heard of their safe arrival in Charleston.

I was retained as a prisoner in Fort Lafayette and Fort Warren for more than a year and learned while there that I had been promoted for what was called "gallant and meritorious service."

What all the consequences of this torpedo attack upon the enemy were is not for me to say. It certainly awakened them to a sense of the dangers to which they had been exposed and caused them to apprehend far greater difficulties and dangers than really existed should they attempt to enter the harbor with their fleet. It may have prevented Admiral Dahlgren from carrying out the intention he is said to have had of going in with twelve ironclads on the arrival of his double-turreted monitor to destroy the city by a cross fire from the two rivers. It certainly caused them to take many precautionary measures for protecting their vessels which had never before been thought of. Possibly it shook the nerve of a brave admiral and deprived him of the glory of laying low the city of Charleston. It was said by officers of the navy that the ironclad vessels of that fleet were, immediately enveloped like women in hoop-skirt petticoats of netting, to lie in idle admiration of themselves for many months. The *Ironsides* went into dry dock for repairs.

The attack also suggested to officers of the United States navy that this was a game at which both sides could play, and Lieutenant Cushing bravely availed himself of it. I congratulated him for the *éclat* and promotion he obtained thereby. I do not remember the date of my exchange again as a prisoner of war, but it was only in time to witness the painful agonies and downfall of an exhausted people and the surrender of a hopeless cause.

I was authorized to equip and command any number of torpedo boats, but it was now too late. I made efforts to do what I could at Charleston till it became necessary to abandon that city. I then commanded the ironclad *Fredericksburg* on James River until ordered by Admiral Semmes to burn and blow her up when Richmond was evacuated. Leaving

Richmond with the Admiral, we now organized the 1st Naval Artillery Brigade, and I was in command of a regiment of soldiers when informed that our noble general, R. E. Lee, had capitulated. Our struggle was ended.

After the close of the war I was offered a command and high rank under a foreign flag. I declined the compliment and recommended my gallant old commander, Commodore J. R. Tucker, as one more worthy and competent than myself to fill a high position.

I never regretted that I acted in accordance with what appeared to be my duty. * * * I had been absent nearly two years. No one could have lamented the beginning of the war more than I did. It had been in progress nearly six months when I came home from sea. I had taken no part in it on my arrival in Philadelphia, only because I could not truthfully swear that I felt no human sympathy for my own family and for the friends of my childhood and that I was willing to shed their blood and desolate their homes; and because I would not take an oath that would have been a lie I was denounced as a traitor, thrown into prison for eight months, and then exchanged as a prisoner of war.

THE RED RIVER CAMPAIGN.

BY W. T. SHAW, FORT WORTH, TEX.

It is impossible to understand and appreciate the far-reaching effect and importance attached to this campaign without some knowledge of the official correspondence that preceded it by the Federal authorities, from the President down.

As early as August 6, 1863, General Halleck sent the following dispatch to Banks, via Vicksburg, from Washington: "There are important reasons why our flag should be at some point in Texas with the least possible delay."

On the 10th of August, 1863, Halleck explains this order thus: "That order, as I understood at the time, was of a diplomatic rather than a military character and resulted from European complications or, more properly speaking, was intended to prevent such complications."

The President himself emphasized his solicitude for this policy in a letter which Banks wrote to Halleck December 23, 1863: "In addition to the instructions received from your department upon this subject (the expedition to Texas), the President addressed me a letter, borne by Brigadier General Hamilton (Jack Hamilton), Military Governor of Texas, dated September 19, 1863, in which he expressed the hope that I had accomplished the object so much desired—the occupation under Hamilton's military rule of Texas."

On the 8th of January, 1864, while this issue was pending before the Cabinet and President in Washington, who were in deliberation over the policy to be pursued, General Halleck, then Secretary of War, wrote as follows to General Grant: "In regard to General Banks's campaign against Texas, it is proper to remark that it is undertaken less for military reasons than as a matter of State policy. As a military measure simply it presented perhaps less advantages than a movement on Mobile and the Alabama River, so as to threaten the interior lines and effect a diversion in favor of our armies at Chattanooga and in Eastern Tennessee. But, however this may have been, it was deemed necessary, as a matter of political or State policy connected with our foreign relations, and especially with France and Mexico, that we should hold and occupy at least a portion of Texas. The

President so considered for reasons satisfactory to himself and his cabinet, and it was therefore unnecessary for us to inquire whether or not the troops could be employed elsewhere with greater advantage."

Without further reference to this interesting correspondence, a brief review of what happened in this remarkable campaign will be given.

The first achievement of the Federal forces was the capture of Fort De Russy, with two hundred and fifty men, near the mouth of the Red River, by a combined attack on Porter's fleet and A. J. Smith's veteran army corps on the 14th of March, 1864. The ease with which this was accomplished seems to have turned Admiral Porter's head.

Writing from Alexandria two days later, Porter says: "Colonel De Russy from appearance is a most excellent engineer to build forts, but doesn't seem to know what to do with them after they are constructed. The efforts of these people to keep up their war remind one of the antics of Chinamen who build canvas forts, paint hideous dragons on their shields, turn somersaults and yell in the faces of their enemies to frighten them, and then run away at the first sign of an engagement. It puts the soldiers and sailors out of all patience with them after the trouble they have had in getting here. Now and then our army has a little brush with their pickets, but it doesn't often happen. It is not the intention of these Rebels to fight."

It is a Federal historian who, after inserting in his history this letter from Porter, pertinently comments: "Admiral Porter probably had occasion to reverse his judgment before the campaign was over."

Gen. William H. Parsons, in a comment on this letter, significantly observed: "Certainly his own first encounter at Blair's Landing with the despised enemy must have convinced him that he was in error in assuming this: 'It is not the intention of these Rebels to fight.' The first lesson he received which compelled him to reverse his judgment was administered at Blair's Landing by Parsons's Brigade, and no attempt on his part to disparage these 'reckless Texans who charged on his gunboats' on the base and calumnious insinuation that 'they were infuriated with Louisiana rum' will change the verdict of history that the men of Texas, whose exemplars were the heroes of the Alamo, Goliad, and San Jacinto, like the old guard of Napoleon, were of those who not only knew how to fight, but how to die, but never surrender."

General Banks reported that he entered this campaign with forty-two thousand men. This may have included seven to ten thousand men under Steele at Little Rock, Ark., on whom he relied to join him at Shreveport. General Taylor, with 5,300 infantry, 3,000 cavalry (dismounted), and 500 artillery, making a force of all arms of 8,800 men, attacked the front of Banks's army near Mansfield. To use Taylor's own language: "The great event then transpired at 4 p.m. April 8. The enemy failing to advance, our line advanced in force and swept all before it, as was also the 2d Division of the 13th Corps, brought up to sustain the first line, pursuing the routed foe four miles below our first position. Eight thousand of the enemy, his horse, two divisions of infantry, and five thousand of the 19th Corps were driven back by sunset. The fruits of the victory at Mansfield were: Two hundred and fifty wagons, several stands of colors, many thousand small arms, twenty pieces of artillery, and twenty-five hundred prisoners."

In the second day's battle at Pleasant Hill, Taylor, having been joined by Churchill's Division, had in line 12,500 men: while the enemy had in position 18,000 men, including 10,000

fresh veteran troops under Gen. A. J. Smith, which had not been brought into action the previous day. General Taylor states that, notwithstanding the superiority of numbers in the enemy's columns, he relied on turning both flanks of the enemy and overwhelming it with a concentric fire should his orders be intelligently executed.

Majors, with two brigades of horse, was stationed on the Confederate left in a wood to the east of the Mansfield road, and Churchill, with two batteries and three regiments of horse, was directed to the right of the Mansfield road; while Walker's Division was held in the center, where Green was in command. On the left Majors advanced, turned the enemy's right, and gained possession of the Blair's Landing road, thus frustrating any attempt on the part of Banks to retreat on that road and form a junction with Porter.

In his official report Churchill admitted that if his line had extended half a mile farther to the right Taylor's plan of battle would have resulted in a brilliant success. As it was, Churchill, failing to gain sufficient ground to turn the enemy's left, advanced with his Missouri and Arkansas troops successfully, broke the enemy's line, got possession of two batteries and three hundred prisoners, and with his Missourians reached the village. His Arkansas brigade being delayed by a gulch, the rapid advance of the Missourians put a gap of some three hundred yards between the two advancing sections. Into this opening the enemy thrust their reserve; also Churchill was himself attacked on the flank by the Federal brigade which by his blunder he had left on his right. Being assaulted on all sides, his forces were thrown into confusion. The Arkansas brigade retreated upon Scurry's Brigade, to sustain which Wall's and Randall's Brigades were ordered into action, and soon our whole line was engaged.

At the first sound of Churchill's attack, which had been agreed upon as the signal for their advance, Walker's Division was led forward by echelons of brigades, and Brent advanced twelve guns from the wood and, planting them within seven hundred yards of the enemy, opened fire. While Brent overpowered the Federal battery in the plateau in front of the Mansfield road, General Green believed the enemy to be retreating and ordered the Texas cavalry under Bee, Du Bray, and Buchell to charge. The three gallant cavalry leaders were all wounded, Buchell mortally. General Taylor says: "The charge was premature and cost many valuable lives, but Green's dismounted men cleared the woods from the Mansfield to the Blair's Landing road and at nightfall held the position previously occupied by the Federal battery."

On the Confederate right the close of the day brought Churchill's action to an end, leaving both sides in their original position.

General Taylor reported: "In the two actions of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill my loss in killed and wounded was 2,200. At Pleasant Hill we lost three guns and 425 prisoners, 179 from Churchill's and 246 from Scurry's Brigade at the time it was so nearly overwhelmed."

Banks reported his loss in killed and wounded at 4,000.

The battle of Pleasant Hill was hotly contested with desperate fighting on both sides; but the enemy's precipitate retreat during the night, leaving his wounded on the field and dead unburied, was an acknowledgment of complete discomfiture and defeat. In fact, he was in great doubt as to whether or not his army and fleet could escape destruction. Had not Kirby Smith persisted in withdrawing more than two-thirds of Taylor's force to Arkansas, it is practically certain that they would not have escaped. The almost marvelous achieve-

ments of General Taylor, with his Texas cavalry, during the forty days following pursuit amply justifies this opinion.

It will be observed that this account of the Pleasant Hill battle, taken from Taylor's official report, completely refutes the claim of our friend Colonel Hubbard, of the 5th Minnesota, that it was a Federal victory and complete rout that almost destroyed Taylor's army. Colonel Hubbard does not seem to have known that the bulk of Taylor's army was withdrawn to Arkansas after this battle, and he may have been led into his error and bold assumption from the small body of troops with which Taylor was left to complete the pursuit of the enemy.

To set forth the achievements of General Taylor, with his 3,000 Texas cavalry, supported by less than 1,200 infantry and some 300 artillery, making a force of all arms less than 4,500, in pursuit of the enemy after the two opening battles, we shall rely upon the general orders issued at the close of the campaign.

In his "General Order No. 7," dated May 24, 1864, addressed to the officers and soldiers of his cavalry, General Wharton uses this language: "The history of no other campaign will present the spectacle of a cavalry force capturing and killing more of the enemy than their own numbers. This you have done and in so doing have immortalized yourselves and added new luster to Texas, the gallantry of whose sons has been illustrated on every battle field from Gettysburg to Glorietta."

The general order issued by Gen. Dick Taylor on May 28, 1864, reads as follows:

"On March 12 the enemy, with an army of 30,000 men, accompanied by a fleet of ironclads mounting one hundred and fifty guns, moved forward for the conquest of Texas and Louisiana. After seventy days' continuous fighting you stand, a band of conquering heroes, on the banks of the Mississippi. Fifty pieces of cannon, seven thousand stands of small arms, three gunboats, eight transports captured or destroyed, sixty stands of colors, and over ten thousand of the enemy killed, wounded, or captured—these are the trophies which adorn your victorious banners. Along three hundred miles of river you have fought his fleet, and over two hundred miles of road you have driven his army. You matched your bare breasts against his ironclads and proved victorious in the contest. You have driven his routed columns beyond the Mississippi, although fed by reinforcements of fresh troops, while many of your gallant comrades were withdrawn to other fields. The boasted fleet which lately sailed triumphantly over our waters has fled in dismay after destroying guns and stripping off armor in its eagerness to escape. Like recreant knights, they have fled the field, leaving sword and shield behind.

"The devotion and constancy you have displayed in this pursuit have never been surpassed in the annals of war, and you have removed from the Confederate soldier the reproach that he could win battles, but could not improve victories.

"Along a hundred miles of his path the flying foe, with more than savage barbarity, burned every house and village within his reach. You extinguished the burning ruins in his base blood and were nerved afresh to vengeance by the cries of women and children left without shelter or food.

"If the stern valor of our well-trained infantry was illustrated on the bloody fields of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, this long pursuit has covered the cavalry of this army with undying renown. Whether charging on foot shoulder to shoulder with our noble infantry or hurling your squadrons on the masses of the foe or hanging on his flying columns

with more than the tenacity of the Cossack, you have been admirable.

"Our artillery has been the admiration of the army. Boldly advancing without cover against the heavy metal of the hostile fleet, unlimbering, often without support, within range of musketry, or remaining last on the field to pour grape and canister into advancing columns, our batteries have been distinguished in exact proportion as opportunity was afforded.

"Soldiers, these are great and noble deeds, and they will live in chronicle and in song as long as the Southern race exists to honor the earth. But much remains yet to do. The fairest city of the South languishes in the invader's grasp. Soldiers, this army marches toward New Orleans; and though it may not reach the goal, the hearts of her patriotic women will bound with joy, responsive to the echoes of your guns."

WHY THE SOUTH LOST.

BY O. W. BLACKNALL, KITTRELL, N. C.

"Because she would not pay the price of independence!" The people who for the cause next their heart paid in blood, in treasure, in suffering, in humiliation, in every species of disaster the heaviest price in all history, not willing to pay the price of independence!

The South (and by the South I mean the patriotic element within her borders) was willing to pay and did pay every price but one. But, alas! that was the one without which all the others proved vain. That price was liberty, the temporary subordination of law and personal rights to military necessity. The South could not bring herself to let liberty wait even until independence was won. She could not bow to the maxim of the most practical liberty lovers that the world has ever seen, the ancient Romans. The maxim that amid the clash of arms law must be silent was not for her.

Our civil officers in the discharge of their duty as they saw it hampered and thwarted the Confederate government in the prosecution of the war to a degree hardly to be believed in these iron days. Governor Vance, of North Carolina, Governor Brown, of Georgia, and the Governor of Alabama, to mention only the most prominent cases, were patriotic men. For Southern independence they stood ready to sacrifice everything but Southern liberty. No matter how dire the extremity, how urgent the necessity that forced it, every encroachment of the Richmond authorities upon the rights of the States was opposed and more than once to the verge of armed resistance. In the main the State courts backed the Governors and the people, or at least the civil population backed the courts.

Unfortunately, the measures most stoutly opposed and most persistently thwarted were those of conscription and impressment, without which the army could not be recruited or supplied. The result was that the South never fully mobilized her resources in either men or supplies. More than once within a stone's throw of independence, even this small margin of unmobilized resources must have strengthened her to reach the shining goal.

War as we waged it was a grilling thing, testing human nature to its inmost fiber. There has never been a war without its shirkers. The great body of Southern people, steadfast to the bitter end, were willing to lay upon the altar of independence their lives, their fortunes, everything but the rights of the people, even if these rights included the right of the shirker to shirk. Suppose we had commandeered every

man, every dollar, every mouthful of food, and every tongue, or bridled it as, I will not say Germany, but as England and France are now doing—in short had prodded our dead weight into action, the "thin gray line" would have stiffened and never broken.

Northern historians of the war devote whole chapters to "The Military Despotism" at the South. But what was her true liberty status? Despotism always bridles the tongue before it manacles the hand. Numerous papers were suppressed by the Federal authorities. If the Confederate authorities ever suppressed one, I have never found record of it, and I have looked diligently. The Charleston *Mercury* criticized the administration from beginning to end. The Richmond *Examiner* was almost rabid in its assaults on the President and his policy. Holden, in the Raleigh *Standard*, by encouraging desertion and every possible form of disloyalty to the Confederacy, probably did as much as Grant or Sherman to defeat Southern independence. But he kept within the law as our liberal-minded forbears saw it and to the very end was suffered to weaken the cause which our highest and best were dying to uphold.

That the Confederate authorities did not in their desperate straits resort to arbitrary and unlawful measures, no one could pretend to deny. Impressment, unnecessary at the opulent North, where the wily contractor stood ready to supply with one hand and rake off with the other, worked great hardships and often injustice at the lean South. Nor did the Northern draft ever develop into the keen man hunt that the Southern conscription did, for there were fully five times as many available men within the Federal lines by 1864 as in the Confederate. What I mean is that through all the stress and strain and dire necessity of war, with the enemy, sword and torch in hand, forever thundering at her doors, the South strove valiantly to keep liberty alive and went down to defeat and ruin thereby. "Liberty is a delicate plant," said one of our war editors, beautifully expressing Southern sentiment. "Liberty is a delicate plant. Watered with blood and tears, it will grow; but once uprooted, where upon that soil did it ever thrive again?" As another put it: "Liberty has ever said, the veil of the temple once rent, 'let us depart.'"

On the other hand, the North from the beginning of the war to the end of Reconstruction destroyed every bar, legal or moral, that stood in the way of working her will with the South. The Declaration of Independence, at once the creed and gospel of American liberty, proclaimed as its cardinal principle, as its very reason for being, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." Thirteen sovereign States, the identical number that made the declaration of American independence, and inhabited by ten million people, nearly three times as many as the original thirteen and under far greater provocation, now made a declaration of Southern independence. These States, all thoroughly organized, fully capable of self-government, solemnly, deliberately, and observing every form of law and of procedure, sought to exercise the "just power" of self-government. But twenty million Northerners were as much benefited by the union as the ten million Southerners were harmed by it. The declaration of independence became a scrap of paper.

The Constitution, the bond of union, the solemn covenant that bound the States together, the destruction of which automatically destroyed the Union, by every possible implication and construction forbade the Federal government to interfere with slavery in the States. Northern military and political

expediency called for abolition. The Constitution became a scrap of paper.

Humanity demanded that the cartel empty Northern and Southern prison hells. Northern military expediency required that these hells remain in full blast. The cartel became a scrap of paper.

The *habeas corpus* act, forbidding arrest and imprisonment without due form of law, hindered the North in subjugating the South. Seward touched the little bell at his elbow. The *habeas corpus* act became a scrap of paper.

The time-honored rules of civilized warfare prohibited an invading army from vandalism, from the wanton destruction of private property. These rules had been scrupulously observed by the army that the tyrant George III. sent through the South in the Revolution. Northern military expediency required that Sherman devastate, give over to pillage, torch, and rapine an area three times as large as all Belgium combined. The rules of civilized warfare became a scrap of paper.

"But didn't all this shorten the war?" the unthinking are given to asking. Perhaps it did. But so did Attila's butcheries shorten his job, and Alva's; so did the cruelties of the painted savage shorten his job.

But civilized man has by common consent bound himself to forego such doubtful advantage bought at such fearful cost to the innocent and helpless. Frightfulness, savagery brands the savage, be it veneered with New England Puritanism or German Kultur. To her everlasting honor the South lost not only because she was short in resources, but because she was long in principle. After all, was it not better to have nobly lost than to have basely won?

THE BATTLE OF HATCHER'S RUN

BY MAJ. RANDOLPH BARTON, BALTIMORE, MD.

[This account of the battle was written in response to the request of Capt. S. D. Buck in the VETERAN for January.—Ed.]

The battle of Hatcher's Run was fought on the afternoon of February 6, 1865. I was at that time assistant adjutant general of Terry's Brigade, made up of the remnants of the Stonewall Brigade and other brigades of Maj. Gen. Edward Johnson's division. We had been encamped during the winter on the Boynton Plank Road, which runs southwesterly from Petersburg down into the Dinwiddie County section of Virginia. We were about twelve miles, I think, from Petersburg. Hatcher's Run crosses the plank road from northwest to southeast about a mile below where we were encamped.

Pegram's Division was in the neighborhood, for I have frequently recalled the superb picture of Mrs. Pegram, formerly the lovely Hetty Cary, of Baltimore, and a bride of about two weeks, handsomely mounted, and General Lee, on foot, with his hand resting on her horse's neck, engaged in conversation while awaiting the coming of the division to be reviewed by General Lee. You can imagine the splendor of the group: a beautiful woman, a noble man in appearance and every other respect, and a handsome horse.

On the 6th, about midday, the long roll beat in our camp, and the command turned out and moved rapidly down the plank road toward Hatcher's Run. It proved to be a false alarm, and we returned to camp and resumed our usual routine of camp life. About 3 P.M. we were called out again

and hastened down the road. We crossed the Run and went into line of battle on the left-hand, or easterly, side of the road and on Pegram's left. Very soon we were hotly engaged. I was mounted, and while the firing was heavily going on some of our men from the right of our line came running toward me to say that we were being flanked on our right. I at once rode to the point indicated and found myself on the edge of an old field in which the sedge grass, short cedars, and pines seemed to be the only vegetation. The Federal troops were coming over the ground, and very suddenly I found myself within probably fifty yards of their line. They saw me and fired before I could turn and escape, one ball going through my left leg above the knee and beautifully perforating my thigh. Another ball lodged in my horse's neck, but without disabling her. I turned as quickly as possible and ordered the right of our line to fall back and then made for the rear, the line giving way at the same time. I reached the stream (Hatcher's Run), and my mare had to climb like a cat to get over the fallen and cut trees and limbs and then jump the stream. However, I got over safely and soon emerged on the plank road, where, encountering a surgeon, my wounds were examined, and with him I returned to our camp and had it dressed. Although disabling me absolutely, it was a lovely wound. On our way back on the plank road an ambulance preceded me, in which, lying dead, was General Pegram.

Now as to an explanation of the battle. General Grant began very early in 1865 to "feel" General Lee's right flank. From day to day he sought to encircle our right, and this was one of his movements. Our line must have re-formed and held the enemy, for I am quite sure they retired, and our command came back to camp. I think it was what we used to call a "reconnaissance in force" by the Federal troops, and they first met General Pegram's division, which was soon reënforced by our division, commanded by Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia.

The whole affair is very clear to me, even after the passage of fifty-two years.

A BLOODY CONFLICT BY MOONLIGHT.

BY CAPT. H. P. RAUTON, SUMTER, S. C.

This moonlight battle occurred on the night of June 17, 1864, at Petersburg, Va. After the crater explosion the 22d South Carolina Regiment was commanded by Col. Jere Burt, a brave young officer, who won his promotion when our regiment was so badly scattered by the blow-up, in which we lost our colonel and two companies of the left wing. Colonel Burt rallied the men and led them into the hard-fought struggle to possess the line again. In the moonlight charge we had about four hundred men in the regiment. Company A was led into the charge by Lieut. Sam Ready with only twenty-eight men on that night.

After passing through a skirt of wood we entered the cleared land about fifty yards from the Federals holding our breastworks. At that point we raised the yell with which our enemy was so familiar. Half of our company was knocked out in less than sixty seconds, but we gave them time for only one volley of Minie balls to whistle through the night air. Our regiment captured four hundred prisoners. I must compliment the enemy's troops for aiming low on that occasion. Lieutenant Ready and I were both shot in the right thigh. Two of the prisoners helped me off of the battle field and were in a great hurry to get out of range of their bullets. I should be glad to hear from them if now alive.

IN THE YEAR 1861.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

VOLUME IV., "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Arizona Territory, C. S. A.—The following order was issued by Gen. H. H. Sibley, Army of New Mexico, C. S. A.: "The proclamation of martial law by the commanding general is in no way intended to abrogate or supersede the power of Col. John R. Baylor as civil or military governor of Arizona." So it is seen that the Confederacy was composed of States and at least one Territory.

Variety of Arms in One Regiment, C. S. A.—An inspector reported from Hopkinsville, Ky., that he found in a Texas regiment the following arms: Rifles, shotguns, muskets, Mississippi rifles, yagers, and various other firearms of all kinds and descriptions. This must have been pretty rough on the ordnance department.

Blankets for Sick and Wounded.—Governor Clark, of Texas, made an appeal to the citizens of his State, saying that every family should furnish at least one blanket or comfort, as the articles contributed would be of little or no inconvenience to the donors, yet when aggregated together would furnish an immense supply for the sick and wounded soldiers. I suppose he got them, as the Texans generally gave cheerfully everything they had for the good of the cause.

Simon Bolivar Buckner.—On August 17, 1861, President Lincoln wrote the Secretary of War of the United States: "Unless there be reason to the contrary, not known to me, make out a commission for Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky, as a brigadier general of volunteers. It is to be put into the hands of General Anderson, of Sumter fame, and delivered to General Buckner or not, at the discretion of General Anderson. Of course it is to remain a secret unless and until the commission is delivered. He did not want it, but later in the war he called somebody's attention to the fact that he could have had it if he wished.

C. S. A. Cavalry.—The Secretary of War, C. S. A., wrote Gen. A. S. Johnston that no cavalry would be accepted unless they furnished their own horses, but that forty cents per day would be allowed for their use and risk, and they would also be paid for such horses as were killed. And they got on these terms very nearly all the cavalry that could be used.

First Official Recognition of the Confederacy.—Colonel Riley, of Sibley's Brigade, wrote the commanding officer as follows: "Permit me here to again congratulate you on having been instrumental in obtaining the first official recognition by a foreign government of the Confederate States of America, and all the credit due such an achievement, I trust, will be awarded you." This was brought forth by a communication from the Governor of Chihuahua, Mexico, as to the right of pursuit into his country.

Some Drunk.—An Alabama colonel wrote General Bragg from Chattanooga that a Tennessee general was there with two regiments and a light battery and stated further that this gent had just been appointed; had been drunk for not less than five years; was stupid, but easily controlled; knew nothing, and he (the colonel) believed that he could do with him pretty much as he pleased. This is, I believe, the record drunk for the world and certainly beats anything the Yankees could do in this line; although if true that Grant was the "booze fighter" he was reported to be, the convivial Tennessean was not much in the lead.

Grapevine News.—A Yankee colonel wrote that his scouts reported that the Richmond howitzer battery, C. S. A., was manned by negroes, and he thought the report was correct. Now, this certainly must have riled those "F. F. V.'s," of whom this battery was entirely composed.

Home Guards.—A Kentucky colonel wrote that he was joined by one hundred and fifty home guards, who nobly came to his rescue, but promptly disappeared at the approach of danger. He further said that they were "fireside rangers" and nothing more. Some who made the excuse that they could not march thirteen miles toward the enemy actually marched thirty miles in the opposite direction without a halt. Like a great many of us, these parties were "warriors in peace and citizens in war."

Mexicans in the Confederate Army.—A Texas colonel said: "We have at this post one company of infantry which is entirely composed of Mexicans, and, like all of their countrymen, they are susceptible to bribery and corruption and cannot be depended on." From what I have read of this nation, its people have not changed any up to date.

Negroes as a Commodity.—General Magruder told the adjutant general at Richmond that the enemy was in the habit of landing in Mathews County, Va., and decoying off from five to eight thousand dollars' worth of negroes each week. Some veteran will please explain if they were reckoned by the dozen, yard, cord, gallon, or, as the negroes say, "per each."

Proclamation.—The following is from the pen of Gen. P. O. Herbert, who bore a very gallant part in the Trans-Mississippi Department: "Texans, our infant government has achieved wonders, yet we must strain every nerve for our individual protection. Remember the days of yore when your own red right hands achieved your independence; and while some of your hardy sons are prepared to share the glory to be won in other States, you owe it to them and yourselves to keep your soil free from the enemy's touch. Let every man, then, clean his old musket, shotgun, or rifle, run his bullets, fill his powder horn, sharpen his knife, and see that his revolver is ready to hand, as in the trying days when Mexico was your foe. I am too near to San Jacinto's field to doubt for an instant that even against overwhelming numbers you will gladly rally to the defense of your homes, your families, and your liberties. Our enemy may succeed, from his superior numbers, in ravaging your seacoast; but, God willing and you aiding, he will never hold a foot of your soil. Never!" But—

Powder Flasks.—A Virginia colonel reported to Gen. H. Marshall that his men were poorly armed and carried their powder in horns, gourds, and bottles. And this only a few years from the magazine rifle!

Prayed for the Union.—A citizen of East Tennessee wrote that the Confederate authorities had arrested more than one hundred persons for no other charge than being Union men and cites the instance of an old man, a very large and fleshy Methodist preacher, who had been carried on the hoof for fifty miles, being denied the privilege of riding his own horse, and all they had against him was that he had prayed for the Union. This was certainly rough on that chicken-fed man.

Anxious for Service.—Governor Clark, of Texas, wrote that his State regiments were clamorous for service, fretting under inaction, and requested that they be mustered in at the earliest possible moment and given active employment. It is useless to add that they got what they wanted.

Supplies Wanted.—A Confederate colonel said that his men needed only rifles, clothes, greatcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, and, indeed, everything except a willingness to fight. The last clause describes Tennessee's part in the war to a nicety.

Putting It to a Vote.—Colonel Wood, C. S. A., reported that the Lincolnites, who numbered 300, had met the night before our arrival and voted on three propositions: First, Should they fight? (Ayes, 4; noes, 296.) Second, Should they go to Kentucky? (Ayes, 65; noes, 235.) Third, Should they disperse? (Ayes, 230; noes, 70.) Then they all fled, the four fighting men with the colonel, the sixty-five toward Kentucky with the major, and the others with the lieutenant colonel, scattering to their homes and the mountains. This band of Lincolnites as a fighting unit was evidently, as they say in these days, fairly "shot to pieces."

Expected Duration of War.—The Governor of Texas on August 31 told his people that the war they were engaged in would in all probability be prolonged for many months to come and to make their preparations accordingly. He was surely right, but he might have put it better if he had said years.

Welcoming the Coming Guest.—Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder ("Prince John") told his Army of the Peninsula "From St. Louis to Washington and from Washington to New Orleans the command is: 'Onward to the destruction of the South!' Let us, therefore, stand ready to welcome these strangers to 'hospitable graves,' and if they attack us we will defeat them and after the victory will have better quarters at Fort Monroe and Newport News." Prince John was a great success as a "dust raiser," but got sidetracked too early in the war to show his real merit.

VOLUME V, "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Annexation of Virginia East Shore to Maryland.—General Lockwood, U. S. A., wrote to General Dix from Drummond-town, Va., as follows: "I am happy to inform you that a readiness is manifested to declare the allegiance of this part of Virginia to the Federal government, and all with whom I have conversed look to an annexation with Maryland as an event much to be desired." He had evidently conversed with some of those who blew both hot and cold.

Premature Assurance.—Secretary Benjamin wrote Gen. J. E. Johnston: "News from Europe to-day assures us of a very early recognition of our independence and the breaking of the blockade." This news, however, came by "grapevine."

A Staggering Blow.—Gen. H. A. Wise wrote General Lee that Beauregard's victory and his (Wise's) escape had staggered the enemy to a "standstill." General Wise was quite a unique character and a master quarreler, but was a game cock and was at Appomattox for the finish.

Militant Congressman.—Gen. O. O. Howard reported that in Calvert County, Md., he arrested the Hon. Augustus R. Sillers, ex-member of Congress, who used the most violent and treasonable language and drew a large knife with which he cut from right to left. He was secured, however, but was immediately taken so ill with gout that he had to be left on parole. That "ex" must have had the gout on tap.

Confusion in Command.—Capt. F. C. Heth, C. S. A., reported that at Winchester, Va., he found brigadiers in command of regiments, colonels in command of companies, and

captains in command of squads and suggested the propriety of consolidating regiments and companies so as to rid them of supernumerary officers and the Confederacy of unnecessary expense. It is unnecessary to state that when Gen. Stonewall Jackson was sent to the Valley this condition was soon changed.

Premature Expectations.—An anonymous letter to J. P. Benjamin stated that the Yankees expected to be in Richmond before two weeks were over and that a meaner set of devils than Butler and Burnside never lived; that they would do anything to succeed—burn cities, murder men, women, and children, and do "every other wicked thing they can if by so doing they can raise themselves one buttonhole higher with the rest of the Northern Yankee devils." There were a good many Yankees in Richmond before the two weeks were over, but not in the rôle of conquerors.

Battle Flag of the Confederacy.—On November 24, 1861, General Beauregard issued the following order: "In the event of an action with the enemy the new battle flag recently issued will alone be carried on the field. Meantime commanders will accustom their men to the flag, so that they may be thoroughly acquainted with it." This was the flag that replaced the Stars and Bars in battle.

Hardships in '61.—President Davis wrote that he had received a telegram from General Beauregard which stated that some of his regiments were without food. An addendum was attached by a commissary that they had everything but hard bread and bacon and that they were offered flour and beef in abundance. These same complainers lived on apples and green corn later in the war and made no kick on the fare.

A Big Killing.—General Wise reported that one shot from his howitzer killed and wounded sixty Yankees, and added: "It is certain that one gun did very good execution." It certainly did.

State of Kanawha.—General Floyd, C. S. A., writes: "The pretended new State of Kanawha, U. S. A., for whose existence a regular poll is to be taken, comprises the southern as well as the northern half of the valley. The presence of the Confederate troops in its territory will effectually destroy all appearance of legality in the proceedings." It was legally made the State of West Virginia, however.

Proclamation.—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, the acknowledged shining light of the war in a certain kind of tactics, was also a silver-tongued orator, as this order issued by him will show: "Soldiers, your country calls you to the defense of the noblest of human causes. To the indomitable courage already exhibited on the battle field you have added the rarer virtues of high endurance, cheerful obedience, and self-sacrifice. By your valor and firmness you have kept the enemy in check until the nations of the earth have been forced to see in us an empire of confederated States, a population enjoying all the comforts of life, and a citizen soldiery who laugh to scorn the threats of subjugation. The enemies of your country, as well as her friends, are watching with tremulous interest your actions. Your decision, be it for honor or dishonor, will be written down in history. You cannot, will not draw back at this solemn crisis of our struggle, when all that is heroic in the land is engaged and all that is precious hangs trembling in the balance." This was brought forth by the fact that practically his entire army's time for service was about to expire, but they stayed and would have done so, oration or no oration.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*
Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal.....*First Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Second Vice President General*
MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo.....*Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HALEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor.*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, West Point, Miss.....*Historian General*
MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn.....*Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va., *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: Immediately upon the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany, and with the possibility of this nation's becoming involved in war, I tendered to President Wilson the services of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in whatever capacity they may be available.

On February 9 I attended a meeting under the auspices of the Red Cross in Washington, D. C., "for the purpose of mobilizing the womanhood of the United States for the service for which it is best fitted in time of war or other national emergency and banding women into practical and easily-handled units." Over a thousand women were present, to whom I repeated our offer of aid to the country. Mrs. James Mulcare, President of the Division, called a meeting of the District of Columbia Daughters in furtherance of this purpose; and the members of the Ransom-Sherrill Chapter, of Newton, N. C., had already pledged their services.

Reference to the minutes will expose the error of the statement made by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, Md., in the February VETERAN, that "in the tributes to their dead of 1916 by the United Daughters of the Confederacy at their recent convention in Dallas, Tex., the name of Miss Kate Mason Rowland is passed over in absolute silence."

Your attention is called to the unusually practical and comprehensive "Historic Yearbook" prepared by our Historian General, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, and I urge both the Daughters and the Children of the Confederacy to give the programs contained therein careful study. Further, in order to insure correct history I wish to impress upon you the ruling that all books must bear the stamp of approval of our Committee on Indorsement of Books before their sale is undertaken by our Chapters.

Miss Pearce, 1221 Massachusetts Avenue N. W., Washington, D. C., informs me that she has in her possession a U. D. C. pin with the name of Miss Eva Claiborn on it, which was found about two years ago on the aviation field at Newport News, Va., and which she will be glad to return to its rightful owner.

While it would have given me pleasure to accept any of the several invitations extended me for January 19, I responded to that of the Lee-Jackson Chapter, of Lillian, in Northeast Virginia, and feel greatly encouraged by my trip, for I have never seen a more capable and enthusiastic number of women than this little band, without railroad facilities and nearly surrounded by water. A true U. D. C. spirit pervaded the air from the time I landed at the wharf until I took the boat to return. My visit included an invitation to address the two hundred and fifty boys and girls of the high school at Reedville, on the walls of which hung the portraits of Generals Lee and Jackson; a reception at Lillian on the

18th and an all-day celebration at Reedville on the 19th, which were attended by Daughters, Veterans, and Sons of Veterans, who came from five to twenty miles by water and over country roads. The Lee-Jackson Chapter carried off Virginia's historical banner in 1916, and other Divisions will have in it a worthy competitor to contend against in this year's U. D. C. historical contest.

In passing through New York on January 13 I received at the very handsome reception given by Mrs. James Henry Parker at the Hotel Astor in honor of the New York Division. On January 16 I represented you at the twelfth annual meeting of the Navy League of the United States, to which I was also a delegate. January 17 I received with the Dixie Chapter, Washington, D. C. January 27 I represented you at the Congress of Constructive Patriotism, Washington, D. C. And on February 1 I received with the Robert E. Lee Chapter in honor of the Confederate Veterans and the Division President, Mrs. James Mulcare. I was unable to receive with the Winnie Davis Chapter on February 3 or at the Southern Relief Ball, February 5, Washington, D. C.

I again urge your prompt and liberal contributions to the E. K. Trader and Red Cross window funds. We pledged our support to Mrs. Trader in 1912. She has returned to her home here, and her daughter has resumed the duties of her position; but our aid is needed and should be generously given. The government will not permit the Red Cross window to be placed until it is paid for; and the time before the Confederate Veteran Reunion in June, when it is desired to have it unveiled, is all too short to permit of any delay. Fortunately, no new undertakings were pledged by the Dallas convention, and we should be able to readily clear our slate of those pledges previously entered into.

Mrs. Eugene Little, Treasurer General, informs me that she has sent Mr. Streater \$481.25; and Mrs. Bibb Graves, Chairman of Confederate Seals, states that she has turned over to her treasurer one thousand dollars received from S. H. Kress & Company, which is all, I am advised, that has been received for the Arlington Monument Fund since the Dallas convention. I beg you to redeem your pledges for this monument at that convention, so that Mrs. James Henry Parker may be enabled to make up the balance, which was so generously pledged by her, and Sir Moses Ezekiel be paid in full. Mrs. Little also informs me that she has \$2,087.34 for the Red Cross window, but has received no report from Mrs. Kimbrough.

Please bear in mind that our Treasurer General is bonded and her accounts are audited yearly by a certified accountant, and that every cent of money collected for any purpose of our general organization must be sent to her with directions for its distribution. Your *per capita* tax is due in the general treasury March 1. If you desire the "Minutes of the Conven-

tion," other than those sent to your Chapter, they can be gotten from Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Recording Secretary General, Chatham, Va., as long as they last, for fifteen cents the cost of postage. Owing to the impossibility of securing the proper paper, the Minutes were not gotten out on scheduled time, and the same reason also held back your U. D. C. certificates. There are five thousand of the latter now ready for you.

There was no woman better known in U. D. C. circles than Mrs. C. D. Merwin, President of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter and formerly President of the District of Columbia Division, whose death occurred last month. There also occurred last month the death of Col. William H. Knauss, at Columbus, Ohio. A wreath of flowers was sent by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who were represented at the funeral by Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells.

When a danger as alarming as our country has ever faced is imminent, when our President is carrying a burden as great as ever pressed upon the shoulders of any ruler, I urge you, Daughters of the Confederacy, to loyally stand by him and to prepare yourselves to render service in any emergency that may occur.

Faithfully yours,

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER.

MESSAGE FROM THE RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: In the report of your Recording Secretary General at the San Francisco convention in 1915 she made this request: "Again it is most important to impress upon Chapters the necessity of not sending stamps and, when other officers than the President write, to always give name of the Chapter President, name of Chapter, and post office." That request was made more than a year ago, and I suspect some of us have forgotten it. May I just remind you and ask that you will comply with it, when possible, for the sake of the one whom you have seen fit to honor with this high office?

Cordially.

MAUDE E. MERCHANT.

Recording Secretary General.

KENTUCKY—THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

BY MRS. F. E. WEST, PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN COUNTY CHAPTER, HOPKINSVILLE.

Christian County Chapter has had a very unique and very satisfactory tag day for raising funds for the Jefferson Davis Memorial, so soon to be dedicated at Fairview, Ky. One hundred dollars was raised by these loyal Daughters in about three or four hours of real pleasure. As we made the people feel that they were getting their money's worth by presenting each contributor with a beautiful painting of the home of Jefferson Davis, they were all happy over such a valued souvenir of the day and over the fact that they had contributed to this great cause. Therefore our tag day was both unique and very successful.

There is no more worthy cause than the perpetuation of Southern history by honoring the birthplace of the Confederacy's President with a memorial that shall be in keeping with that to the idol of the North, Abraham Lincoln. Gen. Bennett H. Young, President of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, urges every U. D. C. Chapter to contribute to this fund. Let me suggest that the giving of this beautiful painting

of the birthplace of Mr. Davis to every contributor to a Jefferson Davis Memorial Fund is the easiest and most pleasant way that we have ever made money for our Chapter. Other Chapters that are interested and desire to have their treasuries reimbursed will certainly find it worth their while to investigate our method. We will gladly tell just how we did it. Larger cities could thus make handsome sums for this memorial.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR., EDITOR, EUFULA.

It is with deep sorrow that the Alabama Division records the death of one of her dearly-loved Honorary Life Presidents, Mrs. A. M. Allen. She died on January 29 at her home, in Montgomery, where she was loved by all who knew her. Although eighty-four years old, she had been remarkably active and well preserved until very recently. She was a typical Southern gentlewoman, and the sweetness of her nature and the beauty of her character have made her life a blessing and a joy to all who came within its influence.

Mrs. Bibb Graves, President of the Alabama Division, has been for some time in Texas, where she has gone to be with her husband, a lieutenant colonel with the Alabama troops stationed there. We feel lost with our dear leader so far away; but, with her characteristic energy and system, the work of the Division goes steadily on. She will return in time to prepare for the May convention, which meets this year in Selma, and the Daughters are looking forward with pleasant anticipations to the meeting in this beautiful city. During the convention several markers of Selma's historic spots will be unveiled.

CONVENTION PLEDGES

By order of our President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, I am now asking that you send me as promptly as possible your pledges and contributions for the Arlington, Red Cross, and Trader Funds, the need for each being pressing. No one of us would be willing to go to Washington with Arlington Monument, one of the grandest on earth, and our beautiful Red Cross window unpaid for. Dear old Mrs. Trader's trembling notes of receipt for the small sums I have to send her would inspire us all to further help. She and her daughter are most appreciative.

Believe me at all times gladly and faithfully at your service.

MRS. EUGENE LITTLE, *Treasurer General U. D. C.*

THE NEW YORK DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. D. BEALE, HISTORIAN, NEW YORK CITY.

The following invitation was sent out about the first of January:

"Mrs. Parker requests the pleasure of your company at a reception in honor of the New York Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, on Saturday, the thirteenth of January, from four until seven o'clock, at the Hotel Astor."

Mrs. Parker's mother, Mrs. Augustus Jones, stood with her to welcome the guests. The three Vice Presidents of the Division were invited to assist the President in receiving, but only the First Vice President, Mrs. Alfred Cochran, was present. There was a pleasant surprise during the afternoon when Mrs. Odenheimer, President General U. D. C., took her position in the receiving line. She was only passing through New York, and her presence, though only for a short time, gave much pleasure.

Sweet music was discoursed during the afternoon by Mr. Don Richardson's Southern Band. "Dixie," "Old Black Joe," "Suwanee River," "Old Kentucky Home," "Lorena," "All Is Quiet along the Potomac To-Night," and other airs dear to a Southerner's heart were rendered. Many prominent people were present, including presidents of various New York clubs and members and associate members of the U. D. C. Delightful refreshments were served. Mrs. Parker's annual receptions are looked forward to with genuine pleasure by all the Daughters.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

BY MISS MARGARET BOYLES, FAYETTEVILLE.

Among the many honors which have come this year to the Tennessee Division in recognition of its exceptional personnel is that which has recently fallen upon Mrs. W. T. Davis, who has been chosen by Mrs. Odenheimer, President General, to serve with Miss Mildred Rutherford, Chairman of the National Committee on Southern Literature. Mrs. Davis's appointment is a source of deep and universal satisfaction. Mrs. Odenheimer has displayed her customary good judgment in her choice of Mrs. Davis, who has served with honor in many U. D. C. offices of trust. For several years she has been President of one of the Division's prominent Chapters, William B. Bate, of Nashville; for two years she was the Division Historian, in which capacity she established an unusual record in stimulating historical research; and she has been very active as a member of the State Educational Committee. Miss Rutherford and Mrs. Davis compose this committee, and it will be their duty to examine all books, records, and plays regarding Southern history and all books to be placed in schools and public libraries. The judging of essays in literary contests will also come under their supervision.

Combining the celebration of the Lee and Jackson anniversaries, as have other Chapters, Knoxville Chapter gave both a morning and an evening program. Featuring the morning program, held at the City High School, was the presentation of a portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The portrait was painted by Lloyd Branson as a gift to the Chapter, which in turn gave it to the school. Mrs. W. M. Goodman made the presentation speech. The gift was accepted by the President of the School Board, S. G. Heiskell, who, though the son of a Union soldier, made a wonderfully appealing address in which he emphasized the principles for which the U. D. C. stand. The leading speaker of the evening was Col. L. D. Tyson, who in his brilliant address pleaded for a wider and stronger recognition of Jefferson Davis, the Confederacy's President.

The excellent yearbook of the Knoxville Chapter outlines a series of studies upon various phases of Southern life and hints at the unlimited possibilities of the South as a basis of study.

In celebrating the one hundred and tenth anniversary of Robert E. Lee, the Col. John R. Neal Chapter, of Spring City, emphasized the thought that while Lee was Southern to the core, his genius, his goodness, and his greatness placed him apart as a man of his race, a leader of all humanity.

An interesting piece of work just completed by the Gen. John C. Vaughn Chapter, of Sweetwater, is a roster of the twenty companies furnished by the county to the Confederate army. These lists have been gotten with much labor and from a valuable record. This Chapter has recently been the recipient of a highly-prized gift, the regimental flag of the 62d Tennessee. It was presented by the late Adj. John

Triplett, who, at the surrender of Vicksburg, wound the flag around his body, put his coat on over it, and laid down his arms with his regiment. The flag was never surrendered. For conspicuous gallantry during the siege of Vicksburg the 62d was allowed to have inscribed on this flag the word "Vicksburg."

Sarah Law Chapter, of Memphis, will on June 2 celebrate its twentieth anniversary. It was organized in 1897 and has had only four presidents—Mrs. T. J. Latham, Mrs. Carrington Mason, Mrs. Jere Watkins Clapp, and Mrs. W. C. Schwalmeier—all leaders to whom is due much of the greatness and goodness and generosity of Sarah Law Chapter. This Chapter has been very fortunate in its ability to secure prominent speakers for its historical meetings, in which interest is thus constantly stimulated.

For more than two years Stanton Chapter has derived the greatest pleasure from its monthly correspondence with one of the veterans of the Soldiers' Home. His letters are read aloud at the Chapter meetings, and each month a different member of the Chapter is appointed to reply. Nor does the thoughtfulness of the Chapter stop here. Frequent surprise packages are sent him, and he also receives a daily newspaper from the same source. Stanton Chapter's good works are not only humanitarian, but intellectual, as it has for two years won the Division Historical Banner and is using every effort to capture it again.

Jefferson Davis Chapter, of Cleveland, is this year stressing its educational work, in which its entire membership is enthusiastically interested. Its Chapter meetings are educational in themselves, being largely devoted to a study of Southern history. Essay contests will be held in the various schools of the city, the subject being "Southern Heroes." Realizing their exceptional historical value to young people, the Chapter has placed in the school libraries of Cleveland copies of Miss Rutherford's several convention addresses. These addresses, presenting the absolute truth of Southern history, never fail to arouse the deepest interest of the boys and girls in whose hands they are placed. Bound volumes of the addresses to date form an invaluable gift to schools within the reach of every Chapter.

The social activities of the Agnes L. Whiteside Chapter, of Shelbyville, centered upon their recent entertainment of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Veterans, delegates to which numbered about one hundred and fifty. The Boy Scouts gave interested and active support to the Chapter, and the sight of the boys in khaki marching beside the gray-haired "boys" in gray was not without pathos. This Chapter has several scholarships in the schools of Shelbyville to its credit. They are being used to advantage this year. Medals are also offered in essay contests.

Through the influence of Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, of Chattanooga, Lee's birthday was celebrated in seventy county schools besides the city schools—a splendid impetus given the young people of Hamilton County for the study of the South's hero. The veterans and Daughters also held a joint celebration at the Hotel Patten, with several addresses and patriotic songs. During the holidays an oyster supper and an evening of songs was given the veterans of Chattanooga by the Chapter. With an enrollment of two hundred and sixty-nine last year, Gen. A. P. Stewart reports a number of new members.

John W. Thomas Chapter, of Monteagle, though small in numbers, is working enthusiastically along all the lines of Division activity. Lee's birthday was observed with a beautiful program.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

Please let this be a personal talk with you, coming direct from one who wishes intensely to impress upon you the importance of living up to the keyword of our Historical Department, "Preparedness." This means, of course, preparedness in Southern history—to be prepared to tell, to teach, to discuss our history at all times and all places. Although handicapped by ill health ever since my election as your Historian General, I have labored hard to plan the historical work, but I know how useless this will all prove without your earnest and constant coöperation. Let me urge you to greater efforts to carry on the work during the coming weeks, for my physical condition demands that I go off for treatment; so I shall be unable to answer any letters during March, perhaps longer.

All necessary information has been prepared for you in the yearbooks—list of reference books and where obtained (you have only to write to the publishing houses for prices); all rules and details will be found there; also about the Raines Banner, Rose Loving Cup, and Mildred Rutherford Medal Contest. Study these carefully and let the Chapters enter at least one of these contests. In addition, it would be well for Chapters to offer prizes—books, medals, or small amounts of money—for the best historical work done by a member.

I am proud to announce this month two splendid new contests—the Youree Prize of twenty dollars in gold for the most valuable reminiscences from Confederate veterans and women of the Confederacy and the Andrews Medal for the best answers to the "Fifty Test Questions in History." Printed lists of these questions and rules of these contests will be sent to all State Historians for their Chapters by March 1. If you do not receive them, write your State Historian, not your Historian General. I am a great believer in these contests, for whenever you introduce the competitive element interest is at once aroused.

In order to keep up with the historical work it is absolutely essential for you to have the CONFEDERATE VETERAN each month and read the Historian General's page. While it would be impossible for me to write each member, through the VETERAN I can communicate with each one each month. So be sure to take the VETERAN.

Remember Shiloh Day, April 6, and have exercises on that day, preferably in schools. Tell the children all about that great battle. Remember also Memorial Day, April 26. This has been called the "Sabbath of the South." Remember to say "Memorial Day," not "Decoration Day." My heart's desire is that each Daughter may feel that she has taken a step forward this year in the knowledge of Southern history. Will you not do your part?

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1917.

TOPICS FOR APRIL PAPERS: EVENTS OF 1861.

April 6, Shiloh Day; April 26, Memorial Day.

Battle of Bull Run, or First Manassas, July 21. Describe this important battle, giving names of opposing commanders

and result. Remember it was in this battle that Jackson received his famous sobriquet, "Stonewall." Who gave it to him?

Give brief accounts of these battles: Wilson's Creek, Mo., August 1; Lexington, Mo., September 19; Ball's Bluff, Va., October 21.

Tell of the Trent Affair, November 8.

Missouri passed an Act of Secession by the Legislature at Neosho, Newton County, Mo., October 28, 1861; Claiborne F. Jackson, Governor.

Kentucky passed an Ordinance of Secession at a convention held at Russellville, Ky., November 20, 1861; George W. Johnson, Governor.

Tell of their admission as Confederate States.

"Maryland, My Maryland." Tell of her loyalty and relation to the Confederate movement.

Round-table discussion: What were the effects of the blockade at this time? Summarize the conditions at the close of the first year of the war, 1861.

References: "The South in the Building of the Nation," Volumes I., II., and III.; "Confederate Military History," Volume IX

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1917.

April 6, Shiloh Day; April 26, Memorial Day.

Tell of the engagement at Big Bethel. Where was this?

What was the first important battle of the war, where and when fought, and who were the opposing commanders? Remember, Jackson received the name of "Stonewall" in this battle.

Was this a Confederate victory?

Which was the larger, the Southern or Northern army?

When was the blockade established, by whom, and what was it doing for the South?

Who were Mason and Slidell? and what happened to them? (Pages 289, 290.)

(All of the foregoing events happened in 1861.)

"Grandmother's Stories about the War."

Song: "The Homespun Dress." (Sing to the tune of Bonnie Blue Flag" and always feel proud of being a Southern girl or boy.)

Reference: "Brief History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XII.

HISTORICAL CONTESTS FOR 1917.

Raines Banner, given for best collection of historical papers on topics given in the Yearbook.

Rose Loving Cup, given for the best essay on a subject of Southern history. Subject for 1917, "The Southern Confederacy."

Mildred Rutherford Medal, given for best historical report from a Chapter where there is no Division or from a Division consisting of a few Chapters.

See Yearbook for rules and all details of the above contests.

Youree Prize, twenty dollars in gold, given for the most valuable reminiscences from Confederate veterans and women of the Confederacy. Ten dollars will be given to the Chapter sending the most valuable historical reminiscence from a Confederate veteran. Ten dollars will be given to the Chapter sending in the most valuable reminiscence from a woman of the Confederacy. This prize is the personal gift of Mrs.

Peter Youree, of Louisiana, to secure this valuable unwritten history which in a few years it will be impossible to obtain.

Rules: 1. Reminiscences must bear full name and record of Confederate veteran or woman of the Confederacy sending it in.

2. Reminiscences must come through the Chapters and be sent to State Historians, who will select the best three submitted to her and send them to the Historian General not later than August 1, 1917.

3. Reminiscences sent to the Historian General must be typewritten, must bear the name of the Chapter and Division sending it, and only three can be sent from a Division or Chapter where there is no Division.

Andrews Medal, to be given for the most correct answers to the "Test Questions in History." This medal is given by the author, Matthew Page Andrews, as a memorial to his mother, Anna Robinson Andrews.

Rules: 1. All answers must be sent to State Historians, who will select the three best lists of answers sent to her and send them to the Historian General not later than August 1, 1917.

2. All lists or answers must be typewritten before sending to the Historian General and must bear the name of the Chapter, Division, and writer.

3. Only three lists may be sent from a Division or Chapter where there is no Division. In case of a tie, the list first received by the Historian General will have precedence.

4. Answers must be expressed in as few words as will make the meaning clear.

All these awards will be made on Historical Evening during the next annual convention, meeting in November at Chattanooga, Tenn.

OFFICIAL STATIONERS, U. D. C.

Daughters of the Confederacy: After due consideration and consulting many engraving firms, your Stationery Committee has decided that the best interests of the organization will be served by a change of official stationers. By this decision French & Sons, Chicago, are no longer the official U. D. C. stationers, but the work has been given to Edwards & Broughton, Raleigh, N. C.

General officers, Division officers, and Chapters are requested to note this change. Hereafter stationery can be ordered by the quire, our engravers not requiring five quires as necessary to an order. Prices sent on application to these stationers or to your chairman, and orders sent to either of these parties will receive prompt attention.

MRS. F. M. WILLIAMS,
Chairman U. D. C. Stationery Committee.

PRINTING MISS RUTHERFORD'S ADDRESS—A CORRECTION.

The article referring to the pledges given at the Dallas convention for the printing of Miss Rutherford's address, "The Civilization of the Old South" (page 89, February VETERAN), contains several very grave errors and at the same time reflects very seriously upon your then Recording Secretary General as reporting one amount on her list of pledges and announcing another from the rostrum. With this before me, I feel that in justice to our President General and

myself this reply should be given. In reading it over Daughters are requested to bear in mind that the writer was the Recording Secretary who took down those pledges, that she has in her possession the original tally sheets, also the very voluminous verbatim minutes of the Dallas convention.

In the first paragraph are two misstatements. Here Mrs. Eakins's motion is said to state that "these contributions were to be sent *direct* to Miss Rutherford." That was *not* Mrs. Eakins's motion as shown by verbatim minutes. Her motion was that "these subscriptions be turned over to Miss Rutherford." Turned over by whom? By the Treasurer General, and Miss Rutherford to spend as she sees fit, not being obliged to send her bills to the President General to "O. K." *All moneys* must be sent to the Treasurer General, is the law. (See San Francisco Minutes, page 54.) Again, the same paragraph says: "The President General and Recording Secretary General called a halt while yet a long line stood eager to give." This, again, is not correct. There had been much discussion as to how much the cost of this printing would be, but no decision. The Recording Secretary, after writing the last pledge on the tally sheet, asked several times: "Any more?" When no more came she called over the entire list, making several corrections in names and placing Mrs. Townsend's name at the head of the list, as requested. She then recalled *twice*, to be absolutely sure that the tally sheets were correct, after which the sheets were turned over to the stenographer and another person to add. While this was being done a great deal of discussion took place as to the disposition of this money, and, at Miss Rutherford's request that it be left to her to decide, Mrs. Eakins made her motion. The minutes show that after this discussion the Recording Secretary announced the amount pledged to be \$592. There is no mention in the verbatim minutes of any \$612 or \$630 being announced from the rostrum. It was not done, nor were any but the amounts printed in the February VETERAN given to the Recording Secretary General. Miss Rutherford was written exactly what the minutes recorded, that the Recording Secretary did not announce any amount but the \$592 at the time this list published was sent her.

Sincerely,
FANNIE RANSOM WILLIAMS,
Recording Secretary General, Dallas Convention.

ADDITIONAL PAYMENTS ON CONTRIBUTIONS FOR PRINTING REPORTED BY MISS RUTHERFORD.

Check received from Mrs. Eugene Little, Treasurer General, December 30, 1916 (reported in February VETERAN)	\$175
January 16, 1917, Mrs. S. M. Ward, Nashville, Tenn.	5
January 16, William B. Bate Chapter, Nashville, Tenn.	5
January 22, Bessemer, Ala., Chapter	5
January 22, Dallas Chapter	25
January 29, C. S. A. Chapter, Dallas, Tex.	100
February 7, Georgia Division	25
February 7, North Carolina Division	25

Total received	\$365
Cost of printing speech	\$519 20
Balance still due	154 20

This will leave nothing for cost of distributing. Miss Rutherford asks that all contributions pledged be sent in promptly, and those desiring to aid further will please send in contributions, so the General Treasury will not have to bear the expense of distribution.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery..... Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville..... Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola..... Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta..... Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans..... Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg..... Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis..... Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh..... Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston..... Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis..... Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal..... Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Washington, D. C.

EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

NEW ORLEANS, January 26, 1917.

The Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be held in Washington, D. C., June 4, 5, 6, and 7, 1917.

The Memorial Associations of the South have met three times in the State of Alabama, the State in which the Southern Confederacy was inaugurated. Three conventions have been held in Richmond, Va., the historic capital of the Confederate States of America; and now, in 1917, more than half a century after the close of the gigantic struggle between the States, the women of the Confederacy, members of Memorial Associations, are invited to meet in Washington, the capital of our reunited country.

This invitation strikes the keynote of true American fellowship and cements more firmly the bond of union existing between the people of the North and the South.

Washington is the most interesting and the most beautiful city in America. Among its principal points of interest is the Red Cross Memorial Building, now in course of construction. It is a memorial to the women of the North and the South during the War between the States. In the assembly room of this building will be placed a testimonial of love and reverence to the women of the Confederacy. This testimonial is the gift of the Memorial Associations of the South and will be in the form of a President's chair, to be used by the President of the United States when he presides at meetings of the Red Cross Society.

Another point of interest: Just outside of the city limits is the Washington Aqueduct, better known as "Cabin John Bridge." This bridge was begun in 1853 under the administration of Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, and while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. It is a matter of pride to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association and may be regarded as a triumph of its efforts to find that the name of Jefferson Davis was restored by the United States government in 1909 to the place on the tablet from which it had been erased in 1862 when sectional feeling was so intense.

Still another point of interest is Arlington, the former home of General Lee, now Arlington Cemetery, where many Southern heroes are buried.

Of the early work of the old Memorial Associations too much cannot be said. These were the women to whom President Davis referred in his dedication of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government":

"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 annual tribute
Expresses their enduring grief, love, and reverence
For our sacred dead;
and
Whose patriotism
Will teach their children
To emulate the deeds of our Revolutionary sires."

Every Memorial woman is proud of the honor thus conferred upon her by Jefferson Davis. His beautiful and sympathetic words have been an inspiration to greater and nobler deeds.

We appreciate the privilege of meeting at the same time and place as the United Confederate Veterans and to be a part of that grand remnant of the armies of Lee, Jackson, Beauregard, Johnston, Longstreet, J. E. B. Stuart, Forrest, and other great leaders.

Great preparations are being made by the city of Washington for the entertainment of the veteran men and women of the Confederacy.

The President General hopes there will be a large representation from Memorial Associations. The fact that the convention will be held in the capital of the United States and that we have a Southern man as President should be a great incentive to overcome all difficulties and to be present in large numbers.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN,
President General Confederated Southern Memorial Association;

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON,
Corresponding Secretary General Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1916-17.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver.
District of Columbia, W. E. Brockman, Washington.
Florida, C. H. Spencer, Tampa.
Georgia, Ben Watts, Cave Springs.
Kentucky, Robert W. Bingham, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, Albert E. Owens, Riverdale.
Mississippi, B. A. Lincoln, Columbus.
Missouri, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis.
North Carolina, W. N. Everett, Rockingham.
Oklahoma, Tate Brady, Tulsa.
Pacific, M. F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Richard I. McClearen, Nashville.
Texas, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls.
Virginia, E. B. White, Leesburg.
West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V. Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.

ALABAMA.

At the reunion of the Alabama Division, held at Gadsden, Ala., in October, 1916, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Commander of the Camp at Attalla, Ala., was elected Commander of the Division and is actively at work organizing the State. At this reunion the following brigade commanders were elected: Third Brigade, H. A. Knowles, Samson; Fourth Brigade, J. H. Wallace, Huntsville; Fifth Brigade, Dr. J. P. Stewart, Attalla. The commanders for the First and Second Brigades will be appointed by Commander McConnell.

ARKANSAS.

Comrade A. W. Parker, of Little Rock, was reappointed as Commander of the Arkansas Division, and he expects to report a number of new Camps in his Division before the Washington Reunion. He is endeavoring to reinstate all the dead Camps in the State.

COLORADO.

A. D. Marshall, Commander of the Colorado Division, advises that the Sons' Camp at Denver gave a banquet on January 19 in honor of the birthday of General Lee. This Camp numbers among its members the present Governor of Colorado, as well as the retiring Governor, together with a number of the most prominent business men of Denver. Comrade Marshall advises that he is organizing a new Camp at Pueblo and would make application for a charter in a short time.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

As the next Confederate Reunion will be held in the city of Washington, D. C., the Washington Camp is actively at work preparing for it. This Camp is increasing its membership and expects to report fully five hundred members by June 1. Division Commander Brockman is taking an active part

in the Reunion work and, as host during the Reunion, promises all members of the organization an enjoyable time.

FLORIDA.

At the reunion of the Florida Division, held at Tampa in October, 1916, Comrade Charles Hardee Spencer, of Tampa, was elected Division Commander. Comrade Spencer is the nephew of General Hardee and will prove a valuable officer. He announces the appointment of the following officers: Commander First Brigade, S. L. Lowry, Tampa; Commander Second Brigade, A. L. Jackson, Gainesville; Commander Third Brigade, Paul S. Thomson, Quincy; Commander Fourth Brigade, J. R. Ingram, Jacksonville. Staff—Division Adjutant, N. N. Wellons, Tampa; Division Inspector, T. A. Jennings, Pensacola; Division Quartermaster, N. C. Bryant, Kissimmee; Division Commissary, D. B. Bird, Monticello; Division Judge Advocate, Cary A. Hardee, Live Oak; Division Surgeon, Dr. J. T. Boykin, Tampa; Division Chaplain, Rev. J. G. Anderson, Gainesville; Division Historian, Don C. McMullan, Tallahassee. Commander Spencer expects to travel all over his Division organizing Camps and has promised not less than fifty live Camps for the Washington Reunion.

GEORGIA.

Comrade Ben Watts, of Cave Springs, is hard at work reorganizing that State. He reports the organization of Camp Thomas C. Fletcher, at Helena, with fifty members. New Camps are also being formed at Adel, Molena, Quitman, Maysville, and other points.

KENTUCKY.

Comrade Robert W. Bingham, of Louisville, has recently been appointed Commander of that Division and is now making arrangements to organize Camps all over the State.

LOUISIANA.

Division Commander McWilliams is now appointing his brigade officers and is organizing a number of new Camps. Beauregard Camp, at New Orleans, is one of the most active Camps in the Confederation and has made a special effort to educate the school children in that city, teaching them the truth regarding the South.

MARYLAND.

Albert E. Owens, of Riverdale, has been appointed as Commander of that Division. He is working on Camps at Baltimore, Easton, Williamsport, and other points in the State and expects to have a large delegation from his Division at the Reunion.

MISSISSIPPI.

At the reunion of the Mississippi Division, held in the historic city of Columbus in November, 1916, Hon. Burton A. Lincoln, of that city, was elected Division Commander and immediately inaugurated a campaign for new Camps throughout the State. He reports the appointment of the following officers: Commander First Brigade, John F. Frierson, Columbus; Commander Second Brigade, D. M. Featherston, Holly Springs; Commander Third Brigade, Dr. W. H. Scudder, Mayersville; Commander Fourth Brigade, A. T. Stovall, Okolona; Commander Fifth Brigade, A. Y. Woodard, Louisville; Commander Sixth Brigade, W. L. Cranford, Seminary; Com-

mander Seventh Brigade, E. E. Brown, Natchez; Commander Eighth Brigade, J. O. Fuller, Jackson. He also announces the appointment of his staff, as follows: Division Adjutant and Chief of Staff, V. B. Ines, Columbus; Division Commissary, Ben H. McFarland, Aberdeen; Division Quartermaster, Oscar Johnston, Clarksdale; Division Judge Advocate, C. L. Garnett, Columbus; Division Inspector, Alexander Currie, Hattiesburg; Division Surgeon, W. T. Bolton, Biloxi; Division Chaplain, Rev. J. B. Lawrence, Jackson; Division Historian, Albert Stone, Dunleith.

BEAUVOIR BOARD.

Very few of the comrades throughout the South are aware of the fact that Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis, which is now used as a Confederate home, is the property of the Sons of Veterans of Mississippi, the title being vested in the active Camps of that State. At the Columbus reunion a resolution was presented and adopted providing for the appointment of a Board of Directors for this property, and the following were selected: E. C. Sharp, First Brigade, Booneville, term, one year; W. P. Shinault, Second Brigade, Oxford, term, one year; Dr. T. R. Henderson, Third Brigade, Greenwood, term, two years; T. U. Sisson, Fourth Brigade, Winona, term, two years; O. L. McKay, Fifth Brigade, Meridian, term, three years; N. B. Forrest, Sixth Brigade, Biloxi, term, three years; S. H. Bagnell, Seventh Brigade, Port Gibson, term, four years; James R. McDowell, Eighth Brigade, Jackson, term, four years.

It is the intention of Commander Lincoln and his officers to make the Mississippi Division rank first this year, and they expect to report not less than seventy-five Camps by June 1. The following new Camps have been chartered since November: Camp Columbus, Columbus; Camp West Point, West Point; Camp Noxubee Rifles, Macon; Camp T. J. Wilkins, Sr., Brooksville; Camp De. B. Waddell, Meridian; Camp S. D. Lee, Starkville; Camp Fizer-Taylor, Batesville; Camp Oxford, Oxford. In addition to the above, Comrade Lincoln has reinstated the Camps at Louisville, Hattiesburg, Winona, Okolona, and Aberdeen.

MISSOURI.

Dr. Selden Spencer, of St. Louis, has been appointed Commander of the Missouri Division. He is now appointing his staff and brigade officers and will inaugurate an immediate campaign for new Camps.

NORTH CAROLINA.

W. N. Everett, of Rockingham, N. C., has been named as Commander of that Division. Plans have been made for a membership campaign over the State, and Comrade Everett has promised twenty-five Camps by June 1. He has just reported the organization of Camp Robert F. Hoke, at Charlotte, and has a number of others now being formed.

OKLAHOMA.

Comrade Tate Brady, of Tulsa, was elected Division Commander at the State reunion in September. He expects to report fully fifty Camps at Washington. Tulsa intends to make a hard fight for the 1918 reunion; and, judging from reports throughout the country, it will win this year.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Comrade Rothrock, Commander of the South Carolina Division, advises that he expects to have the largest repre-

sentation from his State at Washington that they have ever had at any reunion. At the last State reunion the following brigade commanders were elected: First Brigade, D. A. Spivey, Conway; Second Brigade, J. M. Richardson, Aiken; Third Brigade, E. M. Blythe, Greenville.

SOUTHWEST DIVISION.

Comrade Carl Hinton, Commander of the Southwest Division, has reinstated his Camp at Silver City, N. Mex. This Camp lapsed last year owing to the fact that Comrade Hinton and a majority of the members were doing service on the Mexican border. Commander Hinton is now organizing new Camps at several points in New Mexico and Arizona and will send a delegation to Washington.

TENNESSEE.

Richard I. McClearen, Adjutant of the J. E. Johnston Camp, No. 28, of Nashville, has just been appointed Commander of that Division. Comrade McClearen has been a loyal member of the organization for a number of years and advises that Tennessee will have a large delegation at the Reunion.

TEXAS.

Comrade Edgar Scurry, of Wichita Falls, Tex., has been appointed Commander of the Texas Division and is hard at work getting his State in shape. Comrade Scurry is a son of Gen. W. R. Scurry and has for many years been one of the most active members of the Confederation, never missing a general Reunion. Under his administration Texas will make a showing that will reflect credit upon the South.

VIRGINIA.

The annual reunion of the Virginia Division was held at Norfolk in October, and the following officers were elected: Division Commander, E. B. White, Leesburg; Commander First Brigade, B. S. Herndon, Portsmouth; Commander Second Brigade, W. A. Perdue, Petersburg; Commander Third Brigade, W. L. Pierce, Christiansburg; Commander Fourth Brigade, A. W. Robertson, Buena Vista; Commander Fifth Brigade, J. W. Rusk, Fairfax.

Since the Birmingham Reunion the following new Camps have been organized in this Division: Camp James Thrift Fairfax; Camp Stonewall, Christiansburg; Camp Clinton-Hatcher, Leesburg; Camp Goshen, Goshen. The R. E. Lee Camp, at Richmond, has also been reinstated.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Comrade George W. Sidebottom, of Huntington, has been appointed Commander of that Division. West Virginia has promised twenty-five Camps by June 1.

UNION OF THE TWO ORGANIZATIONS.

Under General Orders No. 4, issued from the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans and signed by Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief, U. C. V., and Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General, a committee was appointed to consider the uniting of the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

In compliance with this order the following committee is hereby announced by the Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans: John W. Bale, Rome, Ga., Chairman; W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.; G. Seton Fleming, Jack-

sonville, Fla.; A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.; A. L. Cox, Raleigh, N. C.; A. M. Sea, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.; J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.; Samuel Riggs, Rockville, Md.; Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.; W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.; J. R. McDowell, Jackson, Miss.; R. Henry Lake, Memphis, Tenn.; A. D. Pope, Magnolia, Ark.; Thomas E. Powe, St. Louis, Mo.; R. A. Josey, Tulsa, Okla.; W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.; H. W. Lowrie, Denver, Colo.; Robert Powell, Silver City, N. Mex.; M. F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.; A. B. Ellis, Los Angeles, Cal. This committee will make a report at the Washington Reunion.

TEXTBOOK COMMITTEE.

At the Birmingham Reunion a resolution was introduced by Adjutant Forrest providing for the appointment of a Textbook Committee, whose duty it shall be to review all the histories now in use in the schools and colleges and make a report on same, the report to be printed in pamphlet form and distributed among the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters. As soon as this report is completed, an active and determined effort will be made to have all unfair and sectional textbooks removed from the schools, both North and South.

The following have been appointed on this committee: A. L. Tinsley, Baltimore, Md., Chairman; J. Carter Walker, Woodberry Forest, Va.; James Mann, Norfolk, Va.; N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss. Associate members—Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga.; Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss. Several prominent educators from the North will be added to this committee and their aid secured to see that the sectional textbooks are removed from the schools in that section and the truth alone taught.

GRAY BOOK COMMITTEE.

Realizing that the recent deportation of the Belgians will revive the question of slavery and that undoubtedly the South will be severely criticized by men who do not know the real truth regarding slavery in the United States prior to 1865-66, it was decided to appoint a committee to prepare a "Gray Book," which shall state clearly and concisely the actual facts regarding this movement. Efforts will be made to have this book installed in our schools and colleges, so that our children may be taught the truth in reference to this. It is a matter of gratification to every true Southerner to know that not a single shipload of slaves was ever brought to this country by a Southern man or a Southern ship and that several of the Southern States legislated against slavery long before the matter came up in the North.

This committee is as follows: Arthur H. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va., Chairman; Matthew Page Andrews, Baltimore, Md.; E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C.; C. H. Fauntleroy, St. Louis, Mo.

UNIFORMS.

The Washington Reunion will be the first Confederate reunion ever held outside the former Confederate States and, judging from present indications, will be the largest. A special effort is being made to have all the Veterans and Sons go in Confederate uniform. Adjutant Forrest has the matter up with the various uniform houses over the country and has succeeded in getting them to make special prices on uniforms for this occasion. The prices will range from ten dollars to twenty dollars, depending upon the quality of cloth used. Special orders giving this data will be issued to the Veterans and Sons' Camps at an early date.

CAMPS REORGANIZED AND REINSTATED.

Adjutant Forrest has reinstated Camps at the following points since the Birmingham Reunion: Richmond, Va.; Lakeland, Fla.; Radford, Va.; Savannah, Ga.; St. Petersburg, Fla.; Tupelo, Miss.; Fayetteville, W. Va.; Hinton, W. Va.; Water Valley, Miss.; Tallahassee, Fla.; Fort Worth, Tex.; Macon, Ga.; Seattle, Wash.; El Paso, Tex.; Columbia, Tenn.; McNeill, Ark.; Aberdeen, Miss.; Winona, Miss.; Okolona, Miss.; Hattiesburg, Miss.; Atlanta, Ga.; Silver City, N. Mex.; Louisville, Miss.

NEW CAMPS ORGANIZED.

Camp James Thrift, Fairfax, Va.; Camp T. C. Fletcher, Helena, Ga.; Camp Columbus, Columbus, Miss.; Camp West Point, West Point, Miss.; Camp Stonewall, Christiansburg, Va.; Camp Clinton-Hatcher, Leesburg, Va.; Camp Goshen, Goshen, Va.; Camp Wiley Crook, Star City, Ark.; Camp Noxubee Rifles, Macon, Miss.; Camp T. J. Wilkins, Sr., Brooksville, Miss.; Camp De. B. Waddell, Meridian, Miss.; Camp S. D. Lee, Starkville, Miss.; Camp Fizer-Taylor, Batesville, Miss.; Camp Oxford, Oxford, Miss.; Camp Robert F. Hoke, Charlotte, N. C.

REUNION COMMITTEES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Officer in charge, Washington office, General Headquarters, S. C. V., Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Southern Building.

Washington Camp Reunion Committee: Chairman, E. W. R. Ewing; Secretary, J. Roy Price.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

Accommodation, W. G. Roberts.
Camp Fire, Wallace Streater.
Decoration, George T. Rawlins.
Entertainment, F. R. Fravel.
Finance, E. A. Brand.
Grand Stand, W. L. Wilkerson.
Historic Sites, Hugh Brewster.
Hotel, C. M. McCulloch.
Information, Sanford D. Covington.
Invitation, W. S. Stamper.
Music, Claude N. Bennett.
Parade, H. Oden Lake.
Program, H. Oden Lake.
Printing, A. H. Ferguson.
Publicity, John Boyle.
Reception, George B. Ashby.
Souvenirs and Badges, F. O. Lake.
Sponsors and Maids, W. E. Brockman.
Transportation, H. F. Cary.

ORGANIZED IN MARYLAND.

Col. Henry Hollyday, Jr., reports the organization of Camp Frank Buchanan, S. C. V., at Easton, Md., with fifteen charter members. The officers for the year are: Commandant, Henry Hollyday, Jr.; First Lieutenant Commander, Samuel E. Shannahan; Second Lieutenant Commander, J. Dudley Lynch; Adjutant, H. Warfield Hambleton; Quartermaster, A. Bowdle Highley; Treasurer, Samuel Hambleton; Color Sergeant, Oscar Trail; Historian, John H. K. Shannahan, Jr.

"Admiral Buchanan was from Talbot County, Md., married there, and he lies buried in the Lloyd family burying ground. We expect to have about thirty members by spring," writes Commander Hollyday.

RETURN OF FLAG TO THE 76TH OHIO REGIMENT.

At Ringgold Gap, Ga., on November 27, 1863, the 1st Arkansas Infantry captured the colors of the 76th Ohio in a desperate fight, in which eight color bearers of the Ohio regiment were shot down. On September 20, 1916, this flag was returned by the survivors of the 1st Arkansas Infantry during the thirty-eighth annual reunion of the survivors of the 76th Ohio at Newark, Ohio.

An impressive address by Governor Willis, of Ohio, was followed by the presentation speech of Governor-elect Brough, of Arkansas, whose introductory remarks revealed the special fitness of his participation in this ceremony when he said: "As the great-nephew of Ohio's famous War Governor, John Brough, who ranks with Dix of New York, Curtin of Pennsylvania, and Yates of Ohio as one of the four great War Governors of Northern States, I take pleasure in behalf of the brave troops of the 1st Arkansas Regiment in returning to the brave men of the 76th Ohio the flag captured in the battle at Ringgold Gap, Ga., November 27, 1863."

The survivors of the 76th Ohio Regiment were seated to the left on the great stage of the theater, with the survivors of the 1st Arkansas on the right, while between them were seated the Daughters of the Confederacy who accompanied the veterans to Newark. The flag was placed in the hands of the Arkansas veterans, who then marched across the stage to the survivors of the Ohio regiment. The latter grasped the flag with their left hands and the hands of the Southerners with their right, and as the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner" the Southerners loosed their hold of the flag, while all the veterans turned and marched around the stage, blue and gray together, until they reached their respective seats.

To Sergt. William C. Montgomery, of Johnstown, was given the glory of receiving the flag for the 76th Ohio Regiment.

Mr. Montgomery said: "I was the first of the seven color bearers to carry the flag into battle when the 76th engaged the 1st Arkansas at Ringgold Gap, Ga. I had not proceeded very far with 'Old Glory' when a shell carried away my right arm, and the colors fell. One by one six other men picked up the flag, only to be shot down. After a hard skirmish we retrieved the lost ground, but our banner was gone."

The veterans from Arkansas were headed by J. R. Gibbons, Commander of Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., of Little Rock, Ark., while other survivors of the 1st Arkansas in the party were: C. F. Wiley, J. F. Leach, James Shappoch, John F. Medlock, W. E. Bevens, and John A. Cathey.

The flag was received with a beautiful speech of acceptance by Judge Edward Kibler, son of the late Col. Charles Kibler, the last commander of the 76th Ohio. His address was chiefly what his father had prepared for this occasion the year before, and in it he reviewed the loss and return of the flag, saying in part:

"After the capture of this banner in the battle of Ringgold, Ga., its existence was overlooked for nearly fifty years. It was then found among the effects of General Hardee, who had commanded the corps of the Confederate army engaged in that battle and at Missionary Ridge. The daughter of General Hardee graciously proposed to return the banner to the 76th Ohio. That capture was accomplished by the 1st Arkansas Infantry, which was a part of the division under command of Gen. Patrick Cleburne, of General Hardee's corps.

"The fact of the capture of the banner by the 1st Arkansas Regiment was probably unknown to the daughter of General Hardee when she proposed to return the banner. The proposition to return it was made known to Governor Cox, and the final arrangement was made to do this at the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans in May, 1914, at Jacksonville, Fla. A committee of the 76th, in charge of George F. Burba, private secretary of the Governor, went to Jacksonville to receive the banner.

"In the meantime the survivors of the 1st Arkansas Regiment made the claim, and not without merit, that, as the actual captors of the banner, they should be at least consulted about its return. They acquiesced in the formal return of the banner at Jacksonville, but reserved the right to come to Ohio later and publicly make over to the State of Ohio their right as captors of the emblem. As a result of this arrangement, you, the survivors of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, are here to-day. * * *

"We receive this banner in the spirit you tender it—that is, of good will, in that adorable spirit which blesses him that gives and him that takes. It shall for all time remain in the flag room of the Statehouse, not only as the original banner of the regiment, but sanctified by its generous restoration. * * *

"The colors of a regiment are the poetry of the service. The men love their banner; they march under it; they fight under it. If the color bearer falls, another seizes it and holds it aloft, and so on until the battle ends. The firm determination is to keep it flying at whatever cost; and if in the stress of war it is lost, the sorrow is universal and profound. Up to the 27th of November, 1863, this banner had been carried by the 76th Regiment in every battle in which it had been engaged—at Fort Donelson, at Shiloh, the operations near Corinth, at Vicksburg, at Lookout Mountain, at Missionary Ridge—but at Ringgold it was lost, lost without dishonor and captured with honor. Each regiment there found foemen worthy of its steel. The 76th Regiment in about ten minutes lost fifty-two out of the two hundred engaged in killed and wounded. Four officers and forty-eight men were killed in support of the colors. Eight color bearers were killed and wounded. Not a man was captured or missing. This banner was lost in this way: the brave bearer of it was grievously wounded and fell forward toward the 1st Arkansas, and as he fell the banner was projected farther forward. Several men were wounded in an attempt to recover it. Just then came the order to fall back fighting, and the banner was captured.

"This shows the valor of the man who captured it, and I think it shows why the old soldiers do not regard the return of the banner as an idle thing.

"We, the survivors of the 76th Regiment, feelingly thank you, the survivors of the 1st Arkansas Confederate Infantry, for the return of this banner, and we fully appreciate the fact that you have come so far to take part in this ceremony. It has this significance: it evidences that, whatever hatred or animosity existed between the sections of the country (and there was little between the rank and file of the opposing armies), it is in the deep bosom of the ocean buried, and henceforth we ought to be, and can be, brethren dwelling together in unity, comrades living, fighting, it may be, under the one flag."

Hon. M. E. Dunaway, of Arkansas, representing the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Arkansas, also made an address.

(Continued on page 136.)

THE LAST ROLL

"Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.
Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers
Yours has the suffering been;
The memory shall be ours."

CAPT. MATTHEW H. HOPKINS.

Capt. Matthew H. Hopkins, a gallant Confederate soldier and Christian gentleman, ended his long and valued life at Louisville, Ga., on December 13, 1916. Born in Savannah in April, 1837, he had attained nearly four-score years. In his character there was a rare union of strength, sweetness, and moral rectitude; and his religious life was marked by a simple, childlike trust, walking humbly before God and trying in all things to perform the duty that was before him.



CAPT. M. H. HOPKINS.

At the outbreak of the war he entered the Confederate service as lieutenant in the Savannah Volunteer Guards (afterwards known as the 18th Georgia Battalion) and was stationed at various points on the coast. In the latter part of 1861, appointed to the adjutancy of the 1st Volunteer Regiment of Georgia, he reported for duty at the regimental headquarters, then located at Fort Pulaski, near the mouth of the Savannah River. He was present at the defense and fall of the fort, receiving there a painful wound in the eye, the scar of which remained to his last day. The terms of capitulation stipulated that the sick and wounded of the garrison should be freed and sent up to Savannah, and under this provision Adjutant Hopkins was entitled to return to home and friends. But in one of the companies were two brothers, private soldiers, one of whom had been mortally wounded during the bombardment. The distress of the other at being carried away a prisoner, leaving a dying brother behind, was so great that the Adjutant's true heart could not bear to witness it. He offered himself in place of the unhappy lad, and the offer was accepted.

For some months Adjutant Hopkins was a prisoner at Fort Columbus, New York Harbor, and at Johnson's Island, in Sandusky Bay, Lake Erie, being exchanged at Vicksburg. In the autumn of 1862 he again went into service, and during the following winter he was stationed in the vicinity of Sa-

vannah. In 1863 the regiment served in the defense of Charleston. In the following spring it joined the army of North Georgia, and, under the leadership of Johnston and Hood, engaged in all the battles of this disastrous campaign.

At Smithfield, N. C., in the reorganization of the army the remnants of the 57th and 63d Georgia Regiments were consolidated with the 1st, and in this re-formation the Adjutant received his captaincy. Never was promotion more deserved. But the fighting days of that army were over; soon came the surrender of General Lee in Virginia.

The subsequent life of Captain Hopkins was spent in Louisville, where for many years he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In September, 1867, he married Miss Pattie Key—a blessed union of kindred souls. She, with two sons and a daughter, survives him.

As a botanist thoroughly acquainted with the flora of the South he was widely known and valued far beyond the limits of his own State. This was his delight, this diligent searching into the secrets of nature. It accorded with the contemplative character of his mind and imparted a constant joy to the evening of his days.

It was a peaceful, happy life, though not without its full share of trial and bereavement. Faith lifted him to clarity of vision; he looked beyond the veil with serenity and confidence. Beloved and honored he lived; beloved and honored he died.

[Tribute by Charles H. Olmstead.]

JACOB DEL. HARBY.

Jacob DeLamotta Harby, of Charleston, S. C., died on October 26, 1916, at the home of his son, near Huntingdon, Long Island, N. Y., and was laid to rest at Sumter, S. C.

He was born in Mobile, Ala., March 29, 1848; but at the age of eight he went with his parents to Texas and lived there until 1889, when he made his home in New York City, later returning to Charleston, which had been his father's home. His mother was Leonora de Lyon, a daughter of Judge Levi Sheftall de Lyon, of Savannah, Ga. His father, Levi Charles Harby, served as a midshipman in the War of 1812 and had attained to the rank of captain when South Carolina seceded. He then resigned from the service of the United States and later became a commodore in the Confederate navy. The son was too young for service at the outbreak of hostilities; but in January, 1863, at the age of fourteen, he was made a second lieutenant on the Neptune, cruising in Texas waters and commanded by his father. In order to see more active service, however, in 1864 he joined the 8th Texas Artillery, Fontaine's Battalion, and remained with this command to the close of the war.

Mr. Harby remained true to the best of Southern traditions and was always interested in Confederate organizations. He was an honorary member of Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston, and of Sterling Price Camp, of Dallas. He served on the Executive Committee of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, representing it at several reunions. On his removal to Charleston in 1898 he joined Camp Sumter, of which he was a loyal and active member to the time of his death, often acting as a delegate to reunions. He was commissioned a colonel, U. C. V., on the staff of Major General Cabell.

While living in Texas Mr. Harby was married to Miss Lee Cohen, of Charleston, who, with a son and daughter, survives him. As "Jack" Harby he was known all over the country; and his many friends mourn the passing of this kindly, true-hearted, open-handed gentleman.

MATTHEW WHITFIELD SPEARMAN.

Matthew Whitfield Spearman, born in Heard County, Ga., on January 19, 1843, died at his country home, in Jasper County, Ga., on December 16, 1916, and was laid to rest at Shady Dale with two flags of the Confederacy in his arms. He volunteered for Confederate service in March, 1862, and served to the end, fighting for the cause he knew was right. He was never wounded, though locks of his hair were shot off and many holes were made through his clothes. He joined Capt. John C. Key's Company B, of the 44th Georgia Regiment, which was sent to Virginia, and served under Stonewall Jackson in Dole's Brigade. The first battle in which Comrade Spearman took part was at Ellison's Mill, on Beaver Dam Creek, in Virginia. The command was ordered to take a battery without firing a gun, and in the charge his brother John was killed. He was in the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1862, and also in the battles of Chancellorsville and the second battle of the Wilderness. He was captured in the terrible fight of the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 10, 1864, and was taken to Fort Delaware and kept a prisoner for ten months, suffering terrible hardships. Finally he was paroled and sent to Richmond; and from there he got back to his old home in March, 1865, more dead than alive. He never took the oath of allegiance, but died a Confederate, just as did Robert Toombs; the same blood coursed through their veins.



M. W. SPEARMAN.

Comrade Spearman was married to Miss Julia Geiger in September, 1870; and seven children came to bless their home, six sons and a daughter, all of whom are left to mourn his death except one son. He was a brave soldier and a devoted husband and father.

JAMES C. LEE.

James C. Lee died January 29, 1917, at the residence of his son, S. Y. Lee, Waco, Tex., after an illness of less than a week. He was born July 5, 1837, near Greensboro, Ala. On January 6, 1862, he joined the Confederate army over the protest of his home doctor, who said it would be like committing suicide for him to join, as he would not last a month on account of his health. The regimental surgeon said: "Young man, you had better go home." But he served until the close of the war under General Forrest, belonging to Company F, 3d Alabama Cavalry. After the war he settled in Marengo County, Ala., and lived there till 1896, when he went to Texas and located at Cameron, Milam County. In 1901 he went to Waco, which was his home until the time of his death. In 1875 he joined the Baptist Church in Marengo County, Ala.; and in 1901 he placed his membership with the Columbus Street Baptist Church, of Waco, and was a member of that Church until his death. He was also a member of Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 222, of Waco. He is survived by two children, S. Y. Lee and Miss Mary E. Lee, of Waco, and four grandchildren, Misses Myrtle, Lois, Mildred, and Master James E. Lee, of Waco.

DUNCAN E. McMILLAN.

After a short illness, Duncan E. McMillan died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. L. Hyde, at Sulphur Springs, Tex. He was born in South Carolina September 8, 1836; so he had reached the ripe age of eighty years. When he was only two years old his parents removed to Florida, then to Mississippi, and in this State he grew to manhood. When the call came for volunteers to defend his beloved South in 1861 he was among the first to answer. Enlisting in Company A, 33d Mississippi Infantry, he bravely bore his part, whether on the march, in camp, or on the field of battle, ever ready to share the burdens of a soldier's lot. While acting as advance scout he received a severe wound in the jaw, from which he came near dying. Upon recovery he returned to his command and served to the close of the war. Returning home after the surrender, he resumed the life of a farmer and took part in the struggle to free his country from carpetbag rule. He went from Mississippi to Texas in 1868, settling in the community near where he was laid to rest. He had been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for more than fifty years. To the last he was devoted to the cause for which he had fought and is now resting with the comrades who had gone before him.

DR. JOSEPH S. HORSLEY.

Dr. Joseph Stafford Horsley was born at Antioch, Troup County, Ga., December 24, 1843. He served the Confederacy with the Dole-Cook Brigade, going to the front with the Ben Hill Infantry, Company F, 21st Regiment of Georgia Voluntary Infantry, of Troup County, Ga., July 9, 1861, as third corporal. He was wounded at Cold Harbor, Va., in 1862, and in January, 1863, was promoted to fourth sergeant; was wounded the second time at Snicker's Gap, Va., and in 1864 was promoted to first sergeant; was wounded for the third time and captured at Winchester, Va., during that year and was paroled after six months' imprisonment at Point Lookout, Md.

Returning home, he taught school in Georgia and Texas for a while and in 1870 was graduated from the Medical College of Georgia, at Augusta, with distinction. For more than forty-five years he was a practitioner in his native county (for more than forty years at West Point, Ga.). At his home with his daughter, Mrs. Amos Huguley, in West Point, just as the day of November 17, 1916, was dying in the west, he fell upon sleep and, after serving his generation well, was crowned in his Father's house.

Dr. Horsley was a Fellow of the American Medical Association, formerly President of the Chattahoochee Valley Medical Association, surgeon for the Chattahoochee Valley Railway, local surgeon for the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, a physician fully trusted and generally loved by a large clientele. As a young man, as a soldier, as a teacher, as a physician, as a citizen, his life was marked by high ideals and by service; he was in a large measure like Him whom he trusted and "who went about doing good."

Those he so faithfully and fruitfully loved—the widow, Mrs. Georgia H. Horsley, the sons, Dr. J. S. and John H., the daughters, Mrs. Eunice Winston, Mrs. N. L. Atkinson, and Mrs. Amos Huguley, all of West Point; and two other daughters, Mrs. F. K. Boland, Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. E. L. Henderson, Cedartown, Ga.—have his blameless life and abundant labors as their very precious heritage.

[Tribute by Rev. Graham Forrester.]

HILL COUNTY CAMP, U. C. V.

The Memorial Committee of Hill County Camp, U. C. V., of Hillsboro, Tex., presented resolutions in honor of four additional members who have crossed the great divide since December 10, 1916. These comrades were:

Rufus R. Rutherford, born in Rome County, Tenn., March 8, 1832; died December 10, 1916. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the first call of his country and served throughout the war in Ashby's Brigade, Company G, 2d Tennessee Regiment. He was a consistent member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; and as a citizen of Hill County, Tex., for thirty-eight years, by his exemplary habits, honesty, and integrity of purpose he proved himself to be a most worthy character and a man of that material of which a good soldier is made.

C. C. Isbell, of Company A, 1st Cherokee Regiment, died on December 31 at the age of seventy-six years. He, too, was a pioneer citizen of Hill County, Tex., and was highly respected by all who knew him.

A. J. Lott, who served as a member of Company E, 15th Mississippi Regiment, was a worthy soldier of the Confederacy and an honored citizen of Hill County for many years.

Thomas R. Orenbaum, who was born in Rockbridge County, Va., on December 27, 1827, died on January 23, 1917, at the advanced age of ninety. He served with Company G, 5th Texas Regiment, and was not only a good soldier of the Confederacy, but also in the army of the Lord through his long life.

[Committee: W. L. McKee, Tam Brooks, J. W. Morrison.]

WILLIAM HUDSON.

At the age of eighty-one, Comrade Will Hudson has passed over the river. He enlisted in April, 1862, in Company A, 14th Tennessee Cavalry, under Bedford Forrest, and was with him until the retreat from Nashville, when he was cut off from his command and could not get back. Only four of this company made it through with the command to Gainesville, Ala., out of the one hundred and twenty-five in the battle of Franklin. The survivors of the company never got together any more.

Comrade Hudson was only a private, always ready to answer to his name. He was of the Primitive Baptist faith and is sadly missed in the councils of his Church. Only a short while, and we will all be "tenting on the other shore."

[His comrade, R. F. Talley, Middleton, Tenn.]

ALBERT MARTIN.

Another comrade has passed over the river to join the comrades resting "under the shade of the trees." Albert Martin, born in Lewisburg, Marshall County, Tenn., October 10, 1833, died on January 18, 1917, having passed into his eighty-fourth year. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 as a member of Company A, 11th Missouri Cavalry, commanded by Col. A. J. Tolbert. His captain was F. M. Trevathan, who long since passed over. Comrade Martin was a fearless soldier and was always at his post of duty. He was a member in good standing of Troop C, Forrest's Cavalry Association, and took great interest in the reunions. He had been for seventeen years in the employment of Union City, Tenn. He was faithful in the discharge of his duties and honorable in all his dealings with his fellow men.

CAPT. J. M. PEERY.

Capt. J. M. Peery, one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Chariton County, Mo., died at his home,



CAPT. J. M. PEERY.

in Brunswick, on the night of September 6, 1916, after an illness of several months.

Jasper Marion Peery was born in Howard County, Mo., in April, 1832, the youngest son of Thomas Peery, pioneer settler of that section, who in 1819 went from Virginia to the famous Boone's Lick country on the Missouri River and settled at Old Chariton and became a wealthy landowner. Jasper Peery was reared on his father's farm. He went to Brunswick in 1854 and engaged in the

lumber business, in which he continued to his death, being known as one of the leading dealers in lumber of that section. In 1858 he became part owner of the Missouri River passenger packet, David Tatum, one of its finest steamboats. As captain of this vessel he made weekly trips between St. Louis and Brunswick. When the war came on in 1861 he joined the Southern States Guard and was later made a captain under Gen. Sterling Price, serving with bravery and credit until the close of the war. He was married in November, 1872, to Miss Gertrude Lee Wood, of Albemarle County, Va., who died in 1905. Their three sons survive him.

Captain Peery was a real pioneer, possessing the rugged and manly characteristics necessary to success in the early days. He was a man of unflinching honor, generous, agreeable, and companionable.

LEWIS A. SMITH.

Death came suddenly to Lewis A. Smith on the night of December 27, 1916, at his home, near Slater, Mo. He was one of the substantial citizens of his county, a man of liberal views, and had a hand of sympathy ready for those not so fortunate in life. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., in 1844, the son of William O. and Marion Adams Smith. The family moved to Missouri when he was five years of age; and from that State, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Confederate army and served to the close of the war with Company G, 8th Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Brigade. His parole, dated at Shreveport, La., June 14, 1865, was a prized memento of those days of struggle.

In 1877 Comrade Smith was married to Miss Mattie Graves, who died in 1892. His second wife was Mrs. Emma Fox, who, with three sons and a daughter of the first marriage, survives him.

Comrade Smith located on his farm, near Slater, some forty-five years ago and had been very successful in its operation. The interment was in Rehoboth Cemetery.

FRANCIS REEVES HOWARD.

"Uncle Frank," as he was lovingly called by relatives and friends, died on January 12, 1917, at the home of his nephew, Eddie Howard, near Cloud's Creek Church, in Oglethorpe County, Ga., near where he was born and lived through life. He was almost eighty-one years old and had had a remarkable career both in war and civil life. He was one of the seven sons of Asa J. Howard, who served in the Confederate war and whose blood was spilled freely in defense of the South and the principles of right and justice, and his was the courage to dare and do amid whistling bullets and crashing shells and the flash of sabers under the leadership of the peerless "Jeb" Stuart and the knightly Wade Hampton. Limping on a broken leg, he made his way home when the war ended. He never surrendered, nor was he paroled, neither did he ever take the oath of allegiance; but he took up the task of life cheerfully, helping to rebuild home and country, respecting the laws, making a useful and progressive citizen, and performing faithfully all obligations as best he could under his environment. He lived and died a humble Christian and an unconquerable Confederate.

While in his latter years he struggled with financial embarrassments, in his day he had done much for the good of his fellow man and the uplift of society and deserves to be honored everywhere for his splendid character and untarnished record.

J. L. POWER.

J. L. Power, a citizen of Choctaw County, Miss., died at Jackson on September 5, 1916, and was buried with Masonic honors in the Bear Creek Cemetery. He was born in Greenville District, S. C., in October, 1841. In May, 1861, he and his brother joined Capt. J. W. Hemphill's company, the second to leave Choctaw County for service in the Confederate army. This company became a part of the 15th Mississippi Infantry and was made Company 1. He surrendered with the forces of Gen. J. E. Johnston in North Carolina, but was ever true to the cause for which he had fought. He was in the Georgia and Tennessee campaigns and received a severe wound in the knee. He was a member of R. G. Prewitt Camp, U. C. V., and took great interest in its activities and reunions with his old comrades and friends.

Comrade Power was married in January, 1864, to Miss Mary Susan Fancher, and to them thirteen children were born, five sons and eight daughters, of whom two sons and five daughters now survive. He was a devoted husband and father. As a Mason he joined the D. Mitchell Lodge, at French Camp, in 1864, and was afterwards identified with the Huntsville Chapter, Ackerman Council, in which he held important offices.

ANDY WOLLARD.

Andy Wollard passed to the great beyond on January 9, 1917, at Gatesville, Tex. He was a member of Company E, Capt. J. C. Billingsby's company, enlisting at Waco, Tex., in 1861, and going with his command to Virginia, where it was registered with the 4th Texas Infantry. He never failed to go forward when called on and never shirked duty in camp. Comrade Wollard was born in Memphis, Tenn., and at his death was eighty-six years old. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church and a kind father. Two sons and a daughter are left, with legions of friends, to mourn his death. He had been in feeble health for several years, but his feebleness only caused him to feel nearer to his God. Andy Wollard never missed his duty as a Christian.

[Tribute by Jim Dickie, Gatesville, Tex.]

REV. IRL ROGER HICKS.

Rev. Irl R. Hicks, noted throughout the country for his weather predictions, died at his home, in St. Louis, Mo., on October 12, 1916. He was born December 18, 1844, in Bristol, Tenn., the son of Abraham J. and Mary Elizabeth (Lindamood) Hicks. His father was a native Tennessean and served in the Seminole War and also as a captain in the Confederate service during the War between the States.

Irl R. Hicks attended the schools near his home, then Paris, Tenn., until the outbreak of war interrupted his education. In December, 1861, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in Company F, of the 1st Confederate Cavalry Regiment of Tennessee, for (and enduring) the war and was engaged in numerous battles from Perryville to Chickamauga, where he was taken prisoner and sent to Johnson's Island. There he was made distributor of the mails. On May 19, 1865, as the prisoners were ready to return to their homes, a last meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held within the prison walls, and young Hicks was selected to deliver the valedictory address, which was in the form of a poem, and made a great impression.

A storm on Johnson's Island while he was there made a deep impression upon his mind and doubtless turned his thoughts toward the subject which afterwards engaged his life. Returning to his home in Tennessee, he entered Andrew College, at Trenton, where, in addition to the literary course, he took up a practical course in philosophy, meteorology, and theology. In 1869 he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was ordained by Bishop Kavanaugh, in 1871, at Columbus, Miss. Just afterwards he was assigned to the pastorate of the Church in St. Louis, Mo. Later he united with the Congregationalist Church and gave his time to his publishing interests, having established a journal called Word and Works, in which his weather prognostications appeared. He was a man of generous disposition, and his hand was always open to the needy.

The eldest son, I. R. Hicks, Jr., will continue his father's work.

W. F. PATTERSON.

W. F. Patterson, of Company B, 4th Mississippi Regiment, died January 5, 1916, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. E. Moreland, of Fort Smith, Ark., at the age of seventy-five years. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for about forty-five years. He is survived by his wife and seven children, two daughters and five sons, and a brother, G. G. S. Patterson, of St. Louis, Mo.

GEORGE W. FREEMAN.

George W. Freeman was born in North Carolina in 1834 and in early life went to Virginia to make his home, settling in Wythe County, near Rural Retreat. When war was declared between the States he volunteered his services to his adopted State and served faithfully throughout the conflict in Company B, 29th Virginia Infantry. He was surrendered at Appomattox and returned to his family in Wythe County, where he resided until 1908, going then with his son and family to Dodge County, Nebr. His wife had died shortly before the family left Virginia. A son and daughter were the only children, the son surviving him. Comrade Freeman was not only a brave soldier and patriot, but a good citizen, a faithful friend, and a Christian. His death occurred suddenly on January 18, 1917. As was his desire, he was taken back to Virginia and laid beside his wife.

[Dr. T. C. Sexton, Fremont, Neb.]

RETURN OF FLAG TO THE 76TH OHIO REGIMENT.

(Continued from page 131.)

A reading by Miss Eula Spivey, sponsor for the 1st Arkansas veterans, and a song by Miss Lucile McDermott completed the program most acceptably.

These Confederate veterans received royal entertainment during their stay in Newark. They were entertained at the best hotel there and were invited to attend the business meetings of the reunion and also took part at a "Camp Fire" of the veterans. During the sessions they had seats upon the platform with the President of the Survivors' Association and were accorded most distinguished honors. At the Camp Fire meeting a resolution was passed that the President appoint a committee to memorialize the next legislature to return the Confederate flags now in the archives of the State at Columbus to the Confederate regiments from which they were taken.

ACCOMMODATING POLITICS.

BY CAPT. R. T. BEAN, WICHITA, KANS.

A small squad of Confederates were picking their way through Wolfe County, Ky., traveling the most unfrequented paths that could be found; for while we had hosts of friends among those people, there were some who rejoiced more at the sight of the blue than of the gray. As we were feeling our way with as little noise as possible, we ran into, or onto, a native who had just come out from the cover of an obscure trail, well hidden by a dense crop of undergrowth and wild vines. That the meeting was most unexpected and decidedly unpleasant to those of the first party as well as to him of the second was too evident for debate, and one of the Rebs called out for the politics of the lonely native.

Surprised as he was, and completely caught in the meshes of that squad of Confederates, his wits worked for him as never before, and without waiting for a second demand for the color of his politics he answered: "Just say it yourself, mister; just say it yourself."

All had come to a halt as this new character emerged from the brush, and there was no immediate response to his reply. It was so quick, so unexpected, and so highly charged with originality that an attack of paralysis or stupefaction had taken possession of the gang for the time being; and all eyes were riveted on the speaker, while the most intense silence reigned in that forest of pines and blackjacks. Then the uniqueness, the ludicrousness, and the unexpectedness of the speech, coupled with the appearance of the speaker, dawned upon all, and a roar of laughter, the like of which was never heard before or since in that "neck of the woods," broke the deathlike stillness and went reverberating up and down those valleys with a roar and rush like unto a tornado turned loose in the tropics on a sultry August afternoon. That speech, aided and abetted by a close scrutiny of the man and his belongings, saved him the horse he was astride. The worst in our squad was better than his, and his saddle was one only in name; so nothing was to be gained from him—no, not even in an exchange of hats.

"Just say it yourself, mister; just say it yourself," after that incident, often came ringing down the line to break the monotony of a hard march or to make us forget for the time being the hunger that was ever gnawing at our vitals.

This man's name was Rose, and I often met him after the war at Mount Sterling, Ky., where he went with cattle for the court day market. Then I learned that he was a well-to-

do farmer of Wolfe County, and his make-up of horse, saddle, and bridle was for a purpose. He had learned to his cost early in the war that Morgan's men had an ever-increasing curiosity to "sample" everything in the horseflesh line, and his native shrewdness prompted him always to ride the worst horse he had when he ventured forth upon the highways and byways, guarding well against supplying any of those well-known war horses by never riding one himself.

LOYAL AND DEVOTED STILL.

BY MRS. E. D. BARTEE, FLORENCE, TEX.

As a reader of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I feel a desire to contribute a few lines in praise of its high and noble mission. Every page holds an interest to those who remember the stirring days of 1860-66. Time has failed to erase from my mind the memory of those days, though but a child of ten years of age when the strife began. How proud I felt of our only brother when his first letter reached mother and home telling of the first battle he was in! I stood by mother's side and heard her read the letter as her tears rained upon its pages. "Mother," he wrote, "I loaded my gun and shot Yankees until my arm is so sore I can hardly write." I heard the cannon roar in the battle of Elkhorn, Ark., and later was in hearing distance of the siege of Vicksburg. The sullen "Boom, boom" day after day, together with the hazy appearance of the elements hanging like a funeral pall over the land, struck terror to the hearts of us children, and we wondered why our Southern boys were so long in whipping the enemy back and stopping the noise.

In the January VETERAN I read with much interest the article of A. C. Jones, of Three Creeks, Ark., and I wish to thank him most heartily for the respectful allusion to the Texas soldiers with whom he was associated on the occasion referred to. My husband was a Texas soldier. When a little over seventeen years of age he enlisted in the Confederate service in 1863, I think it was, at Huntsville, Tex., and served as a private soldier until the end. He answered to the last roll on April 9, 1902.

I cannot close these brief lines without a word of greeting to the U. D. C.'s. All honor to those true Southern women! While they have accomplished much in the past, we feel there are greater and grander achievements to which their loyal Southern hearts and hands will yet attain.

ATTENTION, SIGNAL CORPS, C. S. A.!

It has been suggested by some of the survivors of the Signal Corps, C. S. A., that at our coming Reunion in Washington, D. C., next June the survivors of this branch of the Confederate army march in a body; and it has even been suggested that they carry flags symbolic of that branch of the army in which they served. I think the suggestion a good one; and while I know but few now surviving, it has been deemed expedient to bring this matter to the attention of the survivors through the columns of the VETERAN. I served for several years in this branch of service in the defense in and around Charleston; and, so far as I know, but three members of that corps now survive.

To this end, survivors of the Signal Corps, Confederate army, are requested to correspond with Mr. R. S. Denny, Room 201, Southern Railway Building, Washington, D. C., or with the undersigned, at Columbia, S. C. W. A. CLARK,

Commander Camp Hampton.

A NEW BOOK ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON. By his nephew, Thomas J. Arnold. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

In the War between the States, 1861-1865, the South was prolific in great military leaders, some having been soldiers professionally trained, some coming from the ranks of civil life. Such were Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, "Jeb" Stuart, John B. Gordon, and N. B. Forrest. Among these, Lee and Jackson were easily in the first rank.

Jackson's great exploits as a military commander, which have aroused the admiration of the world, have somewhat dimmed the luster of his moral and spiritual character. A late book, written by a nephew of General Jackson, a son of his only sister, and one familiar with his early life, sets forth the steps by which his remarkable spiritual character was developed. It is made up largely of intimate personal letters to his sister and her children, and nothing could more clearly show the influences that went toward molding his character. They were written at various periods during his studies at West Point, his service in Mexico and in the United States army, as professor in the Virginia Military Institute, and up to the beginning of the War between the States.

While correcting some mistakes as to the early life of General Jackson which have been given currency by his biographers, the book reveals a youth of towering ambition, of high and lofty principles, of stern integrity, and devoted to system and discipline in everything he did. In the course of time his ambition for personal success in his profession was supplanted by an intense purpose to do the will of God as the great aim of life. While professor at Lexington he united with the Presbyterian Church and afterwards became an officer in that Church. Thenceforward to the day of his death he lived with a constant sense of the presence and providence of God and a living faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, striving to do God's will with absolute devotion and finally yielding up his life with un murmuring resignation.

The tie that bound General Lee and his great lieutenant in such close fellowship was one of piety as well as devotion to a great cause, and probably no two men ever manifested such different types of piety. Lee's was that of the noble, gentle, gracious, and pure type of the best cavaliers; while Jackson's was the stern, strong, aggressive piety of the Scotch-Irish Covenanter, to which stock he belonged.

The author, while disclaiming any literary pretensions, has given us a book of remarkable interest expressed in readable and flowing English.

WANTS TO HEAR FROM THE JOHNNIES.—J. C. Pickens, Soldiers' Home, California, asks that some of the old boys who wore the gray write to him. He says: "My service was in Western North Carolina, East Tennessee, and Southwestern Virginia, near Cumberland Gap. My first action was at Warm Springs, N. C., next at Wyerman's Mills, in Lee County, Va., where on February 22, 1864, our detachment was surprised and captured by Gen. W. E. Jones's cavalry brigade. We were next engaged at Jonesville Road, Lee County, Va., where we fought Vandevanter's Cavalry from Jonesville to Ball's Bridge. My last was a skirmish with Thomas's Indians near Waynesville, N. C., on May 5, 1865, said to have been the last gun of the war east of the Mississippi River. There were only four of us Yanks in this last action, and three are still living. Now, boys, don't fail to write me, especially if

you were in either of the actions referred to. You will find me a sincere friend and well-wisher; besides, I want to ask you a good many questions. Permit me to ask here: Upon what part of the field did Capt. C. E. Burks, of the 21st Virginia, fall? He was killed at Wyerman's Mills. Whose white horse was killed in the ford of the creek?"

DECREASE IN CAMP MEMBERSHIP.—Adj. J. Pink Cagle, in reporting the losses in membership of John M. Brady Camp, No. 352, U. C. V., writes: "Our Camp is breaking up; we have only thirty members left, some very feeble. I was the youngest volunteer in my company and served two years and eight months; am also the son of a veteran. I shall try to keep the Camp alive until I am called to answer the last roll."

OFFICIAL REUNION BADGE.

The official Confederate Reunion badge will locate the wearer by Division, Camp, and place of residence. It consists of a medallion on which is prominently shown the St

Andrew's Cross, in the center of which are four clasped hands, representing the brotherhood of the North, East, South, and West. Around the edge of the medallion is inscribed: "Official Badge, U. C. V. Reunion, Washington, D. C., June 5, 6, 7, 1917." On the red-white-and-red pendant will be printed in clear, distinct letters the name of the Division, location of Camp, and its name and number. The illustration here given tells the story at a glance. The badges can be arranged to suit the staffs of the various Commanders and of the Sons.

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Mrs. W. J. Gates, 1010 Bond Street, Morrett, Mo., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some comrade of her husband, Mahlon Gates, of Henry County, Mo. She doesn't know his company or regiment, only that he was in Price's army and enlisted at Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. William F. Lake, 1415 Grand Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex., wants to communicate with some one who can give her information concerning the civil service record of her grandfather, William Palmer, and her uncle, David Lough Miller, during the War between the States. Both men were from Hawkins County, Tenn.

William E. Crozier, Route 4, Dallas, Tex., wants to know where he can obtain the following books: "Common Sense against Infidelity," "Bloody Junto," and "Cave of Hegobar," all by Rev. R. H. Crozier; "Life of Dr. Abner Baker," by C. W. Crozier; and the "History of Company B, 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade," by Captain Davis.

Mrs. C. E. G. Trevathan, of Union City, Tenn., wants to get in communication with some comrades of her husband, Dr. F. M. Trevathan, captain of Company A, 11th Missouri Cavalry, who can testify to his service after his exchange at Vicksburg in 1864. She would also like to hear from Jim Hale, of Bentonville, Mo., if still living.

J. J. Dalton, of Kenova, W. Va., wishes to hear from any one who was a member of Commodore McIntosh's crew on the Louisiana when captured April 28, 1862, or any one who can testify to his service as a member of that crew. He enlisted early in 1862. He is trying to get a pension. Write him in care of Mrs. Alice Dalton.

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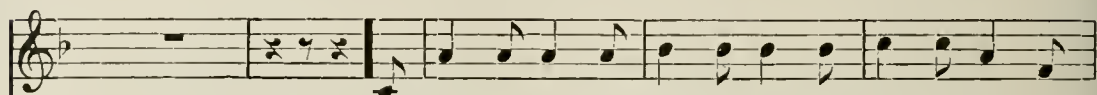
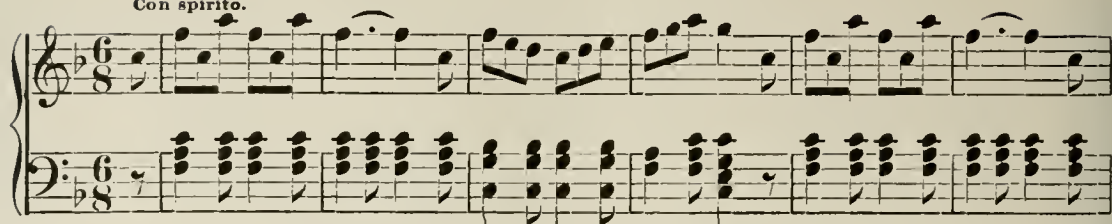
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THE SOUTHERN GIRL,

OR

The Homespun Dress.

Con spirito.



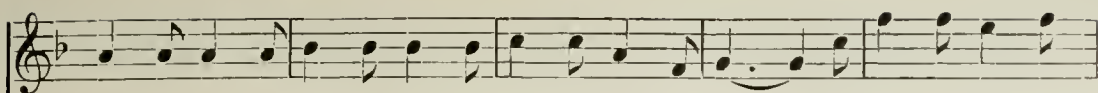
1. Oh, yes, I am a South-ern girl, And glo - ry in the
2. My home-spun dress is plain, I know, My hat's palm-et - to,
3. The South-ern land's a glo-rious land, And has a glo - rious
4. The sol - dier is the lad for me, A brave heart I a -
5. And now, young man, a word to you, If you would win the



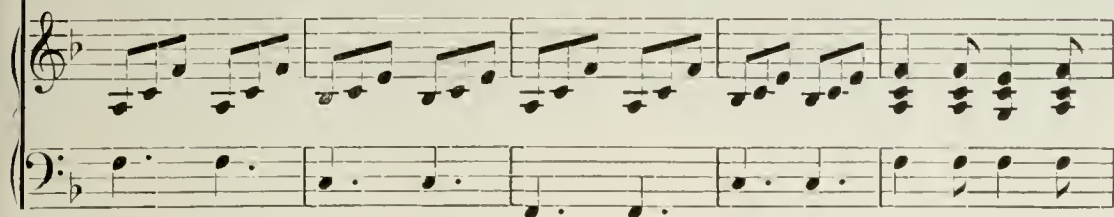
name, And boast it with far great - er pride Than glitt'-ring wealth or fame. I
 too, But, then, it shows what Southern girls For South-ern rights will do! We've
 cause, Three cheers, three cheers, for Southern rights, And for the South-ern boys! We've
 dore, And when the Sun - ny South is free, And fight - ing is no more, I'll
 fair, Go to the field where hon - or calls, And win your la - dy there! Re -



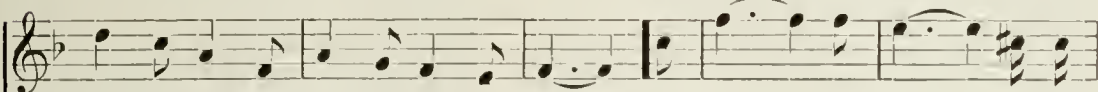
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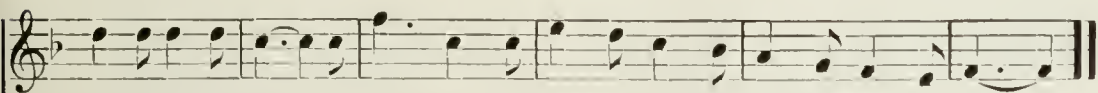
en - vy not the North-ern girl, Her robes of beau - ty rare, Tho' diamonds grace her
sent the brav - est of our land, To bat - tle with the foe, And we will lend a
sent our sweet-hearts to the war, But dear girls, nev - er mind; Your sol - dier boy will
choose me then a lov - er brave From out that gal - lant band; The sol - dier lad I
member that our brightest smiles Are for the true and brave, And that our tears are



CHORUS.



snow-y neck And pearls be-deck her hair.
help-ing hand, We love the South, you know.
ne'er for-get The girl he left be - hind. Hur - rah!..... hur - rah!..... for the
love the best Shall have my heart and hand.
all for those Who fill a sol - dier's grave.



Sun-ny South so dear! Three cheers for the home-spun dress That Southern la - dies wear.



MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

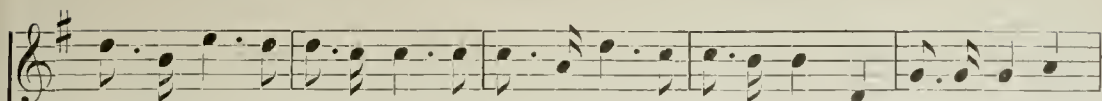


Moderato.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. The des - pot's heel is on thy shore, | Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! His |
| 2. Hark! to a wand'ring son's ap - peal, | Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! My |
| 3. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, | Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Thy |
| 4. Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day, | Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Come |

torch is at thy tem - ple door,	Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! A -
Moth - er state, to thee, I kneel,	Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! For
beaming sword shall nev - er rust,	Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Re -
with thy pan - o - plied ar - ray,	Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! With

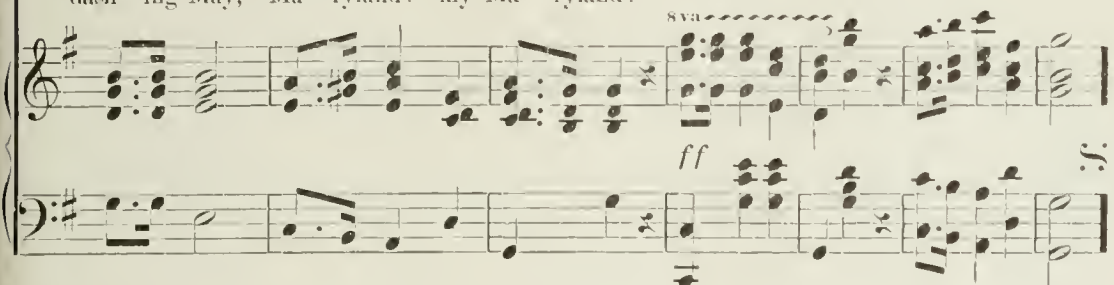
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND! Continued.



venge the pa - tri - ot - ic gore That flow'd the streets of Baltimore, And be the bat - tle
life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer-less chiv - al - ry re-veal, And gird thy beauteous
mem-ber Car-roll's sa-cred trust, Remember Howard's warlike thrust, And all thy slumb'ers
Ring-gold's spir-it for the fray, With Watson's blood at Mon-ter-ey, With fearless Lowe and



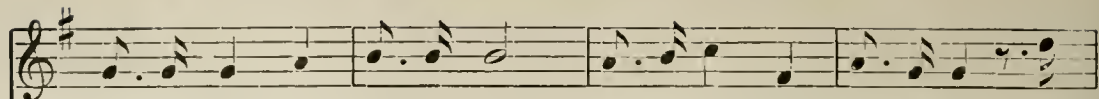
queen of yore, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!
limbs with steel, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!
with the just, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!
dash - ing May, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!



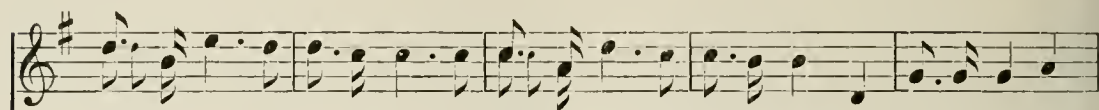
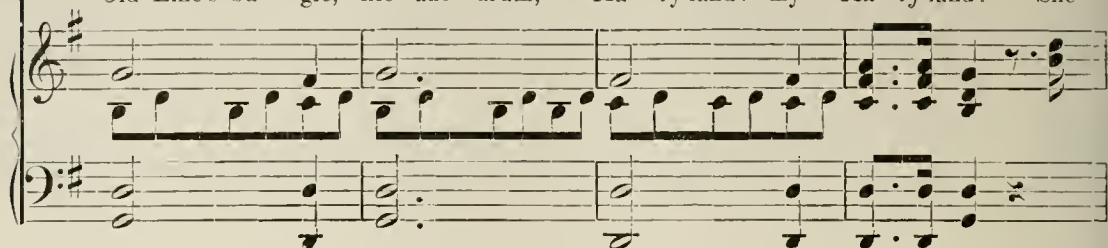
5. Dear Moth-er! burst thy ty - rant's chain, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland! Vir -
6. Come! for thy shield is bright and strong, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland! Come
7. I see the blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland! But
8. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland! Thou
9. I hear the dis - tant thun - der-hum, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland! The



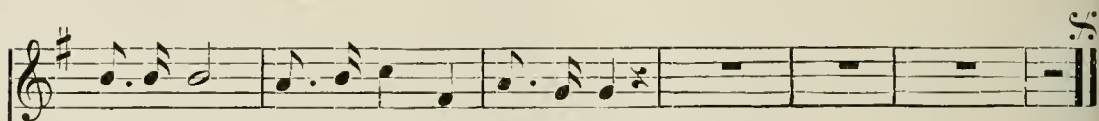
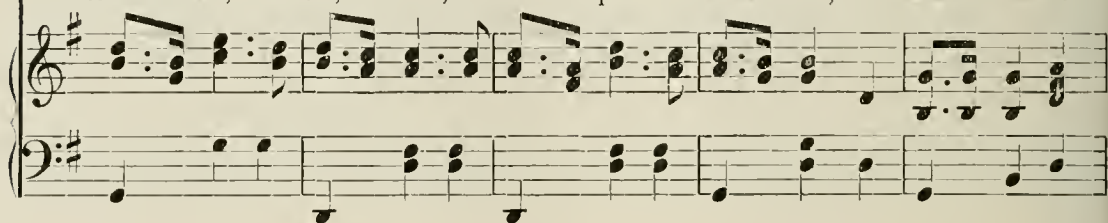
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND! Concluded.



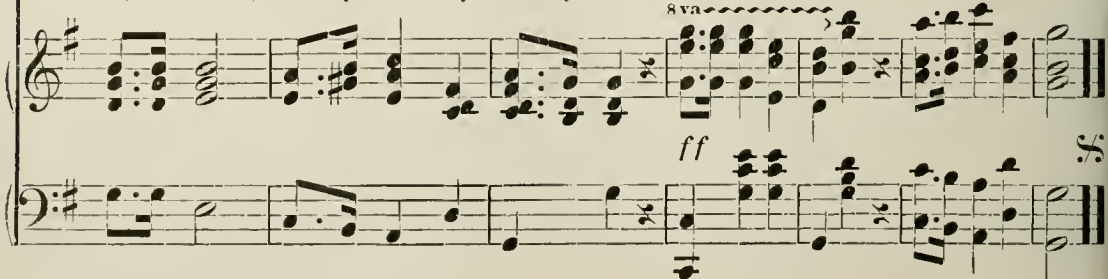
gin - ia should not call in vain, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! She
 for thy dal - liance does thee wrong, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! Come
 thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! But
 wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! &
 Old Line's bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry-land! my Ma - ry-land! She



meets her sis - ters on the plain, "Sic semper," 'tis the proud refrain, That baf - fles min-ions
 to thine own he - ro-ic throng, That stalks with lib-er-ty a - long And give a new Key
 lo! there surg - es forth a shriek From hill to hill, from creek to creek Po - to-mac calls to
 Bet-ter the fire up - on thee roll, & Better the shot, the blade, the bowl, Than cru - ci - fix - ion
 is not dead, nor deaf, no dumb, Huz-za! she spurns the Northern scum, She breathes! she burns! she'll

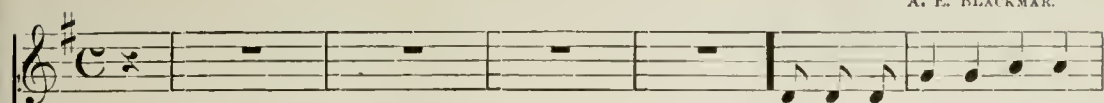


back a - main Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!
 to thy song Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!
 Ches - a - peake Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!
 of the soul, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!
 come, she'll come, Ma - ryland! my Ma - ryland!

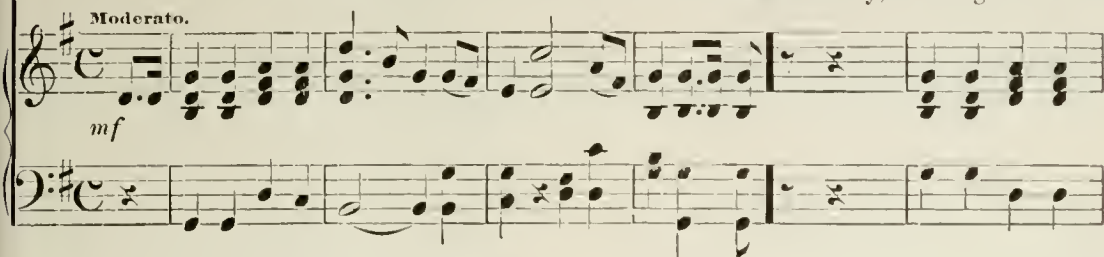


THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLAISE.

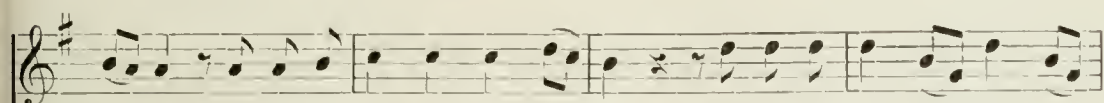
A. E. BLACKMAR.



1. Sons of the South, a-wake to
2. Now, now the dang'rous storm is
3. With needy, starv-ing mobs sur-



glo - ry, A thousand voi - ces bid you rise, Your children, wives and grand-sires
 roll - ing Which treacherous Brothers mad-ly raise; The dogs of war let loose are
 round - ed, The jea-lous, blind fa - nat-ics dare To of - fer in their zeal un-



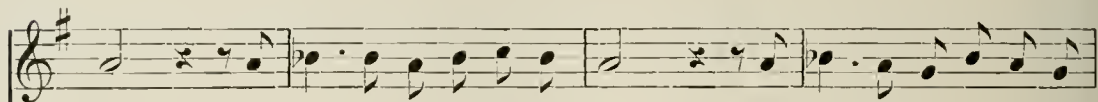
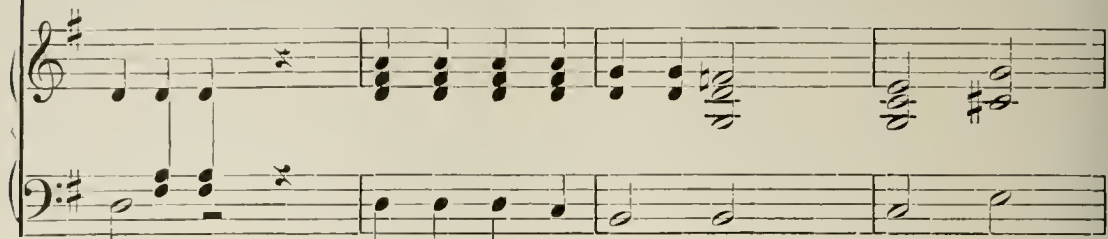
hoa - ry, Gaze on you now with trust-ing eyes, Gaze on you now with trust-ing
 howl-ing, And soon our peace-ful towns may blaze, And soon our peace-ful towns may
 bound-ed, Our hap-py slaves their ten - der care, Our hap-py slaves their ten - der



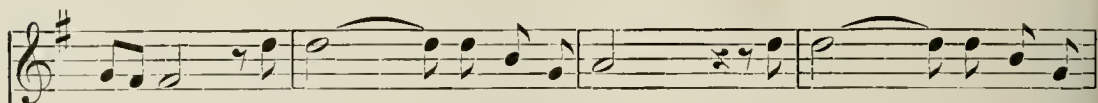
THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLAISE. Continued.



eyes; Your coun-try ev-'ry strong arm call-ing, To meet the hire-ling North-ern
blaze; Shall fiends who base-ly plot our ru-in Uncheck'd advance with guilt-y
care; The South, tho' deep-est wrongs be-wail-ing, Long yielded all to Un-ion's



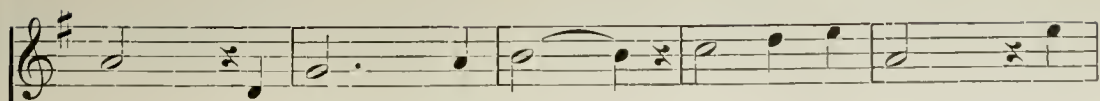
band That comes to de-so-late the land With fire and blood and scenes ap-
stride To spread des-truc-tion far and wide, With South'ron's blood their hands em-
name, But IN-DE-PEN-DENCE now we claim, And all their threats are un-a



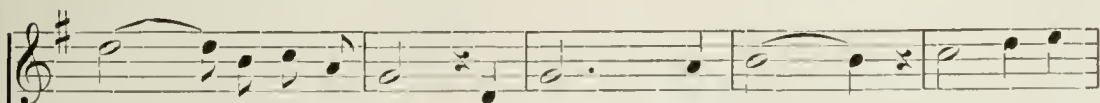
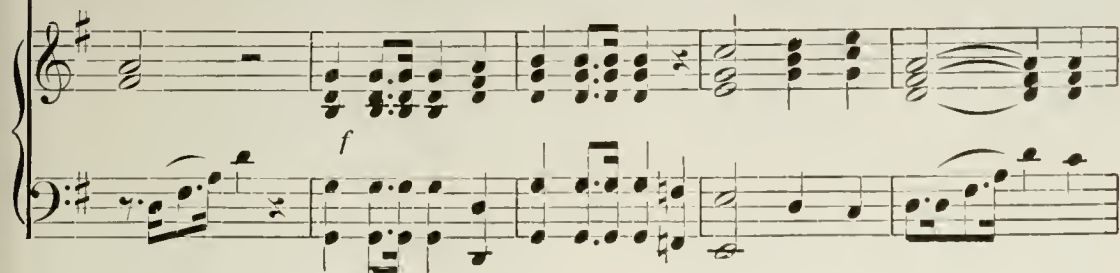
pall-ing,	To arms	to arms ye brave!	Th'a-veng	-	ing sword un-
bru-ing,	To arms.....	to arms ye brave!	Th'a-veng	-	ing sword un-
vail-ing,	To arms.....	to arms ye brave!	Th'a-veng	-	ing sword un-



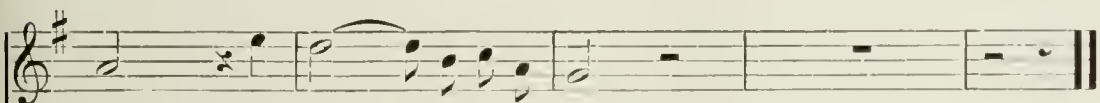
THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLAISE. Concluded.



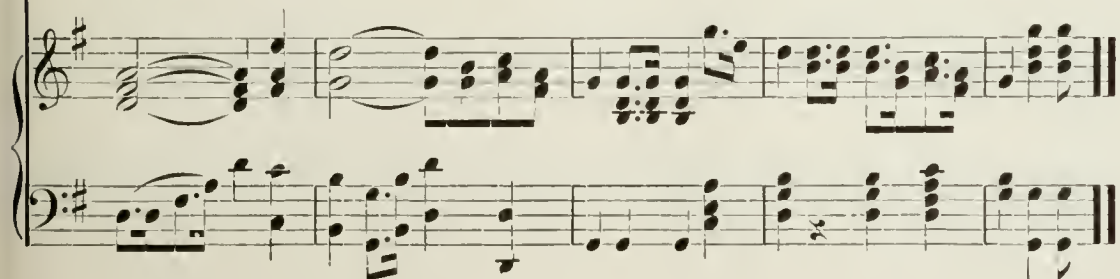
sheathe! March on! March on..... All hearts re - solved on
 sheathe! March on! etc.
 sheathe! March on! etc.



Vic - to - ry or Death, March on! March on..... All hearts re -



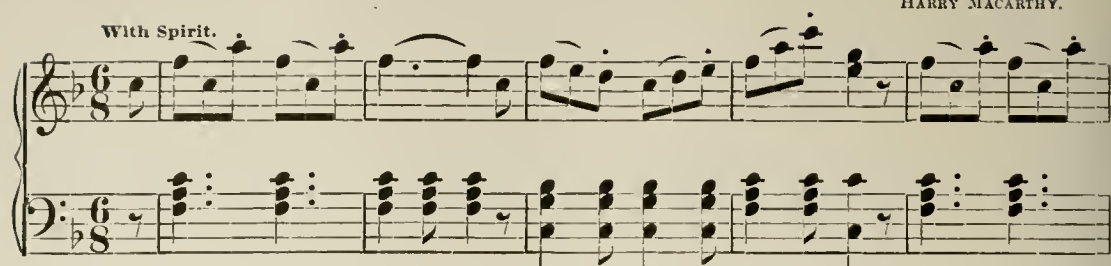
solved on vic - to - ry or Death.



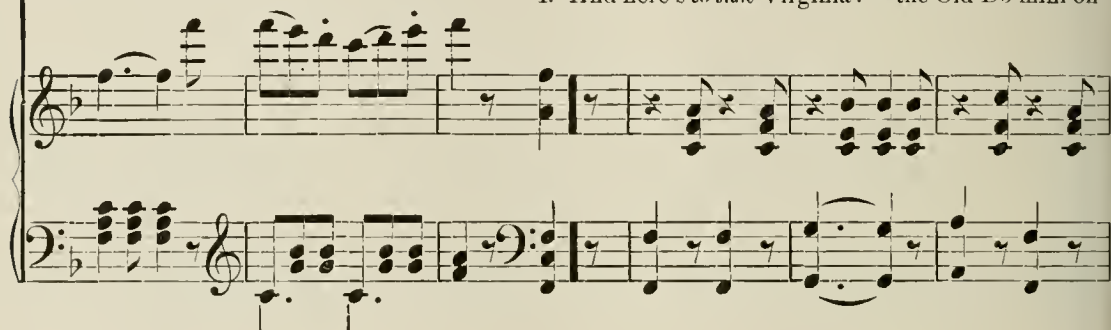
The Bonnie Blue Flag.

HARRY MACARTHY.

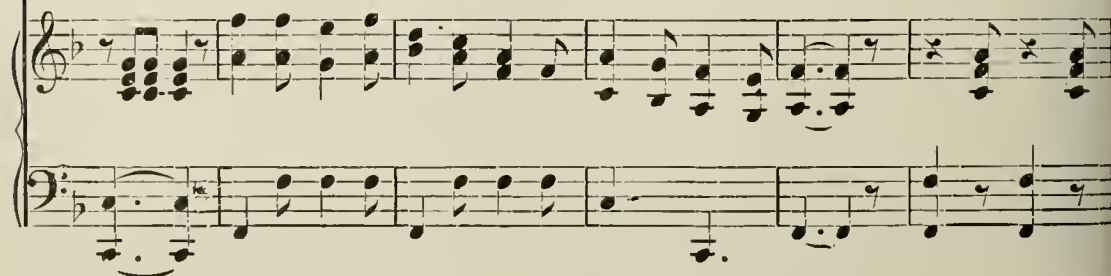
With Spirit.



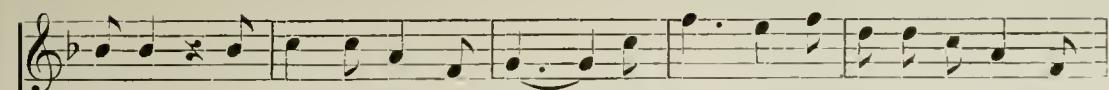
1. We are a band of brothers, and na-tive to the
2. First, gallant South Car-o-lin - a no-bly made the
3. Ye men of val-or, gather round the Banner of the
4. And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Do-mini-on



soil, Fighting for our Lib-er - ty, with treasure, blood and toil; And when our rights were
stand; Then came Al - a - ba - ma, who took her by the hand; Next, quickly Mis - sis-
Right, Tex - as and fair Louis-i - an - a, join us in the fight; Da - vis, our loved Pres-
State With the young Confederacy at length has link'd her fate; Im - pell'd by her ex-

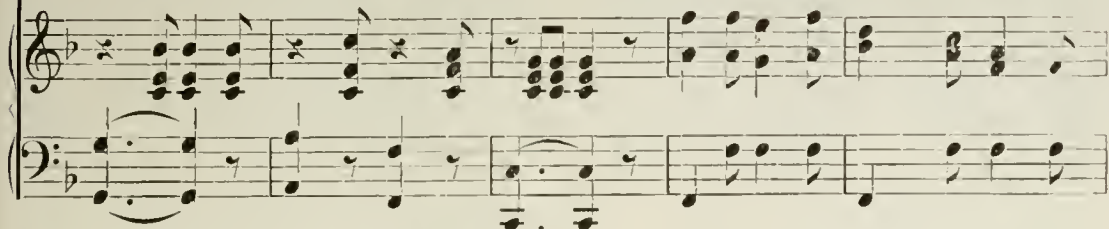


THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG. Concluded.

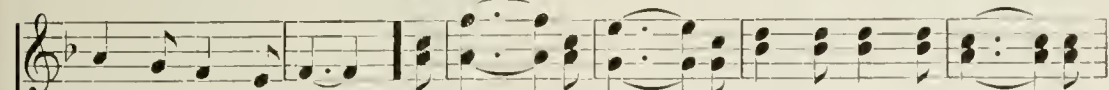


threaten'd, the ery rose near and far,
sip - pi, Geor - gia and Flo - ri - da,
i - dent, and Stephens, Stateman rare,
am - ple, now oth - er States pre - pare

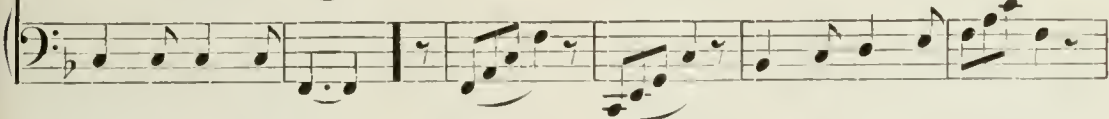
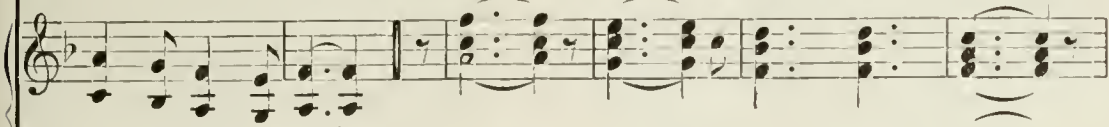
Hur - rah for the Bon-nie Blue Flag, that
All rais'd on high the Bon-nie Blue Flag, that
Now rally round the Bon-nie Blue Flag, that
To hoist on high the Bon-nie Blue Flag, that



CHORUS.



bears a Sin - gle Star! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! for Southern Rights Hurrah! Hur -



rah! for the Bon-nie Blue Flag that bears a Sin - gle Star!



DIXIE'S LAND.

DAN. D. EMMETT. Arr. by F. M.

♩ p

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am
 2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry "Will - de - weab - er," Wil - lium was a
 3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's cleab - er, But dat did not

ff *♩ p*

f *p*

not for - got - ten, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In
 gay de - ceab - er; Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But
 seem to greab 'er, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old

p

Dix - ie Land whar I was born in Ear - ly in one
 when he put his arm a - round 'er He smil'd as fierce as a
 Mis - sus act - ed de fool - ish part, And died for a man dat

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DIXIE'S LAND. Concluded.

f

frost - y mor-nin'. Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 for - ty pound-er. Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
 broke her heart. Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

f

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Ho - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll

took my stand, To lib and die in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A -

D. S.

way down south in Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.

D. S.

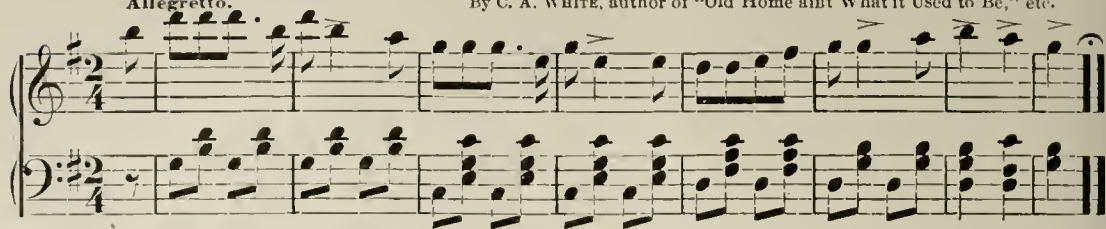
I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

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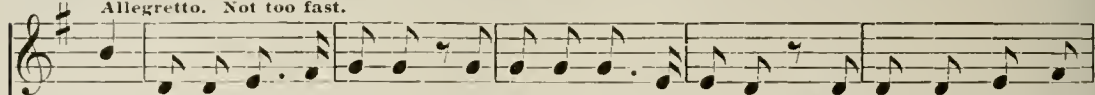
Companion to "OLD HOME AINT WHAT IT USED TO BE."

Allegretto.

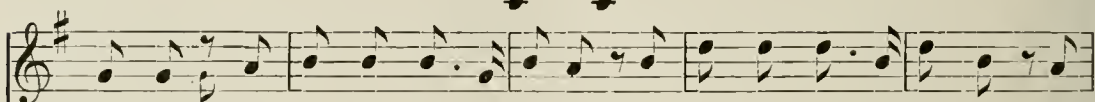
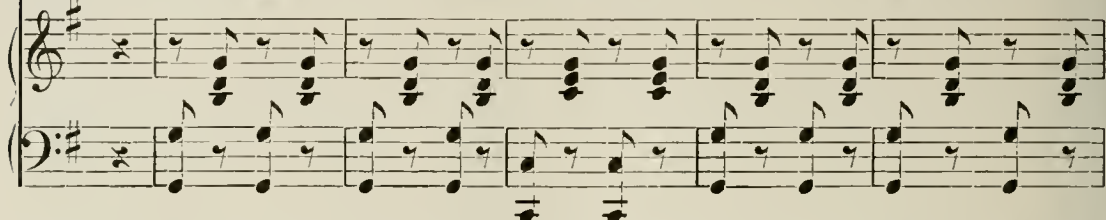
By C. A. WHITE, author of "Old Home aint What it Used to Be," etc.



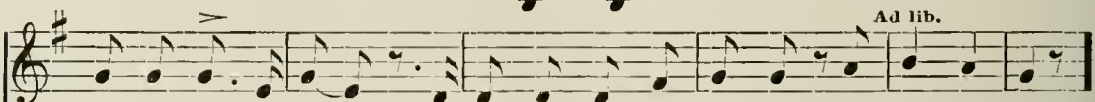
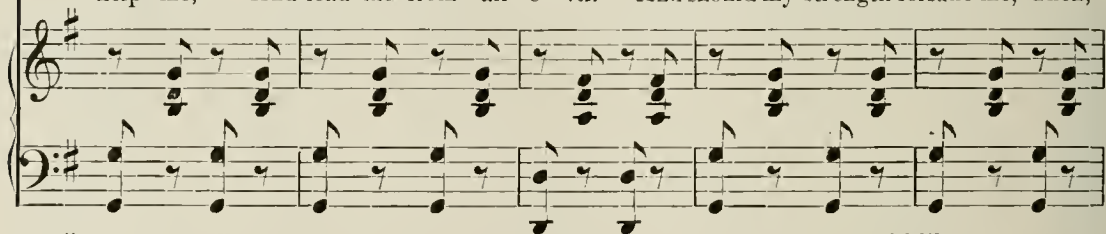
Allegretto. Not too fast.



1. I'se gwine back to Dix-ie,—No more I'se gwine to wan-der, My heart's turned back to
2. I've hoed in fields of cot-ton, I've worked upon the riv-er, I used to think if
3. I'm trav'ling back to Dix-ie,—My step is slow and fee-ble, I pray the Lord to



Dix - ie.— I can't stay here no long-er,— I miss de ole plan-ta - tion, My
I got off, I'd go back there, no, nev-er. But time has changed the old man, His
help me, And lead me from all e - vil. And should my strength forsake me, Then,



Ad lib.

home and my re - la - tion, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.
head is bend-ing low, His heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And he must go.
kind friends, come and take me, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.



Colla voce.

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'se gwine back to Dix-ie, I'se gwine back to Dix-ie, I'se gwine where the

or - ange blos - soms grow,..... For I hear the chil - dren call - ing, I

see their sad tears fall-ing, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

Ad lib.

Colla voce.

ON THE ROAD TO DIXIE.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

SONG AND CHORUS,

Words and Music by JAMES BLAND, author of "The Old Homestead," "In the Morning by the Bright Light," etc., etc.

Moderato.

mf 8va

1. Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There's where the cot - ton and the
2. Car - ry me back to old Vir - gin - ny, There let me live 'till I

p

corn and ta - toes grow, There's where the birds war - ble sweet in the spring-time,
with - er and de - cay, Long by the old Dis - mal Swamp have I wan - dered,

There's where the old dar - key's heart am long'd to go, There's where I labored so
There's where this old dar - key's life will pass a - way. Mas - sa and mis - sis have

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CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY. Concluded.

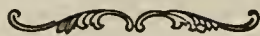
hard for old mas-sa, Day af - ter day in the field of yel-low corn,
long gone be - fore me, Soon we will meet on that bright and gold-en shore,

No place on earth do I love more sincerely, Than old Vir-gin-ny, the place where I was born.
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow, There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

Car - ry me back to old Vir-gin-ny, There's where the cotton and the corn and ta-toes grow,

There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.



B.

1. Oh! say can you see, thro' the gloom and the storm, More bright for the dark - ness, that
2. How peaceful and blest was A-mer - i - ca's soil, 'Till be-trayed by the guile of the
3. 'Tis the emblem of peace, 'tis the day-star of hope, Like the sa - cred La-ba-rum that
4. And if peace should be hopeless and justice de-nied, And war's blood - y vul - ture should

pure constel-lation? Like the Sym-bol of Love and Redemption its form, As it points to the
 Pu - ri-tan de-mon, Which lurks un-der Virtue, and springs from its coil, To fas - ten its
 guided the Ro-man; From the shore of the Gulf to the Del-a-ware's slope, 'Tis the trust of the
 flap its black pinions, Then glad-ly "to arms" while we hurl in our pride, De - fi - ance to

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH. Concluded.

Cres.

ha - ven of hope for the na-tion. How ra-diant each Star, as the bea - con a - far, Giv-ing
fangs in the life-blood of freemen! Then bold-ly ap - peal to each heart that can feel, And
free and the ter - ror of foe-men. Flings its folds to the air, while we bold - ly de - clare, The
tur-rants and death to their min-ions! With our front in the field, swearing nev - er to yield, Or re-

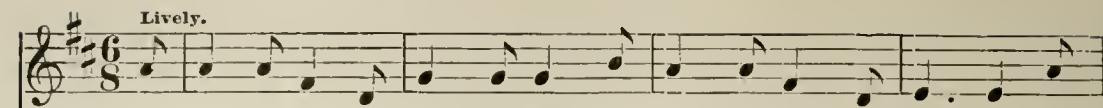
ff CHORUS.

prom-ise of peace or as-sur-ance in war! 'Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ev - er re-main, To
crush the foul viper 'neath Liberty's heel! And the Cross of the South shall in tri-umph remain, To
rights we demand or the deeds that we dare! While the Cross of the South shall in tri-umph remain, To
turn like the Spartan in death on our shield! And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave As the

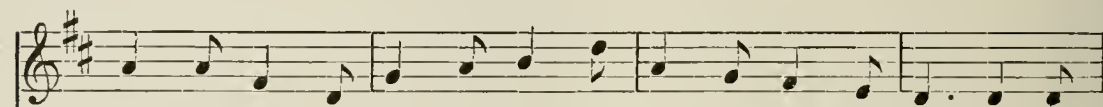
light us to free - dom and glo - ry a - gain!
light us to free - dom and glo - ry a - gain!
light us to free - dom and glo - ry a - gain!
flag of the free or the pall of the brave.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

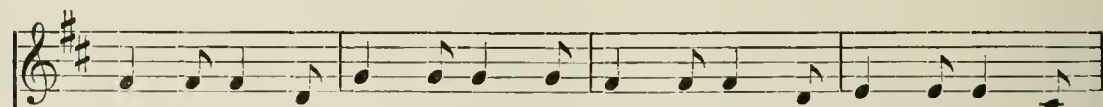
Lively.



1. Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails, Stir up the camp - fire bright; No
2. We see him now, the old slouch'd hat Cock'd o'er his eye as - kew, The
3. Si - lence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off! "Old Blue Light's" going to pray, "Strau-
4. He's in the sad - dle, now, fall in! Stead - y! the whole Brig - ade! Hill's
5. The sun's bright glan-ces rout the mists Of morn - ing—and by George! Here's
6. Ah! maid - en, wait, and watch and yearn For news of Stone - wall's band! Ah!



mat - ter if our can - teen fails, We'll make a roar - ing night. Here
shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat, So calm, so blunt, so true! The
gle the fool that dares to scoff! At - ten - tion!" 'tis his way, Ap -
at the ford, cut off; we'll win His way out, ball and blade! What
Long-street strug - gling in the lists, Hemm'd in au ug - ly gorge, Pope
wid - ow, read with eyes that burn That ring up - on thy hand! Ah!



Shen - an - do - ah brawls a - long, There bur - ly Blue Ridge ech - oes strong To
"Blue Light El - der" knows em well, Says he "that's Banks, he's fond of shell, Lord
peal - ing from his na - tive sod In for - ma pau - per - is to God, "Lay
mat - ter if our shoes are worn, What mat - ter if our feet are torn? Quick
and his yan - kees whipp'd be - fore "Bay - nets and grape!" hear Stone - wall roar, Charge,
wife, sew on, pray on, hope on! Thy life shall not be all for - lorn; The

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY. Concluded.

swell the brig - ade's rous - ing song Of Stone-wall Jack - son's way! Of
 save his soul, we'll give him—" well, That's Stone-wall Jack - son's way! That's
 low thine arm, stretch forth thy rod, A - men!" that's Stone-wall's way! A -
 step! we're with him be - fore dawn!" That's Stone-wall Jack - son's way! That's
 Stu - art! pay off Ash - by's score In Stone-wall Jack - son's way! In
 foe had bet - ter ne'er been born That gets in Stone-wall's way! That

Stone - wall Jack - son's way, Of Stone - wall Jack - son's way; To
 Stone - wall Jack - son's way, That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way; Lord
 men!" that's Stone - wall's way, A - men!" that's Stone - wall's way; "Lay
 Stone - wall Jack - son's way, That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way! "Quick
 Stone - wall Jack - son's way, In Stone - wall Jack - son's way! Charge
 gets in Stone-wall's way, That gets in Stone-wall's way; The

swell the brig - ade's rous - ing song Of Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 save his soul, we'll give him—" well, That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 low thine arm, stretch forth thy rod, A - men!" that's Stone-wall's way.
 Step! we're with him be - fore dawn!" That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 Stu - art! pay off Ash - by's score In Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 foe had bet - ter ne'er been born That gets in Stone-wall's way.

CAROLINA.

Words by MRS. C. A. B.

Music by A. E. BLACKMAR.

Moderato.

Ped. *

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in G-flat major (three flats) with a common time signature. It begins with a half note G-flat, followed by a quarter note A-flat, a half note B-flat, and a quarter note C. This is followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a half note G-flat. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes, including a prominent bass line with a half note G-flat, a quarter note A-flat, and a half note B-flat.

Cres. *Dim.*

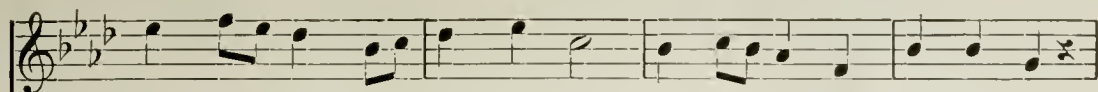
1. 'Mid her ru - ins proud - ly stands, Our Car - o - lin - a,
 2. She was first our wrongs to feel, Our Car - o - lin - a,
 3. No - bly now she bears her wrongs, Our Car - o - lin - a,

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The tempo markings 'Cres.' and 'Dim.' are placed above the vocal staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

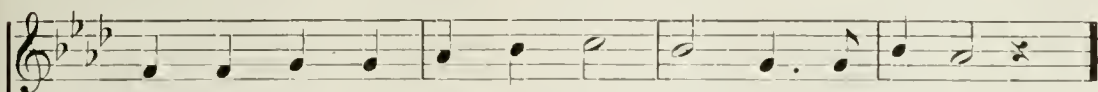
Fet - ters are up - on her hands,..... Dear Car - o - lin - a!
 First to draw the glitt' - ring steel,..... Dear Car - o - lin - a!
 In her night she still hath songs,..... Dear Car - o - lin - a!

The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

CAROLINA.



Yet she feels no sense of shame, For up - on the scroll of Fame,
Read - y first to strike the blow, At th'op-press-or and the foe,
In the dust her sons lie low, Yet tho' strick-en by the foe,



She hath writ a death - less name, Brave Car - o - lin - a!
And to lay their stand - ard low, Brave Car - o - lin - a!
Pride is min - gled with her woe, Brave Car - o - lin - a!



THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.

Words by REV. A. J. RYAN.

Music arr. by A. E. BLACKMAR.

Marziale.

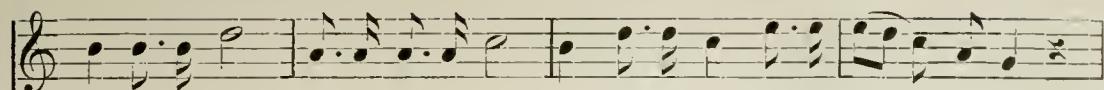
mf

Sva

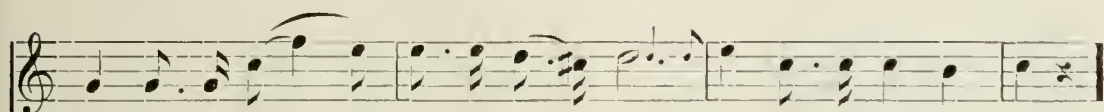
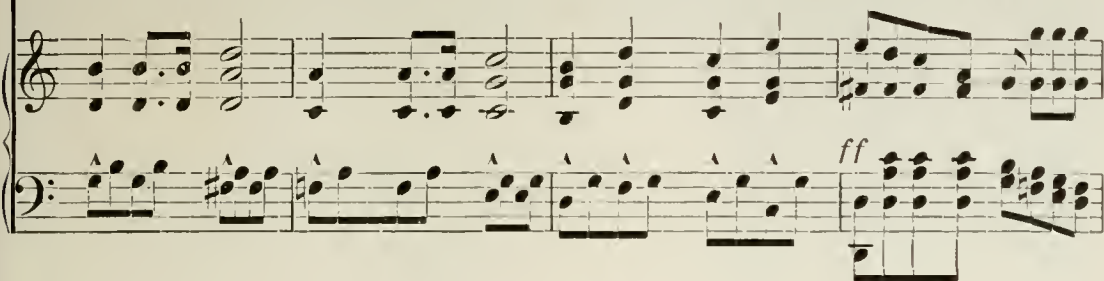
1. Forth from its scab-bard, pure and bright, Forth flash'd the sword of Lee!
2. Out of its scab-bard, where full long, It slumber'd peace-ful - ly;
3. Forth from its scab-bard, high in the air, Be-neath Vir-gin - ia's sky;

Forth from its scab-bard, pure and bright Forth flash'd the sword of Lee;
 Out of its scab-bard, where full long, It slumber'd peace-ful - ly.
 Forth from its scab-bard, high in the air, Be-neath Vir-gin - ia's sky.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE. Concluded.



Far in the front of the dead-ly fight, High o'er the brave in the cause of the right,
Rous'd from its rest by the bat-tle song, Shielding the fee - ble, smit - ing the strong,
And they who saw it gleam-ing there, And knew who bore it, knelt to swear,



Its stain - less sheen . . . like a bea - con light, Led us to vic - to - ry!
Guard-ing the right, a - veng - ing the wrong, Gleamed the sword of Lee!
That where that sword led, they would dare To fol - low and to die!



Sword! sword of brave Ro - bert Lee! Sword! sword of brave Ro - bert Lee!

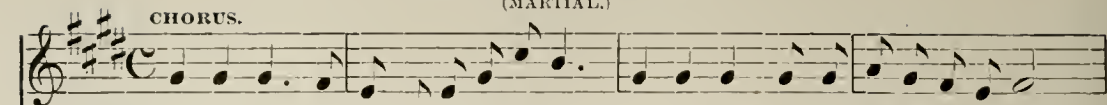


“CHEER, BOYS, CHEER,”

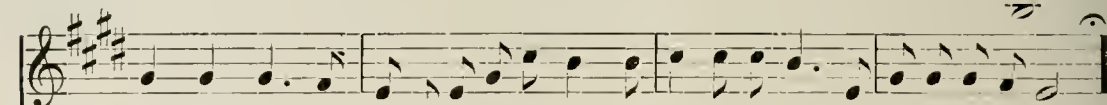
OR “MORGAN’S WAR SONG.”

(MARTIAL.)

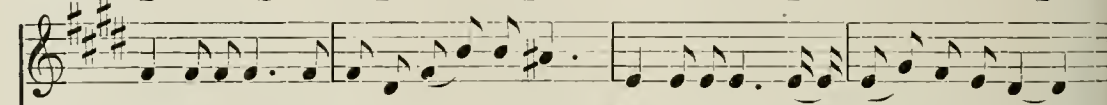
CHORUS.



Cheer, boys, cheer! We'll march a-way to bat-tle! Cheer, boys, cheer! for our sweethearts and our wives!



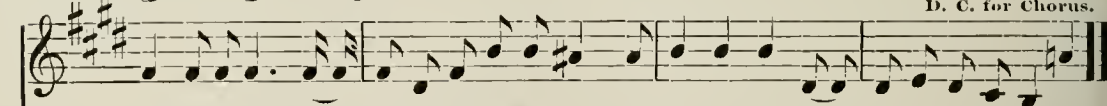
Cheer, boys, cheer! We'll nobly do our du - ty, And give to the South our hearts, our arms, our lives.



1. Bring forth the flag, our country's noble standard; Wave it on high 'till the wind shakes each fold out;
2. But as we march, with heads all lowly bending, Let us implore a blessing from on high;
3. Tho' to our homes we nev-er may re - turn, Ne'er press a-gain our lov'd ones in our arms;



D. C. for Chorus.



Proud-ly it floats, nobly waving in the vanguard; Then cheer, boys, cheer! with a lusty long bold shout.
Our cause is just—the right we're defending, And the God of bat-tle will list - en to our cry.
O'er our lone graves their faithful hearts will mourn, Then cheer, boys, cheer! such death hath no alarms.



Stonewall Jackson's Prayer.

Words by L. RIEVES.

Arranged by B. A. WHAPLES.

1. The ta - too

beats, the lights are gone, The camp a - round..... in slum - ber

lies, The night with sol - emn pace moves on, And sad un - eas - - y tho'ts a -

The musical score is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system includes a vocal line with a rest followed by a melodic phrase, and a piano accompaniment with triplet figures in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system features a vocal line with a melodic phrase and a piano accompaniment with chords. The fourth system concludes the piece with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S PRAYER. Continued.

rise; I think of thee, oh, dearest one, Whose love my ear-ly life hath blest, Of

thee, and our dear in-fant son, Who slum-bers on thy gen - tle breast.

2. God of the
3. That thou canst

ten - der, hov - er near, To her whose watch - - ful eye is
stay the cru - el hand Of fell dis - ease..... and soothe its

STONEWALL JACKSON'S PRAYER. Concluded.

wet, The moth - er, wife, the doub - ly dear, And cheer her droop - ing spir - its
pain, That on - ly by thy sole com-mand, The bat - tle's lost,..... the sol - dier's

yet. Now while she kneels before thy throne, Teach her, O Fath-er of us all, No
slain. By day, by night, in joy or woe, Of fears oppress'd or hopes beguil'd, In

tear is shed to Thee, un - known,..... And no-ticed is the spar - row's fall.
ev - 'ry dan-ger, ev - 'ry woe,..... Oh, God, pro-tect my wife and child.

Oh, God, pro-protect my wife and child.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.



- 1 Furl the Banner! for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, fold it, it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it
In the blood that heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.
- 2 Take that Banner down, 'tis tattered,
Broken in its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high;
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.
- 3 Furl that Banner! for furl it sadly,
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
Swore it would for ever wave,
Swore the foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs' entwined, dis sever
'Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.
- 4 Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low,
And that Banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe;
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardou those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it
Now to furl and fold it so.
- 5 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,
For its fame on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down through ages,
Furl its folds, though now we must.

CHORUS.

Furl the Banner softly, slowly,
Treat it gently, it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furl'd forever!
For the people's hopes are dead!

My Old Kentucky Home, Good-Night.

Words and music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

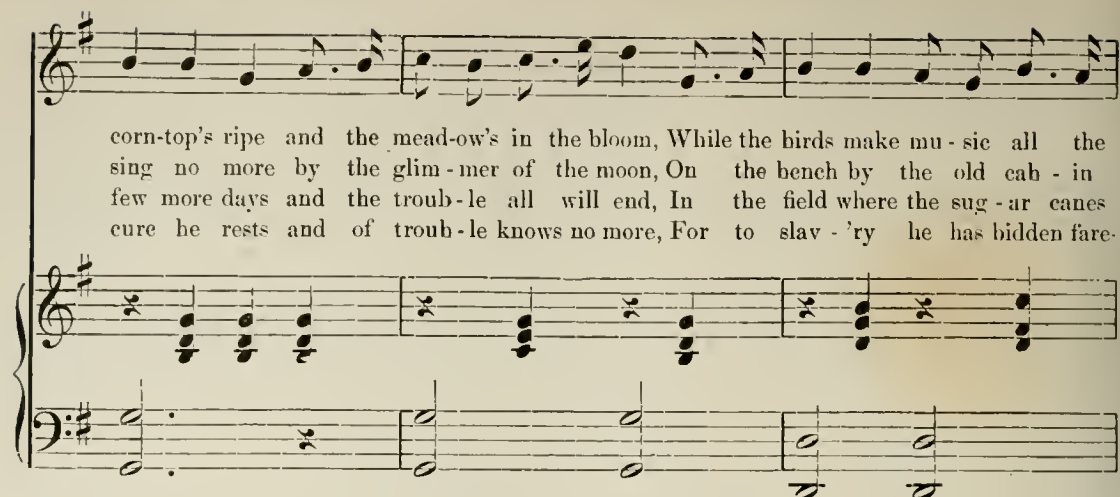
Poco adagio.

1. The sun shines bright in the
2. They hunt no more for the
3. The head must bow and the
4. At last he sleeps in the

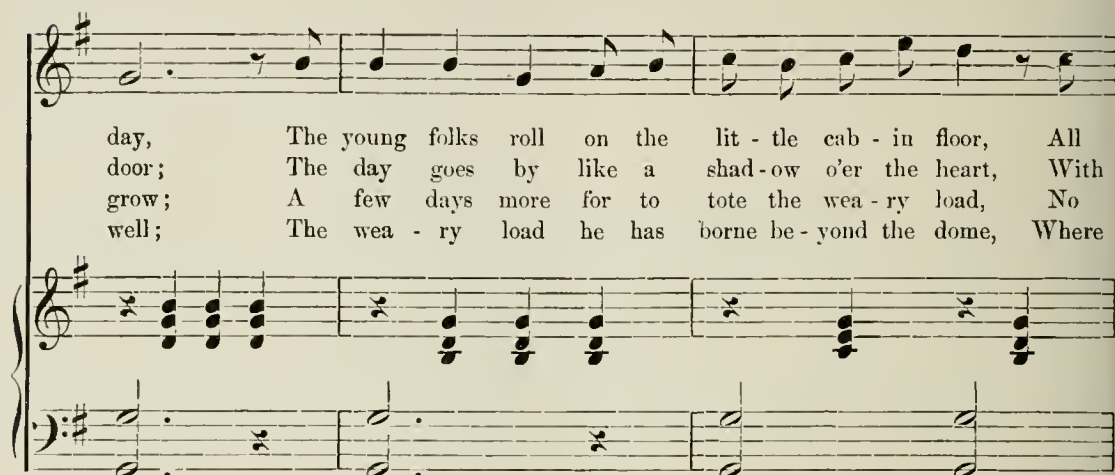
old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer the dark-ies are gay, The
 pos-sum and the coon, On the mead-ow, the hill and the shore, They
 back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dar-key may go, A
 mead-ow near the shore, Of vir-tues no tomb-stone does tell, Se-

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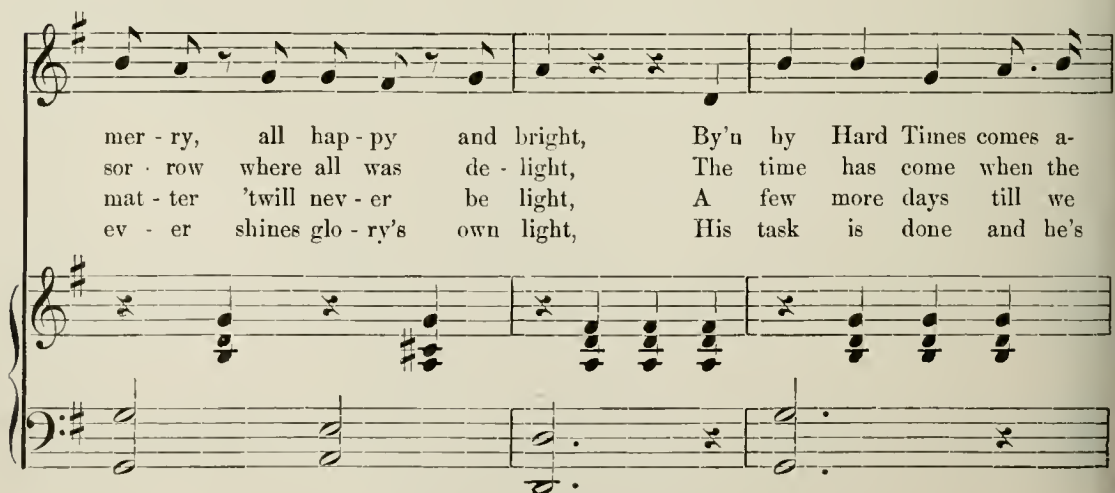
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.



corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu - sic all the
sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab - in
few more days and the troub - le all will end, In the field where the sug - ar canes
cure he rests and of troub - le knows no more, For to slav - 'ry he has bidden fare-

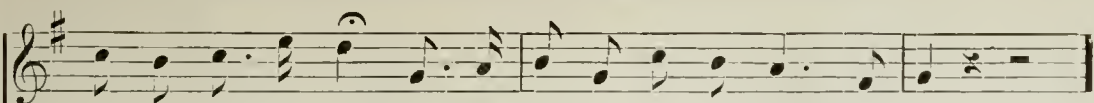


day, The young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All
door; The day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With
grow; A few days more for to tote the wea - ry load, No
well; The wea - ry load he has borne be - yond the dome, Where

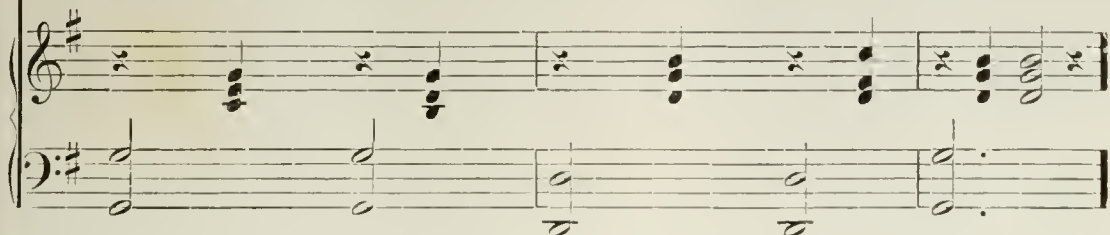


mer - ry, all hap - py and bright, By'n by Hard Times comes a -
sor - row where all was de - light, The time has come when the
mat - ter 'twill nev - er be light, A few more days till we
ev - er shines glo - ry's own light, His task is done and he's

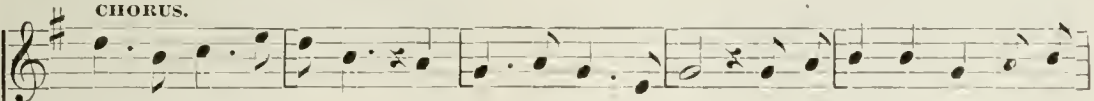
MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD-NIGHT.



knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck - y Home, good - night!
 dar - kies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck - y Home, good - night!
 tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck - y Home, good - night!
 in his heav'n-ly home, So my old Ken-tuck - y Home, good - night!



CHORUS.



Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh! weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the



old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home far a - way.

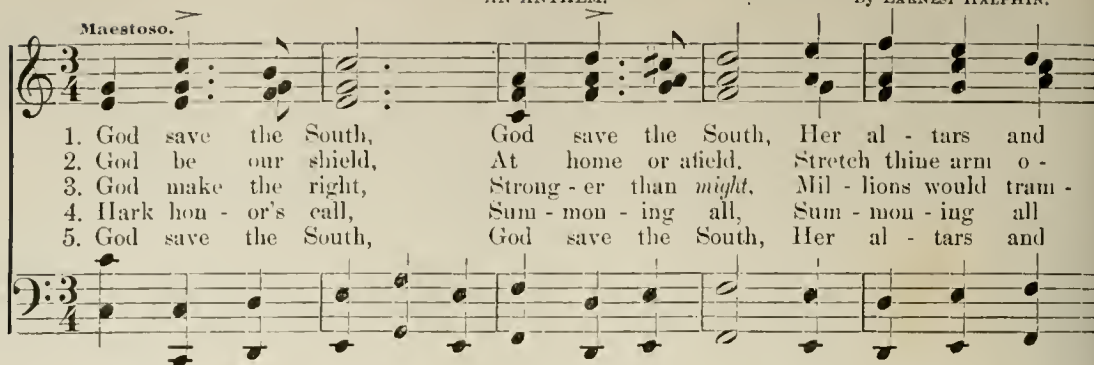


GOD SAVE THE SOUTH!

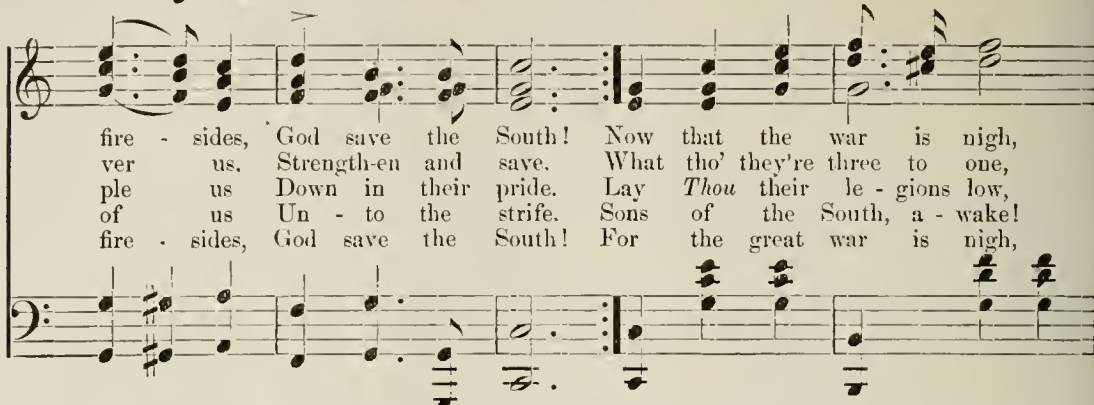
AN ANTHEM.

By EARNEST HALPHIN.

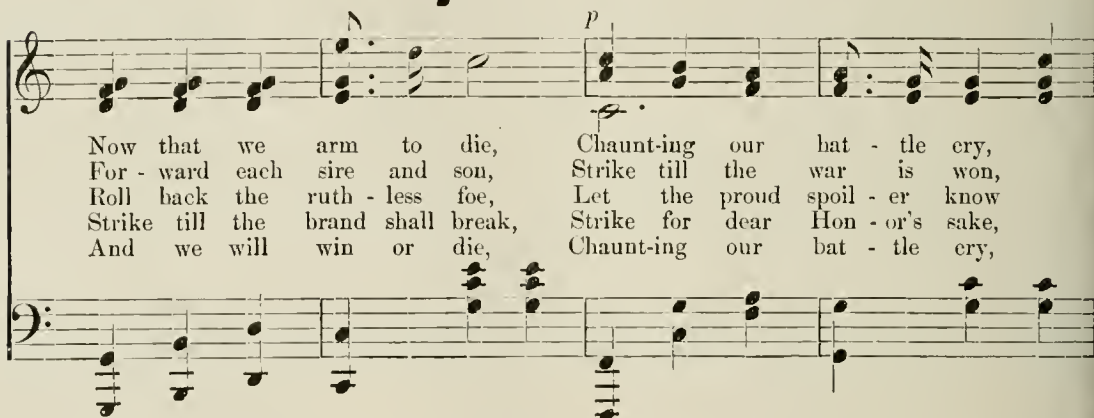
Maestoso.



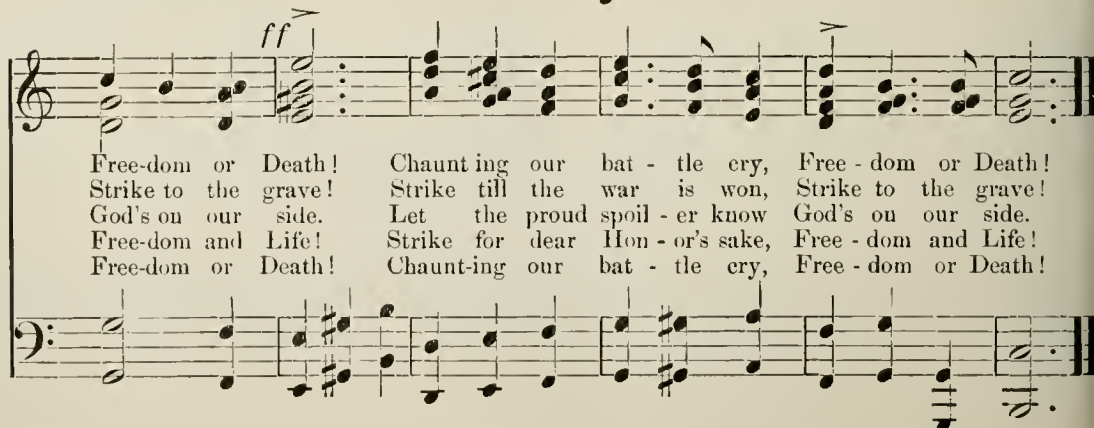
1. God save the South, God save the South, Her al - tars and
 2. God be our shield, At home or afield, Stretch thine arm o -
 3. God make the right, Strong - er than might, Mil - lions would tram -
 4. Hark hon - or's call, Sum - mon - ing all, Sum - mon - ing all
 5. God save the South, God save the South, Her al - tars and



fire - sides, God save the South! Now that the war is nigh,
 ver us. Strength-en and save. What tho' they're three to one,
 ple us Down in their pride. Lay Thou their le - gions low,
 of us Un - to the strife. Sons of the South, a - wake!
 fire - sides, God save the South! For the great war is nigh,



Now that we arm to die, Chaunt-ing our bat - tle cry,
 For - ward each sire and son, Strike till the war is won,
 Roll back the ruth - less foe, Let the proud spoil - er know
 Strike till the brand shall break, Strike for dear Hon - or's sake,
 And we will win or die, Chaunt-ing our bat - tle cry,



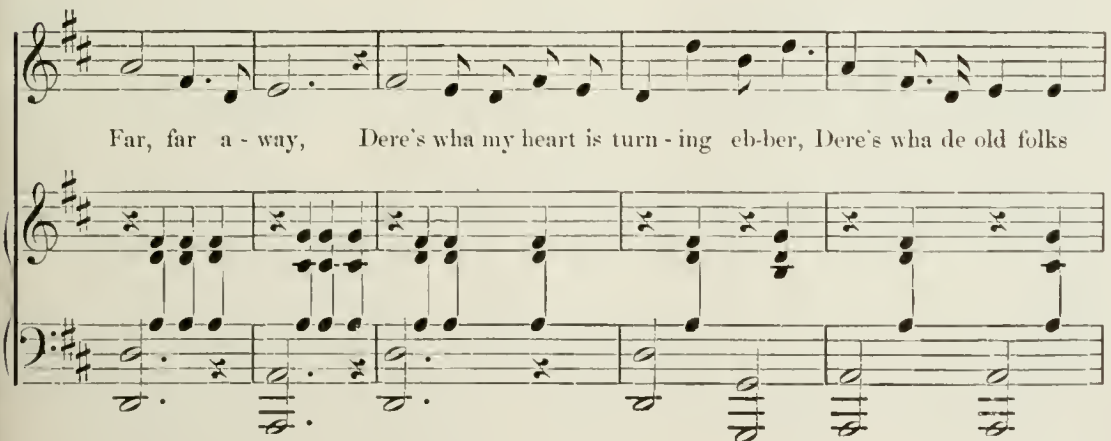
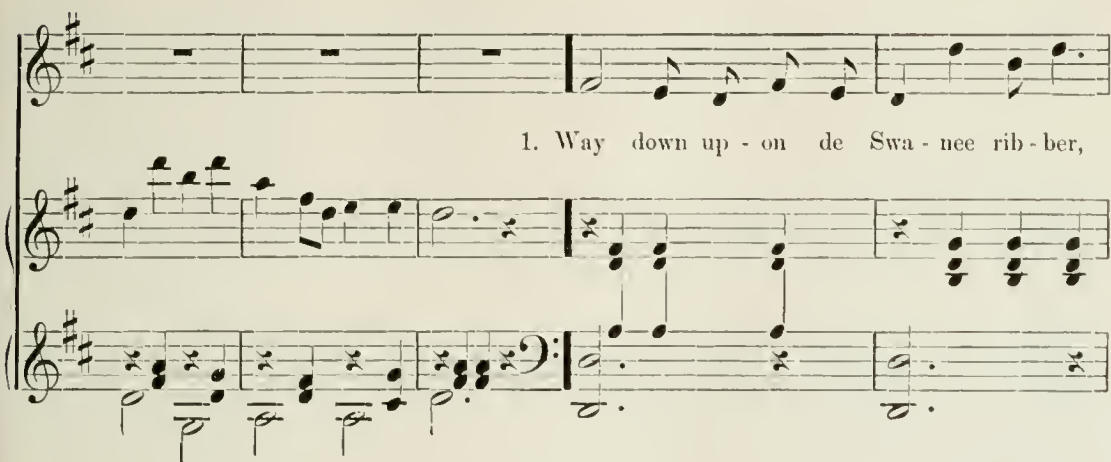
Free-dom or Death! Chaunt-ing our bat - tle cry, Free - dom or Death!
 Strike to the grave! Strike till the war is won, Strike to the grave!
 God's on our side. Let the proud spoil - er know God's on our side.
 Free-dom and Life! Strike for dear Hon - or's sake, Free - dom and Life!
 Free-dom or Death! Chaunt-ing our bat - tle cry, Free - dom or Death!

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



Written and composed by S. C. FOSTER.

Moderato.



OLD FOLKS AT HOME. Continued.

stay, All up and down de whole ere - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,

Still long - ing for de old plan - ta - tion, And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

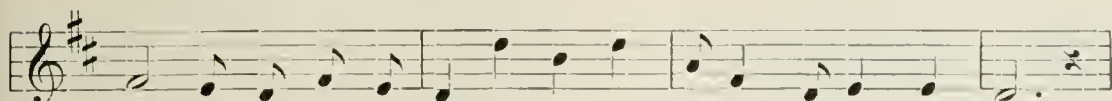
All de world am sad and dreary, Eb - 'ry-where I roam, Oh! darkies, how my

heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.

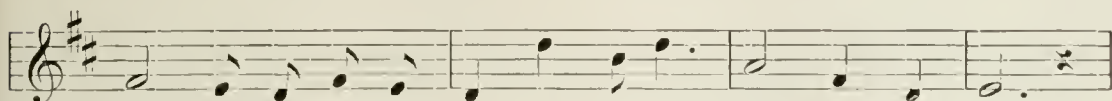
OLD FOLKS AT HOME. Concluded.



2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan - dered When I was young,



Den ma - ny hap - py days I squan - dered, Ma - ny de songs I sung.

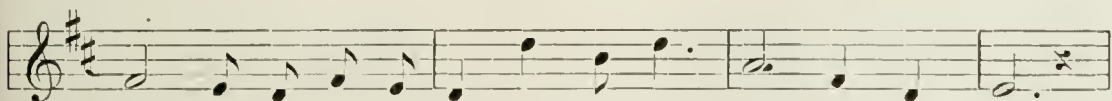


When I was play - iug wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I,



CHORUS.

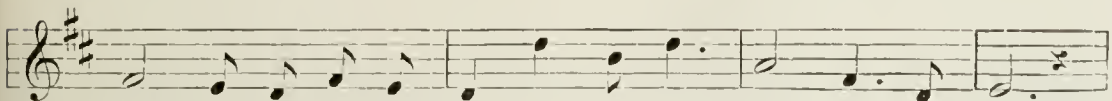
Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dere let me live and die.



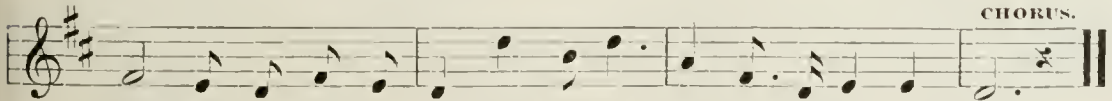
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,



Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es. No mat - ter where I rove.



When will I see de bees a hum - ming, All round de comb?



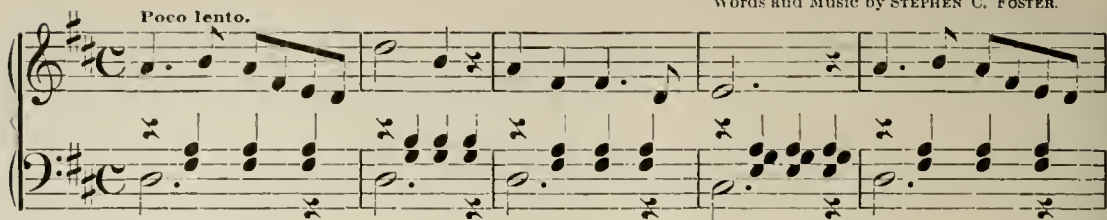
CHORUS.

When will I hear de ban - jo tum - ming, Down in my good old home.

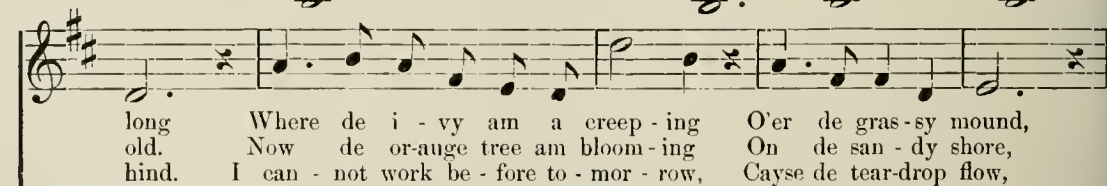
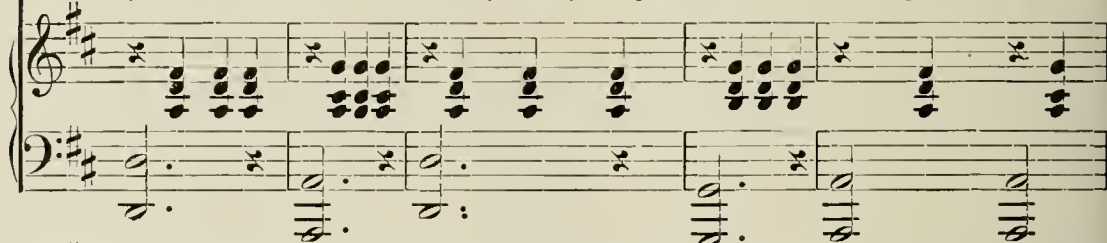
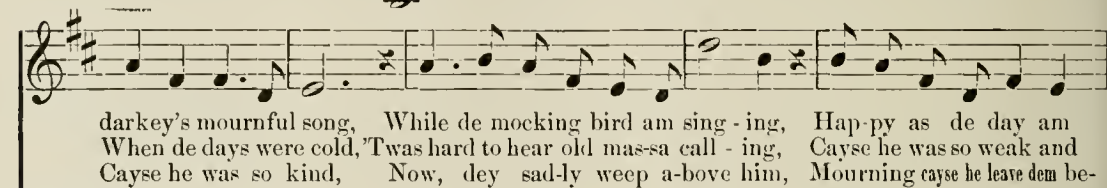
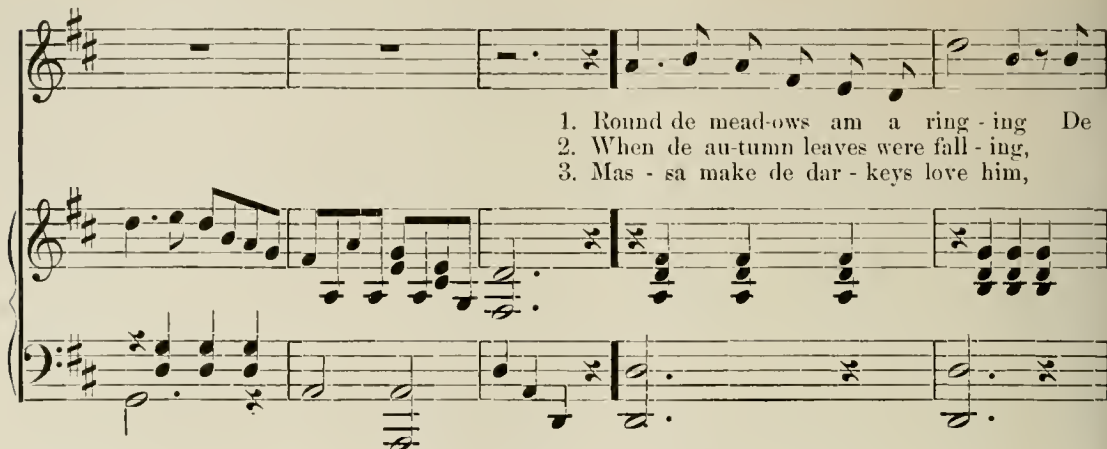
MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco lento.



1. Round de mead-ows am a ring - ing De
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing,
3. Mas - sa make de dar - keys love him,



MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND. Concluded.

Dare old mas - sa am a sleep - ing, Sleep - ing in de cold, cold, ground.
Now de sum - mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb-ber calls no more.
I try to drive a - way my sor - row, Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

CHORUS.

Down in de corn - field, Hear dat mourn - ful sound,

The chorus section begins with the label 'CHORUS.' in all caps. It continues with the same musical notation style as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

All de dar-keys am a weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

The final system of the musical score concludes the piece. It features the same musical notation style, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

“MINIONS WE SLEEP, BUT ARE NOT DEAD.”

With defiance.

1. By blue Pa-tap-seo's bil - low - y dash, The Ty - rant's war shout comes, A-
2. Our women have flung their harps a - way, And they scowl on your brutal bands, The

long with cym-bals, fit - ful elash, And the growl of his sul - len drums. We
nim - ble pon - iard dares the day, In their dear de - fi - ant hands. They will

hear it, we heed it, with vengeful thrills, And we shall not forgive, nor for - get, There's
strip their tress-es to string our bows Ere the North-ern sun is set, There's

faith in the dreams, there's hope in the hills, There's life in the old land yet.
faith in their un - re - lent - ing woes, There's life in the old land yet.

"MINIONS WE SLEEP, BUT ARE NOT DEAD." Concluded.

CHORUS.

Min - ions we sleep, but we're not dead, We're crush'd, we're scourg'd, we're scorned, We

The musical score for the chorus is written for three parts: Treble, Piano, and Bass. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the Treble clef, with lyrics written below it. The Piano accompaniment is in the middle staff, and the Bass line is in the bottom staff.

erouch, 'tis to wel-come the tri-umph tread, Of the Peer-less Beau-re-gard.

This block continues the musical score from the previous one. It includes the Treble, Piano, and Bass staves, with the melody and accompaniment continuing. The lyrics are written below the Treble staff.

RIDING A RAID.

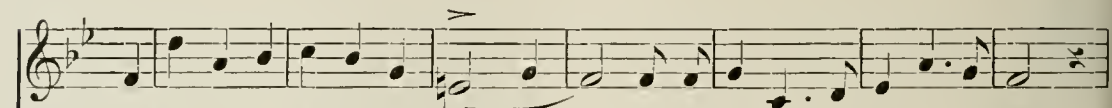
- 1 'Tis Old Stonewall, the Rebel,
Who leans on his sword,
And while we are mounting
Prays low to the Lord;
Now each Cavalier who loves honor and right,
Let him follow the feather of Stuart to-night.
Come, tighten your girth, etc.
- 2 Now gallop, now gallop,
To swim or to ford,
Old Stonewall still watching
Prays low to the Lord.
Good-bye, Dear Old Rebel,
The river's not wide,
But Maryland's lights in her windows to guide.
Come, tighten your girth, etc.
- 3 Now gallop, now gallop o'er
Ravines and rocks,
Who would bar us the way
Takes his toll in hard knocks.
For with these points of steel on the line of Penn.
We have made some fine points and
We'll make 'em again.
Come, tighten your girth, etc.

OUR FLAG

Or THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND BARS.

HARRY MCCARTHY.

Tempo di Valse.



- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Young stranger, what land claims thy birth?..... | For thy flag is but new to the sea, |
| 2. That flag with its gar - land of fame,..... | Proudly waved o'er my fathers and me, |
| 3. And as her bright col-ors shone forth,..... | All glo - ri-ous in fair Free-dom's light, |



- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| And where is the na - tion on earth,..... | That the right of this flag gives to |
| And my grandsires died to pro-claim | It the flag of the brave and the |
| We swore to re-mem-ber their birth,..... | And in her hon-or for - ev - er to |



OUR FLAG. Continued.

thee ;..... Thy ban-ner re-minds us of one..... By the champion's of Freedom un-
 free ;..... But a-las ! for the flag of my youth..... I have sigh ed and dropped my last
 fight ;..... So woe to the foeman who'll dare..... Our Southern soil to in -

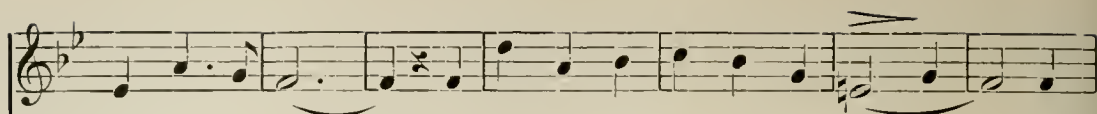
furl'd,..... And the proudest of nations have owned,... T'was a glo - ry and pride to the
 tear,..... For the North has for-got-ten her truth,..... And would tread on the rights we hold
 vade,..... For, bless'd by the smiles of the fair,..... And in Right's powerful armor ar-

Rit. **A tempo.**

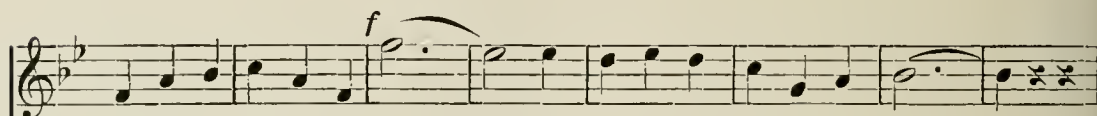
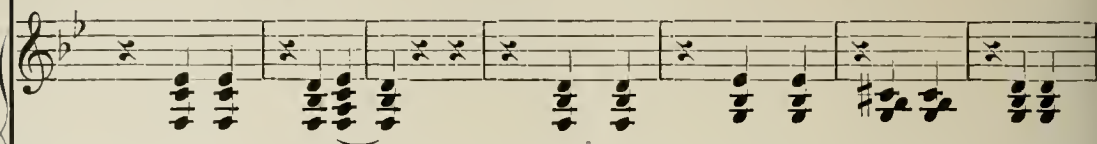
world..... That flag was the Stripes and Stars,..... And the col - ors of
 dear ;..... They envied the South her bright Stars,..... Her glo - ry, her
 ray'd,..... We'll strike for our Southern Stars,..... Our hon - or, our

Rit. **A tempo.**

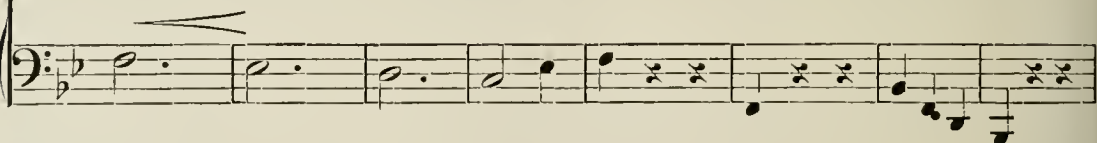
OUR FLAG. Concluded.



thine are the same,..... But thou hast the Stars and the Bars,..... Oh,
hon - or, her fame,..... So we un-furled the Stars and the Bars,..... And the CON-
glo - ry, our fame,..... We'll strike for the Stars and the Bars,..... For the CON-



stranger, pray tell us thy name,..... Oh, stranger, pray tell us thy name.....
FED - ER - ATE FLAG is its uame,..... And the CON - FED - ER - ATE FLAG is its name.....
FED - ER - ATE FLAG is its name,..... For the CON - FED - ER - ATE FLAG is its name.....



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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXV.

APRIL, 1917

NO. 4



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON
Profile Relief on Shiloh Monument



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Confederate Veteran.

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1917.

No. 4.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

GENERAL ORDERS, U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 27, 1917.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 11.

The General commanding is much gratified to make the following appointments for the Washington Reunion: Chap-eron, Mrs. Walter D. Lamar, Macon, Ga.; Matron of Honor to the U. C. V., Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, Washington, D. C.; Sponsor for the South, Miss Mary Custis Lee, Alexandria, Va.; Maid of Honor, Miss Willie Gertrude Storey, Austin, Tex.; Second Maid of Honor, Miss Marion Amis Green, Louisville, Ky.

These lovely women are the descendants of that immortal band known as the "Women of the Confederacy" and will receive at the hands of all Confederate soldiers that homage and devotion to which they are so justly entitled.

By command of
GEORGE P. HARRISON,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 17, 1917.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 10.

The General commanding is pleased to announce that he has appointed as grand marshal for the Washington Reunion Hilary A. Herbert, Brigadier General commanding the District of Columbia Brigade, Washington, D. C. With a complete knowledge of the localities of the capital city, in close touch with the various Reunion committees, with the thorough training acquired as a gallant Confederate leader, he comes to the office well equipped to meet in a most satisfactory way all the requirements of the position.

In order that Brig. Gen. H. A. Herbert may be aided as he should be, Col. R. E. Lee, of Burks, Va., grandson of the immortal R. E. Lee, is hereby appointed as assistant grand marshal. He will take his orders from the chief marshal, to whom he will report for duty.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 7.

In conformity with the constitution (Article XI.), the General commanding gives notice to the Camps of the Fed-

eration of the following change in the by-laws, as suggested by the Mississippi Division of the U. C. V., to be submitted to the convention to be held in the city of Washington June 5, 6, and 7, 1917:

To amend Section 6, Article VI., of the constitution by inserting after "shall be elected by ballot" the words: "The several Lieutenant Generals, Major Generals, and Brigadier Generals shall be balloted for by the Veterans of their respective commands only."

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 8.

The General commanding learns with much satisfaction that the United Daughters of the Confederacy have completed the monument to the brave men of the Confederate army who fell on the battle field of Shiloh. Our Association owes much to these noble women, whose labors to aid the living and honor the dead last from year to year without abridgement or ceasing. He hopes that a large number of his associates will be present at the unveiling of this monument, which Mrs. Alexander B. White, the efficient chairman of the committee, announces to take place on the 17th of May, 1917. In this way the Veterans can show their appreciation of the work of these immortal women.

FEDERAL'S BEQUEST TO CONFEDERATE HOME.

Hon. Harvey W. Salmon writes from St. Louis, Mo.: "In the VETERAN for March, referring to Dr. Kennedy's bequest to the Confederate Home at Jacksonville, Fla., it is stated that 'this benefaction by Dr. Kennedy seems to have been the only bequest to a Confederate Home.' As a member of the Board of Directors of the Confederate Home of Missouri (incorporated), I am exceedingly glad to have the opportunity of bringing another bequest to the attention of the VETERAN. Col. Grove Young, a wealthy citizen of Lafayette County, Mo. (the county wherein our Confederate Home is located), who died some years ago, left by will fifteen thousand dollars to our Home. Colonel Young was a soldier in the Union army."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

BY MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL.

Sometimes an old man grows weary
Because he can't be young and gay
But how old must an old man be
To be an old man, anyway?

"LEST WE FORGET."

AN APPEAL FOR THE LIVING SOLDIERS.

BY MRS. S. H. NEWMAN, DADEVILLE, ALA.

Since the publication of my tribute to the men in gray in the January VETERAN I have received many beautiful letters of appreciation from veterans far and near. They have come from the "land of flowers," from the frozen North, and the far-away West. One letter was from a soldier who wore the blue. His letter shows that he bears the South no ill will, and his words of appreciation touched me very deeply. While I wish that I could respond to all these letters, some of them from kindred no doubt, it is impossible just now; so I am hoping that our dear old VETERAN will give me space to thank each and every one who was kind enough to say he liked my sentiments.

I wish to say a few words now not so much to the old soldiers as to their sons and daughters and grandchildren. We have a sacred duty to perform in making happy the last days of these dear old men who gave the best years of their lives to a cause that was dearer than life to them. They helped lead the forces of the Confederacy to honor and to glory, if not to final victory. To me there is something peculiarly touching in our old soldiers. They have borne the heat and battle of the day. They are old and travel-worn. Some of them are maimed and scarred. Many of them are poverty-stricken. They know that they have but a few more years to live. Soon the roll call shall sound for the remaining few, and they, too, will join the ranks invisible. Considering all these things, it would seem that they would be downcast and hopeless. But far from it. Just speak to one of these old men of Lee and Jackson, of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, and his eye will kindle and his face glow as memory carries him back to the time when brave men fought to preserve what they believed was right.

Let us who are younger never miss an opportunity to cheer and brighten the lives of those left to us. It will not take much to do this. Stop and chat awhile with the next old veteran you meet. Perhaps he is somewhat deaf, and talking to him will tire you. No doubt his rambling speech will bore you. No matter, you are giving him a happy moment.

Almost all of our U. D. C. Chapters send a Christmas box to the old soldiers at the Home. I wonder how many think to send simple gifts or greetings to those outside the Home. Just a message to show that they are not forgotten will bring tears to the eyes and joy to the heart. Last year we celebrated Memorial Day in our town. We also gave a dinner to

the old soldiers. It was a pathetic scene, those seventy old men seated at the long tables. It was a joy to note their happiness and appreciation. After dinner cigars were passed. One old man, with tears rolling down his cheeks, said: "You are so good to us. We did not expect this." At the close of the exercises in the afternoon and just as the martial air of "Dixie" died on the balmy breeze one bent, grizzled veteran with a peg leg threw up his hat and cried out: "I never have shouted, but I can now." It was touching to have them crowd around us and pour out their thanks for giving them a happy day. Some of them said they had never attended a memorial exercise before and did not know what it meant when they received their invitations. But they added: "We know now and are coming every time."

More than monuments and statues, more than tablets of bronze and marble, more than all the tributes of scholars and orators are our deeds of kindness shown to these old men while they are with us. It is beautiful to cover the graves of our departed with flowers. I hope we will always do this. But let us not forget to bestow some on the living as well.

SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH

Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, has been appointed sponsor for the South at the Washington Reunion, June 5-7, 1917. She is the only surviving child of General Lee, and those who followed him in the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia will especially appreciate the privilege of seeing his daughter during the Reunion.

THE PASSING GRAY.

The VETERAN mourns the passing of another good friend and ever-faithful worker, Comrade J. Coleman Gardner, whose death occurred at Springfield, Mo., on Saturday, March 17. His had been a life of active industry until some two or three years ago, when he began to feel that failure in physical strength and agility which presaged retirement from the active affairs of life. Almost from the beginning of the VETERAN's existence Comrade Gardner had looked after its interests at Springfield, securing subscriptions whenever possible and collecting renewals every year; and to the last he did this, reporting some collections only a short while before his death, even after the beginning of his fatal illness, which lasted only a few weeks. With him there was no lingering in long suffering. Comrade Gardner was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy, and no less faithful was he to the duties of citizenship after the close of the war. A sketch of him will appear later.

CUNNINGHAM MONUMENT FUND.—Mrs. James B. Gantt, of Missouri, treasurer of the fund being secured by the U. D. C. to the Cunningham Monument Fund, reports the following as being in the hands of the Treasurer General: Collected since last report, \$100.50; on time deposits, \$393; interest on time deposits, \$16.19; by check from Mrs. John P. Hickman, \$60.50. Total, \$570.19.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL FUND.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$232.35 from February 15 to March 15, 1917, for the memorial at Fairview, Ky.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

With this is given a picture of the great monument to be erected at Fairview, Ky., to the memory of Jefferson Davis. The idea of marking the birthplace of Mr. Davis originated with Col. S. A. Cunningham, the late editor of the *VETERAN*, who associated with him Gens. S. B. Buckner and Bennett H. Young.

In the early days of the enterprise none of its promoters had any idea of how greatly the effort would extend. Later this memorial to Mr. Davis has expanded and enlarged until it now looms up as the greatest of all the monumental enterprises of the South.

The structure as designed is in the form of an Egyptian obelisk, three hundred and fifty-one feet high. This will make it the greatest monument in the South and the greatest in the world, excepting the Washington Monument. The immensity and grandeur of the work appeals most powerfully to the pride of the Southern people. All the papers of the country are giving it extended notice, and all the journals of the South commend and applaud the ambitious plans of the managers of this scheme.

When finished, the materials will weigh twenty-seven million pounds. It will be constructed of limestone, with steel reinforcement. The shaft through the center will be nineteen feet square. In the base there will be a room nineteen by nineteen feet for the deposit of relics, and on the sides of the shaft, cut with electric etchers, will be carved the names of all who have contributed to build it.

Five thousand small banks, on which are shown pictures of the monument and of Mr. Davis, have been distributed to those who would like to aid in this plan. They hold fifty dimes, and only a dime can be put in the place prepared to receive money. Every child who gets one of these banks filled has her or his name carved on the inside of the shaft. Many fathers and mothers have already availed themselves of this privilege to connect their children's

names with this wonderful structure. Hundreds of schools throughout Dixie's Land are asking for these banks to fill. The school at Fairview, Ky., took ten, and the school at Paducah took twice that number. It is a most excellent idea to get the children of the South interested in this great work.



The contracts have already been let, and it is planned to dedicate the obelisk on the 22d of October this year. This date is chosen because the meteorological records show that for one hundred years the 22d day of October in Kentucky has been rainless. The Governor of Kentucky has assured Gen. Bennett

H. Young, the President, that he will do all in his official power to make the unveiling of this memorial one of the greatest days in the history of the State. There will be fifteen hundred yards of cloth used in the unveiling. This project stirs and thrills the Confederate heart.

Gen. George W. Littlefield, of Austin, Tex., has made to the funds of the Association the largest contribution ever made by one Confederate for such a purpose, and Gen. Julian S. Carr has also put in a great sum. With Littlefield, Carr, and Young as leaders, the enterprise was bound to be great.

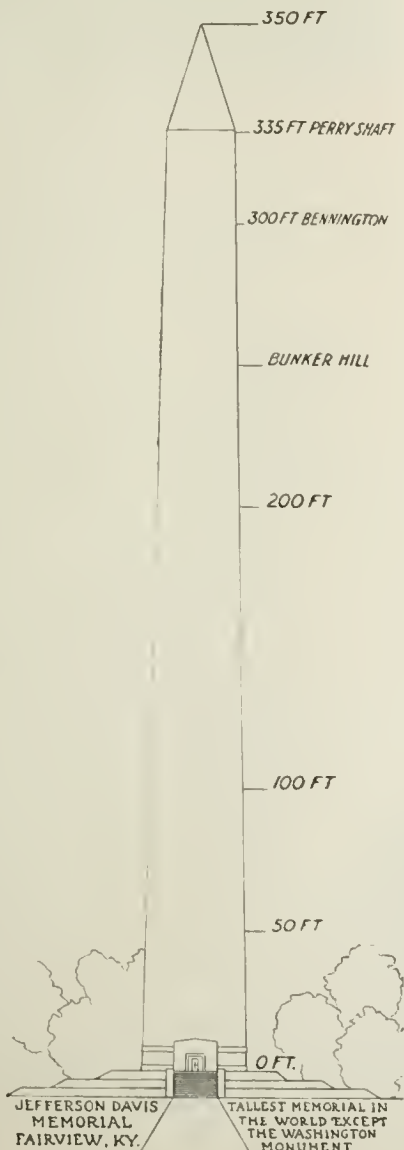
If any one wants some banks to fill and thus have his name or the names of his children on the shaft, to remain throughout all the ages to come, or wishes to subscribe to aid the work and take part in this magnificent structure, a line to Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., will secure prompt response and fullest information. It is a real big thing, and that is why it is commanding such universal support.

Mr. Davis merits this grand testimonial. He was a great man, a great soldier, a great patriot, a great executive, a great sufferer for the South, and he deserves all that is being done by the indefatigable men behind this enterprise. The memorial is built to honor eternally the first and only President of the Confederate States, the nation which, for the length of its life, made more heroic and illustrious history than any nation that ever had existence.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

In building a new county road about a mile and a half from the battle ground of Fishing Creek, where General Zollicoffer was killed, the bones of two Confederate soldiers were unearthed. It seems that these soldiers had been of some sick cared for in an old schoolhouse, and they were buried in the schoolhouse yard; the new road happened to run right across their graves. Elbert Simpson, a young man of the community, took great interest in collecting these bones and, assisted by his uncle, Basil Duke Simpson, made a nice coffin and gave them burial by the mound in Zollicoffer Park, where other soldiers are buried.

In taking up these bones Elbert Simpson found several buttons and a buckle from their clothing, also a twenty-dollar gold piece of the year 1858.



BATTLE OF SHILOH, APRIL 6, 7, 1862.

ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

By the side of the Tennessee River, in memory let us go
 Again to Shiloh battle field, with all its tale of woe.
 The dead and dying strew the earth, their groans we seem
 to hear;
 Then shouts of victory rend the air; but, ah! the price is
 dear.
 Lo, over by the "Bloody Pond," his lifeblood ebbing fast,
 Even now our Albert Sidney Johnston breathes his last.

Oh, people of the South, bestir yourselves and mark the spot,
 For in that battle our bravest fell; let us forget it not.

Shiloh, sacred soil, with blood of heroes stained,
 Here our men in gray the heights of fame attained.
 In letters of gold, on a column of white,
 Let the world ever know they died for the right.
 On the tablets of memory their names we engrave,
 Heroes of Dixie, immortal and brave.

ON THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

The reproach of the South that she had no memorial on the momentous battle field of Shiloh, baptized in the blood of her gallant dead, will be met in the dedication, on May 17, 1917, of the handsome monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy which will tell to the world that her heroes are not forgotten. Southern valor never rose to greater heights than at Shiloh. Albert Sidney Johnston there gave his life for the South, and on that field to-day sleep ten thousand of her dearest and best. Fate mixed a bitter cup for the Confederates when, in the midst of victory, the great leader fell, and the Confederacy staggered under the blow.

The battle field of Shiloh lies on the west bank of the Tennessee River at Pittsburg Landing, near the State line of Tennessee and Mississippi. The fighting took place on an undulating table-land triangular in shape and some four miles in length. It is bound on the north by Lick Creek, on the south by Owl Creek, with the river on the east running due north, and crossed by neighborhood highways known as Hamburg, Purdy, and the river roads. At the time of the battle the ground was densely wooded, with occasional cleared fields. In these clearings the carnage was so heavy that the water of a small lake was crimsoned with blood, and near where General Johnston fell the dead were piled so deep

that the Confederate designated the place as the "Hornet's Nest."

The Shiloh National Military Park has an area of 3,546 acres, with nearly twenty-seven miles of excellent roads and six concrete bridges. Cast-iron tablets and markers placed by the government were made square to indicate the first



THE OLD SHILOH CHURCH.

day's battle and oval for the second day, with inscriptions, borders, and posts in colors—blue for Grant's Army of the Tennessee, yellow for Buell's Army of the Ohio, and red for Johnston's Army of the Mississippi (later designated Army of Tennessee). The positions of batteries are additionally marked by two hundred and fifty cannons on cast-iron carriages, two at each battery. Two of these cannons are known to be the identical guns that were used during the battle in the positions they now occupy. Of the tablets, three hundred and thirty-eight are classified as Union and one hundred and eighty-five as Confederate. Up to June 30, 1913, Congress had appropriated \$715,900 for the park and improvements.

The site selected for the Shiloh monument is a triangle formed by the intersection of two important highways, Corinth to Pittsburg Landing and Hamburg to Savannah. This is the most prominent point in the park, and the monument faces the way the Confederates were advancing toward the Tennessee River. It is near the old Shiloh Church, which gave its name to the battle. The cost of the monument complete is \$50,000. The design is very striking and comprises three groups in bronze upon a base of Mount Airy granite from the famous quarries of North Carolina, with panel heads in relief. The figures of the central group are of heroic size and represent Victory defeated by Night and Death. Figures of Confederate soldiers—private, officer, artilleryman, and infantryman—make up the end groups.

Points of particular interest in this national park are: The "Hornet's Nest," where the conflict was fiercest; the famous "Bloody Pond," crimsoned by the blood of the slain; the noted spring which quenched the thirst of the wounded; the site of the little log meetinghouse, whose sides were spattered with blood.

While there are many monuments erected by Northern States to the Federal dead, there are only three monuments to the Southerners. One is to the memory of the 2d Tennessee, Bate's Regiment; the other two were built by the Daughters of the Confederacy of



THE "BLOODY POND" AT SHILOH.

Arkansas and Alabama. The government put up a monument at the spot where Gen. A. S. Johnston died, to mark that historic place. The Confederate dead lie in six trenches; in one trench alone are four thousand Confederate dead.

BEAUTY AMONG THE RUINS

BY CALVIN STODDARD CROWDER.

See where the mating birds build nests
Over the soldiers' graves!
On the soil that's tilled where blood was spilled,
O how the lush corn waves!

One day these fields bore gruesome yields;
Death was the reaper then,
And justice slept while liberty wept
For men and the sons of men.

Gray of the dust and gray of the mist,
But grayer the coats of gray,
With heads unpillowed and lips unknissed,
Clay going back to clay.

But on that field, among the slain
And across the mist-wrapt lea,
Came One who walked as lightly as when
On the Sea of Galilee.

To-day the plowshare may upthrust,
Fresh with the fallow sod,
Something of steel and rust and dust,
Something of clod—and God!

IDEALS OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

In its zeal for what it calls progress, by higher culture or by material success in business, the present generation in the South tends to ignore and treat with contempt those ideals and principles in which their fathers were trained and for which those fathers were willing to sacrifice comfort and wealth and life itself. Under the specious cry of "Let us turn our faces to the future and cease glorifying the past," they would have us forget the strenuous days of struggle for constitutional rights and liberty; and they would teach the children that the defeat of the Southern cause by overwhelming forces, drawn from all the world, proves that cause to have been wrong. And so the leader of those world forces is held forth as the martyr, hero, saint, the model for imitation by our youth—a second and greater Washington. In articles in various papers and from writers of Southern birth and sympathies I have seen the question asked, "Who knows what were the real Southern ideals?" as if they were something vague, shadowy, and intangible instead of being, as they were, certain definite principles and purposes to guide and develop life and character.

Now, without any criticism of Mr. Lincoln's motives or those of the North in the War between the States, and giving them credit for conscientiousness and not presuming to say what were their ideals, I propose to set forth briefly the ideals which were distinctive and influential in forming and developing the Southern civilization.

1. There was a keen sense of personal honor, "that chastity

of honor that felt a stain like a wound," which resented any imputation of falsehood or dishonesty by instant punishment. It is true that this sensitiveness was often exaggerated and carried to excess in the *code duello*. But it is a question whether the code was as evil as the present habit of men to deluge an opponent with the slime of personal abuse, to be answered by an equally offensive torrent of vulgar railing or a resort to the courts in a suit for slander. When a man feels a sense of personal responsibility for his words and actions, it will give dignity to his whole conduct.

This quick sense of regard for truth and integrity, this high sense of personal honor, is, next to religion, the strongest force in the formation of high character. It made men immune to the solicitations of bribery and corruption. The charge that any man, even the humblest citizen, had sold his vote or that any man had bribed voters was resented at once and usually with a blow.

The tribute paid by Mr. Blaine to the Southern leaders in his book, "Twenty Years in Congress," expresses their character: "They were quick to take affront and not infrequently brought needless personal disputation into the discussion of public questions; but they were almost without exception men of high integrity, and they were especially and jealously careful of the public money. Too often ruinously lavish in their personal expenditures through the long period of their domination, they guarded the treasury with rigid and unceasing vigilance against every attempt at extravagance and against every form of corruption."

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, also in the United States Senate, spoke of the purity and capacity for rule of the Southern character. Perhaps the system of domestic negro slavery contributed to this attitude of personal dignity. The white man's color was a badge of superiority, and the presence of an inferior and dependent race gave to his intercourse with all men, of whatever social station, a courtesy and sense of *noblesse oblige* that lent a charm to Southern society recognized by visitors from other sections.

This sense of honor cultivated in all classes an independence of spirit that resented any attempt at dictation from any source. They "knew their rights and, knowing, dared maintain." To one who knew the spirit of the South the charge that the war of 1861-65 was a "slaveholders' rebellion" and that the masses of the people were driven into it against their will is simply ridiculous.

2. A second characteristic of the Old South was its profound veneration for womanhood. It was not merely affection for mother or wife or sister, but it was genuine respect that assigned to woman a sphere important, distinct, honorable; indeed, the highest place in the social order. She was the very heart of the home, as her husband was the head. She was the queen of the social life, to be shielded from wrong or indignity. Every man, by virtue of his manhood, was to be her protector and defender. She was not treated as a doll, to be petted and flattered, but as a companion whose purity and gentleness gave charm and sweetness to life, whose sympathy and tenderness smoothed the harshness of life's strenuous warfare, whose wise and loving counsel helped to make the way plain through life's difficulties. And splendidly did she repay this devotion. There has never been in any age a character purer, nobler, more gracious, more intelligent, more helpful than the old-time Southern woman. In the quiet of her home and in the duties of her household, training her children, directing her servants, she wielded an influence that made the men who

made the grandest fight in history for right and liberty against overwhelming odds. During that terrible war and amid the ruin of defeat after it was over she showed a patient heroism, a devotion to her high ideals, a faithfulness in service that were most powerful factors in lifting the South back to her true place in the republic. Our enemies were wont to speak sneeringly of us as "The Chivalry." One of the great modern English lexicons defines chivalry as "a system marked by the championship of woman and of knightly honor." Burke, in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France," calls it "the unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise." It could not tolerate a coward nor a crook, and the Southern woman's influence was strong for courage and honesty.

3. A third ideal of the Old South was the sacredness of the home as the center of the social life. Every man strove to have a home of his own in which to rear his children and to exercise the rites of hospitality to friend and neighbor. The home was his castle into which none might intrude without his permission; but those who entered there met a hospitality that put all its resources at the disposal of the guest. Throughout the South this open-hearted, generous spirit which welcomed and enjoyed companionship with its fellow men was the admiration of all who visited the land from other sections. At the same time if one presumed on this welcome and abused it by dishonoring or debauching the weaker members of the family, vengeance was swift and relentless. The honor of the home must be guarded, even at the sacrifice of life itself.

And so throughout the South there was a multitude of homes, from the stately mansion in the midst of a great plantation to the lowly cottage set in a little farm, where lives of simplicity and domestic happiness were passed, where husbands and wives were joined in love and helpfulness, where children were reared and trained for lives of usefulness, and where the loathsome revelations of the divorce court were unknown.

4. Another of the high ideals of the Old South was a deep reverence for the Christian religion. Even those who were not members of the Church nor personally religious yet held the Church and its ministers in highest respect and as they were able contributed to the support of the ordinances of religion. There was little of the infidelity which denied the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ or rejected the Holy Scriptures as a divine revelation. There was none of that blatant godlessness, that defiant atheism which to-day boasts of its contempt for religion. While there were great evils and often gross wickedness in the lives of individuals, yet public sentiment condemned them, and those who were guilty did not extenuate nor deny that their lives were evil. There was in the South, as in other sections of the country, much practical irreligion, but it was not cloaked under a hypocritical garb of religious profession.

In the religious instruction of the negroes the Southern Churches made a record in evangelization that was remarkable. In thirty-five years the Methodist Church had led a million negroes into its communion, the Baptist Church was equally successful, and in these two denominations there were over half a million communicants at the close of the war; while the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches were faithful and successful in this work. The cost of the work was \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 and was borne by the owners of the slaves, many of whom were not Church members.

These are some of the ideals of the Old South—personal honor, veneration for woman, the sacredness of home, reverence for religion. And the people that ignore or despise these ideals will perish and deserve to perish. They are ideals that can never become outworn, although the present generation seems ready to set them aside for material ideals, which are idols of the pit.

KILLED AT MALVERN HILL.

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

There are some few left of the glorious old 5th Alabama Regiment who will recall this youth, Horace B. Chilton, who was killed in the battle of Malvern Hill. Young Chilton



HORACE B. CHILTON.

Enlisted at Cahaba, Ala., 1861, with 5th Alabama Regiment, commanded by Colonel Pegues.

bravely grasped the colors when the color bearer had been shot down in a charge and carried them forward until he too was shot through the heart and fell a martyr to the glorious cause whose righteousness he gave his life to maintain. He sleeps in an unmarked grave near the battle field, like others who fell, when careful attention to sepulture was impossible.

The flag you waved on high that fatal day,
When to uphold it your heart's blood was shed,
Is still enshrined in loyal hearts; and they
Who love it now are comrades of those dead
Who rest in heroes' graves on battle plain,
Cherished in sacred mem'ry of the past.
White-winged peace has plumed her wings again,
And blue and gray are comrades met at last.

Sleep well, young hero, in your nameless grave
Till bugle shall bid our brave dead rise,
To find that blue and gray have merged to save
And own together freedom, priceless prize!

IMBODEN'S DASH INTO CHARLESTOWN.

BY LIEUT. F. CARTER BERKELEY.

About the 15th of October, 1863, General Imboden's Brigade was encamped in Rockingham County, Va., when he received an order from General Lee to proceed to Berryville, meet General Stuart there, and, in conjunction with him, make an attack on Harper's Ferry and Charlestown and, if possible, capture both. General Sullivan's (Federal) Brigade was at the ferry; and the 9th Maryland (Federal) Regiment of Infantry and a squadron of cavalry were at Charlestown, which is eight miles from the ferry. General Imboden had to guard all the gaps in the mountains from Beverly to Harper's Ferry, and, consequently, never had his full brigade in camp together at one time. At this time he had less than one thousand men with him.

Gen. John D. Imboden raised the Staunton Artillery before the war, and it was the first battery that took the field in Virginia. It took a very conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas, and on account of the skillful way in which his guns were handled that day Imboden was promoted from captain to brigadier general. Both Johnston and Beauregard complimented him in their official reports of that battle.

Imboden's Brigade at the time of the order mentioned above was composed of the 6-1 Virginia Mounted Infantry, commanded by that distinguished officer, Col. George W. Smith, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute; the 18th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by the General's brother, Col. George W. Imboden, now a prominent lawyer in West Virginia; White's Battalion, commanded by Maj. Robert White, late Attorney-General of West Virginia; the Maryland Battalion, commanded by Maj. Sturgis Davis, of Maryland, who had won his laurels under Turner Ashby; Gilmer's Battalion of Rangers, commanded by Harry Gilmer, of Baltimore, who was as rough and daring a rider as ever drew a saber; McNeil's Rangers, of Hardy and Hampshire Counties, W. Va., commanded by Capt. John H. McNeil (this was the company that later in the war, under the immediate command of Jesse McNeil, son of Capt. J. H. McNeil, first lieutenant of Company D, rode into Cumberland, Md., and brought out two major generals, Crook and Kelly, from the very midst of their commands); and McClanahan's Battery, commanded by Capt. John H. McClanahan, a Texan, who had served under Ben McCulloch in Texas until it got too peaceful there for him.

So, as may be seen, our General had in his brigade a lot of choice spirits and was well equipped to make a daring raid into the enemy's lines. I had the honor to command a section of McClanahan's Battery.

Some years ago a Yankee major, giving an account of the capture of Charlestown, said: "The 'Johnnies' had some pretty darned smart officers during the war, and some of them that did the most effective work were the least heard of. Imboden was one of them. He was a smashing good soldier, had the true instincts of a cavalryman, and was as much at home in the saddle for a three-day ride to raid an outpost as he would have been playing bean poker for apple brandy in a crossroads grocery in the Shenandoah Mountains."

Now, nothing delighted a Confederate soldier's heart more than to be ordered to the lower valley of Virginia. They used to speak of it as the "land where the flowers always bloomed and birds always sang." They never failed to meet a warm and cordial welcome there from the noble women, who were so devoted to the cause we were fighting for. Every man from that section able to carry arms was in the

Confederate army. Some belonged to the Stonewall Brigade, some to Stuart's Cavalry, and some to Chew's celebrated Battery of Horse Artillery. There were two companies of cavalry—the Clark Cavalry, Company D, 6th Virginia, and Baylor's company (B), 12th Virginia. Most of the men in these two companies were from the counties of Clark and Jefferson, sons of well-to-do farmers, who from early boyhood were accustomed to riding and handling the fine horses for which that section was celebrated. On one occasion I heard a distinguished Confederate officer say of them that he did not believe there were ever two finer bodies of mounted men on earth.

Our advance arrived in Berryville late in the evening of the 17th of October and drove a scouting party of the enemy out of town. We did not find Stuart there, as we expected, our scouts reporting that he could not cross the Shenandoah River on account of high water. The General decided to attack Charlestown alone, if he could find out what was there. A council of war was held, and Major Davis volunteered to go to the vicinity of Charlestown and find out. To this the General agreed and went into camp to take a short rest before his return. The Major knew two renegade Southerners who lived within a mile of the place, and he aroused one of them about midnight and demanded the information he desired. The man told him that his brother, who held a position under the bogus Yankee Virginia government, was in the town; that the loyal people there were very much incensed against him; and that he was afraid he would be handled roughly if he was captured. But he said that if the Major would allow him to get his brother out he would give him the information desired. This was agreed to, and the Major obtained the necessary information and returned to camp in time for us to get to Charlestown by daybreak.

The rays of light from the approaching day began to peep over the Blue Ridge, and a long stretch of fog hung over the Shenandoah like a lake reaching toward the ferry. The landscape around the town was dotted with handsome country residences, for Charlestown is in the midst of a rich farming country. The town lay sleeping before us, the inhabitants little dreaming that their friends and deliverers were so close around them or that they would soon be awakened by the boom of Confederate guns and hear the joyful sound of Confederate horsemen dashing over their streets. I was with my section on the Berryville Pike; and my orders from the General were that as soon as the pickets were driven in we should make a dash for the courthouse, where the enemy was quartered, and open on it promptly, as there was no time to lose.

My boys were enthusiastic when they heard the order and were eager for the command to move. The General sent Captain McNeil and his adjutant, Capt. F. B. Berkeley, in with a flag of truce to demand an immediate and unconditional surrender. Colonel Simpson, the officer in command, gallantly replied: "Come and take us if you can." We met them just before we got to the courthouse, and they said: "Hurry up, Lieutenant; they have refused to surrender! The building is loopholed, and you will have to be quick, or they will kill your men before you can unlimber."

As we entered the town a small boy came out of a house, and I called him to show me the way to the courthouse. His eyes sparkled with excitement, and he said: "Take me up behind you, and I will show you." When we got near the courthouse he said: "As soon as you turn that corner you can see it." I said to the youngster: "Now you get off; for

they will fire on us as soon as they see us, and you might be killed." He replied: "O, please let me go along with you; I am not afraid." I had to pull him off my horse, and as he struck the ground he called after me: "I am going, anyhow." And he did, sure enough.

As we turned the corner I saw the Yankees standing at the big windows with their guns in their hands. The courtroom was on the second floor. Just as we got unlimbered I heard the Yankee officer give the command to fire; and as I gave the same command they poured a volley into us, but, strange to say, did not kill a single man. We fired several times rapidly, and soon the courthouse was obscured by the smoke. I discovered that they had stopped firing, so I gave the command to my men to cease firing. When the smoke cleared away, I saw that the enemy had gone. We were so close and the room was so high that our shots had gone under them, and I found that we had only wounded one man, a field officer. Poor fellow! He was lying, horribly wounded, on the courthouse steps. He had on a beautiful sword, which he said had been presented to him and which he asked to be allowed to retain. We fixed him as comfortably as we could and laid the sword by his side. The enemy had gone out of town by the Harper's Ferry Road, but were almost immediately charged by the 18th Regiment and threw down their arms. Capt. Julian Pratt made a dash for the color bearer and secured the colors. Colonel Simpson broke through our lines and struck out for the ferry, with Harry Gilmor in hot pursuit, but reached the troops coming to his relief before Harry overtook him. A lucky man!

As soon as I saw that the Yankees were out of the courthouse I sent two men with a wagon and four horses, which we discovered hitched up near the courthouse, to go in and load up with plunder, for the Yankees had left everything behind in their flight. I especially gave orders to get all the knapsacks and blankets possible. I did not see my captain any more until the next day at Front Royal. We were looking forward to having a supply of blankets and clothing to last the company through the winter; but, to our bitter disappointment, the men had loaded the wagon with drums—thirteen drums of all sorts and sizes. I turned them over to Colonel Smith, of the 62d, and he organized a fine drum corps.

The General came along and said: "Hurry up and get out of town, for the enemy are coming in heavy force from Harper's Ferry." Capt. Frank Imboden was put in charge of the prisoners; and he took them through the town at a double-quick, followed by the small boys, black and white, yelling and jeering at them. We followed and found the streets full of girls waving their handkerchiefs and cheering with wild delight; but they soon changed their tunes when they found that we were going to leave them again in the hands of the hated enemy. They begged and entreated us to stay; and although we hated to do it, we had to go, and go fast, for a much larger force than we had came into one end of the town as we went out of the other.

I tried to get the girls to leave the streets, so that I could rake it with a parting load of canister; but they were too enthusiastic to do so, and we would not have risked a hair of their dear heads to kill a thousand Yankees. The enemy followed us as far as Berryville and made several desperate and gallant efforts to recapture their friends, making it warm for us and giving us a running fight all the way. We fired our guns *en eschelon*, some firing and some retreating. Several times they came near capturing them. At one place, I

remember especially, they got on our right flank and within a few feet of us before we could turn our guns about, when Major Gilmor charged them and saved us. Just as he made the dash at them his horse was killed, but in a second he was on another horse and right after the man who had shot his horse. In the charge he recaptured two of our men that the enemy had taken.

The Yankee major in his account says: "Imboden, with half a dozen shells and a volley or two of carbine and pistol shots and considerable dash, had scooped in pretty nearly as many as his own force numbered. Our folks were never very proud of that day's work. The whole day was a stern chase; but occasionally, when Imboden was pressed too closely and was in need of time to keep the prisoners and plunder ahead out of the way, he stopped long enough to give us a sharp taste of fighting that showed the metal that was in him."

In another page of the major's story he says: "Our guns were well at work; and as Minor was short of officers, I was directing one of his sections when, with a whoop and a yell, out of a thick undergrowth a little to our rear came a couple of Harry Gilmor's squadrons, with that dare-devil *sabreur* leading them, not more than fifty yards away, and, of course, it did not take them long to 'git there.' The rush was so sudden and unlooked-for that our support gave way; and Gilmor made straight for our guns, rode right over and past them, sabers slashing and pistols firing as they went. I had been tugging like blazes at my revolver, but could not get the blamed thing out; and as they rode over us a long-legged, red-headed fellow made a vicious slash at me over the wheel. I promptly dodged under the muzzle of the gun, and he did not reach me. 'Fours, left wheel!' rang out, and they came back before you could draw your breath. I laid for the 'son of a saber' that had reached for me before, for I had got out my gun by this time. I did not see my red-headed friend; but a handsome, dark-mustached youngster, a boy in looks, was making a point to run me through. Dern my buttons, gentlemen, if that saber did not look as long as a fence rail! I dropped flat under the gun's axle, and the boy swept past. As far as my experience goes, that dash of Gilmor's was one of the handsomest things of the kind that occurred during the war."

The major was mistaken about the two squadrons. Harry hardly had one with him at that time.

The poor prisoners were on foot, and we were mounted; so they had a hard time of it, but as soon as their friends stopped the pursuit we gave them a good rest. We got safely back to our camp in Rockingham. Our loss in killed and wounded was not great.

An interesting incident in this connection is that these prisoners got to the valley pike at New Market (I think it was), where their officers were paroled and were put in charge of Maj. Houston Hall, of the 62d Virginia Mounted Infantry. The gallant and amiable Major hired conveyances for the whole party at New Market, and, a sufficient store of old apple brandy having been laid in, the journey to Statnton was made very pleasant for all.

The truth of the proverb that "Kindness is never thrown away" has seldom been better illustrated than in this case. Sometime during the winter of 1864-65 Major Hall had the misfortune to be captured and was sent to Fort Delaware for safe-keeping. I was there at the time and recollect very well when the news was brought into our barracks that a new regiment had come to release the one that had for

some time been doing guard duty on the island. In a little while word of inquiry for Major Hall, of the 62d Virginia, was passed through the barracks. The Major answered the call and went off with the orderly, wondering what was wanted with him, and so did we who waited for his return. This return took place just after the tattoo was beaten on the garrison drums, when Major Hall came into his division of the barracks under the friendly escort of a couple of officers of the newly-arrived guard regiment. It did not take long for the Major to explain that this regiment was the 11th Maryland and that he had been out to dinner with their mess. That he had been well dined by somebody was evident to the meanest capacity. The 11th remained on guard over us for several weeks; and Major Hall spent most of his time during the day in the quarters of its officers, returning at night to the barracks.

The beautiful valley of Virginia was overrun and its people robbed and plundered many times. At the close of the war there was scarcely a barn or mill standing from Harper's Ferry to Staunton, and the renegade Hunter destroyed many of its beautiful country residences. The returning survivors of the great struggle found only ruin and desolation; but with the same heroic spirit that inspired them through the bloody struggle they went to work, and in a few years the valley bloomed like a rose garden—barns, mills, residences, and fences were rebuilt, and now everything looks lovely. But they haven't forgotten the cause they fought for nor the heroes who fell in its defense. Go into their cemeteries, and you will find beautiful monuments erected to the memory of the noble dead. Go into their homes, and you will find matrons with silvered heads, who can tell you of scenes of horror that they have witnessed, and their eyes will grow bright again when they tell you of the deeds of daring and gallantry of the men who wore the gray.

A YOUNG VIRGINIA HERO.

In August, 1864, with a section of McClanahan's Horse Artillery, I was encamped with General Imboden's Brigade in Clarke County a mile or two from the Shenandoah River. The 62d Virginia was picketing at Berrie's Ferry, commanded by Col. George Smith and Lieutenant Colonel Long, two magnificent officers. We had just returned from General Early's great march on Washington. Our command had been actively engaged all summer, the men were pretty well worn out, and we were lying there quietly resting. Colonel Smith sent word to the General that everything was quiet on the river, but that he would like to have a piece of artillery sent to him. I had only one gun for duty, my other gun having been disabled a few days before in a lively little fight near Leesburg. I was in a very bad condition myself, being broken down and afflicted so with boils that I could not sit on my horse. Knowing this, the General told me to send the gun down to the ferry in command of a sergeant, saying that there would be nothing to do then and that there was no necessity for my going. I told Sergeant Shank to take the gun and report to Colonel Smith. He took with him a squad of young fellows from Randolph County and a friend of his, Michael Hinkel. I do not believe a braver body of men ever took a gun into action. They had been with me at New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, and in many other battles, and I knew their worth.

The men of the 62d were then lying under the shade on the banks of the beautiful Shenandoah, scattered along the river in a thin line. Some were mending their clothes, some sleep-

ing, some smoking and fishing, and many of them writing letters to their people at home, but all had their arms by their sides. The beautiful river was rolling sweetly and gently on to the sea. Everything looked calm and serene. Who would have thought that in a few minutes a scene so peaceful would be broken into by a bloody tragedy—that the beautiful blue grass would soon be stained with human blood, the velvety sod torn by the iron feet of charging squadrons, and the placid river filled with dead and dying men and horses? But such is war. Our sergeant had just about gotten in hearing distance of the ferry when he heard the rattle of musketry and the "Rebel" yell of triumph. The enemy had suddenly appeared on the other side, and a squadron of cavalry had made a dash across the ford to see what was there; and they saw, for they recrossed more rapidly than they had crossed—but not all of them.

The sergeant reported to the colonel at once and was told to select the best position he could and fire on the enemy, which he thought were in large force on the other side, and that the reconnoitering party would report how few men we had and would soon return in much larger force. Shank was on the road that ran down to the ferry. The water was low and now fordable. Just to his right was a ridge running parallel with the river, and on this ridge he took his position. To his surprise, when he got on it he discovered the enemy's infantry and cavalry in large force massed in a bottom on the other side within easy range of his gun. Without further orders he opened on them, throwing with deadly aim shrapnel into this body of human beings. Men and horses went at every fire; and the fire was rapid, for veterans were behind the gun. The great mass broke and scattered in every direction to escape the fire. The Yankee general, seeing that unless that gun was silenced his expedition would be a failure, ordered up a six-gun battery and soon made it hot for the gallant little squad. The young hero saw that he must do something to save his men for the expected charge, so he made the men run the limber and the horses behind the crest of the hill and ordered them to lie down and protect themselves. But in order to let the Yankees know that they were still on hand he and his friend Hinkel kept up a fire from the gun alternately. Seeing that he had to quiet that gun before he could make a successful charge across the river, the Yankee general ordered a regiment of cavalry next to the ford to dash across and capture the gun. They came on gallantly, riding over our thin line of infantry. Up the road they came, thundering with a shout of victory, as they thought, turned to the left, and dashed up the hill, expecting to take the gun in the rear. But sad and terrible was their disappointment. The gallant and cool sergeant, seeing the intent of the movement, ran his gun by hand into a thicket just on his right; and when the enemy got to the place where they had seen the gun they met instead a deadly shower of canister, and so rapidly was the gun served by those gallant Randolph boys that the enemy fled precipitately and panic-stricken back down the hill, every man for himself, trying to recross the river, which few of them ever did, for Smith had gotten his men together and was ready for them, pouring into their already depleted ranks a terrible fire and, not taking time to reload, knocking the fugitives from their horses with their guns. Shank rushed out from his position and captured two cavalymen who had been dismounted. Each had a loaded six-shooter and forty rounds in his belt. The fight was over.

Generals Imboden and Bradley Johnson, hearing the fight-

ing, came as rapidly as possible to the assistance of the little band, but the Yankees had gone. Our young sergeant came down to the road and was modestly standing there, seeming not to know that he had done anything great. He had shown himself to be a born soldier, not only brave, but a strategist. As General Imboden rode up Colonel Long said: "General, there stands the hero of the day. But for him we could not have held the ford." The General and other officers shook hands with him and congratulated him, and as the compliments were showered on him he very justly began to feel as proud as did Wellington after the battle of Waterloo. But he always gave the brave Randolph boys their share of the glory.

When I heard the firing I got on my horse, as painful as it was, and went to my brave boys as soon as I could. But it was all over when I got there. The work had been done, and well done. The General told me to send him a recommendation for Shank's promotion, which I did. He indorsed it and sent it to General Early, and he no doubt sent the papers to Richmond, where they stayed, as many others of the same kind had done. Our government made a great mistake not to commission such men. Napoleon did it.

Sergeant Shank at that time was about eighteen years of age. His comrades will all testify that he always had the bearing of a soldier, a gentleman, and a Christian. In reviewing his conduct at Berrie's Ferry I do not think it too much to say that what he did compared favorably with Stonewall Jackson's conduct when he won his first laurels at Cherubusco.

For the last two years of the war I had the honor of commanding a section of McClanahan's Horse Artillery. Most of the men under my command were from the valley and from West Virginia. Their ages ran from about seventeen to twenty. General Lee once said that there never was a finer body of soldiers on earth than the Artillery Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia and that he had never known them under any circumstances to desert their guns. I can truthfully say for those young fellows who served under me that they were always cheerful and obedient to orders in camp and on the march, and in battle they stood to their guns, even when death looked them in the face. I am proud to have been their commander, and I believe that I have their love and affection; they certainly have mine from the bottom of my heart. And I pray that when the bugle sounds the last tattoo we shall all meet in the "sweet by and by."

AFTER THE FALL OF FORT BLAKELY.

BY E. W. TARRANT, WACO, TEX.

In the *VETERAN* for November, 1915, I gave an account of the final attack and fall of Fort Blakely on April 9, 1865. The extreme left of our line, Fort Blakely proper, terminating on a bluff about fifteen feet in height overlooking Tensas River, was defended by Tarrant's Alabama Battery, manning eight guns, besides two mortars, and supported by the remnants of Scars's Mississippi and Cockrell's Missouri Brigades. As the sun was dropping down into the bay just in our rear on that fateful April 9, after a Minnesota brigade had broken through a regiment of Alabama boys, and when the Federal forces were rushing over the breastworks extending eastward down an incline about two hundred yards from the fort, Sergt. John J. Gray aimed a twelve-pounder James rifle, charged with canister, directly down the line and sent the

contents hurtling through the crowded ranks of the enemy. The resulting casualties were great; and the enemy were so enraged that they could scarcely be restrained from wreaking summary vengeance upon our small force, claiming that we fired upon them after we had surrendered, which, of course, was not true. I think it is beyond dispute that Sergeant Gray aimed the last shot that was fired by the Confederates on the eastern shore of Mobile.

After being corralled two or three days near Spanish Fort, in the early morning the officers of the several Confederate commands were shipped aboard a gulf steamer, drawing deep water, for Ship Island, where we were landed near sundown of the same day. Colonel Gates, who had lost an arm at Fort Pillow, was the ranking officer. Our number, about three hundred, ranking down from colonel to second lieutenant, were mixed in promiscuously with the Federal guard of forty Minnesota veterans, one-half of whom were under arms. The guns of the other half were stacked among us, the lieutenant commanding the guard being led to believe that we accepted the surrender of General Lee as virtually the ending of the war and that we had no thought of further resistance. But Colonel Gates and other Missouri officers knew the captain and pilot of the vessel; and being permitted to mingle freely with them, a plot was formed to the effect that at a given signal by the Colonel we would rush upon the guards and overpower them, then the vessel would be turned toward Havana, where we were expected to be landed in twenty-four hours.

It was the intention to spring the trap about noon, when we were far outside of the blockading line and distant from Ship Island about six hours' voyage. But in this, as in many other instances, "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." The lieutenant commanding the guard saw winks or smiles or some other signs of impending danger and quietly assembled his entire guard and marched them to the upper deck, leaving a lot of enraged Confederates clamoring for the base wretch who had divulged our plot.

After confinement on Ship Island under guard of mean sugar plantation negroes, commanded by even meaner white officers, for three or four weeks, we were shipped to New Orleans, landing there about eight o'clock on a bright May morning, well-nigh famished. We were marched on shore in four ranks, double file, and halted for an hour in the middle of a side street, while it was being decided where we were to be quartered. In the meantime the ladies of New Orleans, Rebel sympathizers, found out that a lot of hungry Confederates were clamoring loudly for breakfast; and in a short time they had chartered every café on both sides of us and had started the waiters to us with hot rolls and coffee. But this was more of a treat than the guard could complacently endure, so the waiters, were unceremoniously halted short of our ranks. Not so with the ladies, however; for as they are proverbial for expedients, they seized the trays of steaming food and defiantly passed the guard, soon stopped our mouths, and made us happy to know that patriotism still lived unchecked in the hearts of those brave women who had been under the despot's heel for three long years.

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe sailed from New York yesterday for Florida and will spend several months in the land of centipedes, flowers, and free niggers. It is to be hoped she will not write about any more cabins while she is down there.—*Richmond Dispatch*, March 13, 1867.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

BY GEN. H. T. DOUGLAS, NEW YORK CITY.

This article treats of the operations of the Federal armies under Generals Banks and Steele and the Confederate army under Gen. E. Kirby Smith in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

General Smith's army was embarrassed by being separated over a large territory, with long distances to overcome in concentrating, and with no means of transportation except by marching overland, a slow and tedious movement. It was a territory suited to the operations of mounted infantry and light field guns. A considerable part of General Magruder's command was not available to General Smith in this campaign because of the great distances they were required to move in getting them from Texas to the scene of operations.

General Smith's headquarters were at Shreveport, La., with General Taylor at Alexandria, La., General Holmes at Camden, Ark., and General Magruder at Houston, Tex. General Banks's army and the Federal fleet under Admiral Porter moved from Lower Louisiana, via Alexandria, up the Red River; and General Steele moved from Little Rock southwest through Arkansas, the apparent object being to unite their forces at Shreveport, La.

General Banks reached Mansfield, about thirty miles southwest of Shreveport, with Admiral Porter's fleet at Grand Ecore, while General Steele reached Camden, Ark., about seventy-five miles northeast of Shreveport, La.

General Taylor's force retired slowly as General Banks advanced until Mansfield was reached. At Mansfield General Taylor gave battle and, although with a greatly inferior force, defeated General Banks. General Mouton, of Louisiana, was killed in this action. General Taylor followed General Banks; and the next day the battle of Pleasant Hill was fought, which was a drawn battle. General Banks was driven back on his fleet at Grand Ecore. Gen. Tom Green, of Texas, commanding the Confederate States cavalry, was killed in action near Pleasant Hill. His death, it has been claimed, permitted Admiral Porter's fleet to escape from Red River.

The action of Gen. Kirby Smith in handling his troops in this campaign has been criticized, the question being whether he should not have used his entire available force after the battle of Pleasant Hill against General Banks with the hope of destroying his army and Admiral Porter's fleet, or whether he should have done as he did—leave General Taylor's command to drive General Banks out of Louisiana, whilst he moved with the remainder of his force to meet General Steele. The conditions which influenced General Smith were as follows: He had at Washington, Ark., an important depot of supplies; and General Steele's evident intention was to move on this point, he having already penetrated a considerable distance in Arkansas. General Smith had no force to oppose General Steele's advance, except a division of cavalry under General Marmaduke; and he feared that Marmaduke would be unable, without the aid of infantry and artillery, to check Steele's movement. He felt that General Banks was defeated and would continue his retreat, leaving the depots at Shreveport, Marshall, and Jefferson secure. He, therefore, moved with his force, except General Taylor's command, which continued to follow General Banks, against General Steele, who had reached Camden, Ark.

General Marmaduke had been very active in opposing Gen-

eral Steele's advance at every point. A large foraging force, consisting of one hundred four-mule wagons, with a regiment of infantry, which was sent out by General Steele from Camden, was attacked by General Marmaduke at Poison Spring, and the entire train and force were captured or killed. As soon as General Smith's infantry and artillery reached the vicinity of Camden he threw General Marmaduke's division of cavalry across the Ouchita River, which they had to swim, there being no bridges and the river out of its banks, to intercept General Steele's retreat while he drew in his lines around Camden. General Steele at once evacuated Camden and began his backward movement on Little Rock. The Confederate army had no pontoon train, and there were no bridges or other means of crossing the Ouchita River. They, however, pulled down some buildings and, using the timbers, built a bridge over the Ouchita River; and within twenty-four hours of the time after General Steele evacuated Camden the Confederate infantry and artillery, with trains, crossed the river in pursuit.

Meantime General Marmaduke had been very active with his cavalry, skirmishing daily, harassing General Steele's force, and delaying his retreat by every possible means. The infantry and artillery continued their pursuit, and at Saline Ferry General Steele's army was overtaken. The battle followed without results, and General Steele continued his retreat to Little Rock. Our losses at Saline Ferry were heavy, including Generals Randall and Scurry, who were both killed in this action.

From the light of subsequent events, I am inclined to think that the move against General Steele was a mistake. If the entire available Confederate force had been massed against General Banks after the battle of Pleasant Hill, the cavalry with light artillery operating against the fleet and the army on both sides of Red River, while the infantry and artillery pressed him on his retreat, I believe that General Banks's army might have been destroyed and with it Admiral Porter's fleet. If General Marmaduke had been unable to check General Steele's advance and he had destroyed the depot of supplies at Washington, Ark., it would have been a sacrifice well afforded if it had resulted in the destruction of General Banks's army, with the probability that General Steele, after the operations of the Confederate force which destroyed General Banks's army, might have been turned upon and destroyed.

The country in Louisiana between Alexandria and Shreveport, and especially along the east bank of Red River and north of the old town of Natchitoches, is peculiarly favorable to the operations of a defensive force familiar with the topography. It was largely wooded, with settlements at long intervals, and with but few roads. Between the time Admiral Porter's fleet advanced by Red River north of Alexandria the waters had gone down so that when they returned there was not water to take the ships over the falls at Alexandria. They resorted to the extraordinary method of building a dam on the falls of Red River by pulling down sugar houses and using the bricks, leaving a sluiceway only wide enough to pass a vessel and using the Western method of taking vessels over on stilts, with the help of block and falls. If they had been pressed, as they should have been, from the east side of the river, which is densely wooded and of bluff formation, they would never have gotten away.

On this bluff at Alexandria, opposite the falls, is located Pineville, the site of the military school of which Sherman had been superintendent, and which is described by Major

Boyd in his article on Sherman in the *VETERAN* for September, 1910.

Such is my brief sketch of the operations of the Federal and Confederate armies in the Trans-Mississippi Department. There was no soldier in the Confederate army more alert, braver, or truer to his cause than E. Kirby Smith. All generals make mistakes; he may have made one. If he did, it was from no lack of earnest effort to achieve success for his army and his cause, in which his manly, courageous heart was fully enlisted.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "ORDER NO. 11."

BY MRS. FLORA STEVENS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

"General Orders No. 11.

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF THE BORDER,
Kansas City, Mo., August 25, 1863.

"First. All persons living in Cass, Jackson, and Bates Counties, Mo., and in that part of Vernon included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman's Mills, Pleasant Hill, and Harrisonville, and except those in that part of Kaw Township, Jackson County, north of Brush Creek and west of the Big Blue, embracing Kansas City and Westport, are hereby ordered to remove from their present places of residence within fifteen days from the date hereof.

"Those who within that time establish their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station nearest their present places of residence will receive from him certificates stating the fact of their loyalty and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any military station in this district or to any part of the State of Kansas, except the counties on the eastern borders of the State. All others shall remove out of this district.

"Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in the counties named will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

"Second. All grain or hay in the field or under shelter in the district from which the inhabitants are required to move within reach of military stations after the 9th day of September next will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there, and report of the amount so turned over made to the district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners and the amount of such produce taken from them. All grain and hay found in such district after the 9th of September next not convenient to such stations will be destroyed.

H. HANNAHS, *Adjutant*.

"By order of Brigadier General Ewing."

May I add my contribution to the chronicles of "Order No. 11," of which no one now seems to solicit the authorship? My husband lived here during the war and was a cousin of Gen. Thomas Ewing. Both were from Ohio. My father-in-law, Judge William Stevens, a Union man and a member of the Home Guards here, told me that he saw General Ewing write it, or at least the original draft of it. Mr. W. H. Chick, a Southerner, also told me that he witnessed General Ewing write it. General Ewing did this in the presence of his staff and some citizens he had summoned. Most of them expressed approval; some were afraid to condemn. Mr. Chick said he did so, though he realized that it put him in danger; but as a Southerner his protest had no effect. Two members of General Ewing's staff were Preston B. Plumb (afterwards

Senator from Kansas) and J. M. Hadley, father of Governor Hadley, of Missouri. Judge Stevens did not protest, since he did not think it wise to attract attention to himself at that time. He was a kind-hearted man; and though Union in sentiment, he had secreted in his cellar a wounded guerrilla, or bushwhacker, Col. Dick Chiles, of Independence, Mo., who was in need of medical attendance and who was secretly cared for by Dr. Ridge, a Southerner. On one occasion Dr. Ridge's own life was saved by sleeping in the same friendly cellar.

Afterwards Judge Stevens told General Ewing that "it was a very tough order." Ewing said it was conceived by Jim Lane, Senator from Kansas and colonel of a Kansas regiment; that Lane and the notorious Jennison, the gambler colonel of the 7th Kansas Volunteers, after the raid of Quantrill on Lawrence, had gathered a large force and threatened to sweep the Missouri border and leave not a human being alive upon it if Ewing did not issue this order. Mr. John C. Gage, a well-known lawyer here, told me much the same thing.

General Schofield, commander of Missouri, was disposed to rescind the order, but Lane informed him that he (Lane) would defeat Schofield's confirmation as brigadier general in the Senate if Schofield did this. Later Schofield was obliged to make a slight modification of the desolating order by B. Gratz Brown.

Judge Stevens said that General Ewing was no more to blame than any one else; he simply carried out the consensus of opinion of the troops and people here at the time. Ewing was a political general. He was a politician before he became a soldier; and if there had been any considerable protest, he would have revoked the order. The few newspapers published at that period on the border were loud in commending and urging the carrying out of the order without delay. The *Western Journal of Commerce*, of this place, Col. R. T. Van Horn's paper, and Col. D. R. Anthony's paper, of Leavenworth, were strongest in praise of General Ewing's action. "A righteous edict," the former called it. "Drive out the bushwhackers; fill the country with loyal people," shrieked the *Journal of Commerce* (now the *Journal*). Kersey Coates favored it.

Capt. George C. Bingham, the artist, was the only Union soldier who at the time made any public protest. He had refused to go with the militia to the relief of Mulligan at Lexington because he would not join with the Kansas troops, the 6th and 7th Volunteer Cavalry especially, who, he said, came to Missouri simply to plunder and kill the inoffensive inhabitants. He painted the picture, "Order No. 11," in which one figure is that of General Ewing. He was bitterly assailed for this, even from the pulpit of the city. He then published a pamphlet defending himself. Some copies of this are preserved in libraries. The original painting is owned by Mrs. Joseph Mercer, of Independence, Mo., widow of a State treasurer.

As time softened asperities Federal officers had the grace to become ashamed of this heinous edict and to disclaim responsibility for the matter until all the blame for the suffering and distress consequent upon the order rested upon the shoulders of Tom Ewing. After the war, when Ewing was a candidate for Governor of Ohio, Captain Bingham took his painting to Ohio, exhibited it publicly, and defeated General Ewing.

Judge Stevens had no desire to mislead me, as I was seeking information solely for my own satisfaction. Therefore I conclude that the order was planned by James H. Lane, indorsed by the Union troops and the population of Kansas City and the

State of Kansas, and Tom Ewing was but the instrument in issuing the order. When his term of enlistment soon after expired, he returned to his home in Lancaster, Ohio, and did not enter the army again.

THE "RED-LEGS."

"Red-Legs" is not a general term, but a specific one. It was applied to about thirty men who came from around Atchison, Kans., and were organized by Blunt as his staff. They were so called because they wore yarn leggings. Their sole aim was to loot and murder. A tougher set of men never infested any country. A list of them was published in the Sycamore Wabash (Ind.) True Republican August 10, 1863, and sent by C. M. Chase, of Leavenworth. George E. Hoyt was captain. He was a young lawyer of Delaware, Ohio, who defended John Brown in West Virginia. The others were: Theo Bartles, of Wyandotte, Kans., whose brother founded Bartlesville, Okla.; "Wild Bill" Hickok; "Red" Clark, of Emporia, Kans.; Charles R. Jennison, gambler, colonel of 7th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, the most notorious figure on the Missouri-Kansas border; "Jack" Harvey, brother of Fred Harvey, of the Santa Fe Railroad eating houses; Joe Guilford, Wyandotte halfbreed; Al Sevier; — Alsop; Jim Flood; Jerry Malcolm; "Bloom" Swain, lieutenant, also captain of Company K, 15th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry; William S. Tough, "tough by name and nature" (the True Republican said, "He is a pure horse thief and murderer"; he was at that time exiled from Fort Scott, Kans., for killing a man; founded Kansas City (Mo.) horse and mule market with stock stolen from Missouri); "One-Eyed" Blunt; — Hawkins; Walt Sinclair; John Sinclair; Jack Blatchly, profligate son of a Presbyterian minister of Wyandotte; Jack Bridges, a little Englishman (after the war he sold a fake which he called the "Cardiff Giant," a huge figure said to have been a petrified woman, which he claimed to have unearthed while digging in a mine in Colorado); Newt Morrison, lynched after the war for stealing a horse from Joe Guilford; "Pickles" Wright, killed by Guilford after the war; — Gladheart, of Lawrence, Kans.; "Pony" Searl; John Salthiel; Hank Grosseup and Hank Starr, of Kansas City, Mo.; and one or two others. They met at the Six-Mile House, between Wyandotte and Leavenworth, Kans.

[From historical collection of the Missouri-Kansas border made by Mrs. Flora E. Stevens and Mrs. Virginia Burns Black, Kansas City, Mo.]

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN."

This is the story of Hiram Smith, a Missourian, who laid down his life for a friend. Over his grave in a little country cemetery there stands a granite monument which the friend's son bought with money he saved the first winter he taught school. He could not pay the debt his family owed this humble dead man, but he could show that he remembered. It happened this way:

When General McNeill, Federal commander, made his headquarters in Palmyra, Mo., in 1862, he found two counties, Marion and Lewis, torn by guerrilla warfare of a bloody sort. McNeill placed in jail a number of the most influential Confederate sympathizers within reach and held them as hostages of good behavior. What happened to them would depend upon how their friends restrained themselves. One of the men in jail was William T. Humphrey, a farmer and the father of seven children. Now, the jail at Palmyra was crowded, and soon some of the prisoners were paroled.

Among them was Humphrey. He and two of his neighbors signed a bond, pledging their farms that he would keep his parole. He was not to go beyond the limits of the town site of Palmyra. Then the jail burned, so that all the prisoners had to be released, and Humphrey was told that he might go home, but must report at Federal headquarters at regular intervals.

And then an ominous thing happened in Marion County. A farmer, a strong Union man, disappeared. It was believed that he had been slain by Southern sympathizers, and there has never been anything to disprove the theory. No trace of the man or the man's body was ever found. And the men who knew did not talk.

McNeill posted an order throughout the countryside. If the man was not produced alive or his murderers brought in to headquarters within five days, ten Confederate sympathizers would be shot. The chances are that General McNeill never imagined that he would be called upon to carry out his threat. But when three days had passed in vain he gave orders to Strahn, his provost marshal, to collect ten men.

That day William Humphrey came into Palmyra to report on his parole and promptly was shut up in the basement of the building that was Federal headquarters. There were other men with him, good friends. William Baker, of Lewis County, was one, and Milton Seidener another. They, too, must die.

That night there was furious riding in the country around Palmyra, and in the dawn there was hitching of teams, and grave men and haggard women came into the town. Was this thing true? They must at least see their friends.

From William Humphrey's farm there came a wagon carrying his wife and seven little children. And Mrs. Humphrey (and the seven were with her) saw General McNeill. She pleaded for her husband's life. Surely he had dealt honorably with his enemies. Had he ever failed to keep his parole? He had not. They were young, the seven to be left with no provider.

McNeill was not untouched. There was justice in this mother's plea. Her husband had kept his promises. He called Humphrey into the room and told him to stay there while he tried to find a substitute. And he sent out his provost marshal on that errand.

The prisoners had many visitors that day. William Baker's son-in-law, Hiram Smith, had come in from a little far-off farm among the brakes, where he and his wife lived. They were poor people and tenants. They had no children. Hiram Smith was in the yard outside, preparing to go home, when the provost marshal approached him.

"What is your name?" asked Strahn.

"Hiram Smith," the young farmer replied.

"I have a warrant for you," said the provost marshal and wrote Smith's name into a blank death warrant.

Smith said nothing. He looked up at the open window where William Humphrey stood, his wife and children with him. Hiram Smith raised his eyebrows in question. "Are you the man to be saved?" his glance asked. Humphrey nodded. Can you imagine the dumbness that was on the man and how tight his throat must have been as he nodded?

And Smith turned simply to the provost marshal. "It had better be me than that man with such a family," he said quietly.

They walked across a little courtyard to the prison place. There was a well, and Hiram Smith stopped for a drink of water. "The way it is," he said to the marshal, "I can die as easily as drink that water." And he went inside the building.

William Humphrey did not go home that night, though. It seemed that Hiram Smith did not know how to write. There were some letters he would like to leave. So through the night the two men were together. Smith told Humphrey what he would like to say, and Humphrey wrote it down. He thought of his wife and the seven children, and he thought of this young man who could die so quietly. And the night passed.

McNeill delayed all morning. He hoped that at the last the slayers might come in and save the ten. They did not come.

There had been ten board coffins built, and when afternoon came the men and the coffins were taken out into a public place, and each man was ordered to sit on the end of his coffin.

There were three men with rifles for each of the condemned. And their friends and their relatives, whoever would, might see the execution of the sentence. It should be a lesson. McNeill's men were good shots. They did not bungle the job.

Hiram Smith's body was buried in a little neighborhood graveyard. For a long time only a white board that grew more weather-worn from year to year marked his grave. But the Humphreys did not forget the humble grave, and it was George W. Humphrey, born two years after Hiram Smith's death, who spent the savings of his first winter of school-teaching to build a monument over the man who died to save his father. George Humphrey, formerly a State senator and a Shelby man, practices law in Kansas City now.—*Selected.*

GRAPEVINE NEWS.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

One of the most fascinating features of the Official Records is the following kind of news, and I shall endeavor to give briefly a few noted examples:

On November 10, 1862, Gen. A. McD. McCook, U. S. A., wrote to Gen. T. L. Crittenden: "Grapevine news from high secession sources says that there is to be no battle in Tennessee, that the strength of the Confederacy will be concentrated in Virginia and the contest settled there." As the battle of Murfreesboro took place very soon after this, the nonbattle was grapevine, but the settling of the contest was a very straight shot, as events turned out.

Major Surget, C. S. A., on May 30, 1863, reported that his secret agent "writes confirming the reported rupture between the United States and England. France has joined with England, and the combined fleets have been ordered to rendezvous at Halifax. A gentleman who has recently run the blockade is reported to have said that he saw at Martinique fourteen Confederate vessels of war receiving their crews and armament."

Colonel Kitchen, C. S. A., on July 21, 1863, wrote probably the most fetching bit of grapevine that the war produced, which was full of good cheer for the South. He said: "Vicksburg is not taken—at least up to the 13th. Three brigades of Yankees were captured by Johnston near Vicksburg. Vicksburg has four months' provisions. Lee has cut the Federals to pieces in Pennsylvania. Longstreet engaged them with his corps and commenced retreating—retreated two days, occasionally throwing away a gun, saber, or wagon, thus inducing the Federals to think he was retreating precipitately, until Ewell and Hill got on each flank, and then Longstreet turned and held them at bay, and Ewell and Hill closed

in and whipped them on the third day. The enemy say, through their papers, that they lost eighty thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners. Forty thousand prisoners were taken by Lee and sent to Virginia on their refusing to be paroled. It is stated that Kirby Smith has possession of Algiers, opposite New Orleans, and that Morgan has taken Columbus, Ky."

General Getty, U. S. A., on September 16, 1863, told General Sharpe: "A spy states that the entire Rebel army is on its way to Tennessee, and Virginia is to be evacuated. The spy saw in Petersburg Gen. Robert E. Lee, who was badly wounded at Charleston and not expected to live. Charleston was shelled on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday and entirely destroyed."

Michael Graham, on October 19, 1863, wrote: "I am satisfied that Longstreet's corps has returned from Bragg and joined General Lee. I am satisfied that they are going to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania again. They have had the Union forces weighed and counted and found them wanting. Prepare for the storm."

On July 11, 1864, Captain Prince, U. S. A., reported that a Union citizen had told him that his brother had told him that "one hundred thousand Rebels, commanded by General Lee, had passed through Rockville with the intention of attacking Washington this morning."

Lieut. J. P. Hall, U. S. A., on August 6, 1864, reported from Hilton Head that a negro man had come in from Petersburg "and says that Grant exploded a mine, blowing up the whole city and killing seventy-five thousand men."

Gen. M. M. Parsons, C. S. A., wrote Gen. Sterling Price on November 16, 1864: "The Confederate loan has advanced considerably in Europe. A great world's fair for the benefit of the Confederate prisoners is proposed, and I very much suspect that the prisoners will transfer the funds thus realized to the use of the Confederate navy."

And last of all comes Gen. B. F. Butler, who tells Secretary Stanton: "A table servant of Jeff Davis has come within our lines. I have examined him and think him truthful and reliable. He reports (and I believe him) the Rebel Vice President's having fled to Europe without the knowledge of Davis."

SPRING.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth. —Henry Timrod.

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

COMPILED BY MRS. EMMA M. MAFFITT, NEW YORK CITY.

Has the South forgotten her navy and the men who composed it, whose noble deeds of heroism and sacrifice roused the admiration even of her enemies? So seldom do we see any reference to them that this fear naturally arises. May I be permitted to awaken interest in the young generation grown up since the war, who "knew not Joseph and his brethren," and revive that interest in those who have the responsibility of guardians of Confederate history? From "Reminiscences of the Confederate Navy," by Capt. John N. Maffitt, published in the United Service Magazine of 1880, I take the following:

"In the spring of 1861 Montgomery, Ala., had been adopted by the Confederacy as the provisional seat of government, and there its Congress was assembled, apparently engaged in such legislation as the peculiar status of the South rendered necessary. As if by magic, the city became thronged with military aspirants; martial music resounded through the streets as volunteer companies from adjacent towns and counties marched to the Fair Ground, which was soon transformed into a field of Mars. All arrangements connected with the military status of the Confederacy appeared to move in a smooth and even groove, propelled, as it were, by the natural proclivities of the people; but when the question of the inauguration of a navy was propounded, the government instantly seemed to be at sea, without rudder, compass, or charts by which to steer upon the bewildering ocean of absolute necessity.

"Many of the States as they severally withdrew from the old Union had established provisional State navies. The Governor of each State, by authority of their legislatures, purchased such small river steamers and tugboats as were obtainable, armed them with one gun each, and placed them in charge of such ex-naval officers as had resigned from the Federal navy. When the Confederacy assumed its functions as an inaugurated government, the States transferred their troops and provisional navies to the same, and officers and vessels were enrolled upon the official naval register.

"As an exclusively agricultural community, the South had hitherto depended upon the North for all her maritime necessities, and this commercial sectionality left her, as a natural consequence, without seamen, machine shops, shipyards, or any of those accessories upon which nautical enterprise depends. These serious obstacles, with the aid of intelligent and energetic naval officers, could for general practical purposes have been surmounted. The Confederacy called for the naval sons of the South, and promptly, with but few exceptions, the call was responded to by educated and efficient gentlemen, who severed their connection with the Federal service at great personal as well as professional sacrifice.

"A number of these gentlemen of experience, who were distinguished as experts in their profession, assembled in Montgomery at the inauguration of the Confederate government. With practical perceptibility they grasped the situation and rejected the fallacious doctrine of peaceful secession. They earnestly advocated the prompt construction of powerful gunboats for all Southern waters to prevent Federal supremacy and successful army combinations. An interview with the President resulted in nothing that was favorable toward the construction of a navy. * * * Dire necessity soon coerced the government into placing some force upon our threatened waters, and the Secretary of the Navy was under the necessity of obtaining such steamers as could be

purchased in open market. The vessels thus obtained were of the most fragile character, generally consisting of old, dilapidated tugboats and flimsy passenger steamers, sans speed, sans ability to support suitable ordnance. Contracts were accordingly entered into at New Orleans and other places for the construction of proper war vessels.

"In the meantime Commander Semmes, by authority of the Secretary of the Navy, had purchased in New Orleans the only approach to a sea-going steamer that could be found. She had been a packet steamer of five hundred tons' burden, covered with sky cabins and other top hamper, all of which had to be removed to mount a battery. The officers and crew were to be furnished with quarters below. A Herculean task confronted him. There was no navy yard, with all its minute and well-organized facilities, such as he had been accustomed to in his past naval career, to aid him. Workmen were to be employed, and under his personal supervision the transformation of a merchant vessel into a man-of-war had to be accomplished. Decks were to be laid, gun carriages constructed, shot and shell cast, and so on *ad infinitum*. From early dawn to setting sun Semmes was called upon in every department. Such was his masterly ability, nothing balked.

"After two long, weary months of toil and brain work, the little Sumter, neatly rigged as a barkentine, with an eight-inch shell gun pivoted amidships and four light thirty-twos in broadside battery, provisions, water, coal, ordnance stores, officers and crew on board, was ready for her adventurous crusade upon the ocean. On the 22d of June, 1861, the Sumter ran down to the head of the Passes, there to bide her opportunity for circumventing the strict Federal surveillance that had sealed the outlets of the Mississippi River. On the 30th of June her chance came. The Brooklyn left her station to chase a strange sail, lured away perhaps by the hope of prize money. The weasel was awake. Up came the Sumter's anchor, and off she sped for the fruition of her hopes—escape. The captain of the Brooklyn promptly saw his error and retraced his steps with all speed. Both vessels were equidistant from the bar; but Semmes had a four-knot current in his favor, and that gave him every hope of success. The Brooklyn was three miles from her obstructive position; the Sumter just over the bar. Like a swan rising from the waves, her snowy wings flashing in the sunbeams, the Brooklyn, as if by magic, spread her canvas, and the chase commenced, with hope on the one side and anxiety on the other. Commander Semmes instantly covered his vessel with every inch of sail she possessed. He could lie nearer to the wind than the Federal. To 'eat her out of it' was his policy. That accomplished, to follow the Sumter it would be necessary for the Brooklyn to clew up and furl. A rain squall enveloped both vessels, and when it cleared again a shudder passed over all on board the Sumter—the Federal had shortened the distance. Out of the chimneys of both steamers dense volumes of black smoke rolled in massive clouds to the leeward. Engineers and firemen were feeding the furnaces like devils in the infernal regions. In their anxiety all eyes were turned upon their commander. Confidence was imparted by his resolute countenance.

"Soon it was observed that the Sumter weathered on the Brooklyn. The little Confederate could lie one and a half points nearer to the wind than her adversary. Seeing this, every stitch of canvas disappeared from the Federal ship and was neatly furled to the yards. Semmes held his wind. With steam and sail he was now too much for his antagonist, and the race was won, artistically won. Such was the profes-

sional verdict of every honorable officer on board the Brooklyn. The Federal gave up the chase and returned to her anchorage. Semmes was now free upon the waves, his craft the first and only cruiser that flaunted the Confederate flag upon the ocean.

"Commodore Lynch commanded the naval forces in the waters of Albemarle Sound. Early in February, 1862, he hoisted his flag on board the Sea Bird, a small passenger steamer. The six remaining vessels of his force were of the same flimsy character. Burnside entered the Sound with sixty-seven vessels. Twenty-five were powerful, well-armed gunboats, mounting the heaviest naval ordnance; the remainder transported a large army, with its equipments and all military requirements.

"Nothing daunted, the heroic Lynch on the 7th of February formed his line of battle abreast the Confederate batteries established on Roanoke Island. The boldness and unflinching attitude of these diminutive Rebel vessels in defying immense odds in power and number elicited from many Federals flattering expressions of admiration for this exhibition of decided pluck by their nautical enemies, a chivalry of sentiment too rarely indulged in by either side during the war. To disparage the courage of an enemy is to detract from the honors of the victor.

"The unequal contest commenced at 10 A.M. and continued until 5 P.M., when Lynch was forced to retire, having expended all his ammunition, not a cartridge remaining in the fleet; in fact, the Ellis, Captain Cooke, had continued fighting for hours on borrowed powder. Several vessels were seriously damaged. The casualties in the fleet were numerous. The Commodore hastened to Elizabeth City and sent to Norfolk by express for ammunition. Here the determined Lynch, with a few remaining vessels, decided to make a stand for weal or woe.

"On the morning of the 10th fourteen Federal gunboats, flushed with their recent success, dashed impetuously upon the Confederates, and, in spite of a desperate resistance, their immense preponderance of force swept everything before them. The commanders of the Fanny, Accomac, and Sea Bird, seeing that capture was inevitable, fired their steamers and escaped with their crews. The Ellis, commanded by James W. Cooke, resisted to the bitter end. Boarders swarmed on board of her and were met, cutlass in hand, by the dauntless captain, who, though badly wounded by a musket ball and by a thrust from a bayonet, fought with the fierceness of a tiger, refusing to surrender or haul down the flag. Overpowered by numbers, he was borne to the deck and would have been slaughtered on the spot but for the generous interference of an old associate, who caused him to be safely conveyed to Commodore Rowan's flagship, where extreme kindness was extended.

"In 1863 two citizens residing near Edwards Ferry, on the Roanoke River, proposed to the Navy Department to construct an ironclad. Their experience theretofore had been limited to the flatboats; but with the assistance of an intelligent and practical naval officer, coupled with their own natural genius, they felt confident that the desired vessel could be built and rendered formidable for service.

"As Commander Cooke was near at hand, the Secretary of the Navy very judiciously directed him to assume control of the work for the construction of this earnestly-desired vessel, whose province was expected to be the rescue of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds from the possession of the enemy. When aroused to action, Cooke was one of the most indus-

trious and indefatigable officers in the navy. With hearty zeal he embarked in the enterprise.

"Iron in all shapes was a necessity. In person Cooke ransacked the country, gathering bolts and bars and the precious metal in any shape that admitted of application to his needs by the manipulation of the blacksmith. At the Tredegar Works, in Richmond, and the Clarendon Foundry, at Wilmington, he sought serviceable material. The building of the ironclad under all the disadvantages of place and circumstances was viewed by the community as a chimerical absurdity. Great was the general astonishment when it became known that the indomitable commander had conquered all obstacles and was about to launch his bantling. On the appointed day Cooke and Company committed their 'none-such' to the turbid waters of the Roanoke, christening her as she glided from the launching ways the good ship 'Albemarle.'

"Boilers, engine, roofing, and iron shield were to be fitted ere the ironclad would be ready for service. While this finishing work was in progress Cooke received a communication from General Hoke asking for a careful statement as to the exact time, with increased facilities, that the Albemarle could be depended upon for assistance in an important military expedition. The commander's response was laconic: 'In fifteen days with ten additional mechanics.' The assistance was rendered, Cooke was ordered to command the ram, and guns, ammunition, and a few men arrived, with the promise of the remainder of the crew in a few days.

"On the 17th two young officers, with twenty men and the residue of the steamer's outfit, arrived. In spite of the Herculean exertions of the commander, the Albemarle was not entirely completed; but the energetic commander had named his day for action, and he was not a man to deal in disappointments.

"At early dawn on the 18th steam was up. Ten portable forges, with numerous sledge hammers, were placed on board, and, thus equipped, the never-failing Cooke started on his voyage as a floating workshop. Naval history affords no such remarkable evidence of patriotic zeal and individual perseverance. On the turtle back numerous stages were suspended, thronged with sailors wielding huge sledge hammers. Upon the pilot house stood Captain Cooke giving directions. Some of the crew were being exercised at one of the big guns. 'Drive in spike No. 10!' sang out the commander. 'On nut below and screw up! In vent and sponge! Load with cartridge!' was the next command. 'Drive in No. 11, port side, so! On nut and screw up hard! Load with shells! Prime!' And in this seeming babel of words the floating monster glided by. By five in the afternoon the Albemarle was secured to the river bank, her forges landed, decks cleared, and the efficiency of the ram insured so far as human ingenuity contending against meager facilities could accomplish. The Albemarle was built in an open cornfield of unseasoned timber. A simple blacksmith's shop aided the mechanical part of her construction. After an active drill at the guns, an aid was dispatched to sound the obstructions placed in the river by the enemy. He returned at midnight and reported favorably, upon which all hands were called, and soon the steamer was under way.

"Soon that dull leaden concussion, which to practiced ears denotes a heavy bombardment, smote upon the air. Nearer the rapid explosions grew upon the ear, and soon by the dawn's early light the spires of Plymouth greeted the sight. Cooke was up to time, and now for his promise.

"It was 3 A.M. on the 19th of April, 1864, when the Albe-

marle passed in safety over the river obstructions and received without reply a furious storm of shot from the fort at Warren's Neck. Instantly grasping the situation, amid the cheers of his crew, he made for the Federal gunboats that were chained together in the rear of Fort Williams, guarding its flank, and dashed nine feet of his prow into the Southfield, delivering at the same time a broadside into the Miami, killing and wounding many of her crew. Among the killed was numbered her commander, the brilliant Flusser. In ten minutes the Southfield was at the bottom, the prow of the ram still clinging to her and exciting for a few moments apprehensions for the safety of the Albemarle. However, she was soon disentangled and fiercely pursuing the enemy, who were finally driven out of the river.

"This brilliant naval success insured the triumph of General Hoke. The defense of Fort Williams, the citadel of Plymouth, were powerful on the land side and had already repulsed several Confederate assaults; on the river side the fortifications were defective, its open works entirely depending on gunboats. These having been dispersed, Cooke promptly opened with his guns upon the vulnerable part of the fort, soon rendering it untenable, and General Ransom's command entered the town on that flank. This was the prominent part performed by the Albemarle in the sanguinary and brilliant capture of Plymouth.

"Major General Peck, the second in command of the Federal forces in the military district, in his official report, asserted and demonstrated that in the absence of the Confederate ram and with the Federal gunboats intact General Wesels could have sustained himself an indefinite length of time.

"On the 4th of May Commodore Pinckney, commanding the naval defenses of the Roanoke, ordered Commander Cooke to convoy the steamer Cotton Planter (a cotton-clad vessel sent from Halifax, N. C., with sharpshooters to aid General Hoke) and the Bombshell to Alligator River for military purposes. On the 5th at noon the Albemarle left the river with her consorts. She proceeded about sixteen miles on an east-northeast course, when the Federal fleet, consisting of nine powerfully-armed steamers, hove in sight and gallantly approached in double line of battle. By orders the Cotton Planter instantly returned to Plymouth. Two broadsides received by the Bombshell brought down her colors, and she surrendered.

"Admiral Lee's instructions to Commander Smith, who commanded the Federal fleet, were imperative: 'At all hazards the Rebel ram must be destroyed by shot, ramming, or torpedoes. Her existence jeopardizes our occupation of this section of North Carolina.' These stringent orders were issued to brave and intrepid seamen, who right gallantly, though failing, performed their duty. Their opponent, reared in the same school, was equally brave and as firm as adamant. Though considering his vessel impervious to shot, he was conscious of many defects in her improvised machinery, steering gear, and fire draught if perchance his smokestack should be injured. Combined with these drawbacks was the lack of necessary experience among the very young officers who composed his command. The crew, with but few exceptions, were all landsmen and but slightly practiced in gunnery. All these drawbacks in the aggregate rendered his vessel less formidable than reputation awarded. The most serious impediment to a successful issue of a contest against nine fast and well-disciplined men-of-war using torpedoes was the lack of speed, which if possessed would have enabled Cooke to frustrate every critical movement of the

enemy, select his own distance for battery effect, and avoid being demolished by their torpedoes.

"At 4 p.m. the Federal fleet fearlessly approached in double column and delivered their heavy broadsides at less than one hundred yards. The Albemarle responded effectually, but suffered in return with loss of boats, riddled smokestack, broken plates on the shield, and the after gun cracked some eighteen inches from the muzzle. The fleet grouped around the ram and hurled their 100-pound shot, fired with double charges of powder, aiming particularly at the ports and stern, which they supposed were the vulnerable parts of the vessel. Near sunset Commander Roe, of the Sassacus, selected his opportunity and, with open throttles and a speed of about eight knots, struck the Albemarle squarely just abaft her starboard beam, causing every timber in the vicinity of the impact to crack and complain, but not give way. The pressure from her revolving wheels was so powerful as to force the deck of the ironclad several feet below the surface of the water and create a momentary impression that she was sinking. The crew became alarmed and were becoming panic-stricken, when the stern voice of the undismayed Cooke checked incipient disorder and promptly restored discipline as he sang out: 'Stand to your guns! If we must sink, let us perform our duty and go down like brave men.'

"The Albemarle soon recovered and hurled shot after shot through and through her assailer. The last caused howls of agony and shrieks of despair, for one of her boilers was shattered, and the hissing steam embraced with its deadly vapor some twenty of the crew of the Sassacus. Notwithstanding the natural consternation under the appalling circumstances, two of her gun's crew continued to fire upon the Albemarle until the disabled vessel drifted out of the arena of battle.

"The enemy's fleet was not idle. The incessant roar of their artillery thundered over the placid waters of the Sound as their ponderous projectiles thugged upon the shield of the Albemarle and ricocheted innocuously beyond. One of the fleet made an ineffectual effort to foul the ram's propeller with a large seine, and the Miami failed with her torpedo in consequence of the ram's destructive fire. The contest continued until night shrouded the inland sea, when both sides withdrew from the fierce contest. The Federal boats suffered severely in their hulls and in killed and wounded. Cooke headed for Plymouth with the loss of one killed and several slightly wounded. His tiller broke when rammed by the Sassacus, and it was with great difficulty, from the construction of the vessel, that she could be guided by the relieving tackles. One gun was badly cracked in the muzzle by a shot, and the smokestack was so torn and riddled that its draught power became entirely obliterated, and a small head of steam could be obtained only by burning bacon, lard, and the bulkheads. At last the afflicted Albemarle arrived and anchored off Plymouth. Had her speed amounted to ten or eleven knots, the Federal fleet might have been annihilated. The race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong."

From the "Naval War Records" of officers in the Confederate navy, 1861-65, I copy the following: "Promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct in command of the ironclad steam sloop Albemarle on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of April, 1864, in attacking the enemy's ships and batteries and in co-operation with the army in the capture of the town of Plymouth, N. C., and in the action of the 5th of May, 1864, between the sloop Albemarle, under his command, and nine of the enemy's gunboats in the Albemarle Sound."

Franklin Buchanan, a captain in the United States navy in 1860, resigned, came South, and offered his services to the Confederacy. Passing over the several duties assigned to him, I come to the eventful period of his taking command of the Virginia:

"At 11 A.M. on the 8th of March, 1862, the Confederate ironclad Virginia (formerly the United States frigate Merrimac, which had been sunk by the Federals in their abandonment of Norfolk), in command of Captain Buchanan, left her moorings at the Gosport Navy Yard and started for Hampton Roads. A considerable Federal force had been collected in the Roads. The steam frigates Roanoke and Minnesota, of forty guns each, and sailing frigate St. Lawrence, of fifty guns, were at anchor off Fortress Monroe. The Cumberland, of fifty guns, and Congress, of twenty-four, lay off Newport News, about three hundred yards from the shore, and anchored some two hundred yards apart. Acting Flag Officer Marston, on receiving the report of the approach of a strange-looking 'Southern alligator,' instantly signaled for the Minnesota, Roanoke, and St. Lawrence to 'get under way and prepare for battle.' The Cumberland and Congress had already perceived the 'secesh curiosity' and had prepared for action. The Virginia, accompanied by the diminutive gunboats Raleigh and Beaufort, came slowly and ominously on, not exceeding four knots per hour. The pivot guns of the Cumberland opened on her at less than a mile's distance. Passing the Congress and receiving a harmless broadside from that ship and the batteries on the shore, the Virginia in silence made straight for the Cumberland, then sheered athwart the channel to bring her full broadside to bear upon the approaching monster, and, amid the blaze and thunder of eleven nine-inch Dahlgrens, the Confederate crushed into the starboard fore channels of her victim, delivering a fearful broadside that carried death and destruction from stem to stern. Backing free from the wreck, the ironclad continued to sweep the decks of the Cumberland with her merciless broadsides. In the absence on duty of Commander Radford, the captain of the Cumberland, the duties and responsibilities of defending the frigate devolved upon Lieut. George W. Morris, the executive. Nobly, with the true and inherited spirit of nautical intrepidity, did this officer perform his duty; grandly the gallant crew with courage undaunted and heroism stand to their guns, firing their last shots as the water covered the trunnions. Gloriously, with the Stars and Stripes proudly floating at her peak, the Cumberland, overpowered by this novel and formidable engine of war, found an honored grave in fifty-four feet of water. Many of the crew saved their lives by swimming to shore; others were rescued by friendly boats. It was conjectured that one hundred and twenty-eight lost their lives by this awful contest. The Minnesota and Roanoke grounded in an effort to aid the Cumberland; the St. Lawrence drew too much water to approach the scene of battle.

"Witnessing the fate of the Cumberland and what undoubtedly would be their own fate, the officer in command of the Congress made sail and, with the assistance of a tug, ran her ashore in water too shallow for the Virginia to ram her. The ironclad, at a distance of about two hundred yards, took a raking position and, with the assistance of the Patrick Henry, mounting six guns, the Jamestown, two guns, the Raleigh and Beaufort, of one gun each, sent death-dealing shells fore and aft the doomed vessel. So fearful was the slaughter and hopeless the condition of the Congress that the colors were hauled down and a white flag hoisted half-mast

at the gaff and another at the main. Captain Buchanan sent the Beaufort to take charge of the prize and receive the surrender of the officers and their side arms, with orders to let the crew go on shore. The officers delivered up their side arms and, at their personal request, were allowed to remain on board the Congress to aid the wounded, promising to return as prisoners. In the meantime a Parrott gun was brought down on the beach by the enemy and opened on the Beaufort, wounding Confederate officers and men, besides a number of Federals. This disregard of the sanctity of a truce caused Captain Buchanan, who was badly wounded, to open with hot shot and utterly destroy the Congress. The killed on board the Congress were reported at one hundred and twenty-six.

"Captain Buchanan, finding himself disabled by his wound, transferred the command of the Virginia to Lieut. Albert Catesby Jones, with orders to continue her operations as long as the pilots could direct her movements with safety. The Virginia fired upon the Minnesota until the pilots declared that the falling tide rendered it necessary to haul off from her position. Consequently at 7 P.M. she was headed for Norfolk.

"On Sunday morning, March 19, the Virginia again approached the Minnesota. Lying near her was a singular-looking object resembling a cheese box floating on a plank. The curiosity of the officers and crew of the Virginia was soon satisfied when they saw the 'cheese box' boldly approach and with two 168-pound Dahlgren guns introduce herself as a 'revolving patent pill box,' the invention of one John Ericsson, the Monitor by name, of which many more were being ground out to order. The two queer-looking combatants approached each other, and when the distance was reduced to about one hundred yards the Monitor delivered her 168-pound shot.

"The attacks from both combatants became very animated from a half mile to close quarters. Occasionally there was a rubbing of noses and hits from the shoulder; but no claret was drawn, though some dust from the arena put *hors de combat* the champion in blue, who withdrew from the ropes, declining the fight. Each contestant had given proofs of invulnerability, which left all claims to advantage still undecided. The disability of Admiral Buchanan, promoted for his brilliant success in the naval battle of Hampton Roads, rendered it impossible for him to continue in command of the Virginia. He was detached, and Flag Officer Josiah Tatnall succeeded to the command."

From the "Naval War Records," mentioned above, I copy: "Jones, Catesby Ap. R., commander, April 29, 1863, promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct as executive and ordnance officer of the steamer Virginia in the action in Hampton Roads on March 8, 1862, and in the action at Drewry's Bluff, May 15, 1862. Served in Mobile Squadron, 1865. Paroled May 9, 1865, off Mobile, Ala., on board United States steamship Stockade."

"On the 8th of May Sewell's Point Battery was attacked by the ironclads Monitor and Nangatuck. Flag Officer Tatnall approached to defend it. He passed the battery and stood for the Federals, offering battle. The challenge was declined, as the Monitor and Nangatuck retired under the protection of the guns of Fortress Monroe, followed by the Virginia, until the guns of the Rip Raps passed over her. This was the last gage of battle ever offered by the Confederate ironclad."

(To be continued.)

IN THE YEARS 1861-62.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

VOLUME V., "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Indiscriminately Robbed.—A gentleman of Dumfries, Va., stated that on riding down to his country place he found every plank of his stable gone, the office removed, the kitchen and servants' house all gone but the brick chimneys, the shed portion of the main house removed, and the windows, doors, and weatherboarding torn off and carried away. The fence also was gone, and, in fact, the entire place was a wreck. On viewing this appalling sight he launched the following: "The enemy has not destroyed any man's property so completely as the Georgians and Texans have mine. Is there no redress? Do we live under a military despotism? I found them erecting winter quarters out of my houses, and if we had courts of justice I would prosecute the ruffians. I am between the upper and nether millstones, robbed by the Yankees in Washington and by Southern troops here. The country around here is treated more like an enemy's than the homes of loyal citizens. I have given up all hopes of saving any part of my property but the soil." The Georgians in question came from my section of the country, and I am a little surprised that they left the bricks.

Rocks as Weapons.—Colonel McDonald, C. S. A., reports that in the fight near Romney, Va., his men, not waiting to reload their guns, threw rocks at the enemy, and he adds that this unexpected and novel attack produced the greatest confusion; the cavalry stampeded and were driven back on the infantry, many of whom jumped into the river and were drowned. A man who depends on rocks for a supply of meat, as many of the Colonel's men had done, is a bad proposition to face in a close place, and I don't wonder at the stampede.

Running Some.—A Yankee colonel reported that after sharp firing, in which a great many Rebels were killed, one of the party, Hiram Antibus, though hotly pursued and continually fired on for a long distance, finally got in, but without shoes. Hiram evidently didn't need any toe weights to make him step properly.

Neglect of Sick.—President Davis wrote General Beauregard: "Complaints are made to me of shocking neglect of the sick who are sent down in the trains, such as being put in horse cars which had been used to transport stock and into which the sick were thrust without previously cleaning the cars and there left without water, food, or attention." Could such things be?

Militant Surgeon.—Col. Fitz Lee reported that his assistant surgeon was as conspicuous with his pistol making wounds as he was afterwards with other instruments healing them. And yet a surgeon was considered a noncombatant.

Spoils of War.—Colonel Monroe, C. S. A., reports: "As soon as we fired the enemy retreated from off the bridge, leaving thirty muskets, three rifles, forty hats, and one big Yankee whom they could not drag off." The Colonel's men at least made a big killing.

W. H. C. Whiting Called Down.—Secretary Benjamin wrote Gen. J. E. Johnston: "The President has read with grave displeasure the very insubordinate letter of General Whiting, in which he indulges in presumptuous censure of the orders of his commander in chief. You are requested to

relieve General Whiting of the command of his brigade immediately. As there is no other brigade in the Army of the Potomac not provided with a commander, the services of General Whiting will not be longer needed with troops. The President further requests that Major Whiting, of the engineer corps, be directed to report to General Jackson for duty as engineer officer. Now, that was a call-down proper. Disrated from a brigadier general to a major at one shot is going some.

PROVISIONAL ARMY, YEARS '61 AND '62—VOLUME VI.,
"OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Minimum Age for Officers, C. S. A.—Although there were many officers among the State troops who were minors, there was a law against appointing any under twenty-one years of age in the provisional army of the Confederacy, as Mr. Benjamin wrote Gen. David E. Twiggs: "It is said here that young Palfrey, recommended for your staff, is not twenty-one years old. If this is so, he cannot be appointed." I think, however, that the bars were let down later in the war.

Forced by Women to Return to Army.—General Bragg told Mr. Benjamin: "Our fight has injured the prospects of reorganization. Men want to go home and tell their deeds to families and friends. As they are going anyhow, it will be as well to let them go on furlough, and they will not be able to stay. The women will not tolerate it. Many return who have gone off sick and say that it is impossible to stay at home." The women kept their feet to the fire or made life miserable for them.

Easily Controlled.—A Yankee captain reported that he could have easily surprised and captured the Confederate pickets and that he and his men felt some inclination to attempt it. His instructions, however, were to get information, and he found no difficulty in controlling his command. This goes to prove that "discretion is the better part of valor."

Bragg, the Prudent.—Col. Harvey Brown, U. S. A., reports from Fort Pickens, Fla.: "The firing of the Rebels was not as good as before, and I am impressed with the belief that General Bragg was not present and that a less experienced and more hot-headed officer commanded. If Bragg was present, he certainly did not in this affair display his usual prudence and caution." Colonel Brown was right, as "More Grape" Bragg wrote our War Department: "The fire was returned by order of General ———, who was in temporary command, and a brisk cannonade was kept up by both sides until dark, when the enemy ceased firing. Ours was continued irregularly and apparently without effect or an object until stopped by my order. I regret to add that General ——— is reported to have been so intoxicated as to be entirely unfit for duty, and I shall not overlook the offense." This soused general must have made up his mind to "never again," as he rose to the rank of lieutenant general before the war was over.

Confederate Currency in '62.—General Lovell wrote the Secretary of War that contractors would deliver powder at eighty-four cents per pound specie, or \$1.14 in Confederate notes. "Representing nothing on God's earth now" and mighty little then.

Election of Officers in C. S. A.—General Lee wrote the Governor of South Carolina as follows: "The best troops are ineffectual without good officers. Our volunteers require officers whom they can respect and trust. It would be safe to

trust men of the intelligence and character of our volunteers to elect their officers could they at the time of election realize their dependent condition in the day of battle. But this they cannot do, and I have known them in the hour of danger to repudiate and disown officers of their choice and beg for others." And yet they got some mighty good ones, as the records will show.

C. S. A. Navy.—It is a well-known fact that there was no love lost between the army and navy of the Confederacy; but I think that General Withers was rather "rubbing it in," so to speak, when he wrote General Bragg: "The idea of our caricature gunboats being a protection to the coast trade is to me simply ridiculous. In truth, I should look on our Navy Department as an amusing fancy sketch but for the waste of money and corruption for which it is the excuse." But the General was wrong; for if any navy on earth did more with what it had than ours did, it is not on record.

Negro Characteristics.—Gen. T. W. Sherman (not "Cumps") said: "Our labor here is enormous, and thus far the negroes have rendered us little assistance. Many come in and run off. The large families they bring in with them make a great many useless mouths. After they have consumed all on the plantations, they will come in greater numbers; but when we get one able-bodied man, we have five to six women and children. They are a most prolific race. They are disinclined to labor and evidently will not work to our satisfaction without those aids to which they have ever been accustomed. A sudden change from servitude to apparent freedom is more than their intelligence can stand, and it is a very serious question what is to be done with the negroes who will hereafter be found on conquered soil." The race hasn't changed a bit up to date.

Wanted—Pantaloons.—The gentleman from whom the word "Hun" was derived, Gen. David Hunter, U. S. A., requested Secretary Stanton to send him without delay "50,000 pairs of scarlet trousers" to uniform his darkies with, adding that this was all the clothing these people would require. Just to think of 50,000 "coons" with nothing on but scarlet pants is appalling. If he got them, the records don't show it.

Premature Opinion.—Gen. T. W. Sherman wrote General McClellan on February 28, 1862, as follows: "My opinion is that you have about crushed this rebellion already, and I know the people of the South are unable to stand this state of things long." Now, how do you suppose T. W. got the idea that the people of the South were not good for a few more years or that "Little Mac" could crush anything?

Proclamation.—Gen. J. K. Duncan, C. S. A., issued the following to his command directly after the passage of the New Orleans forts by Farragut, the man of pluck and, what's better, luck: "Soldiers, you have nobly, gallantly, and heroically sustained with courage the terrible ordeal of fire, water, and a hail of shot and shell wholly unsurpassed during the present war. But more remains to be done. The safety of New Orleans and the cause of the Southern Confederacy, our homes, families, and everything dear to men yet depend on our exertions. We are just as capable of repelling the enemy to-day as we were before the bombardment. Be vigilant, therefore, stand by your guns, and all will yet be well." But this garrison was one of the few instances of mutiny in the Confederate States army during the entire war.

Bad Prophecy.—General Barnard, U. S. A., predicted that with Norfolk in the hands of the Union Richmond would be

entered in two weeks, and that when New Orleans fell it would very nearly bring the war to a close. Gen. Mansfield Lovell, C. S. A., is on record as having said that there was no danger of Butler ("Spoons") taking New Orleans, "as a black Republican dynasty would never give an old Breckinridge Democrat like Butler command of any expedition which they had any idea would result in such a glorious success as the capture of New Orleans." These prophets did not deserve honor even outside of their own countries.

Good Prophecy.—General Barnard made a poor shot on going into Richmond and the closing of the war, but he spoke a parable when he said: "Take Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and New Orleans falls." So he very nearly broke even.

War Speculators.—General Lee tells the ordnance department that a certain firm in Wilmington had bought the whole stock of iron in Savannah at market price and had left there with the direction that it be sold at double the buying price, and he adds: "This seems to be such a palpable act of speculation that it ought to be stopped." General Pemberton writes General Cooper: "Certain parties in Atlanta offered to dispose of pig lead at thirty cents per pound. The highest price heretofore has been sixteen cents. I should like instructions to impress in all cases where such gross extortion is attempted." All wars have such examples of patriotism.

Doubts of Saving Union.—Gen. T. W. Sherman wrote to General McClellan as follows: "I think a terrible blow struck here [Port Royal] will aid your important work most materially. You, General, are to be the savior of this country if it is saved." It was saved all right, but not by the "young Napoleon."

Expected Duration of War.—Secretary Benjamin tells General Lee: "I am firm in my purpose not to give a musket to a man enlisting for less than the war, or three years, which is the same thing." And at that he didn't miss it very far, but it didn't break his way.

VOLUME VII., "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Fresh-Air Treatment for Prisoners.—Gen. Humphrey Marshall, C. S. A., tells General Cooper: "I propose to send my prisoners to Pound Gap, where they can be easily guarded and the winds of the Cumberland Heights can ventilate them properly. I have had a log house erected for their especial benefit." As it was January, I imagine that they were very well ventilated; but, at any rate, General Marshall was away ahead of his time with the fresh-air treatment.

Passing Up the Command.—In General Pillow's report of the Fort Donelson tragedy he says: "Floyd immediately said: 'General Buckner, I place you in command. Will you permit me to withdraw my command?' General Buckner promptly replied: 'Yes, provided you do so before the enemy acts upon my communication.' General Floyd then remarked: 'General Pillow, I turn over the command.' I replied instantly: 'I pass it up.' General Buckner said: 'I assume it. Bring on a bugler, pen, ink, and paper.' And the deed was done." As General Floyd had been Secretary of War, U. S. A., very lately, he was fearsome of hemp-stretching if caught and made a quick get away.

A Gallant Deed.—Captain Ross, C. S. A., says in his report of the Fort Donelson fight: "I must not omit to mention a gallant feat by Sergt. Patrick Cook, Corporal Dockery, Pri-

vates Johnson and Mays, and eight or ten others at the rifle. In the midst of the bombardment, during the rapid firing of this gun, a ball stopped suddenly about halfway down, resisting all efforts to drive it farther. This detachment boldly left their battery, hunted up a long log just fitting the bore, all mounted the parapet in the height of the bombardment, and drove the ball home, thus saving the gun from bursting or entire disuse for the time." And yet I don't suppose that these men thought they were doing anything out of the ordinary, but considered that it went with the job.

Fort Donelson—Everybody Got Out Who Tried.—Gen. B. R. Johnson, C. S. A., reports: "It is proper to state that many of the men and officers commenced to leave Fort Donelson as soon as they were aware of the proposed surrender, and hundreds of them had no doubt made their way to their homes and to the army. I have not learned that a single one who attempted to escape met with any obstacle." I know personally that my uncle, James M. Couper, adjutant of the 20th Mississippi, not only made his escape, but took his colonel's son (a lad) with him.

Slightly Exaggerated.—Captain Ross, who reported the gallant deed of the gun crew, also said: "Peter Carey, of Kentucky, a brother-in-law of General Grant, a citizen with the gunboat fleet, stated to Mr. Comstock, a friend, that one of our shots tore the prow off of a transport and that we never missed their gunboats at all; that not infrequently would a ball take their boats lengthwise, ripping them badly, and that he often saw the surface of the water covered with wreckage, intermingled with arms, legs, and fragments of every form. This is what he stated, but I am satisfied that he much overestimated those things." As the United States navy had only ten killed in this affair, I most cheerfully agree with the Captain.

N. B. Forrest.—It is said by good authority that the "Wizard of the Saddle" killed more men with his own hand than any leader since Richard Cœur de Lion, and no doubt it is the truth, as in the affair at Sacramento, Ky., being engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with four of the enemy, he killed three and made a prisoner of the fourth. He was undoubtedly a bad citizen to go up against, and this fact was thoroughly recognized by everybody concerned before the war was over.

Foreigners in U. S. A.—Col. August Willitch, U. S. A., in a report mentions Lieut. Col. Von Treba, Lieutenant Sachs, Adjutant Jeancon, Captain Welschbillig, Surgeon Schmitt, Lieutenant Mank, Surgeon Kranth, Captains Geigoldt and Kodale; Lieutenants Schutz, Trenck, Kimmel, Knorr, and Pietzuch. We were surely fighting all Europe, in addition to the Yankees.

Price of Gold.—On December 20, 1861, gold was worth in Savannah, Charleston, Richmond, and New Orleans thirty-eight per cent over Confederate currency. It was, however, worth considerably more later and hard to get at any price.

Vain Hopes.—On February 20, 1862, General McClellan wrote General Buell: "If the force in the West can take Nashville or even hold its own for the present, I hope to have Richmond and Norfolk in from four to five weeks." Well, he got Norfolk. He also wrote General Halleck on the same date: "In less than two weeks I shall move the Army of the Potomac and hope to be in Richmond soon after you are in Nashville. We will have a desperate battle on this line." He prophesied with honor on the last proposition.

Largest Number of Prisoners Up to This Time Ever Taken in America.—General Grant said that there were more prisoners captured at Fort Donelson than had ever been taken before on this continent in any one battle. He was right, and it also took a little of the conceit out of us.

Proclamation.—The following from the pen of that bluff soldier, Gideon J. Pillow, although brief, covers the ground as well as if it were three times longer: "Brigadier General Pillow assumes command of the forces at this place. He relies with confidence upon the courage and fidelity of the brave officers and men under his command to maintain the post, drive back the ruthless invader from our soil, and again raise the Confederate flag over Fort Henry. He expects every man to do his duty. With God's help we will accomplish our purpose. Our battle cry is, 'Liberty or death.'" The General had evidently heard of Nelson and Patrick Henry, but his remarks were apropos.

Bad Prophecy.—General McClellan told General Buell: "If you can occupy Nashville at once, it will end the war in Tennessee." But Buell did, and—it didn't.

Premature Report.—Gen. A. S. Johnston told the Secretary of War that we had "won a brilliant victory at Fort Donelson." Same kind that we won at Shiloh.

Rice Galore.—General Grant said that among the captures at Fort Donelson was enough rice to last his army for the rest of the war. Some rice!

Invisibility of Confederate Uniforms.—A Union colonel reported that in the Donelson fight "the deadened leaves of the oak shrubs were almost identical in color with the brown jeans uniform of the enemy and rendered it almost impossible to distinguish their line until a fire revealed it." Our army is to-day experimenting with a mixture of brown and gray for a national uniform, and it is well within the bounds of reality that the Confederate color will be adopted.

War of 1776 Won by the Tennessee Rifle.—Gov. Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, told his officers to "impress upon your soldiers that the Revolution of '76 was won by the Tennessee rifle." I think, however, that the Governor might have said that it helped to win.

The Great Battle of the War.—Horace Maynard wrote General Thomas, U. S. A., just after the Mill Springs fight: "You have undoubtedly fought the great battle of the war. The country is still reverberating the shout of victory. The more we hear of the engagement, the greater its magnitude appears." Sure! Same as rolling a ball of snow.

Ardor Chilled.—Gen. Humphrey Marshall, C. S. A., reported: "The young men from Kentucky commenced coming to me gloriously. Some days I received as many as seventy-five recruits, but the advance of the enemy closed down the operation in very short order." Probably they preferred facing the known rather than the unknown.

Deserter's Information.—Thomas A. Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, U. S. A., who was sent West to assist Halleck, wrote Secretary Stanton: "Deserters who left the enemy's lines last night say they will undoubtedly remain at Corinth to give us battle. They have over one hundred thousand men and are receiving reinforcements daily." Foxy (Grandpa) Beauregard!

TURNER'S FIRST TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

BY H. T. CHILDS, FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.

In the month of April, 1861, came the first call for volunteers in the Confederate service, the drum tapped, and the shrill notes of the fife and the bugle rang out the call to arms. Immediately four companies were organized in Lincoln County, four in Franklin, one in Grundy, and one in Coffee. These ten companies met at Winchester, Tenn., on April 27, 1861, and the 1st Tennessee Regiment was organized by the election by acclamation of Peter Turney as colonel; — Anderson, first major; D. W. Holman, second major. That same afternoon we were all on board cars rolling onward toward the Old Dominion (Virginia), the "mother of States and of statesmen."

As these ten companies stood in battle array when first organized, on the extreme right of the regiment was placed the Grundy County company (A), Pelham Guards, commanded by Capt. Alexander Patton. On the extreme left of the regiment was placed the Coffee County company (B), Tullahoma Guards, commanded by Capt. John E. Bennett. The four Franklin County companies stood on the right of the colors and next to the Grundy company. The four Lincoln County companies stood on the left of the colors and next to the Coffee County company. Next to Company A, on the right of the regiment, stood Company D, Ridgedale Hornets, commanded by Capt. N. L. Simpson; third on the right was Company F, Salem Invincibles, under Captain Arledge; fourth on the right was Company I, the Cowan Guards, commanded by Captain Holder; fifth on the right was Company C, the Mountain Boys, commanded by Capt. Tobe Turney; next to Company B, on the left of the regiment, stood Company G, Fayetteville Guards, commanded by Capt. Frank Ramsey; third on the left was Company K, Boon's Hill Minutemen, under command of Capt. N. C. Davis (Lieut. J. B. Turney was afterwards captain); fourth on the left was Company E, the Lynchburg Rangers, under Captain Salmon (Lieut. W. P. Tolley was afterwards captain); fifth on the left was Company H, Shelton Creek Boys, commanded by Capt. Jacob Cruse. Second Lieut. N. J. George afterwards became lieutenant colonel of the regiment.

This presents the 1st Tennessee Regiment as it stood when the war began. I was then a beardless boy, a "high private in the rear rank." There are a few survivors of all these old companies. If a list of the names as originally enlisted could be given, it would be of interest and historical value.

INCIDENTS OF WAR.

After the organization of the regiment at Winchester, we moved on toward the seat of war in Virginia. The cars were not Pullman palace sleepers, but simply box cars such as we use in hauling sheep and hogs, cattle and horses. At dawn we found that we had gone all the way to Chattanooga. Passing leisurely through East Tennessee, we made a long stop at Morristown. Looking down a street three hundred yards away, we could see a large crowd assembled where Andrew Johnson was to make a speech. Some of the boys suggested that we take him off the stump and carry him with us. Sober counsel prevailed, however, and Andy was left unmolested. We were evidently the first soldiers who had passed that way, for a good crowd assembled to gaze at us, and presently calls were made for speeches. Several prominent citizens responded, and their speeches were favorable to the South. Then came calls for our regiment officers, and Colonel Turney



H. T. CHILDS AT THE AGES OF SIXTEEN AND SEVENTY-TWO.
Representative from Lincoln County in the Tennessee General Assembly, 1913.

made again his famous speech, telling how we could fight Yankees "whenever, wherever, and however."

Leisurely we passed along, reaching Lynchburg, Va., at daylight on the 1st of May. We were marched to the Fair Grounds and found that the stalls for horses had been converted into barracks for us, four men to sleep on the lower floor, four on the upper, making eight for each stall. Many incidents occurred here of more or less interest, one of which was the sharp contest between Majors Anderson and Holman. We learned that Confederate war regulations required only one major to the regiment, but, following Federal regulations, we had elected two. Major Anderson claimed that, as he was elected first major, Major Holman ought to give way. Holman thought differently, and another very warm election was held, resulting in the election of Holman as major of the regiment. We were then ready to be sworn into the Confederate service. We were thrown into line, close column by division. C. C. Clay, I think it was, a Confederate officer, wearing a white straw hat, stood upon a rostrum and commanded us to hold up our right hands, which every boy did and took upon himself a solemn oath to stand true to President Davis and the Confederate cause.

After a stay of two or three weeks at Lynchburg, we were transported to Richmond, where we found tents already prepared for us. Cooking and eating our rations and learning how to step to the airs of martial music was our everyday business. After a few days another trouble arose which al-

most created mutiny in camp. Colonel Turney had promised that we should be armed with rifles. Imagine the confusion in camps when wagons were driven to our tents and big boxes of smooth-bore muskets were unloaded, enough for each company! Pandemonium reigned supreme. In vain did Colonel Turney say that it was the best that could be done; that the Confederacy had no rifles. Fortunately, President Davis and his cabinet arrived in Richmond just at this time from Montgomery, Ala., and at once Mr. Davis came to our camps. He stood upon a goods box and made us a speech, the only one I ever heard him make; in point of eloquence I have always thought it equal to any I ever heard. Companies were marched back to their quarters, and every boy took his gun. With these guns we did effective work, and after we began to get into battles every boy soon had a good rifle. Colonel Turney said that his boys would after a while be armed with Gatling guns.

Our next move was to Winchester, Va., where we stayed about a week, drilling and learning how to maneuver upon the field and going through the manual of arms. Then we were sent to Harper's Ferry, remaining there about a week. We saw where old John Brown was captured. All of the military arsenal at this place had been torn up and sent back to Richmond. While there the day came for Tennessee to say whether or not she favored the ordinance of secession from the Federal government. Our regiment was allowed to vote, and, strange to say, some of the boys voted against secession; but overwhelmingly the regiment voted for it. Here, too, we made our first draw of Confederate clothing. I had about worn out everything I brought from home and gladly donned my new uniform.

Then we began our march back to Winchester. My new shoes hurt my feet, and how I did wish for my old ones! Passing through Charleston, we saw the gallows upon which old John Brown had been hanged. At Winchester we rested a few days and were then sent back to a place called Darksville to meet the Yankees under General Patterson. In a skirmish fourteen Yankees were captured, the first prisoners we ever saw. Back again at Winchester, we took up the regular routine of camp life. How proudly we would step when upon the drill ground the band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me"! With our guns shining bright and bayonets gleaming high in air, we stepped and thought of loved ones at home and the girls we left behind.

At Winchester the 1st Tennessee, 4th Alabama, and 2d and 11th Mississippi were thrown together and constituted the brigade commanded by Gen. Barnard E. Bee. While mobilizing, learning military tactics and how to maneuver, my company, the Ridgeville Hornets, was placed upon picket duty on the night of the 18th of July, which was my twentieth birthday. Two men were placed upon each post, twenty or thirty steps apart, my brother, Bennett W. Childs, and I being upon one post. Next morning just about daylight a big man wearing citizen's clothing suddenly came upon our post. We took him prisoner, and I asked: "Are you Andy Montgomery, who used to teach school in Lincoln County, Tenn.?" He said he was never in that county and gave another name. Brother Ben said, "No, this is not Andy," and called the corporal of the guard, who, taking Ben with him, took the man to General Bee, who at once set him free.

The line of pickets was soon called in, and then came the order to cook rations. The whole army was engaged in cooking. That evening as our troops were passing slowly through the streets of Winchester our prisoner came through our

ranks, and I said: "Here goes your spy." He looked at us very hard; we all believed he belonged to the enemy. Marching all night, the next morning we waded the Shenandoah River, holding our guns above water. We were then marching toward the First Manassas battle, the Bull Run fight. At Piedmont Station the 4th Alabama and the 2d and 11th Mississippi Regiments had the good luck to get cars and went right on to Manassas. The 1st Tennessee on the morning of the 21st of July took the train and followed. About the middle of the day the train stopped, we did not know why. The boys jumped off and began to pick blackberries, the finest I ever saw. After a while we were startled by the roar of the battle. Colonel Turney mounted the engine and called to the boys. Every one was soon on the train, and Colonel Turney told the engineer to pull for Manassas Junction in a hurry. As the train approached the junction, just to our left we could hear the raging storm of battle, the boom and thunder of cannon and clatter of musketry. While getting off the train we could see the litter bearers coming back with the wounded. How it made my flesh crawl for those litter bearers to show where bullet holes had been punched in their shirts and hats! We began to form our ranks for a double-quick march to the field, when another train ran up behind us from Richmond. Alighting from this train, President Davis and his escort passed in front of our regiment. They were on foot, and the President was dressed in white.

Forward, march double-quick—here we went. When we had gone about a mile, the President, riding a white horse, with his retinue, passed by in a gallop. Every boy snatched off his hat and saluted the President with the wild Rebel yell. We had gone three or four miles when we were halted, I suppose, to await orders. Soon the news came that the enemy had been routed and were in full retreat back to Washington. After a while the order came, and we were marched back to the Junction. Worn and worn out, we stacked our arms and lay down on the bare ground to rest our tired limbs. Next morning I was up early looking around and soon found our friends of Booneville, Miss., a company of Colonel Faulkner's 2d Mississippi Regiment. Lieut. Col. Bart Boon was badly wounded and died the night of the 22d. Early in the day the prisoners captured in the stampede the night before began to come in. Among them was our prisoner captured at Winchester, wearing the same citizen suit. I called to the boys: "Here's your Andy Montgomery." We learned from those who brought him in that he gave a different name from that he had given at Winchester. What became of him, we never knew.

During the day, in a squad of eight or ten boys, I went over the battle field. At the famous Henry house we met a negro man, Colonel Faulkner's cook, who undertook to tell us about the battle. Pointing in a northwesterly direction, to where the battle began, he said our boys retired slowly, "comin' over dat hill yander whar you see all dem cannon on down in dat valley. Dar our boys rallied and begun ter drive dem Yanks up de hill, and on de top of de hill among dem guns dar dey hung." This description was very good. It was General Bee, with the 4th Alabama and the 2d and 11th Mississippi, who retired before the Yankees from Stone Bridge. That evening our squad of boys was right on the spot where General Bee rallied his shattered forces. Gen. T. J. Jackson came up with his brigade of Virginians, forming on General Bee's left. Encouraging his boys, General Bee told them to look at Jackson's men "standing like a stone wall." Just then he was

killed. From that time the name of Stonewall Jackson will resound along down the ages.

Later in the day we were on top of the hill where the negro said they "hung." The Yankees had planted a battalion of artillery there and in support a regiment of New York Zouaves dressed in red uniform. The Alabamians and Mississippians killed every horse belonging to that battery, and the whole hill was covered with the red Zouaves. It seemed to me that they were the biggest horses and the biggest men I ever saw; they had been dead long enough to be swelled to huge proportions. That was a terrible struggle, and I have often thought of those brave Alabamians and Mississippians and Stonewall Virginians who, just a month or two before, were snatched from their homes, their various vocations and callings in life. What might have been had those advancing lines of blue swept successfully over this field, shattering Beauregard and Johnston, capturing them and President Davis! Then what might have been had Stonewall Jackson been permitted to move on that night to Washington with his ten thousand men!

From this dread scene of carnage we boys passed over the stone bridge which spans Bull Run Creek. We saw how the Yankees flanked this bridge and surprised our boys who were guarding it. When night came we were back at the Junction. Our tents and camp equipment had arrived from Winchester, and after a few days we went into camp at Bristow Station, four miles west of the Junction. This was called Camp Jones, and here we stayed all fall, doing nothing except our routine camp duties. It seemed that we were disposed to give the Yankees ample time to recuperate, recruit, mobilize, and fully prepare to give the powerful blows which came to us afterwards.

DEAD ANGLE, ON THE KENNESAW LINE.

BY S. R. WATKINS.

The battle of Dead Angle was fought on Monday, June 27, 1864, one of the hottest and longest days in the year.

Our regiment, the 1st and 27th Tennessee Consolidated, commanded by Col. Hume R. Feild, was stationed on an angle or little spur of Kennesaw Mountain, extending far out beyond the main line of battle, and was subjected to the enfilading fire of two hundred pieces of the enemy's artillery. For days they had seemed to take delight in shelling us, and the works that we built during the night were torn down by their shells and solid shot the next day. I cannot remember a more severe artillery duel than was here fought for several days before the attack on our lines of June 27. The balls, passing over in a constant, unending stream, gave forth every kind of sound. Some seemed to be mad, some sad, some laughing, some sorrowful, some mournful like a sighing breeze, some screaming like the ghosts of the dead. Every one seemed to say: "Look out, Johnnie Reb; I'm heading for you! Lie low, boy!"

I don't know how many pieces the Federals had in our front, but there must have been several million, judging by the way they shelled us. It appeared that the very foundations of the solid earth were being shaken. Sulphur and smoke and fire filled the air. Grim-visaged war seemed to laugh in all his pride and pomp and to have turned loose all the demons of destruction to join the dreadful havoc. It was like some terrible convulsion of nature wherein all the rough

elements were at war and howling out their last requiem of terror and slaughter.

On that awful day the sun rose in a clear and cloudless sky; the heavens seemed made of brass and the earth of hot iron. As the sun mounted toward the zenith, everything became quiet; no sound was heard save a lone woodpecker on a neighboring tree hunting a worm for his dinner. We all knew that it was but the dead calm before the storm. On the distant hills we could plainly see officers darting about hither and thither and the Stars and Stripes moving to and fro, and we knew that the Federals were making preparations for a mighty contest. We could hear the rumbling sound of heavy guns and the distant tread of a marching army as a faint roar of the coming storm which was soon to break the ominous silence with the sound of conflict such as was scarcely ever heard on this earth. It seemed as if the angel of death looked on with outstretched wings while all the earth was silent.

All at once a hundred guns from the Federal line opened upon us, and for more than an hour they poured their solid and chain shot, grape and canister right upon this salient point. Then our pickets jumped into our works and reported the Yankees advancing. The witty man said: "Yes, yonder come forty lines of hard-tack and coffee, and I'm as hungry as a dog." At the same time a solid line of blue-coats came up the hill in our immediate front and seemed to hesitate and waver. I discharged my gun at the column, not more than ten paces away, and, happening to look up, there was the beautiful flag of the Stars and Stripes flaunting right in my face. I heard some soldier say: "Look! Look at that flag! Shoot that fellow and snatch the flag." I raised up with my gun loaded, and there stood a pale, beardless boy, the flag bearer of his regiment, looking as white as a sheet. His flagstaff was planted in our earthworks. God bless the boy! I did not want to kill him. I thought I must have met him somewhere before. There he stood like a statue. Our eyes met. He gazed at me in a kind of mute entreaty. I found out afterwards that it was Lieutenant Champion, who had treated me so kindly on the cars at Sandusky.

"They came like the billows of old ocean,
When navies are stranded;
They came like storms come,
When mighty forests are rended."

In fact, the whole force of the Federal army was hurled against this point; but they no sooner mounted our works than they surrendered or were shot down, and soon we had every gopher hole full of prisoners. Yet still the blue waves came, and it seemed impossible to stop the onslaught. The sun was beaming down on our heads, and a solid line of blazing fire right from the very muzzles of their guns was being poured in our very faces, singeing our hair and clothes. The hot blood of our dead and wounded spurted on us, the blinding smoke and stifling atmosphere filled our eyes and mouths, and the awful concussion caused the blood to gush out of our noses and ears—above all, the awful roar of battle, making a perfect pandemonium.

Afterwards I heard a soldier say he thought "hell had broke loose in Georgia sure enough." The ground was fairly piled with dead and wounded Yankees, and I learned afterwards from the burying squad that in some places they were piled up like cordwood, twelve deep.

But yet they continued to come. Our officers beat them in their faces with their swords and threw rocks and sticks;

the Yankees did the same. But the Yankees kept on coming, line after line, to be mowed down, and seemed to be in no hurry to get away from the terrible slaughter. They seemed to walk up and take death as coolly as if they were devoid of fear. They were brave men, and our boys did not shoot for the fun of the thing. It was verily a death grapple, and the least flicker on our part would have been sure death to us. We could not be reinforced on account of our position, and we had to stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder. Here were also our dead, dying, and wounded almost filling the ditches of our earthworks.

I had just discharged the contents of my gun in the faces of two Federals, one right behind the other, and was reloading when another rushed upon me, having me at a disadvantage, saying: "D—n you! You've killed my brothers, and now I've got you." Everything that I had ever done rushed through my mind. I heard the roar and felt the flash of fire as I saw my more than friend, Billy Hughes, rush forward and grab the muzzle of the Yankee's gun; but, alas! too late, for in grabbing the muzzle he received the whole contents of the gun in his hand and arm, mortally wounding him. He died for me; in saving my life he lost his own. When the infirmiry corps carried him off, he said: "Tell Sock to write to Florence and tell her how I died." It was the last time I ever saw him; but up yonder, beyond the clouds, tempest, blackness, and night, above the blue vault of heaven, where the stars keep their ceaseless vigils, in the city of God, I hope to see him again.

After the Yankees were time after time beaten and driven back, they were at last enabled to fortify a line under the crest of the hill, only thirty yards from our line. In the meantime the woods had taken fire and during the nights and days of all that time continued to burn, and at all time of day or night we could hear the shrieks and screams of the poor fellows who had been left upon the field; and a stench so sickening as to nauseate both armies arose from the dead bodies left lying on the field. On the third morning a flag of truce was raised, asking an armistice to bury the dead; not for any respect they might have for the dead, but to get rid of the sickening odor. Long and deep trenches were dug and the dead piled therein. After they were all buried, the firing began again on both sides.

For several nights they made attacks upon our lines, but in every attempt they were driven back with great slaughter. They would ignite the tape of bombshells and throw them over our works. "Old Joe" sent us a couple of cheval-de-frise, and a detail was to roll them over the works. Although it was a solemn occasion, every one of us was convulsed with laughter at the ridiculous appearance of the detail and their actions in the matter. All three of the detail knelt down and said their prayers. Two of them were religious boys and simply knelt down with their hands clasped, their eyes closed, and their faces looking heavenward. "Old Ten," on the detail, said his prayers too; he said his out loud. "O Lord," he prayed, "this is rather a ticklish and dangerous undertaking; and as bullets are said to have no eyes, I pray thee not to let one hit me on this occasion, if you please, sir. Now, O Lord, I've never been in the habit of calling on you before; and if you will just shield me and take care of me this one time, I'll never call on you again. Amen."

The boys had to roll the cheval-de-frise only about three feet; but, ah! in that three feet was death. I can laugh now whenever I think of the ridiculous appearance of that detail, but to them it was no laughing matter. They had no sooner

gotten over the works than the alarm was given that the Yankees were advancing. Every man began yelling at the top of his voice to "Shoot! shoot! shoot!" On the alarm both the Confederate and Federal lines opened with small arms and artillery, and it seemed that the very heavens and earth were in one grand conflagration, like the day of judgment, when "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll and shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

INCIDENTS RELATED BY WILLIAM LATIMER, OF SUMNER, TEX.

The Federal troops concentrated their forces at the foot of the hill at the turn, or elbow, in front of the 1st Tennessee Regiment, Colonel Feild commanding; and the 6th and 9th Consolidated Regiment, of which I was a member, was to his left. Just before the assault was made we were subjected to the most terrible cannonading it was ever my misfortune to witness. When the firing ceased, the enemy was seen approaching and very close at hand. Then was opened the most destructive close-range fire of musketry I witnessed during the war. The enemy rushed right up to our works. A flag bearer mounted the works and planted his colors on them. One of our boys also mounted and had a tussle with him for possession of the flag, but the Federal carried it back with him. They made a gallant assault and had the satisfaction of retiring, what was left of them, but without making any break in our line.

One of the most thrilling incidents of this battle was Colonel Feild's daring exploit. While the assault was at its closest range, which was so close that the line of breastworks was all that separated the contending forces, Colonel Feild mounted the works with drawn sword and cheered his men to stand the storm, seeming to forget that the leaden missiles of death were as thick as hail. He was struck by a Minie ball and rolled into the ditch among his men, and word went down the line that the Colonel was killed. Upon examination it was found that the ball had struck his forehead at the edge of the hair and ranged over the skull. He soon regained consciousness and recovered.

At the time the assault was raging in its fury Colonel Feild's adjutant came running down the line to the left of the point where our regiment was stationed, with orders that we were to move to the right and fall in behind his regiment, which was out of ammunition. We were ordered to move by the flank, which was done amid a perfect shower of lead, and as we went we stooped very low.

During a part of this engagement General Cheatham, by flag of truce, offered a cessation of hostilities so the enemy could care for his dead and wounded. The reply came that they would "have possession of the field in time to bury their dead and care for their wounded"; but the next evening they asked for and obtained permission to bury their dead. Many of their wounded had died before getting any attention. The pickets were marked to halfway ground between the contending lines: and when they met they "about-faced" and stood back to back, each facing toward his own comrades. The Federals then scooped holes by each dead body, rolled them in, and covered them up. Those of us in the ditches the day after the battle could never forget the stench arising from those dead bodies.

We were fatigued and worn out with continued watching and resting on arms in the ditches and were moved to the left on a line of works out of range of the incessant cannon-

ading, it being confined principally to the point of the angle. When we got to our new position we at once doffed our clothing, spread our blankets at the rear of our breastworks, and lay down to sleep. During the night there was a sudden severe bombardment from the enemy. We had just gotten to sleep, and the sudden awakening caused such a panic among the boys that we could scarcely get inside our fort. The order, "Fall in line!" was obeyed by some with one leg in their pants, by others with pants in hand, while others were altogether minus. We expected another assault on our lines, but it never came. This false alarm furnished the boys amusement for many days.

FROM GENERAL FOUCH'S DIARY.

June 27.—This morning there appeared great activity among the Federal staff officers and generals all along my front and up and down the lines. The better to observe what it portended, I and my staff seated ourselves on the brow of the mountain, sheltered by a large rock that rested between our guns and those of the enemy, while my infantry line was farther in front, but low down the mountain side. Artillery-firing was common at all times on the line; but now it swelled in volume and extended down to the extreme left, and then from fifty guns burst out simultaneously in my front, while battery after battery, following on the right, disclosed a general attack on our entire line. Presently, and as if by magic, there sprang from the earth a host of men; and in one long, waving line of blue the infantry advanced, and the battle of Kennesaw Mountain began.

Most appropriate to repeat here is the story of the part the Confederates took in rescuing the Federal wounded from being burned. In his reminiscences of the war, Gen. S. G. French gives an account of the removal of the Federal wounded from the area that was on fire. Of this he says: "It was during the battle that one of the noblest deeds of humanity was performed that the world has ever witnessed. We have the Bible account of the man who, 'going from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves,' and the good Samaritan who 'had compassion on him and bound up his wounds'; we have Sir Philip Sidney and the general conduct of a French cuirassier at Waterloo who, seeing that Major Poten, of the King's German Legion, had lost his right arm, when about to cut him down dropped the point of his sword to the salute and rode away. The French soldier was happily discovered and received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. But here we have Col. W. H. Martin, of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, of Cleburne's Division, who, seeing the woods in front of him on fire burning the wounded Federals, tied a handkerchief to a ramrod and amidst the danger of battle, mounted the parapet and shouted to the enemy: 'Come and remove your wounded: they are burning to death. We won't fire a gun till you get them away. Be quick!' And with his own men he leaped over our works and helped to remove them. When this work of humanity was ended, a noble Federal major was so impressed with such magnanimity that he pulled from his belt a brace of fine pistols and presented them to Colonel Martin, saying: 'Accept them with my appreciation of the nobility of this deed. It deserves to be perpetuated to the deathless honor of every one of you concerned in it; and should you fight a thousand other battles and win a thousand other victories, you will never win another so noble as this.'"

MEMORIAL ALTARS.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

Where shall their dust be laid?

On the mountain's starry crest,
Whose kindling lights are signals made
To the mansions of the blest?

No! no! no!

For, bright though the mountain be,
It has no gem in its diadem
Like the life spark of the free.

Where shall their dust be laid?

On the ocean's stormy shore,
With wailing woods, at their backs arrayed,
And shouting seas before?

No! no! no!

For, deep as its waters be,
They have no depth like the faith which fired
The martyrs of the free.

Where shall their dust be laid?

By the valley's greenest spot
As it ripples down in leaps of shade
To the blue forget-me-not?

No! no! no!

For, green as the valley be,
It has no flower like the bleeding heart
Of the heroes of the free.

Or where muffled pageants march

Through the spired and chiming pile
To the chancel rail of its oriel arch
Up the organ-flooded aisle?

No! no! no!

For, grand as the ministers be,
They could never hold all the knightly hosts
Of Jackson and of Lee.

Where shall their dust be laid?

In the urn of the human heart,
Where its purest dreams are first displayed
And its passionate longings start?

Yes! yes! yes!

By memory's pictured wave
Is a living shrine for the dead we love
In a land they died to save.

[Of this poem W. D. Woods, of Darlington, S. C., says: "It was composed after the great struggle for Southern independence, but the war was its inspiration. It was written for the benefit of the Darlington Memorial Association, whose members were engaged at the time (about 1868) in the patriotic work of raising funds for the erection of a monument to the men of Darlington County who had given their lives in defense of the Confederacy. The gifted author was a native of Charleston and, as his name indicates, was of French extraction. He lived in Darlington for a short time some years before the war, going thence to Mobile, where he met with signal success as a lawyer. He served in the Confederate army from the beginning to the end of the war. He then went to New York City and practiced his profession with great success until his death, some twenty years ago. While a number of his poems have been published in collections of Southern poetry, this is not among them, and it will undoubtedly be read with great pleasure."]

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS IN TEXAS.

BY B. L. AYCOCK, KOUNTZE, TEX.

Edmund J. Davis held a commission in the Union army as colonel, and his field of operations was the lower Rio Grande country, remote from the settled part of the State. It is needless to say that his fighting for the Union was where no soldiers were necessary, though nominally he commanded a regiment, and if ever pursued by the Confederate forces he could dodge into Mexico; but he was harmless, of course.

By the negro vote in 1866 he was foisted on the State as Governor. Under the first Constitution after peace the elections were held with only one voting place, the county seats, so that a squad of soldiers could supervise the electorate. Every voter had to pass through a file of soldiers to the polls.

General Reynolds was in charge of the Department (military) of Texas, with headquarters at Austin. The State was partly under civil government and partly military, or it was either or both, as exigencies demanded. Under that régime the Governor could declare martial law in any county and dispatch a company of soldiers to any locality and displace the semblance of civil authority, and it is the writer's object to note the kind of government the free people of Texas had.

Governor Davis had one Davidson acting as adjutant general, who handled the State troops, which force was also organized under a law of the time, and citizens were robbed under any pretext that could be brought into play. One particular instance was when Colonel Gathings, of Covington, Hill County, was the victim. Adjutant General Davidson went to his house with a squad of men and arrested Mr. Gathings, searched his house, and appropriated three thousand dollars in gold. Besides that outrage, he was kept for a time as prisoner, though was never indicted or tried for any crime. At another time one Applewhite was killed in Limestone County. Davidson was sent there, and under this pretense the county was put under martial law, the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended, and by an edict of Davidson a tax of thirty thousand dollars was levied upon the citizens of the county. After the robbery of Colonel Gathings, Davidson, returning to Austin through Waco, stopped over and held a kind of celebration with the negroes of Waco, in which champagne was freely indulged in. This scene occurred on Third Street, the negro quarter in Waco at that time.

This man Davidson, posing in the high office of adjutant general of Texas, while he ruled in Limestone County, made free to take farmers' horses and mules and portable property in general. The county being under military law (no law) enabled him to riot in the midst of unoffending communities. Had not the State Capitol been destroyed about that time by fire, the archives would show these facts and other robberies before he left the State, which he must have deemed expedient after law and order were reestablished. Hon. Richard Coke was elected in 1872, and under his administration Colonel Gathings and the people of Limestone applied to the legislature for relief. On the attorney-general's advice that the people be reimbursed (Hon. George Clark advising the judiciary committee that the State could not become a common robber) such relief was granted.

Before closing this statement of facts, never published as history, the writer will add that, E. J. Davis having served out his term of four years, the Governor-elect, Hon. Richard Coke, demanded possession of the Governor's office. Davis was in possession of the Capitol, guarded by General Reyn-

olds's soldiers, and he went so far as to apply to Federal authorities at Washington, when word came back from General Grant, then President, that the political party which elected him President "must unload." This one word saved a clash between Reynolds's forces and a company under John Ireland, there for the purpose of seeing Governor Coke inaugurated. Ireland was afterwards Governor.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN AND HIS FLAGS.

BY CAPT. F. J. V. LE CAND.

We reverence "Old Glory," whose broad folds float over
"The land of the free and the home of the brave."
May it long be the emblem beneath which we hover,
As long as time lasts continue to wave!

But there is another which claims our affection,
Another we could not and would not forget;
One which by God's will was brought into subjection,
Was loved and was lost, but is revered yet.

How could we cast off all the love that we cherished
For the South's "Starry Cross" we've seen wreathed with
fire?
How could we forget the comrades who perished
While fighting for that which we did not acquire?

Its stars, once brilliant, have faded from view;
The whole constellation in glory has set.
Its field and its cross have lost their bright hue;
But the cause which was right we can never forget.

Traitors alone can renounce their affection
For a flag which was once a beacon of light,
Which floated triumphant when Lee and our Jackson,
With others, were leading a cause which was right.

The cause was lost, but 'tis hallowed in glory;
Our flag floated high in the midst of the fight.
Its record will live in song and in story
Till all shall be lost in the darkness of night.

We are not living a dual existence,
Nor wasting our time, dejected, morose.
We loved and we lost, and now with persistence
We'd fight for "Old Glory" against any foes.

The flag which we followed we lovingly cherish.
No more shall it float; as relic 'tis dear.
Laid by in its casket, like us, it will perish;
'Tis fit as a shroud to cover our bier.

[Captain Le Cand is Poet Laureate of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V. This poem was read by him at a dinner party of five Federals and three Confederates on the 22d of February.]

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The "Star-Spangled Banner" was hissed in Portland, Me., the other day, probably because of the bad music, and nothing was said about it; but if this had happened in a Southern city, Congress would have appointed a committee of investigation. So says the New York Herald.—*Richmond Dispatch*, March 12, 1867.



"Neither war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight."

DR. WILLIAM BERRIEN BURROUGHS.

In the death of Dr. William Berrien Burroughs, who breathed his last on Sunday afternoon, January 21, at his home, in Brunswick, Ga., there passed from the scene of life's activity one of the most gallant defenders of the South's cause, as well as one of the most conspicuous figures in the section in which he lived. His death came after a long illness, during which time he never once forgot the issues involved in the great strife enacted during his youth nor the heroism of that period when the souls of men were so sorely tried.

Dr. Burroughs was born in the city of Savannah April 7, 1842, and had not attained his majority when the call to arms was made. He was at the time a student at the Oglethorpe University, at Milledgeville, but, with a patriotic zeal which knew no limitations, we find him carried by an irresistible impulse to the very gates of the seat of the Confederacy seeking to serve his country. He made application in person to the naval authorities at Richmond, for he first chose to be a midshipman in the Confederate navy; but becoming impatient at the tardiness of the recruiting office, he joined as a private the Randolph Rangers, which helped to form the 24th Battalion of Georgia Cavalry, which command, the 21st Battalion, and McAllister's Squadron were the units forming the 7th Georgia Regiment of Cavalry. His command took part in many important engagements in the Virginia campaigns, and at the time of the surrender at Appomattox, he having been promoted successively to first sergeant, the command had been reduced to one officer and thirty-nine men.

Returning to his devastated Georgia home, he took up the study of medicine, in which he graduated with honor, and then removed to Camden County, where he built up a lucrative practice in his profession. He removed to Brunswick in 1881 and engaged extensively in the real estate and insurance business, in which he was unusually successful.

In 1872 Dr. Burroughs was married to Miss Eliza Pettingill Wilson Hazlehurst, from which union there survive six chil-



DR. W. B. BURROUGHS.

dren—Mrs. C. W. Deming, of Tulsa, Okla.; W. B. Burroughs, Jr., of Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. C. A. Taylor, Miss Lilla Burroughs, Leighton Hazlehurst Burroughs, and Mac H. Burroughs, of Brunswick—all of whom were with him when the end came.

Dr. Burroughs was a charter member of Camp Jackson, No. 806, U. C. V., and was its Adjutant and Historian for many years; he was the Camp Commander at the time of his death. He was at one time the Brigadier General commanding the South Georgia Brigade and always took a leading part in the affairs of the association. He was distinctly a man of letters, possessing information of early history second to no other living authority, and for this distinction high honors had been paid him by patriotic and historical organizations.

Dr. Burroughs carried himself faultlessly erect, possessing a courtly and Chesterfieldian manner, and he was in truth a living example of the old school, a type of chivalry so soon to live in memory only.

[John P. Twomey.]

GEN. HENRY W. GRABER.

Gen. Henry W. Graber, Commander of the Fourth Texas Brigade, U. C. V., died at his home, in Dallas, Tex., on February 12, 1917, at the age of seventy-five years. He was a Texas pioneer, having lived in that State for sixty-four years, a resident of Dallas the greater part of that time.

Henry W. Graber was born in Bremen, Germany, and came to this country with his parents in 1853 when he was only twelve years old. The family settled in Houston, Tex.; but both of his parents and a brother died the next year of yellow fever, leaving Henry with a younger brother and sister dependent upon him. He procured employment and worked hard, and at the age of twenty he had gained considerable business experience, having learned the printer's trade, become an accountant, and also worked at surveying on the frontier; and he had become partner in a mercantile business at Hempstead when the war came on in 1861. Responding to the call of arms, he joined Terry's Texas Rangers, composed of the leading young men of the State. Young Graber was badly wounded and captured at Bowling Green, Ky., and then had an experience of treatment in different prisons until he was exchanged. He made a number of thrilling escapes and helped other prisoners to liberty.

Returning home at the close of the war penniless, a friend helped him to start a small mercantile business, and the next year he engaged in planting a small plantation near Hempstead. This place was raided by "Reconstruction soldiers" stationed in that community, with whom Mr. Graber and his partner had a fight, in which two of the soldiers were killed; so the planters left that community. At the end of the Reconstruction period Mr. Graber returned to Texas and began to rebuild his fortune. He was again highly successful and became one of the leading citizens of the State. In the story of his life, published in 1916, are chronicled many interesting incidents of his struggles. He took an active part in the establishment and early maintenance of the Confederate Home at Austin. He served on the staff of the late General Cabell when Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., and had been Commander of the Fourth Brigade of the State United Confederate Veterans for two years.

General Graber is survived by his wife, three daughters, and a son.

CAPT. C. J. DAVIS.

After an illness of several weeks, Capt. Columbus Jackson Davis died at his home, near Cookeville, Tenn., on February 17, 1917. He was seventy-six years old and had been a resident of Putnam County all his life, with the exception of the four years of service for the Confederacy. He was a man of splendid natural ability, a great student of history, a man of sound judgment and of the highest integrity and most charitable and unselfish nature, and he had always taken an active interest in public affairs.

Although he had been lame from his childhood from an injury to his knee, in the fall of 1862 he enlisted as a private in Company C, 8th Tennessee Cavalry, Capt. I. G. Woolsey's company. In December he was captured in the fight at Parker's Crossroads and sent to Camp Chase Prison, where he was kept until his exchange, in June, 1863. Immediately afterwards he rejoined his command and served under General Forrest until after the battle of Chickamauga. He was with Longstreet in all the fighting around Knoxville, was in the one hundred days' battle from Dalton to Atlanta, commanded the skirmish line at Saltville, Va., and was in all the engagements of his command from the day of his enlistment until the close of the war, except while he was in prison. Enlisting as a private, he was promoted step by step and had become captain of his company when the war closed. He was a man of distinguished and commanding appearance and a natural leader of men.

Captain Davis served for many years as a member of the County Court of Putnam County and represented that county in the General Assemblies of 1895 and 1913. For about fifty years he had been a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church and was no less zealous in the service of his Master than he had been in the service of his country. He loved the Southland with all the ardor of his being and was devoted to his State and the memory of its heroes and statesmen. He was one of the most active members of Pat Cleburne Bivouac at Cookeville. The CONFEDERATE VETERAN had no stancher friend than he. From his young manhood he had been a devoted Mason; he was also a prominent Odd Fellow and was active in both of these orders.

In 1860 Captain Davis was married to Miss Almira Pendergrass, of Putnam County, who survives him. For fifty-seven years they journeyed happily through life. Four daughters and five sons are also left to mourn the loss of this loving and devoted father.

[Ernest H. Boyd, Cookeville, Tenn.]

SAMUEL A. MORNINGSTAR.

After a brief illness, Samuel A. Morningstar died at his home, in Wheeling, W. Va., at the age of eighty years. Only a short while before, on January 9, 1917, he and his wife had celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. His wife was Miss Sally Ann Seay, of Virginia, and she survives him with their two daughters and two sons.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Mr. Morningstar enlisted and was given a place on the staff of Stonewall Jackson and was with him at Chancellorsville when he was mortally wounded. He served to the end of the war, then returned home and took up farming. For the past twenty years he had been a resident of Wheeling and conducted a successful grocery business there. A cherished relic of his great commander were the stirrups from Jackson's saddle, which are still in possession of the family.

JUDGE H. W. BELL.

Judge H. W. Bell, a prominent citizen of Jefferson, Ga., died there in December, and his body was interred in Woodbine Cemetery with Masonic honors. He was seventy-five years of age; was born in Jefferson and had spent his life there. For twenty years he served his county as ordinary, during which time he carried out many public improvements, building the courthouse, bridges, and many roads. He also served the town as mayor, and by his public spirit added much to its attractiveness. He helped to bring the first railroad into the town and then to extending it to Athens. He built the first brick stores of the town and was a leader in getting the first telephone line, erecting an oil mill, building the Masonic Hall and Martin Institute, and otherwise building up the town. Judge Bell was a member of the Methodist Church and for many years was chairman of the board of stewards. He was superintendent of the Sunday school at the time of his death. He served for many years as Worshipful Master of Unity Lodge, F. and A. M., and was a prominent and influential member of the order. He was a soldier of the Confederacy and bore the scars of that service. It was a fitting tribute to him that many Confederate veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy showed their love and loyalty by attending the last sad rites and scattering over his grave beautiful and fragrant flowers. Judge Bell is survived by his wife, a son, a brother, and a sister.

WILLIAM TALBOT IVY.

William T. Ivy was born near Fairfield, Pickens County, Ala., August 14, 1845, and died on August 8, 1916, at Bentonville, Ark. His father, James Blow Ivy, was born in Southampton County, Va., married in Tennessee, and moved from that State to Alabama in 1842. Charles Ivy was the first of the family in America, and in 1836 he was a warden, vestryman, and justice of the peace in Norfolk, Va. The great-grandfather and great-granduncles of William Ivy on his father's side were soldiers in the Revolutionary War and were present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

As a child William Ivy listened with rapt attention to his mother singing songs of the Revolution and reciting the hardships, deeds, and battles which she had heard as a little girl from the old soldiers gathered around her grandfather's fire-side in Williamson County, Tenn. These songs and recitals made him yearn to be a soldier; so when the call came in 1861, though but little over fifteen years old, he enlisted in April, 1861, in the North Sumter Rifles, a company of one hundred and twenty-five men raised at Gainesville, Ala., of which he was the youngest member. This was Company A, 5th Alabama Battalion of Infantry, and it was with Archer's Brigade, Heth's Division, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V. This battalion took part in the principal battles of that army, and William Ivy was in the battles of Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg, Groveton, Sharpsburg, Spottsylvania, the Wilderness, around Richmond and Petersburg, and to Appomattox. At Gettysburg he was commended by his commander for the excellency of his marksmanship. Many were his experiences and excellent the service he gave his native land.

Returning home by way of Washington, he was in that city when President Lincoln was assassinated and was locked up in a dark, foul dungeon for two days and nights with little food or drink. He was married to Miss Emma Nash in 1870 in Richland Parish, La. In 1880 they removed to Weatherford, Tex., and that continued to be his home until death. He is survived by two sons.

CAPT. JAMES W. JOHNSTON.

Died at his home, in Lewisburg, W. Va., on February 21, 1917. Capt. James W. Johnston, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was a man of sturdy constitution and continued active in those pursuits from which men ordinarily drop out at a much earlier age. His clearness of intellect was retained almost to the last hours of life.

Captain Johnston was a native of Greenbrier County and had spent the larger part of his life within its confines. Early in the war of 1861-65 he cast his destinies with the Southern Confederacy, commanding Company B, of the gallant old 60th Virginia, to which regiment the ladies of Richmond, Va., had presented a beautiful silk flag. On one side of this flag was the Confederate colors, on the other the emblem of crossed bayonets, to commemorate the 60th's gallant charge in the battle of Seven Pines, when those death-dealing instruments were crossed for the first time in that fratricidal strife. Captain Johnston's company bore the brunt of that charge and at a critical moment turned almost disaster into complete victory.

After the war closed, Captain Johnston returned to his native county and bent his every energy to build up its waste places. In the seventies he was elected sheriff of the county and had two Confederate comrades as deputies. By his industry he accumulated a goodly supply of this world's goods, which he was ever ready to share with a less fortunate brother. For several years he had been a communicant of the Richlands Presbyterian Church, and he was laid to rest in the cemetery of the old stone church by the side of his kinsman, Capt. William Tyree, who in life had been his companion and ever-faithful friend. Confederate veterans were the escort to the church and stood about his grave when the last words were said.

EDWIN V. CALDWELL.

Edwin V. Caldwell was born at Harpersville, Shelby County, Ala., July 14, 1845. On the 21st of July, 1861, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in Company I, 18th Alabama Infantry. He was badly wounded in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. He was discharged and returned home, and upon recovery he reenlisted in December, 1862, in the 51st Alabama Cavalry, Company I, under Captain Shannon. He was selected as a scout and so served to the close of the war. When Johnston surrendered, Edwin Caldwell and fifty other scouts under Captain Shannon started to join Kirby Smith, then in Texas; but on reaching Jacksonville, Ala., they learned that General Smith had surrendered, so the scouts disbanded. Mr. Caldwell went to Talladega and was there paroled in May, 1865. He died at Auburn, Ala., on November 24, 1916, survived by his wife, six sons, and two daughters. He was a brave soldier, a good neighbor and friend.

[A. M. Piper, Ensley, Ala.]

SAMUEL H. KERR.

Samuel Holmes Kerr died at his home, near Waynesboro, on the 14th of February, 1917, in his seventy-ninth year. He was a Confederate veteran of the highest type, a cultured Christian gentleman, and one to whom the Confederacy was sacred. As a member of Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, he served during the whole war and was one of those brave Scotch-Irish boys who made the war last four years. Mr. Kerr was married three times: first, to Miss Utokia Bondurant; second, to Miss Lucy Waddell; and third, to Miss Bessie Wilson Byres, of Staunton. The last wife and four children survive him, together with two sons by the first mar-

riage—Hugh Holmes Kerr, commonwealth's attorney of Augusta County, and Bondurant Kerr, of Fishersville—and two daughters by the second marriage—Mrs. William Jones, of Highland County, and Miss Elizabeth Barry Kerr. His funeral was held at Tinkling Springs Church, of which he was a member and a deacon. The pallbearers were: Messrs. J. S. Caldwell, J. H. Hannan, C. M. Paul, J. W. Baylor, A. C. Gilkeson, and the elders of the Church, with five veterans of Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and a detail from the Stonewall Jackson Camp, of which he was a member. He was buried in his Confederate uniform, and his casket was draped with the Confederate flag. The grave was covered with beautiful flowers.

H. W. GARROW, SR.

H. W. Garrow, Sr., pioneer cotton merchant, died at his home, in Houston, Tex., on December 13, 1916, at the age of seventy-one years.

Mr. Garrow was one of the best-known cotton men in Texas, having been engaged in that business in Houston for forty-nine years. He was a Southern gentleman, rigid in his views of right and wrong, outspoken in his sentiments, and fearless in the performance of his duties. He had a subtle humor in his fine old heart and a quaint, blunt way of expressing himself. He lived an eventful life in his early years, and the fire that glowed in the eyes of his youth toned down into a kindly twinkle in his declining years. He was one of the best-beloved members of the Houston Cotton Exchange, and his advice and counsel were depended upon in the affairs of that organization.

Mr. Garrow was a cadet in the Virginia Military Institute when war broke out in 1861. He went with the cadets to the battle field and at Newmarket. Sergeant Garrow and his comrades wrote their names in history. He moved to Texas in 1877 and engaged in the cotton business. He helped to organize the Houston Cotton Exchange and was its Vice President from 1882 to 1886 and President for ten years, from 1892. He had been a director of the organization continuously since 1882. He was born in Mobile November 16, 1845, and is survived by his wife and two sons and a sister, Mrs. J. M. Bullock, of Alexandria, Va.

DR. O. O. FOSTER.

Orlando Oscar Foster was born on his father's plantation, near Natchez, Miss., on December 26, 1823. His early surroundings and environments were such as characterized the homes and families of the Old South. On the death of his father, which occurred when he was a small child, his mother, with her three children, went to live in St. Mary Parish, La., where they owned a plantation. From this plantation home he went to Oakland College, Mississippi, a Presbyterian institution, and he there became a member of the Church and studied for the ministry. However, he later took up the study of medicine at Tulane Medical College, of Louisiana, and practiced medicine four years, and then he gave up practice altogether. The family refugee to Grimes County, Tex., in 1864 and had since resided in that and Montgomery County.

While not a soldier in ranks, Dr. Foster held a commission from the Confederacy, which he served with loyalty and devotion. His death occurred on February 11, 1917, at the advanced age of ninety-three years.

Dr. Foster was married in 1859 to Miss Sophia Lewis, of Opelousas, La., who survives him, with two sons and four daughters.

COL. JOHN B. BEALL.

Col. John B. Beall, who died on the 9th of February, in his eighty-fourth year, while on a visit to his daughters in Birmingham, Ala., was a native of Carroll County, Ga., but had lived in Nashville, Tenn., with his son for the past fourteen years.



COL. JOHN B. BEALL.

Colonel Beall was a gallant soldier in the Confederate army, a lawyer, poet, editor, author, and merchant. Among his literary works was a volume of poems and reminiscences bearing the title, "In Barrack and Field—Poems and Sketches of Army Life." Some of his ancestors served with distinction in the Indian wars of colonial days, the War of the Revolution, and the War of 1812. His father was a descendant of the well-known Beall family of Maryland, of Scottish origin, a gallant soldier in the War of 1812, and Assistant Adjutant General of the State of Georgia. His mother was a daughter of Joseph Chandler, of Franklin County, Ga.

In 1855 Colonel Beall enlisted in the First United States Cavalry and served at Fort Leavenworth, Fort Washita, and other points on the frontier for five years. At the outbreak of the War between the States he raised a company of which he was made captain and which was taken into the 19th Georgia Regiment of Volunteer Infantry. With his company, he served in the Virginia campaigns in 1861 about Lynchburg, Occoquan, Fredericksburg, and Yorktown. He was wounded in the hip at Mechanicsville, and his military service was thus interrupted for a period. He later served in drilling a company of volunteer cavalry at Dallas, Ga., and was assigned to duty as conscript officer at Manning, S. C. In 1864 he served as assistant collector of the Confederate war tax in Carroll County, Ga. Later he was elected major

of a battalion of cavalry, the Tallapoosa Rangers, raised in Carroll and Heard Counties, and assigned to McCoy's Brigade. He was elected lieutenant colonel of this command and spent the winter in camp watching the Altamaha Bridge until early in 1865, when the command was indefinitely furloughed.

At the beginning of the war Colonel Beall said to his mother: "This war will probably go on a long time, and all of your boys may be called to arms. How do you feel about it?" She replied: "I have been praying about it, my son, and I have given all of you up to the country."

Colonel Beall was married on October 5, 1862, to Mary J. Merrell, of Carroll County, Ga., who survives him, with one son and five daughters. After the war he engaged in business in Carrollton, Ga., and in East Tennessee, then settled in Franklin, Ga., in 1870, where he made his home for some years. He held the office of Ordinary (County Judge) of Heard County for eight years. He edited and published the Franklin News and later the Carroll County Times. In 1892 he moved to Birmingham, Ala., and was engaged in newspaper work there until going to Nashville in 1903. He was a member of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church of Nashville and was a devout Christian.

DEATHS IN JOE KENDALL CAMP.

Adjutant A. F. Rose sends a partial list of deaths in the membership of Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., at Warrenton, Va., during the past year:

T. H. Robinson, 49th Virginia Infantry, died June 15, 1916.
Strother S. Jones, 4th Regiment Virginia ("Black Horse") Cavalry, died October 12, 1916.

Capt. B. E. Armistead (brother of General Armistead, who fell at Gettysburg), 6th Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, died October 16, 1916.

I. W. Shackelford, 6th Virginia Cavalry, died November 12, 1916.

George Kemper, 17th Virginia Infantry, died December 22, 1916.

Charles H. Gray, Mosby's Battalion, died October 4, 1916.
A. R. Bartenstein, Mosby's Battalion, died December 19, 1916.

M. A. Sims, Mosby's Battalion, died January 12, 1917.
George Jenkins, 17th Virginia Infantry, died February 14, 1917.

Daniel F. Ball, 4th Virginia Cavalry, died February 22, 1917.

W. E. JACKSON.

W. E. Jackson was born June 19, 1837, and died February 23, 1917. He served his country in the War between the States as a member of Company D, 45th Alabama Regiment, being mustered into service on March 13, 1862, and remaining to the close. With the exception of a short time in the hospital, he was ever ready for duty, flinching not when called upon, and he seldom missed a roll call. He was in all the important battles of his regiment. After stacking arms at Greensboro, N. C., he returned home to his good wife to begin life anew with but little of this world's goods. But he succeeded, and he made a good citizen; his record was clean. He was a faithful and prominent member of the Missionary Baptist Church at Shiloh, Russell County, Ala., of which he was a deacon.

Of his family, Comrade Jackson is survived by a brother and two sisters. He was laid to rest in the cemetery at Union Church beside his faithful wife.

[W. A. Lamb, Salem, Ala.]

DR. WILLIAM FABER SMITH.

On the beautiful Sabbath morning of December 3, 1916, after only a short illness, Dr. William F. Smith died at Ninety-Six, S. C., leaving a host of sorrowing friends. He was descended from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of Spartanburg County, the oldest son of Maj. E. P. and Christina F. Smith, born May 4, 1834. He graduated with distinction at the South Carolina Medical College and completed his medical course at the University of Tübingen. He entered the Confederate service in the Hampton Legion in June, 1861, and remained in active service until after the battles of the Wilderness and Seven Pines. His health becoming impaired, he was sent to the Chimborazo Hospital, at Richmond, and while there had the sad duty of administering to his brother, Ralph Henry Smith, who had been mortally wounded in the battle of Seven Pines. After regaining his health, Dr. Smith again entered the army, this time as field surgeon, and remained in active service until the close of the war. There are doubtless veterans now living whose lives were saved by his skillful hand. After the war he continued the practice of medicine and was resident physician of Glenn Springs for more than fifty years. His long and useful life, always gentle, loving, and genial, the fragrance of his kindly deeds and loyal, consecrated life will linger as a tender, loving memory for years to come.

Dr. Smith was twice married, first to Miss Caroline Ross, of Shreveport, La.; his second wife was Patra Lee Smith, of Glenn Springs, who survives him, with a son and daughter.

D. J. MIMMS.

D. J. Mimms, one of the most beloved inmates of the Confederate Home of Tennessee, died there recently at the age of seventy-eight years. He had been at the Home only three years, but during that brief time had made many friends. He was born at Mount Juliet, Tenn., and when the War between the States came on he enlisted in the 7th Tennessee Regiment and served till the close of hostilities, taking part in several of the most important battles. The funeral services were under the auspices of the A. J. Harris Chapter, U. D. C., of Nashville, and the remains were sent to Mount Juliet for interment. Comrade Mimms is survived by a son, D. J. Mimms, Jr., of San Antonio, Tex., and a daughter, Mrs. J. W. Whitney, of St. Louis, Mo.

PATRICK HENRY HANLEY.

P. H. Hanley died at his home, in Mason County, W. Va., February 16, 1917, at the age of seventy-seven years. He served with distinguished bravery during the War between the States as a member of the 8th Virginia Cavalry, and at the time of his death he was a member of Camp Garnett, U. C. V., in the city of Huntington, W. Va. He was buried from his late residence under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which he had long been a member.

[Reported by J. N. Potts, Adjutant Camp Garnett.]

J. D. THOMAS.

J. D. Thomas, of West Tampa, Fla., died on January 14, 1917. He was a Mississippian by birth and was seventy-eight years of age. He went to Florida about twenty-five years ago. It was the delight of his life to talk over "old war times" with his comrades. He was a brave soldier and a true Southerner.

DR. HENRY THEODORE BAHNSON.

In the passing of Dr. Henry T. Bahnson the community of Winston-Salem, N. C., lost a citizen whose life had been an inspiration to its people. His was one of those rare spirits which show the dignity to which mankind can attain by hearing only the call of that which is noble and uplifting. Seeing the best in men with whom he came in contact, he gave freely of the rich gifts with which he was endowed. He was widely known as one of the State's leading physicians, and his life was a life of service.



HENRY T. BAHNSON, THE SOLDIER AND PHYSICIAN.

Henry Theodore Bahnson, son of Bishop George Frederic and Ann Gertrude Pauline Bahnson, was born in Lancaster, Penn., on March 4, 1845. When he was four years of age, his father was called to the pastorate of the Moravian congregation at Salem, N. C., where in after years he became the Southern bishop of his Church, rendering memorable service in maintaining hope and courage among his people during the terrible ordeal of war. As a boy Henry Bahnson attended the old Salem Boys' School, from which he went in 1858 to the Moravian institution of Nazareth Hall in Pennsylvania and then to the Moravian College and Theological Seminary at Bethlehem. Early in the year of 1862 he returned home and at once volunteered in the Confederate army, and then came stirring years of service under General Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was at first a private in Company G, 2d North Carolina Battalion of infantry; was captured at Gettysburg and imprisoned in the Baltimore city jail and Point Lookout, Md., for a period of six months. In January, 1864, he was exchanged and later transferred into Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion of Sharpshooters, in which he became known for his fearless spirit. He surrendered at Appomattox, bright, active, and unshaken to the very last. It was in the final struggle that he was appointed captain of the sharpshooters, but his commission could not be delivered.

After being paroled he walked the long way home, which he reached in April, 1865, weary, sick, hungry, and had been given up for dead. Almost immediately he began to prepare himself for the medical profession, and in 1867 he graduated in the medical course of the University of Pennsylvania, receiving, in addition, his diploma in practical and surgical anatomy, the line in which he became especially eminent. He then went abroad and studied in the universities of Berlin, Prague, and Utrecht. Returning home in 1869, he entered upon his practice in Salem, N. C., and his long service there is a part of the medical history of his community and of Western North Carolina. For nearly fifty years he went in and out among the sick and suffering, and what he did for the suffering needy could never be esti-

mated. Some thirty years ago he became physician to the Salem Academy and College, and this field offered wide opportunity for his peculiar gifts and capacities. He loved the institution and cherished its students. His last notable service was in the spring of 1916, when his efforts warded off a threatened epidemic from the college, an effort so wisely planned and carried out as to earn the commendation of both Federal and State inspectors.

At the time of his death, which occurred on January 16, 1917, Dr. Bahnson was local surgeon of the Southern Railway and chief surgeon of the Southbound Railway Company. He had been President of the Association of Surgeons of the Southern Railway, President of the North Carolina Medical Society, President of the State Board of Health, Secretary of the State Board of Medical Examiners, member of the Board of Directors of the State Hospital at Morganton, member of the American Public Health Association, member of the Tri-State Medical Association, honorary member of the Virginia and other medical societies, and had been nominated for fellowship in the American College of Surgeons.

In November, 1870, Dr. Bahnson was married to Adelaide de Schweintz, daughter of Bishop de Schweintz, who died less than a year afterwards. His second marriage was in April, 1874, to Miss Emma C. Fries, and their union was blessed with six children, four of whom—two sons and two daughters—with their mother, are left. For years Dr. Bahnson had been a sufferer, and in September, 1916, he gave up his active work. With characteristic fortitude he endured the long struggle with physical ills and bravely entered the valley of the shadow, relying upon the promise to those who had kept the faith and finished their course.

DAVID WILLIAM TIMBERLAKE.

On December 30, 1916, at the home of his son, Dr. Addison Timberlake, Clarksburg, W. Va., David William Timberlake answered the last "roll call." He was born at Rich Hill, Frederick County, Va., on January 11, 1835. For a number of years he was engaged in business at Martinsburg, W. Va., but since retiring from business he made his home at Clarksburg. He is survived by two sons.

With three brothers, Comrade Timberlake gallantly fought for the Southern cause during the four years of conflict. One of these brothers, Joseph E. Timberlake, now lives at Strasburg, Va., while a younger brother, Martin E. Timberlake, is a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. He also leaves two sisters.

From a tribute published in the Farmers' Advocate, of Charleston, W. Va., the following is taken: "In June, 1861, David William Timberlake enlisted as a Confederate soldier, serving as a member of Company G, known as the Botts Grays, of the 2d Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. He was conspicuous for his cool and deliberate courage, and no man served with more fidelity. The quality of the man was shown at every turn of his life, but was emphasized especially by an incident at the battle of Kernstown. His position in the line of battle was near the colors. A bullet had pierced his right arm at the shoulder, and he thought it was broken. At almost the same moment a younger brother was shot in the right arm below the elbow and the arm broken. While taking note of his brother's injuries D. W. Timberlake discovered that his own arm was not broken, though painfully

injured. Returning to his place in the line, he began to load and fire as fast as he could with his one good arm. While thus engaged the color bearer went down; and Comrade Timberlake, still holding his gun, took up the colors and held them with his gun in his one good hand. Colonel Allen came up shortly afterwards and, seeing the situation, took the standard from him and ordered him to the rear. When asked why he did not drop his gun when he took up the colors, he quietly said: 'I did not wish to lose my gun.'" Only a few members are now left of the famous company of Botts Grays.

CAPT. F. T. ROCHE.

The death of Capt. F. T. Roche, at Georgetown, Tex., on September 19, 1916, brought sadness to the hearts of many



CAPT. F. T. ROCHE.

thousands throughout the State. Through his championship of the Southwestern University, at Georgetown, he had become personally known to its student body throughout the past twenty-five years, and as editor of the Williamson County Sun for that time he had wielded wide influence in that section. Captain Roche's death was occasioned by an automobile accident at El Paso last June. Though his injury was thought to be slight,

his condition grew worse after he returned home, and the end came shortly.

Captain Roche's interesting career began in the State of Virginia, where he was born in 1843. Enlisting as a boy when the War between the States came on, he served the South as a soldier of McLaw's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He received a severe wound which necessitated the amputation of his right leg. Some ten years after the war he left Virginia, turning his face westward, and settled in Texas in 1874, where his sturdy citizenship helped to build up the State. Before entering the newspaper field he was a teacher, and for twelve years he was a clerk in the land office at Austin. Two years ago he sold his paper and was appointed postmaster at Georgetown. To the last he remained the same high-minded, honorable gentleman, an honor to the State and to the South.

Besides being prominent in public affairs, Captain Roche was a leader in the Episcopal Church at Georgetown, of which he had been vestryman, senior warden, and a member of the mission board of the diocese, always prominent in its councils. He had been a zealous Odd Fellow for over fifty years, ranking high in his lodge, and he was buried with the honors of the fraternity. He had been Commander and Adjutant of Camp LeSeuer, U. C. V., at Georgetown, and had held other offices in that organization.

Captain Roche was married to Miss Josephine Wingfield, of Virginia, in 1881, who survives him. His only visit to the old State after going to Texas was when he went back for his bride.

CAPT. H. C. IRBY.

A called meeting of Lakeland Camp, No. 1543, was held on the morning of February 19 at Lakeland, Fla., for the purpose of taking action in regard to the death of Capt. H. C. Irby, of Jackson, Tenn., who died at Lakeland on February 18. A committee composed of W. G. Sadler, of Nashville, Tenn., L. J. Walker, of Charlotte, N. C., and Judge Thomas H. Harvey, of Huntington, W. Va., was appointed to draft resolutions in honor of this comrade, and from their tribute the following sketch is prepared:

Capt. H. C. Irby was born in Fayette County, Tenn., on June 16, 1835, and as a young man he began teaching school. He was so engaged when his native State called for volunteers in 1861. Enlisting in Company D, 9th Tennessee Infantry, he was elected first lieutenant of his company and later was promoted to the rank of captain. He went to Kentucky with General Bragg's army and was severely wounded in the battle of Perryville, where he was captured and sent to Fort Delaware as a prisoner for many months. After being exchanged he returned to his old regiment and served with it to the close of the war. Captain Irby surrendered at Selma, Ala., and then returned to Tennessee and located at McKenzie, where he taught school for a number of years. He then went to Jackson, Tenn., and filled the chair of mathematics in Southwestern Baptist University (now known as Union University), teaching in the same room for fifty-three years. He then taught Church history for three years, when he was made professor emeritus for life. Captain Irby gave \$25,000 to the endowment fund of this institution. He is survived by his wife and a nephew. His body was taken back to Jackson for interment.

CAPT. WILLIAM HARRIS FRAZIER.

Capt. William H. Frazier, only son of Col. Marshall and Sarah H. Frazier, was born at Edgefield, S. C., May 26, 1843, and died January 11, 1917. He was pursuing his collegiate course at King's Mountain Military Academy, Yorkville, S. C., when the War between the States began. Fired with that lofty patriotism so characteristic of his family, he hastened home and, at the age of seventeen, enlisted in Company I, 2d South Carolina Cavalry, under General Hampton. He participated bravely in all of the campaigns in Virginia and Maryland and in the battle of Gettysburg was acting as special courier for General Stuart. During the last year of the war his command was sent to Charleston, where he was severely wounded, and while recovering at home the surrender came. In his four years of a soldier's life he won the admiration and love of his comrades and the commendation of his superior officers by his untiring devotion to duty in the cause of his country.

After the war Captain Frazier began business in Greenville, where he was married in May, 1875, to Miss Bessie Smith, of Glenn Springs. A daughter, Miss Christine Frazier, survives them. He was a successful planter and stock raiser, but in later years, on account of failing health,

moved his family to Ninety-Six, S. C. He was a charter member of Camp J. Foster Marshall, No. 577, U. C. V., taking an active and prominent part in its important business and receiving every honor which his comrades could confer. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty, his ideals were of the very highest, and his devotion to friends and to principle true and uncompromising.

ANTHONY AUGUSTUS McLERAN.

At his home, Grand Junction, Tenn., Anthony Augustus McLeran entered into his eternal rest on October 7, 1916. He was the son of John McLeran and Mary Colvin and was born near Fayetteville, N. C., November 27, 1830. He was married to Miss Cynthia Dalton, daughter of Col. Terry Dalton, at Rienzi, Miss., on October 9, 1866. Had he lived two days longer, this worthy couple would have celebrated their golden wedding. He leaves a wife, four daughters, and one son.

Mr. McLeran was engaged in the mercantile business at Rienzi, Miss., when the bugle of war sounded and the clash of arms came to our Southland. He heeded the call of his country and enlisted in Company C, 26th Mississippi Regiment, under Col. Arthur Reynolds. His company was captured at the fall of Fort Donelson; but being sick at the time, he escaped capture, and as soon as he was able to travel he returned to his home. After his recovery he returned to his post of duty and joined the 32d Mississippi Regiment, remaining with that command until his former regiment was exchanged, when he again joined the 26th and remained with "the boys" until the close of the war. His comrades in arms will understand and appreciate as none others can such a record, though told in a few words, and such is the record of this faithful soldier—four years of war. They will understand when it is told that he was in that long and dreary siege of Vicksburg, that he endured all the sufferings common to a soldier's life—sufferings from fatigue and hunger, heat and cold—but, let it be said, all without a murmur, all for the sake of his country. He surrendered at Appomattox and received his honorable discharge at Point Lookout, Md., June 26, 1865.

He was faithful to his country and was a faithful soldier of Jesus Christ. He made a profession of faith in Christ early in life and united with the Presbyterian Church, which he served with honor and efficiency as ruling elder at Booneville, Corinth, and Grand Junction. The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church at Grand Junction in the presence of a large congregation. His many friends and the members of the Church attested their genuine affection by many beautiful floral offerings. He enjoyed to the fullest extent the love and confidence of the whole community; all honored him for his integrity and nobility of character. He has left behind him a noble record for his country, for God, for righteousness and truth.

[Rev. W. S. Cochrane, Bolivar, Tenn.]



A. A. McLERAN.



CAPT. W. H. FRAZIER.

COL. DAVID GREGG M'INTOSH.

In the death of Col. David Gregg McIntosh, distinguished lawyer and Confederate veteran, at his home, in Towson, Md., on October 6, 1916, the people of the State of Maryland, and especially the people of Baltimore County, in which he resided for nearly fifty years, have ample reason to feel the profound sense of loss which a community never fails to experience when one of its most conspicuous citizens, beloved by those who knew him best and respected and admired by all, is brought by the inexorable law of nature to the grave.

David G. McIntosh was born at Society Hill, S. C., on March 16, 1836. His parents were James H. McIntosh and Martha J. Gregg, to whom were born five sons and three daughters, the subject of this sketch being the second child and the oldest son. His ancestors on both sides were Scotch and were among the early settlers of the province of South Carolina, to



COL. D. G. M'INTOSH.

which they removed soon after the battle of Culloden, John McIntosh, his great-grandfather, having settled near Society Hill in 1756. His childhood was spent in Society Hill, and he received his early education at St. David's Academy, South Carolina, which was founded by his ancestor, Alexander McIntosh. After graduating with distinction from the South Carolina College, at Columbia, he devoted his time to general reading and to the study of law. After six months' preparation in the office of J. N. Inglis, chancellor and draftsman of the Ordinance of Secession, he was admitted to the bar before the Supreme Court of the State.

Upon the call for troops on January 2, 1861, David McIntosh was among the first to offer his sword and his services in defense of his native State. He served with conspicuous gallantry as an artillery commander throughout the four years' struggle and participated in all the important battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, steadily winning his way from one promotion to another by his signal merits as an intrepid soldier and a skillful officer.

The summer of 1865 Colonel McIntosh spent at his old home arranging with the freedmen for planting and cultivating the crops on two large plantations belonging to his father's estate. Returning to Richmond, he was married on November 8, 1865, to Miss Virginia J. Pegram, sister of the gallant Pegram brothers, Gen. John Pegram, Maj. James West Pegram, and Col. William R. J. Pegram.

After a year spent in Richmond, he returned to Carolina and spent the two following years in an effort to resume the practice of law under military rule. During this time he was appointed by the United States military authorities one of the commission of three citizens to hear and determine disputes between the freedmen and their employers, subject to appeal to the commander of the post. As a matter of patriotic duty he accepted the position.

In the summer of 1868 he removed, with his family, to Towson, Md., and soon afterwards formed a partnership for the practice of law with those eminent lawyers, Richard J. Gittings and Arthur W. Machen, and was not long in acquiring a position as one of the leaders of the Maryland bar, which he maintained to the day of his death. In 1879 he was elected by a handsome vote to the office of State's Attorney for Baltimore County. For a much longer term of years, and until his end, he was President of the State Board of Law Examiners and in 1904 served that term as President of the Maryland Bar Association.

Colonel McIntosh is survived by his widow, one daughter, Mrs. W. Waller Morton, of Richmond, and a son, David G. McIntosh, Jr.

Although Colonel McIntosh had reached the age at which the Psalmist, mindful only of the ordinary lot of human mortality, tells us that the strength of man is but labor and sorrow, those who knew him in daily life as the erect soldier-citizen, whose clear brain, pure heart, and altruistic disposition shone out as we are wont to look for them in a great man in middle life, forgot that on his shoulders rested the weight of over fourscore years of incessant toil and that the time had fully come when a good and faithful man might be expected to rest from his labor.

His reputation as a soldier was second to none in the Army of Northern Virginia. As a citizen he was well known for his enlightened public spirit and his high standards of political and administrative conduct. In all his domestic and other private relationships his conduct was so exemplary that it was manifest at his funeral that the great throng of his former friends and neighbors which it brought together was drawn not so much by his professional and public standing as by the desire to pay tribute to human character weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

At the memorial exercises which were held in the courthouse at Towson on October 21, 1916, the touching and eloquent tributes paid him by the court, the bar, and old associates expressed most fully their warm and thorough appreciation of Colonel McIntosh's noble character, his varied attainments and high standing as an eminent lawyer and scholar, brilliant artillery commander and loyal citizen, of whom Baltimore County and the State of Maryland were justly proud. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and for some years a vestryman of Trinity Church, Towson.

"After a long and honorable life," in the full enjoyment of the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens, and in the full possession of all his splendid intellectual powers, the veil which separates time from eternity was suddenly rent, and he entered into that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Well may we say as we recall his life and character:

"The weary sun hath made a golden set
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow."

PATRIOTIC MARYLAND.—Four hundred young Marylanders, under Maj. Mordecai Gist in the battle of Long Island, held in check Cornwallis's Division long enough for Washington to retreat in safety with the rest of his army. Only thirteen of the four hundred survived; but "the sacrifice of their lives, so freely made, had not been in vain. An hour more precious to American liberty than any other in its history had been gained."

United Daughters of the Confederacy

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Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal. *First Vice President General*
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MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va., *Custodian Flags and Pennants*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: In view of the fact that our country is facing the gravest possible dangers, I felt marked hesitancy in calling upon the President; but, impelled by the hope that matters of state would so adjust themselves as to enable him to attend, I, accompanied by Mrs. J. Norment Powell, President of the Tennessee Division and Registrar General of the U. D. C., called upon Mr. Wilson and invited him to speak at the unveiling of the Shiloh Monument on May 17. In a most feeling and sympathetic manner he expressed his desire to accept and requested me to call his attention later to the matter.

At the Dolly Madison breakfast of the Woman's Democratic Club at the Willard on February 14 I participated, with Mrs. James Mulcare, President of the District of Columbia Division, and several of its members, and was invited by Mrs. William Cullop, President of the Club, to a seat at the table with Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Marshall, and the wives of the Cabinet officers.

On February 15 I received at the Washington Club with Miss Virginia Miller, Director of the Washington Branch of the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, at a reception given by her in honor of Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond, Va., President of the Society, and Mrs. William Ruffin Cox, President Colonial Dames of America of the State of Virginia.

On February 22 I represented you at the joint celebration by the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution of the one hundred and eighty-eighth anniversary of the birth of George Washington at Memorial Continental Hall; and on the following night, at the same place, I witnessed an initial showing of the industrial preparedness motion picture, "Eagles' Wings."

Though cordially invited to have our society officially represented with other organizations of women in the inaugural parade, I decided, for reasons that will undoubtedly commend themselves to our members, to decline the invitation.

I have accepted an appointment as a member of the Lecture Committee of the National Service School, Woman's Section of the Navy League of the United States, of whose National Committee I am a member.

As one of my greatest desires is to band together the Children of the Confederacy and prepare them to take up the work when we have passed on, I have no greater pleasure than in attending their meetings. On March 10 I participated in the celebration of the Mildred Lee Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, at the Confederate Memorial Home in Washington. These children are now busy devising plans for the care and welfare of the visiting veterans, as far as it is in their power to help.

Now that many of the States are preparing for their annual conventions, I should like to call the attention of those Daughters who do not already possess U. D. C. pins that they can obtain them from Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Second Vice President General, Custodian of U. D. C. Badges, Troy, Ala.

The Society of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was formed partly "to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in the service of the Confederate States." By us the record of a Confederate veteran should be loyally shielded and cherished, and any attempt to dishonor it should be severely censured. Despite its unqualified falseness and the emphatic action of the Dallas Convention, the charge against Mr. George Washington Emerich, Confederate veteran, deceased, continues to be circulated. Daughters are referred to page 25 of the "Minutes of the Twenty-Third (1916) Annual Convention," and I request that the paragraph referring to this matter be read at Chapter and Division meetings. It is desirable that every Daughter know the facts in this case.

Minutes of the Dallas Convention, 1916, can be procured from Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Recording Secretary General, Chatham, Va., upon receipt of postage, fifteen cents. All minutes prior to these will be furnished by Mrs. F. M. Williams, Newton, N. C., at the same price.

The Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held in Washington during the week of June 4; and I sincerely trust that every Daughter is doing all in her power toward furnishing uniforms for the Veterans and means for those to reach here who could not otherwise do so and in coöperating with the Sons in forming Camps, to enable them to make a showing that will reflect credit upon our fathers. Mr. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., will, upon application, gladly send the necessary papers to effect this latter most desirable object.

As Matron of Honor of the United Confederate Veterans, I have appointed upon my staff Miss Mary Custis Lee, of Virginia, daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee; Mrs. George P. Harrison, of Opelika, Ala., wife of the Commander U. C. V.; and Mrs. Samuel Spencer, of Washington, D. C.

It is most gratifying to me to know, from letters and telegrams received from all sections of the country, that my offer of service to President Wilson, which was given wide publicity by the Associated Press, is not to be allowed to remain a mere expenditure of words, but that we have determined to make a common cause and take an adequate share with our sister organizations in the service of the nation.

To this end I urge that all pledges, all obligations to the Arlington, Trader, Red Cross Window, and Davis Memorial Funds be taken in hand and liquidated immediately, so that all our strength, energy, and resources may be devoted to the nation's needs, should occasion demand them. Let us make

no demonstration unworthy of our means and strength, but show the same courage, enterprise, resolution, and spirit of self-sacrifice that were displayed by our women of the sixties.

Faithfully yours,

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General.*

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. GLASSELL FITZHUGH, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

It is with unaffected joy that I report the flourishing condition of our Division. At our last convention, held in Lynchburg, we had the pleasure of having three of the general officers with us, Mesdames Odenheimer, Tate, and Stone.

Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, reports very interesting meetings, well attended. At Christmas, as usual, small checks were sent to each of the Albemarle veterans at the Soldiers' Home; also baskets and gifts were sent to the town and county veterans. A delightful luncheon was served to the veterans on Lee's birthday. A charming program was carried out, with Prof. Heath Dabney, of the University of Virginia, as orator.

The Mason Gordon Auxiliary is steadily increasing in membership and holds very enthusiastic meetings. Their main work is caring for and helping to educate the little son of an old veteran.

The Staunton Juniors are always in the lead and doing wonderfully big things. They have been awarded many prizes, gold medals, flags, etc. Now they have taken up the partial support of a needy Confederate woman.

An Auxiliary Chapter has been organized in Fredericksburg, named the Nannie Seddon Barney Auxiliary, in honor of Mrs. Nannie Seddon Barney, who organized Fredericksburg Chapter. Twenty-seven members were enrolled at the first meeting. A bright future is expected under the able leadership of Mrs. A. P. Rowe.

Chesterfield Chapter, of Richmond, mourns the loss of its beloved President, Mrs. Lily Gates Gregory, who for twelve years was at the head of this Chapter, giving freely of her time, talents, and means to its work, which was so near her heart.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, JEFFERSON CITY.

The Kansas City Chapters, the Richmond Greys Chapter (Fayette), and the Winnie Davis Chapter (Jefferson City) arranged to have Miss Rutherford, former Historian General, visit their towns, where she delivered several most interesting and instructive addresses to the townspeople and to the school children. A particularly enjoyable event was the address given by Miss Rutherford in costume at the Governor's mansion.

The Chapters generally observed Robert E. Lee's birthday. The Winnie Davis Chapter gave a large tea, and a delightful program appropriate to the occasion was enjoyed by all. An unusual entertainment was the birthday party given by the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Cooper County. Each member responded to roll call by dropping a donation into a birthday box and giving a piece of handwork to be sold at Easter. This is one of our most active Chapters, composed of twenty-four faithful Daughters, living many miles apart. They supported a half scholarship at a cost of two hundred dollars in Kemper Military School last year. The young man graduated with honors in June. His grades were sent to Washington,

and he received the appointment of second lieutenant and went to the border with Company B.

The M. A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, gave its annual Valentine ball, which netted a goodly sum. This Chapter supports a four-year scholarship in the University of Missouri.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. LOUISE AYER VANDIVER.

The first event of the year in U. D. C. circles is always the celebration of Lee's birthday, and South Carolina Chapters, in common with the sisterhood throughout the country, paid all honor to the loved commander on January 19, many of them uniting with his the name of his strong right arm, Stonewall Jackson. Various forms of celebrating the day are adopted, perhaps the most popular being a dinner given to the veterans. It is a joy to see the old men on these occasions. They gather from miles away. No matter what the weather may be, a goodly company is always present, their faces wreathed in smiles, for all the world like children come to a party.

There is a very noticeable increase of children's Chapters throughout the State, and the young people are learning with enthusiasm the songs and recitations of the South, as well as being taught its history.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

BY MRS. MAY DUDLEY TAYLOR, CINCINNATI.

At a meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter on February 3 the adoption of Red Cross work was resolved upon, and just what branch of the work will be determined upon at an early meeting. A donation of twenty-five dollars from the Chapter as an Easter offering was made to the Confederate Woman's Home at Richmond, Va., which has recently suffered great loss by fire.

The Committee on Education reported the sum of fifty-six dollars having been given to Miss Mildred Rutherford, former Historian General, to be used for educational purposes for some young girl descendants of Confederate veterans. It was determined to form a Children's Auxiliary to this Chapter. Children are eligible from babyhood to eighteen years.

After the business meeting, exercises to commemorate the one hundred and fourth anniversary of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston were held. These were most interesting.

REPORTED BY MRS. ANNE DOWNMAN WEST.

Through the efforts and the unswerving loyalty of Mrs. Maud Maury Miller, of Dixie Chapter, Columbus, the Board of Censors has at last consented to the presentation of the famous film drama, "The Birth of a Nation," in Ohio. For two years Mrs. Miller has persisted in the attempt to remove the ban from this production and has at last succeeded.

All the Chapters of the State celebrated Lee's birthday with appropriate ceremonies. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati held its meeting in the lovely home of Mrs. C. M. C. Atkins. The songs of Dixie were sung, and a most interesting address on "Lee as a Nationalist" was delivered by Prof. I. J. Cox, of the chair of history of the University of Cincinnati. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter also held beautiful memorial services at the home of Mrs. H. Lee Connor, in Ingleside Place, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, with Dr. Dabney, President of the University of Cincinnati, as speaker. His address was an eloquent comparison of the two grandest characters in history—Lee and Jackson.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

BY MISS MARGARET BOYLES, FAYETTEVILLE.

Of interest to every Chapter in the Division is this account of the affiliated Chapters of Nashville sent by Mrs. A. H. Purdue, Chairman of Nashville Chapter, No. 1:

"Seven U. D. C. Chapters in Nashville have come to the realization that they can do a part of their work to better advantage by having an affiliation than by directing all their efforts separately. This does not imply that the individuality of the Chapters is destroyed. Each performs its own duties and collaborates with the others whenever this means increased helpfulness. The Chapters composing this affiliation are: Nashville Chapter, No. 1, William B. Bate, Kate Litton Hickman, Harriet Overton, First Tennessee Regiment, Mary Frances Hughes, and Annie Humphrey Morton Chapters. The affiliation has had a very gradual development, its various problems arising from time to time, bringing their own solutions in combined effort and wisdom.

"Affiliation officers consist of Chairman, Secretary, and Treasurer. The chairmanship is held by the Chapters in rotation in the order of their founding and the secretary-treasuryship by the Chapter next in order. This officer assumes the chairmanship at the expiration of the term of the ranking officer. These two officers compose the general committee of the affiliated Chapters of Nashville. Rules and regulations have been adopted covering the needs of the organization and serve to further the best interests of all the Chapters.

"The strong and loyal 'pull-all-together' attitude of the affiliation is wonderfully inspiring, and that it is accomplishing results its work shows. Each year will bring special duties for each Chapter and many opportunities for united service in behalf of the cause so dear to the members. If the future may be judged by the past, they will be performed with loyalty and unselfishness."

Johnson City Chapter has suffered an irreparable loss in the removal of Mrs. J. Norment Powell to Washington, D. C. It has, however, been active in the organization of a Children's Auxiliary, with Mrs. E. M. Slack as Director. Forty members were enrolled at the first meeting, and its enthusiasm is a genuine inspiration to the grown-up Chapter. The Auxiliary was prominent in the celebration of Lee's birthday. This Chapter is honored in having Miss Kathryn Peoples as one of the sponsors for the Washington Reunion.

One of Russell-Hill Chapter's beautiful courtesies to its Confederate veterans was "Soldiers' Day" at the county fair, when the "boys of the sixties" were guests of honor and were served a bountiful dinner by the Chapter. The veterans of Trenton, with their wives and the Chapter members, were beautifully entertained by the Chapter President, Mrs. Dorothy Gordon Tyler, with a Confederate evening featured by favorite songs and readings. The joy it brought the veterans was touching. Russell-Hill's essay contest was a brilliant success.

The celebration of Lee and Jackson Day by Abner Baker Chapter, of Knoxville, took the form of a dinner to the veterans of the city, together with an appropriate program. They were ably assisted by the Memorial Association. A pretty feature was the presentation by the Chapter of a jeweled U. D. C. pin to Mrs. R. L. Cunningham, who has been its President since organization.

Shiloh Chapter, of Savannah, is looking forward with joyous anticipation to the unveiling of the Shiloh monument, announced by the Director General for May 17. By its own

donations and those it has secured this Chapter has added more than \$2,000 to the monument fund.

The Caroline M. Goodlett Chapter, of Clarksville, has started a movement to place marble markers at the graves of all Confederate soldiers buried in Greenwood Cemetery. The markers will be of the same design as those used in the national cemeteries. It is planned to have all completed by Memorial Day.

The General Forrest Chapter, of Memphis, which has the distinction of having as its President the only granddaughter of Gen. N. B. Forrest, Mrs. T. J. Bradley, has recently had a large increase in membership and consequently in enthusiasm and renewed interest. This Chapter has been exceptionally generous in its contributions to the various Division causes as well as in its response to local needs.

The Auxiliary to Fifteenth Chapter, of South Pittsburg, has very appropriately given most whole-hearted devotion to the Confederate Girls' Home and has during the year contributed \$50 to this cause. It has also been an invaluable aid to the mother Chapter in the observance of special days.

Forrest Chapter, of Brownsville, among its many good works, has contributed a number of leading magazines to the local Carnegie Library; one of them is surely the *VETERAN*. The Chapter's Recording Secretary is zealously working for *VETERAN* subscriptions. May she live long and prosper!

Shiloh Auxiliary to Neely Chapter, of Bolivar, has graduated and is now Gordon-Lee Chapter, No. 1632, with a membership of thirty-six. The Chapter has studied with sustained interest Miss Rutherford's "Wrongs of History Righted" and has observed special days with splendid programs.

The interest of Fort Donelson Chapter, of Dover, centers in the monument to be erected in honor of its hundreds of sleeping soldier boys, so many of whom lie in unmarked graves. The Chapter confidently expects to pay in full by May its pledge of \$250 to the monument fund, a large part having already been paid.

Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, of Fayetteville, has given generously both of money and boxes of food and clothing to aid the family of a very needy Confederate veteran who, in spite of his seventy-odd years, is trying to wrest a living from the few rocky acres he is able to rent. It has also looked well to its pledges and recently realized substantially upon a musical tea, a feature of which was Southern songs given with living pictures.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY BATTLE EAKINS.

Durant Chapter, which entertained the State convention last fall, is full of enthusiasm, meets two or three times each month, has paid all pledges, and added materially to the fund for the Stand Watie monument. A visit from Miss Rutherford, retiring Historian General, on her return from Dallas, was a most interesting event for the Chapter, and her splendid lecture on "The Civilization of the Old South" was greatly appreciated. Twenty members of Durant Chapter subscribe for the *VETERAN*, which fully explains their efficiency in U. D. C. work.

Stigler Chapter has marked the graves of all Confederate soldiers in the vicinity and has presented a bill to the legislature asking for an appropriation to mark the grave of every veteran in the State.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Notice to Chapters: The supply of Yearbooks is now exhausted; and as the Historian General is not authorized to have any more printed, the Chapters not receiving the three copies they were entitled to will please write their State Historian for them. If her supply is exhausted, the Chapters are asked to follow the programs each month in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN on the Historian General's page. These programs appear a month in advance, so there will be ample time for their preparation. A list of all reference books needed will be found on a page in the middle of the Yearbook, also publishing houses from which they may be obtained. Write to them for prices. All needed information may be found in the Yearbook; read carefully and avoid unnecessary writing. Historical contest circulars have been sent to all Divisions and Chapters where there are no Divisions. Write your State Historian if your Chapter has not received this circular.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1917

TOPICS FOR MAY PAPERS.

Events of 1862: The tide of battle turned to Mississippi in 1862 on account of the fixed determination of the Federals to gain possession of the Mississippi River. Battle of Mill Springs, Ky., and death of Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, January 19, 1862. How many campaigns were made against Vicksburg, Miss.? When and by whom made? Tell of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, February 2 and 16. Battle of Pea Ridge, Ark., and death of General McCulloch, March 7. Battle of Newbern, N. C., March 14. Battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7. Give detailed account of this battle, opposing commanders, and death of Albert Sidney Johnston.

Round-table discussion: "What was the effect of the battle of Shiloh on the Confederacy?" Discuss the strategic importance of Vicksburg.

References: "The South in the Building of the Nation," Volume II.; "History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XXIX.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1917.

BEGINNING OF 1862.

Where did the tide of battle now turn?

What great river did the Federals wish to control?

What two rivers did they gain possession of by the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson?

What place in Mississippi did Grant, the Northern commander, wish to get possession of?

Why was this place so important?

How many campaigns were made against Vicksburg, Miss., in 1862?

What Confederate general was in charge of Vicksburg?

What happened at Shiloh?

What great commander lost his life there? and when?

"Grandfather's Stories about Shiloh." (Listen carefully and try to remember all he says.)

Song: "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

Reference: "Brief History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XII. See reference books, last page.

FIFTY TEST QUESTIONS IN HISTORY.

PREPARED BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

How many can you answer?

1. What did "Virginia" mean geographically at the time of the Jamestown settlement?

2. When and by whom was New England named?

3. What were the names of the three vessels landing at Jamestown in 1607?

4. What was the original cause of the unfavorable opinion of Jamestown settlers?

5. What system of living was unsuccessful at Jamestown, also at Plymouth Rock?

6. What was the name of the most successful settler at Jamestown?

7. What were the names of three other leading men of the colony?

8. What was the name of the first American school, its location, and year established?

9. When were the first American vessels used for importation of slaves?

10. Who were the greatest early writers of Indian and frontier life?

11. What principles maintained by colonists corresponded with States' rights?

12. Did this principle cause war with the mother country?

13. What was the cause of the War between the States?

14. How did the colonists regard the tariff taxes?

15. Were these as severe as those imposed upon the South?

16. What part did the South play in the expansion of the United States?

17. Where is Fort Moultrie? How occupied in December, 1860?

18. How long after the Star of the West episode was Fort Sumter bombarded?

19. What was the first American submarine, who built it, and where?

20. What was the name of the first submarine to succeed in blowing up an enemy's vessel?

21. What United States ship did it destroy?

22. What State gave the greatest amount of territory to the Union?

23. What other States gave territory to make new States for the Union?

24. How did the original States regard the Union as per Constitution?

25. What States remained longest as independent nationalities?

26. What was the difference between nullification and secession?

27. Name several States practicing nullification prior to 1860.

28. Did the New England States ever threaten to secede?

29. What was the Hartford Convention? Where and when held?

30. Did the States have a right to secede?

31. How was institution of slavery regarded in the South?

32. Had Southerners given freedom to slaves prior to 1861?

33. What did Southern people do for the negro in slavery?

34. What did Lincoln say was the purpose of the Emancipation Proclamation?

35. Did it free the slaves under Federal control?

36. What measure put an end to slavery? When and how adopted?

THE CONFEDERATE LIBRARY.

37. What was the attitude of slaves during the War between the States?

38. What were Lincoln's views on methods of abolitionists and race equality?

39. Who was the first man killed in John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry?

40. What were the compromise measures of 1820 and 1850?

41. What was the Dred Scott decision?

42. What was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and its effect?

43. What was the "Impending Crisis"?

44. What were the Crittenden resolutions?

45. On what four occasions could Lincoln have easily made peace?

46. On what four occasions was the Southern Confederacy near independence?

47. What was the effect of superior Federal sea power?

48. Who mapped out the course of the first Atlantic cable?

49. In the battle between the Monitor and Virginia, which refused to renew the combat?

50. What was the Ku-Klux Klan? Why its necessity?

Answers to the above questions may be found in the following: "History of the United States," Matthew Page Andrews, 840 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.; "The South in the Building of a Nation," J. S. Clark, Birmingham, Ala.; "Wrongs of History Righted" (about slavery), Miss M. Rutherford, Athens, Ga.; "The Ku-Klux Klan," Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss. See add in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

State Historians, your Historian General earnestly asks you to send out these circulars promptly to your Chapters and publish them in your leading State paper. Urge your Chapters to enter these contests, as they will arouse great interest in the historical work.

The best answer sent to the above questions wins the Andrews Medal. See March VETERAN for all rules and details of contests for 1917.

FOR PRINTING MISS RUTHERFORD'S ADDRESS.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED SINCE REPORT IN MARCH VETERAN.

Amount received to February 11.....	\$305 00
February 17, Stonewall Jackson Band.....	5 00
February 19, Mary West Chapter, Waco, Tex.....	5 00
February 24, Mrs. R. V. Houston, Monroe, N. C.....	5 00
February 24, Monroe (N. C.) Chapter.....	5 00
February 26, Brownwood, Tex.....	5 00
February 26, Mildred Sullivan Chapter.....	10 00
March 10, Maryland Chapters:	
Fitzhugh Lee.....	2 50
Ridgley Brown.....	2 50
E. V. White Chapter.....	2 50
March 10, Navarro Chapter, Corsicana, Tex.....	10 00
Total received.....	\$417 50
Amount for printing speech.....	519 20

Balance due\$101 70

Mrs. Williams, ex-Recording Secretary General U. D. C., did not know at the time of writing the letter which appeared in the VETERAN for March that the President General had requested all these contributions to be sent direct to Miss Rutherford.

Miss Rutherford requests that the statement be made that all subscribers may ask for extra copies of Dallas speech.

[The following is only a part of the list, furnished by Miss Rutherford, of the books that have been contributed to this library. Others will be reported from month to month.]

It gives me great joy to report the receipt of books by Southern authors autographed and sent as a donation to establish a Confederate library, which is to be placed in some college or museum by the action of the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy next November.

In the annual report many of these books will be given special mention, with recommendation by the Committee on Southern Literature.

Books by other Southern authors, or books pertaining to the South and true to the South's ideals, are requested to be sent, autographed and inscribed "Presented to the Confederate Library," and mailed to Chairman of Southern Literature, U. D. C., Mildred Lewis Rutherford, The Villa, Athens, Ga.

"The South in the Building of the Nation." Thirteen volumes. Presented by J. S. Clark, Business Manager of the Mildred Rutherford Historical Circle, Birmingham, Ala. Autographed by J. S. Clark.

"The Library of Southern Literature." Sixteen volumes. Presented by Martin & Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Ga. Autographed by Edwin M. Alderman, Editor in Chief.

Fifteen volumes presented by B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va. Autographed by James D. Crump, President.

"The Southern States in the American Union" (J. L. M. Curry); "Half Hours in Southern History" (Hall); "Poems of Henry Timrod"; "Life of Lee," "Life of Jackson," "Life of Stuart," "Life of George Washington" (Williamson); "Southern Literature" (Manly); "The Yemassee" (Simms); "Civil Government of the Confederate States" (Curry); "Texas History Stories" (Littlejohn); "Stories of Bird Life" (Pearson); "Around the Lightwood Fire" (Brevard); "Tennessee History Stories" (Karns); "North Carolina History Stories" (Allen); "The Arcades." Presented by A. B. Caldwell Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga. Autographed by Lollie Belle Wylie.

"Romance of Lower California." Autographed by C. Irvine Walker, Summerville, S. C.

"The History and Geography of Texas." Autographed by Z. T. Fulmore, Austin, Tex.

"The Confederate Cause." Autographed by George L. Christian, Richmond, Va.

"Abraham Lincoln." Autographed by George L. Christian, Richmond, Va.

"Reconstruction Period in Georgia." Autographed by Mrs. Julian Lane, Statesboro, Ga.

"When I Was a Little Girl." Autographed by Anna Hardeman Meade, of Jackson, Miss. Presented by Frederick S. Lang Company, Los Angeles, Cal. (Excellent book for little girls.)

"When Daddy Was a Boy." Autographed by Thomas Wood Parry, Kansas City, Mo. (Every little boy should have this book.)

"Religion and Slavery." Autographed by James McNeilly, Nashville, Tenn.

"Hampton Roads Conference." Autographed by Gen. Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C.

"The South in History and Literature." Autographed by M. Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
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VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Washington, D. C.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

BY MRS. W. B. WELCH, PRESIDENT.

Early in the spring of 1900, at a regular monthly meeting of the Southern Memorial Association of Fayetteville, Ark., on motion of Miss Julia A. Garside (now Mrs. W. B. Welch), it was decided to endeavor to organize all Memorial Associations of the South into a general federation, the object being to commemorate the work already done and to insure its continuance. Some of these Associations were formed as far back as 1861. The Fayetteville Association was formed in 1872.

At this meeting the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sue H. Walker, was instructed to write to Associations elsewhere and ask their coöperation. Cordial responses were received and arrangements made for delegates from each Association to meet at the United Confederate Veteran Reunion at Louisville, Ky. A most enthusiastic meeting was held at the Galt House on May 30, 1900, at which time the organization was perfected, delegates from thirteen Associations being present. Since that time sixty or seventy Memorial Associations have entered this federation, which is known as the Confederated Southern Memorial Association of the South.

The work of our Association is memorial and monumental. The care of the graves of the Confederate dead and the erection of monuments to their memory have ever been and are the special trust of the Memorial Association. As the veteran women of our Association pass away younger women are constantly joining the ranks who will continue the work begun by their mothers. In the year just passed a number of women approaching middle age have joined our Association. I frequently hear them remark: "My mother was a member of this Association." At our first meeting of the new year 1917 a number of names were submitted to be voted on for membership. Those who joined the past year are just as enthusiastic and eager to take up the work as those who have been engaged in it for years.

JUNIOR MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF PETERSBURG, VA.

BY MISS BETTIE O. SWEENEY, PRESIDENT.

The Junior Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va., was organized by Miss Bettie O. Sweeney on October 9, 1909, in the A. P. Hill Camp Hall. The first meeting for this Association was opened with twenty members, ranging in age from two to twenty years, with dues twenty-five cents per year. Our work was a little discouraging until we had made

our first hundred dollars, when the young people seemed to take on new interest, and from month to month new members were enrolled until we have reached our present enrollment of one hundred and thirty-six members, composed of both boys and girls. Our meetings are held the first Saturday in each month, when we discuss matters of interest concerning the Confederacy as well as matters of business. Our work principally is to aid the senior organization, the Ladies' Memorial Association, of our city. We care for and keep in order five sections in Old Blandford Cemetery.

With our first hundred dollars we purchased a bass drum and seven kettle drums. Our drum corps was ably trained by Mr. Herbert Tench, of Petersburg, Va., whose family, father and many sons, have been members of our famous A. P. Hill Drum Corps from the war to the present time. Their honored father passed away a few years ago.

The second work of the Association was to remove the old board from the walls of Old Blandford Church, containing the lines, "Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile," and put in its place a handsome marble tablet at the cost of two hundred dollars. This tablet was unveiled November 18, 1912, by the President of the Junior Memorial Association.

The third undertaking by the Juniors was to fulfill a pledge to the Ladies' Memorial Association of two hundred dollars as its contribution to the beautiful stone arch erected to the memory of our Confederate dead in Old Blandford Cemetery. This beautiful arch was unveiled June 9, 1914, by Mrs. L. L. Marks, President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, Petersburg, Va., assisted by little Miss Netta Purdy, one of the Juniors. The first hundred dollars pledged toward the erection of this massive arch came from the Junior Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va.

Since that time many small donations have been made to various causes, such as five dollars to the Confederate monument fund of St. Louis, Mo., five dollars to Battle Field Park Association, and small donations have been given from time to time to the Belgian Fund, as well as keeping up our own expenses. Occasionally our drums need new heads, especially after the 9th of June, our Memorial Day.

Our present undertaking is the biggest thing we have ever done. It is to place a very handsome tablet in our new high school, now being erected to the memory of David Anderson, a Scotchman, who founded the Petersburg public school system in the year 1820. He gave his entire fortune for the free education of our boys and girls. The cost of this tablet will be five hundred dollars or more.

The organization of the Junior Memorial Association in historic old Petersburg is not only the expression of a beautiful and patriotic sentiment, in which all Southern parents should share, but it is an assurance of substantial and effective

aid in many respects to the parent organization, under whose auspices it exists. It is further assurance that the sacred trust of honoring the memory of the Confederate dead will be maintained and perpetuated after the generation that knew them has crossed over the river to join them.

It is to be hoped that the parents of children will encourage them to become members of the Junior organizations throughout our Southern cities. One of the most beautiful features of our Memorial Day will thus be the part taken by the Juniors in its observance.

"A MOTHER'S GIFT—THE BIBLE."

Robert L. Drummond writes from Auburn, N. Y.:

"On the night of October 30, 1864, the Federal picket line in front of Fort Alexander Hayes was broken in a piece of woods and a portion of the line captured by detachments from the 8th Alabama and 10th Florida Regiments. It was a brilliant movement on the part of the Confederates, but a disastrous one to the portion of the Federal line captured, being the outposts of the 69th and 111th New York Infantry, 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 2d Army Corps. About two hundred men of these two regiments were captured and taken to Fort Mahone on the Confederate side, thence in due time to Petersburg and Libby, Va., and Salisbury, N. C. Fifty-six out of eighty-six belonging to the latter regiment, to which I had the honor to belong, were left in unknown and unmarked graves at different places in the South.

"Among the incidents of the capture, my well-filled knapsack fell to one of the Confederate soldiers as his share of the spoils of the expedition. In it was a Bible, which I greatly prized because it was given me by my mother. As I recall, it contained my name, company, and regiment, and possibly the name of my mother or brother, A. M. Drummond. If the Confederate soldier who took the knapsack survived the perils of the war and is still living and has read the Bible carefully as a soldier of the cross, then he is well prepared to meet the call which must come to all who wore either the blue or the gray. If he has lived indifferent to its teachings, then even 'a mother's Bible to her soldier son' will not greatly appeal to him at this late day. But if this item should reach his eye or that of any of his surviving relatives, I would greatly appreciate the act if he or they would send the dear Bible to me by express at my expense.

"I have seen so many instances, interesting and beautiful in their character, in the *National Tribune* and the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* of articles being restored by the one side to the other that I have lately indulged in the hope that through a like courtesy I might once more see this relic of the War between the States. I have been more encouraged in the thought since receiving a letter recently from a talented Southern woman to whom I had told the story of the lost Bible, who said: 'Why not put an item in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*? I am sure the editor would be glad to publish it, and in that way you might find your mother's Bible.' But perhaps the poor boy who thus came into possession of the Bible fell in the later battles in the siege of Petersburg, my Bible being buried with him, and did not live to see Appomattox. If so, peace to his ashes and rest to his soul!"

Address Mr. Drummond at No. 59 Genesee Street, Auburn, N. Y.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1916-17.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver.
District of Columbia, W. E. Brockman, Washington.
Florida, C. H. Spencer, Tampa.
Georgia, Ben Watts, Cave Springs.
Kentucky, Robert W. Bingham, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, Albert E. Owens, Riverdale.
Mississippi, B. A. Lincoln, Columbus.
Missouri, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis.
North Carolina, W. N. Everett, Rockingham.
Oklahoma, Tate Brady, Tulsa.
Pacific, M. F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Bothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Richard I. McClearn, Nashville.
Texas, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls.
Virginia, E. B. White, Leesburg.
West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS FOR S. C. V.

BY W. E. BROCKMAN, COMMANDER WASHINGTON CAMP.

General headquarters for the Sons of Confederate Veterans during the Reunion in Washington the first week in June will be at the Raleigh Hotel, Twelfth and Pennsylvania Avenue N. W., as final arrangements have been made for the Commander in Chief, his staff and official ladies, to be quartered in this hotel. Commander in Chief Baldwin has signified his satisfaction with the arrangements made.

The General Reunion Committee, under the leadership of Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, has established the Sons' Reunion headquarters at Room 116 the Raleigh, and a campaign has been started for new members. All lineal descendants of those who fought in the Confederate army are entitled to membership in this organization.

The work of the Sons is to attend to all matters pertaining directly to the Sons of Veterans and therefore does not conflict in any way with the work of the Civic Committee, under Col. R. N. Harper; but the Sons stand ready at any time to coöperate with the Civic Committee in forwarding the arrangements for entertaining the Confederate veterans.

All inquiries as to the Sons' convention should be addressed to General Reunion Committee S. C. V., Room 116 Raleigh Hotel, Washington, D. C.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PATRIOTS.

BY E. S. LATHROP, DECATUR, GA.

In his address at the auditorium in Atlanta, Ga., recently Vice President Marshall said: "I firmly believe that the sons of the men and the daughters of the women who wanted to go out of the Union more than fifty years ago are going to be the saving grace of this country."

I agree with him exactly. Where George Washington is "Father of his Country," America is the mother. Is there a man with soul so dead that he owns not father or mother?

PLANT GRAIN CROPS.

A WORLD SCARCITY OF FOODSTUFFS AND THE LESSON FOR THE SOUTH.

Whether there be war or peace between this country and Germany, whether war be continued in Europe for another year or two, or whether peace should come, the demand for foodstuffs will exceed the supply, both in this country and abroad. The shortage in the world's food crops last year, taken in connection with conditions created by the war, brings us nearer to a famine situation in foodstuffs than the world has known in this generation. If the crops of this country should, by unfavorable weather conditions or by a lessened acreage, be short of a full average yield, we would have almost famine conditions, because we will go into the next crop practically barren of food supplies.

Nothing less than a bumper crop of grain will save us from exorbitantly high prices for wheat and corn next winter. It is important that the whole country should understand this situation, but it is doubly important that the farmers of the South should understand it and plant the largest acreage in grain which they have ever had in order to save themselves from having to pay the highest prices they have ever paid for their foodstuffs.

Every business man in the South should do all in his power to urge upon Southern farmers the planting of grain and the raising of foodstuffs of all kinds this spring and summer.

It is hardly possible to predict what may happen to cotton. The price, judged by the world's demand, ought to be high, but in view of the uncertainties of conditions here and elsewhere, a large cotton crop might prove a misfortune by forcing prices below a fair profit.

The South might raise too big a cotton crop for its own prosperity, but it cannot raise too big a grain crop nor too much live stock. Every available acre should be put into the raising of foodstuffs, into grain, into vegetables, potatoes, and as much attention as possible should be given to live stock, and even to the raising of chickens and to dairying, for the purpose of meeting the home demand for foodstuffs.

It will be almost a crime for any Southern farmer not to provide during the coming spring and summer for all of the foodstuffs which his family will need for the next twelve months. Anything short of that would be ignoring every condition which this country and the world confront in the lack of foodstuffs and in the certainty of high prices. Business men, State governments, and the national government owe it to the farmers and to the welfare of the country to stress these points with all possible emphasis. The South can become independent for foodstuffs by quick and vigorous action this spring and summer by its farmers, and if it fails to do so it will be drained of hundreds of millions of dollars for high-priced foodstuffs which should have been raised at home, and there will be poverty in many homes where there should be abundance.—*Manufacturers' Record*.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

GENERAL NOTES.

HISTORICAL WORK OF TEXAS CHAPTERS.—In the *Austin American* of December 9, 1916, appeared the following:

"Loving Cup to Chapter.—At the State U. D. C. Convention in Corpus Christi this week the Barrett Loving Cup was awarded the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter for historical work through the Chapter Historian, Mrs. M. M. Birge. The Chapter here is proud of the splendid work done by Mrs. Birge, whose writings and research work have proved especially interesting."

WILL ENTERTAIN DURING WASHINGTON REUNION.—Mrs. James E. Mulcare, of Washington, D. C., recently elected and installed in office as President of the District of Columbia Division, U. D. C., succeeding Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, writes that her Division is planning to give the Veterans, Daughters, and Sons a royal welcome during the Reunion in June. Her home will be thrown open to the veterans while there.

PATRIOTIC MARYLAND.—Mrs. Bertha Hall Talbott, State Recording Secretary of the Maryland Division, U. D. C., who has been active in U. D. C. work in Maryland for many years, has recently been nominated by the Maryland State Conference as a candidate for the office of Vice President General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

HONOR WHERE DUE.—W. E. Bevens, of Newport, Ark., asks that the name of Lon Steadman, of Company G, 1st Arkansas Regiment, be added to the list of those who went to Newark, Ohio, to return the captured flag of the 76th Ohio Regiment, as reported in the *VETERAN* for March, page 131. He says: "Lon Steadman's brother was killed where the flag was captured, and Lon Steadman, John Cathey, and — Barnes, all of Company G, picked up the flag, and our captain sent it back to Cleburne's headquarters by Barnes; so it would hardly be true history unless Steadman's name was added."

RARE BOOKS.—William A. Vincent, of Chicago, Ill., is very desirous of locating two of the earliest books on Confederate history and has asked the *VETERAN* to make inquiry for them. These books are: "Camp and Field: Papers from the Portfolio of an Army Chaplain." By Rev. Joseph Cross. Published at Macon, Ga., by Burke, Boykin & Company. 1864. "Lee's Last Campaign, with an Accurate History of Stonewall Jackson's Last Wound." By Capt. J. C. Gorman. Published by W. B. Smith & Co., Raleigh, N. C. 1866. It is hoped that some patron of the *VETERAN* can give some information of these books. Address Mr. Vincent at the Rookery, Chicago, Ill.

A CORRECTION.—In the March *VETERAN*, page 104, under title of "A Kindly Act," the address of W. C. Bostwick is given as Mount Sterling, Ky., when it should have been Mount Sterling, Ohio.

ERROR TYPOGRAPHICAL.—On page 168 of this number is given an extract from General French's diary which is credited to General "Fouch" by mistake.



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Mrs. Jennie Creel, of Nevada, Mo., makes inquiry of one James C. Creel, of Carroll County, Mo., who went out with Price and was killed at Allatoona, Ga., in 1864. Any one who remembers him will please write to her.

Mrs. M. E. Waller, of Centralia, Mo., wants to hear from any comrades who remember John Thomas Waller, of Clark County, Ky. He went out with John H. Morgan and was killed in a skirmish at Gallatin, Tenn., in 1862.

Mrs. Sarah J. Belmar, 976 Penn Street, Memphis, Tenn., wants to get in communication with some one who knew her husband, Jefferson O. Belmar, who belonged to Company A, 21st Arkansas Infantry, and served from the first to the last. She is in need of a pension.

D. M. Armstrong, 430 Highland Avenue, Roanoke, Va., is trying to secure the record of James W. Gwathney, who is in need of a pension, and would like to hear from any member of Captain Ashby's company, 2d Tennessee Cavalry, which was organized at Maynardsville, Tenn.

G. N. Gearhart, of Centerton, Ark., writes that N. B. Wooten, who served in Company G or B, of the 12th Arkansas Regiment, is trying to get a pension and asks that any surviving comrades write to him. He was under Captain Logan and Colonel Avery. His address is Decatur, Ark.

O. C. Dotson, of Garrison, Tex., writes: "On page 54 of the February VETERAN you say that Lieut. Col. J. A. P. Campbell led the 40th Mississippi Regiment in the battles of Shiloh, Iuka, etc., when it should be Iuka, Corinth, etc. The Shiloh battle was on the 5th and 6th of April, 1862, and the 40th Mississippi Regiment was organized in May, 1862. The Iuka battle was on the 19th of September and the Corinth battle on the 4th of October, 1862."



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C. E. Brooks, 239 State St., Marshall, Mich.

W. C. Griffing, Route 1, Hubbard, Tex., would like to hear from any one who was in the defense of Fort Gregg, near Petersburg. Mr. Griffing was the "Little Corporal" of Company G, 16th Mississippi Regiment, Harris's Brigade, Ewell's Division.

Mrs. Ira D. Oglesby, of Fort Smith, Ark., writes: "Inclosed find check for this year's subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I have never missed a copy since it was first published."

A. D. Rape, Route 1, Box 88, Quitman, Tex., would like to hear from some member of his regiment or brigade. He belonged to the 46th Alabama Regiment, Pettus's Brigade, Stevenson's Division, S. D. Lee's corps.

Mrs. J. R. Boswell, 694 South Burlington Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some one who can testify to the record of her husband, Capt. J. R. Boswell, who enlisted in the Confederate army in March, 1862, as quartermaster of Pickett's command, Polk's Brigade, and remained until the close of the war.

J. M. Gann, of Paint Rock, Tex., wishes to secure the addresses of several members of the command with which he served while in the Confederate army. He was with Carroll's Regiment, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, serving as a member of Company B, under Capt. Anderson Gordon. He volunteered at Lewisburg, Ark. He is trying to establish his record so as to secure a pension.

James Addison Nash was first lieutenant and then captain of Company K, 39th Mississippi Infantry, Villipigue's Brigade, and the company presented him with a sword on which his name was engraved. This regiment, it seems, fell into the hands of the enemy at Port Hudson, and it is presumed that the sword was captured at that time. The grandson of Captain Nash is very desirous of recovering the sword and will appreciate any information of it. This can be addressed to Capt. P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.

Mrs. Bettie Stacey, of Burnt Corn, Ala., sends in the following: "I should like to know the experience of some of the Confederate soldiers who were captured by the 8th Pennsylvania Dutch at Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863, and were carried to Camp Chase, Ohio, and kept for a while and then to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill., and imprisoned there until the surrender. I should also like to know what became of the prisoner in Camp Douglas who made a ladder to escape over the wall, and the guard found it and carried it out in town and set it up against the courthouse and made him go up and down it three days."

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Mrs. J. E. York, 303 North Second Avenue, Durant, Okla., wants to hear from some one who can give her the company and regiment and any other information of Augustus Tucker, who went out from Weakley County, West Tennessee.

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VOL. XXV.

MAY, 1917

NO. 5



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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1917.

No. 5. { S. A. CLINNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

There are so many things of interest in the capital city of these United States that the visitors who will throng its streets and avenues in June will not lack for entertainment outside of those things prepared especially by the Reunion committees. A little history of its founding and form of government can be appropriately given here, for doubtless there are many who have never given a thought to that part of it.

The District of Columbia is located at the confluence of the Potomac and Anacostia (or Eastern Branch) Rivers, one hundred miles from Chesapeake Bay and one hundred and eighty-five miles from the Atlantic Ocean. It was originally ten miles square, its southern and western part lying in the State of Virginia; but through the recession of that territory its area was reduced to sixty-nine and a quarter square miles.

When, by act of Congress in July, 1790, authority was given for the selection of a site for a permanent capital of the United States, President Washington, as the head of the commission so empowered, announced within three days the selection of the present site of the city which bears his name. He called it the Federal City, but after his death it was known

as the "City of Washington, in the District of Columbia." The District, as it is constituted, formerly comprised the villages of Washington and Georgetown, both of which are now included in the great Federal city.

Washington himself outlined the plans for the city, which were thought to have been derived from the outlines of Versailles, France. Major L'Enfant, a French engineer serving in the Continental army, was employed to superintend the laying out of the city, and he was succeeded by Andrew Ellicott, a Pennsylvania engineer. The original scheme of the city made the site of the Capitol the point from which



THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON.

most of the avenues radiated, and these intersected the streets at various angles. Straight lines run through the center of the building divided the city into four sections, known respectively as northwest, northeast, southwest, and southeast. The streets running east and west are lettered, while those running north and south are numbered.

The government of this city is of most unique form. While seemingly at variance with all republican principles, it reflects as does nothing else in the United States the idea of "a government for the people, of the people, and by the people," for the citizens of the United States rule their capital city; the residents of the city have no part in it. The President of the United States and the two Houses of Congress are to this city what the mayor and council are to other cities. Three commissioners, one from each of the two dominant political parties and one an officer from the engineer corps of the army, are appointed by the President, with the "advice and consent of the Senate," to administer the affairs of the District for a term of three years each; and these commissioners appoint all subordinate officers in its government. There are two sets of laws in force, one being acts of Congress corresponding to State laws in other communities; the other laws are municipal regulations enacted by the Board of Commissioners and which take the place of municipal laws of other cities. Every cent used in the government of the city is appropriated by Congress, and an annual report is made to the Congress through the President. All public improvements are determined by Congress, and not the least purchase of anything can be made without its authority. Half of the expenses of the District government are paid from the United States Treasury and half from the revenues of the District, derived from taxes on real and personal property and licenses on various things. The assessed value of all the property in the District in 1910 was \$323,909,530; the population at that time was 331,069, of whom one-third or more were negroes.

To view the Washington of to-day—its magnificent streets and avenues, its buildings of untold value, its homes of wealth and refinement, its parks and monuments, and the many other evidences of a people's culture—it is difficult to believe that in its first seventy years as the capital of the United States it was the most forlorn of villages. In that time no serious effort was made toward ordinary municipal betterment. The government paid no taxes on the property

and made only the smallest appropriations for its maintenance. To this lack of public spirit is attributable its loss of the Virginia territory, which was ceded to that State in 1846 upon petition of the people of Alexandria.



GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

ON TO WASHINGTON!

Late reports from the Reunion committees at Washington indicate that plans are being carried forward for the entertainment of Confederate Veterans in June and that there seems to be no reason to consider a postponement of that meeting. The following announcement from the Commander in Chief U. C. V. should be reassuring on that point:

"HEADQUARTERS U. C. V., OPELIKA, ALA.,
April 23, 1917.

"Having carefully considered all the reasons recently suggested for postponing the twenty-seventh annual Reunion of Confederate Veterans, and being confident that a large majority of my comrades are opposed to postponement, I hereby appeal to all loyal members of our Association to cease any further discussion of the subject and consider it settled that the Reunion will be held June 5-7, as heretofore agreed upon.

"To meet in the capital of our country at this time is especially opportune for the cementing of friendship between all sections.

"Let us go and by our acts proclaim to the world, especially to Germany, that those of us who wore the gray are as loyal to our country as those who wore the blue.

GEORGE P. HARRISON,
Commander in Chief."



VIEW OF WASHINGTON FROM THOMAS CIRCLE.

THE LAST REVIEW.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

O now, honey, don't say that:
I've simply got to go.
I don't care if the sun is hot;
I don't care if it rains or not,
I'll wear my old gray hat.

Of course I'm not so very spry,
Not like in sixty-one.
I'm old and lame; my suit ain't nice:
I wore it first with Sterling Price.
My, how the years do fly!

Your grandma said I was too young
To join the boys in gray.
When they came marching through the town,
I took my pa's old rifle down
From where it always hung

Above the chimney place. Ma cried,
And so did little sis.
But I just had to go. * * * A man
Has got to do the best he can
To save his manly pride.

I kissed them both good-by and went
Away with Price's men.
Missouri's sons had sprung to arms;
From city streets and lonely farms
They joined our regiment.

At red Shiloh in sixty-two
I served with Beauregard.
For two days in that ring of fire
Comrade and foe we saw expire,
Dying like heroes true.

But I got shot in that grim fight
And laid by for a while.
Then afterwards in sixty-three
I thought I'd go and serve with Lee,
Beloved and blameless knight.

'Twas down South that I met your ma,
Lovely Evalina,
With one glance from her dark blue eyes
She had my whole heart for a prize.
Pretty! I never saw

A prettier girl. And she cried, too,
And said her heart would break;
But still * * * I went away with Lee.
The captain of a company,
I'd sworn to see him through.

I saw great Stonewall when he fell;
I shared the bitter woe
That swept the hearts of all the corps,
As break the waves from shore to shore
In a great ocean swell.

At Gettysburg, along the James.
The Crater, Richmond dear,
Slowly the mournful end drew nigh:
We saw our dauntless soldiers die.
How glorious their names!

When in that black night of despair
The starry cross went down,
The face of our loved leader shone
A new star in the dusk alone,
Serene and bright and fair.

"We've fought through the war together, men;
I've done my best for you."
A noble chieftain to the last,
We wept around him as he passed
Sadly adown the glen. * * *

Marse Robert! Ah! we loved him. Still
This old heart feels the glow
That burned in each young soldier's breast
As one by one we forward pressed,
Eager to do his will.

Honey, you young ones cannot know
How terrible it was
To watch our ragged, broken ranks
Along the Appomattox banks
Surrendered to the foe.

But God knew best. * * * Your grandma said
When I came tramping home:
"Son, put away that old gray coat
And wait until you've had one vote:
You are too young to wed."

But four hard years of battle stress
Had taught me patience too.
We all had need of courage strong
To save our land from deadly wrong,
Our people from duress.

Now, God be thanked, our task is done;
We've proved our loyalty.
If foreign foes our land bestead,
The son of many an old Confed.
Will "stand behind the gun."

Listen! * * * I hear the drums, the fife,
The bugle's silver call.
O comrades, comrades, brave and true,
We meet in this our grand review
In the twilight hour of life;

And though we falter on the way
With feeble steps and slow,
Dim eyes will brighten through the tears,
Old hearts beat bravely 'mid the cheers
That greet our boys in gray.



PROMINENT MEMBERS OF REUNION COMMITTEES.

Top row: Col. Robert N. Harper, Chairman of the Civic Committee, a Virginian by birth, President of the District National Bank of Washington; Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of Washington, born in Georgia, reared in Mississippi, and largely educated in Tennessee. Bottom row: Henry Francis Cary, Chairman Finance Committee, was born in Georgia, and his father served in Cobb's Legion; he is General Passenger Agent of the Southern Railway. Claude N. Bennett, Chairman Committee on Entertainment, a native Georgian, is President of the Southern Society of Washington and otherwise prominent in the capital city. Thomas Grant, Secretary of the Reunion Committee, is one of the really important citizens of Washington, as he is Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

REUNION PLANS.

The fierce Rebel yell, blending in weird cadence with the inspiring strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner," will awaken the echoes and arouse patriotic enthusiasm at the twenty-seventh annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, to be held in Washington, D. C., the week beginning June 4. As the men in gray parade over the wide stretches of Pennsylvania Avenue, sometimes termed the "National Boulevard," the impulse will come to sound their battle cry of more than fifty years ago, when this country was engaged in a great internecine war. At this time, when the United States is at war with a great foreign power, the picture of the parading units of the armies of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and other Southern generals will be an object lesson worth while. The venerable veterans of Dixie will be participants in the making of moving pictures of a past century on the nation's screen at Washington.

Col. Robert N. Harper, chairman of the general committee of citizens in charge of Reunion events, announces that plans for the great gathering are progressing finely, notwithstanding the patriotic activities incident to the declaration of war against Germany. It has been definitely decided that the big parade shall take place Thursday, June 7, at 11 A.M.

By direction of Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., the business sessions of that organization, including the annual election of officers, will be held June 5, 6, and 7.

Other events in the same week will be the conventions of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, besides regimental reunions and the social functions, which are always elaborate features of the Reunions.

The great plaza fronting the Union Railroad Station, sometimes termed "Columbus Park," will be converted into a tented field, where many of the visiting veterans will be quartered without expense to them. This camp, with its one thousand tents, will be almost immediately in the shadow of the big white dome of the Capitol, which overlooks the site from the southeast. The committee will make this a camp *de luxe*, with dining tents, rest tents, hospital tents, information booths, etc. Arrangements will be made with caterers to furnish Dixie's fighting men with twenty thousand meals, and the grounds will be brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. Overlooking the camp from the northwest will be the heroic statue of Christopher Columbus, with the massive white stone Union Station as a background.

It is planned to have the Navy Department order several submarines and torpedo boat destroyers or other craft to be stationed in the Potomac River at Washington for the inspection of visitors. Trolley lines, automobiles, and steam railroads will carry veterans and their friends to the many battle fields in the vicinity of the capital, and the trip to Mount Vernon, the home and the tomb of George Washington, may be made by electric line or steamboat.

As this Reunion of former Confederates will be the first held outside the geographical limits of the Confederacy, and as the railroads will give visitors a liberal rate (one cent per mile), it is expected that the attendance from all sections of the country will be large. The fact that "Uncle Sam" is at war with a foreign foe will prove to be an added attraction. A visit to Washington under such circumstances will be both interesting and instructive. The old gray jacket of the Confederate soldier has been described in song and story. In the marching columns at the Reunion may be seen the real jackets and other paraphernalia of the camp, bivouac, and firing line of the sanguinary sixties.

All Washington is anxiously awaiting the opportunity to extend unwonted hospitality to the veterans, the sons and daughters of veterans, and the other visitors. This spirit of welcome to the warriors of the South has been aptly expressed in a letter written to Chairman H. F. Cary, of the Finance Committee, by James Tanner, Past Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, familiarly known as "Corporal" Tanner, who lost one of his legs while battling against the men in gray. The letter says:

"In response to your inclosed letter, I inclose a little check, more to express my good will for the success of the Confederate Reunion than for any other purpose.

"With considerable knowledge thereof, for I am venturing to speak for a very considerable portion of the Grand Army of the Republic, I would say that we shall cordially welcome all the old 'Johnnies' who can come to Washington. We shall be more glad to see them marching along Pennsylvania Avenue in the near future than we would have been to see them, armed and equipped, make the same march during the sixties."

ARE YOU GOING TO THE REUNION?

The Chairman of the Reunion Committee requests that all Camps of United Confederate Veterans, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and other organizations which will attend the twenty-seven annual Reunion, U. C. V., at Washington, D. C., the week beginning June 4, promptly notify the general committee at Washington, so that ample provision may be made for their care, comfort, and entertainment. This is important. Address Col. Robert N. Harper, President District National Bank, Washington, D. C.

All Confederate veterans who may be going are asked to wear their war-time uniforms or to carry historic battle flags or other relics of the war. They are further requested to send a note giving their names, addresses, company, regiment, and State to Capt. Winfield Jones, National Defense League, Fourteenth and E Streets N. W., Washington, D. C., for publication in connection with the Reunion; also any information concerning famous Confederate commands that will be represented or noted soldiers and incidents connected with their careers will be appreciated.

REUNION PROGRAM.

Monday, June 4.—Forenoon and afternoon, fraternal greetings of the blue and the gray, seeing Washington; evening, initial meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Tuesday, June 5.—Forenoon, opening session of the United Confederate Veterans, with address by President Woodrow Wilson; visit to the battle fields of Manassas and Fort Stevens.

Wednesday, June 6.—Forenoon, business session of the U. C. V.; afternoon, memorial service at the Confederate monument in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., home of Gen. Robert E. Lee; 5 p.m., grand open-air concert by the famous Marine Band on the grounds of the Washington Monument, when from one thousand to fifteen hundred school children will form a human flag in the colors red, white, and blue, with vocal music; 8 p.m., grand ball by Sons of Veterans in honor of the U. C. V., their families and friends, at the Arcade.

Thursday, June 7.—Parade of the United Confederate Veterans and other organizations at 11 a.m.; business session of the U. C. V. at 3 p.m.; ball of the Southern Society at night.

Friday, June 8.—Excursion to Gettysburg battle ground for unveiling of Confederate monument.

Saturday, June 9.—Sight-seeing about Washington and vicinity and the home-going.



MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., President General United Daughters of the Confederacy and Matron of Honor for the United Confederate Veterans at the Reunion in June, 1917.

CONTRASTS.

BY BRIDGES SMITH, ADJUTANT GENERAL GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Now—1917.

At the head of the column the band played
 "The Old Gray Bonnet," a modern air that is pretty.
 But not so inspiring as "The Marseillaise" or "Dixie."
 The column of youngsters, fit, clear-eyed, and
 Clean-limbed, young men in the full glory
 Of their manhood, ready for a fight or a frolic;
 Well clothed, well shod, well equipped, and
 Well armed. Rifles of the latest model, one where
 Every little movement of the trigger finger
 Meant a bullet in the direction of the foe,
 Two miles away; and to load again is the work
 Of a second or so.

Each man carrying an equipment that means
 Almost all the comforts of the home;
 And this, with the portable kitchen that
 Follows the column and which supplies the hot
 Soup, the coffee, and all else that makes up
 The meal that satisfies, is soldiering *de luxe*.
 War is thus robbed of some of its terrors
 And soldiers of many of their privations.
 Should sickness overtake them, or should they
 Suffer wounds in battle, there are ambulances
 Rivaling luxurious limousines to carry them
 To hospitals supplied with every known equipment and
 Appliance for alleviating pain, and where sweet
 Nurses, under the banner of the glorious Red Cross,
 Attend their every want and soothe their every
 Pain, as sisters or mothers would.

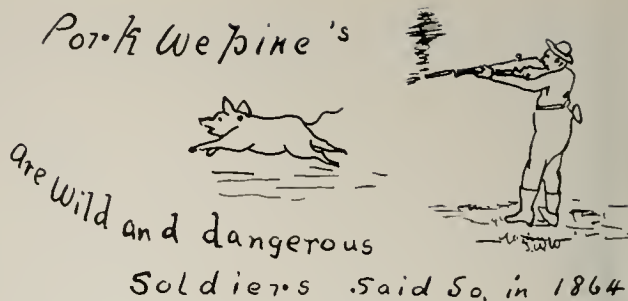
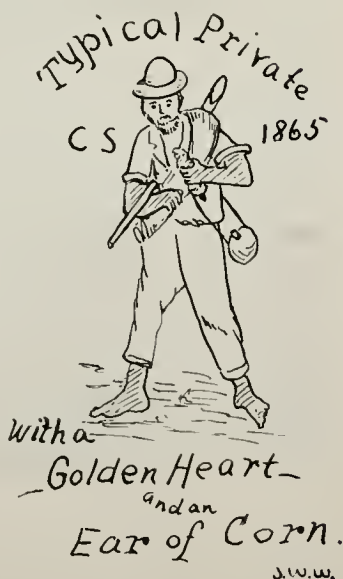
THEN—1861.

At the head of the column the fife and drum played
 "The Girl I Left Behind Me," a stirring air,
 And in that column were youngsters just as
 Clear-eyed, just as clean-limbed, but with them
 Were their fathers and even grandfathers
 And men of all ages.

If being well clothed meant a jacket for one,
 A long coat for another, all of gray but
 Of different shades and
 some frazzled and
 worn;

If being well shod meant
 shoes with gaping holes
 And worn soles and tied
 with twine or leather
 strings,

Even strips of cloth—then
 they were well clothed
 And well shod. If well
 armed meant carrying
 A heavy gun with a range
 of less than half a
 mile and discharging its
 buck and ball in an
 uncertain, scattering way,
 then they were well
 armed. To reload, the
 paper cartridge, carried
 in a leather box, must be
 fumbled for, the end



Bitten off, the powder emptied into the barrel,
 The ramrod taken from its place on the gun,
 The buck and ball rammed down, the ramrod
 Replaced; another fumble in another leather box
 For a percussion cap, the hammer drawn back
 And the cap placed on the tube, and then,
 Taking great chances on the cap's doing its duty,
 The gun is fired, all this taking time and often
 Very precious time. If well equipped meant
 A ragged blanket wrapped around a frying pan
 And the remnants of the last breakfast or dinner,
 A haversack tinged with the soil of the country,
 A battered canteen and a belt hampered with
 The leather boxes for cartridges and caps,
 Then they were well equipped.

If sick or wounded, they waited long, it may
 Have seemed years, for a lumbering wagon to
 Come along for a long ride of suffering to some
 Improvised hospital, often a fly tent, and
 Then waited another age for the busy surgeon.
 No limousine ambulance, no well-appointed
 Hospital, no sweet-faced Red Cross nurses to
 Attend them!

No wonder, then, that the survivors of that
 Time, those who marched away to the inspiring
 Strains of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," should
 Gaze with admiration upon the column of youngsters
 Keeping step to "The Old Gray Bonnet" of to-day,
 And at the same time envy the boys with their
 Long-range guns, the metallic cartridges that are
 Bullet and cap combined, and no ramrod to draw
 And ram the paper wadding, and all the conveniences,
 Not to mention the portable kitchens and the
 Supply wagons! How well these bring to mind the
 Feasts of stolen corn and potatoes and sometimes
 A pig brought in by the company forager! And
 Nary a bite of anything else!

And as to the flag, those youngsters marching
 To the air of "The Old Gray Bonnet" are under
 The same old flag which those boys back yonder
 Marched to the then inspiring strains of
 "The Girl I Left Behind Me" that they might see
 It trailed in the dust.

And this is why the old veterans gaze with
 Admiration on the column of youngsters, for
 Among them are their sons and their grandsons,
 And the flag above them is now their flag, and
 "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is wearing
 "The Old Gray Bonnet" with her sweetest smile.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

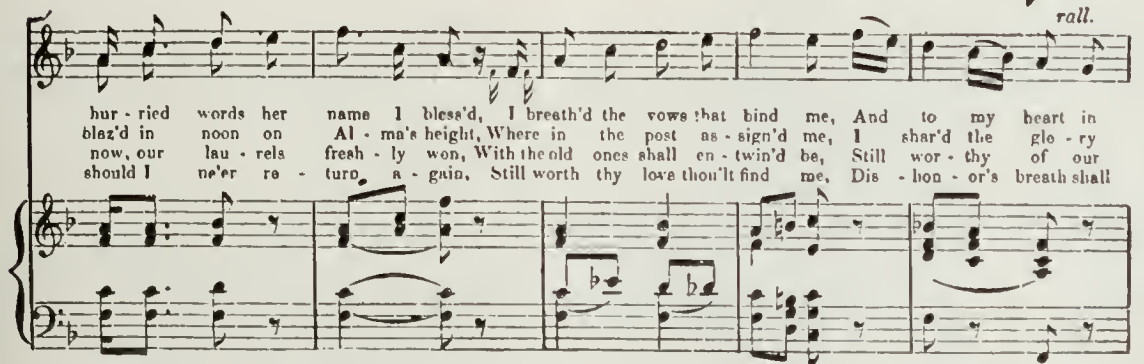
Moderato



1. The hour was sad I left the maid, A lin - g'ring fare - well
 2. Then to the East we bore a - way, To win a name in
 3. Full man - y a name our ban - nera bore, Of for - mer deeds of
 4. The hope of a val vic - to - ry, With - in my bo - som



tak - ing, Her sighs and tears my steps de - lay'd, I thought her heart was break - ing; In
 sto - ry, And there, where dawns the sun of day, There dawn'd our glo - ry: Both
 dar - ing, But they were of the days of yore, In which we had no shar - ing; But
 burn - ing, Is min - gling with sweet thoughts of thee, And of my fond re - turn - ing; But



hur - ried words her name I bless'd, I breath'd the vows that bind me, And to my heart in
 blaz'd in noon on Al - ma's height, Where in the post as - sign'd me, I shar'd the glo - ry
 now, our lau - rels fresh - ly won, With the old ones shall en - twin'd be, Still wor - thy of our
 should I ne'er re - turn, a - gain, Still worth thy love thou'lt find me, Dis - hon - or's breath shall



an - guish press'd The girl I left be - hind me.
 of that fight, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.
 sirea each son, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.
 nev - er staid The name I'll leave be - hind me.

ENGLISH FRIENDS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY THE LATE MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND, OF VIRGINIA,
AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF GEORGE MASON," ETC.

The English friends of the South may be placed in the following classification: Those who brought oratory to her aid, who spoke for her in Parliament and elsewhere; those who wrote in her behalf and assisted her by books and pamphlets or as journalists; and, lastly, the small band who fought under the Stars and Bars, a few of whom still live to receive our gratitude and regard. But, like the blending colors of the rainbow, they shade into one another, these services of the tongue, the pen, and the sword, and are as one in a computation of values. Not strictly within the first two groupings, but not to be overlooked as factors in our enumeration of friends, were those who gave us moral support, aiding us socially and politically through various activities. Finally, when all was over and the curtain fell on the great drama, there were poet souls over the sea who sent us their swallow flights of song, and in our great anguish we raised bowed heads to catch these strains of loving eulogy and appreciation.

Sir William Gregory, one of the leaders in Parliament during the sixties, tells us in his "Memoirs," as evincing the sentiment in our behalf among England's upper classes, that when he said in one of his speeches that "the adherents of the North in the House of Commons might all be driven home in one omnibus the remark was received with much cheering." And nobly did Mr. Gregory (he was not then knighted) champion our rights and plead for recognition of the Southern Confederacy. He was ably supported by Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Lord Salisbury, and by "other influential members." Among them was William Schaw Lindsay, one of the notable number of English gentlemen whose hospitality was enjoyed by the Confederate commissioner to Great Britain, James M. Mason. The memorandum book of Mr. Mason and his letters give us an interesting list of the South's friends. He wrote to his son in 1862 of the kindness and attention "received from society in London, both Peers and Commons," adding his comment on the English aristocracy, that those he had met were "only the types of Southern gentlemen and ladies, simple, genial, and unostentatious." The Earl of Shaftesbury, the noted philanthropist, was an ardent advocate of the success of the Confederacy. He was President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and it was through him that the Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, obtained

the gift of twenty thousand dollars' worth of Bibles and Testaments for Lee's army. Among the noblemen and their families who entertained Mr. Mason were the Marquis of Bath, whom he describes as "an intelligent and accomplished young gentleman"; the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, with whom he dined at Stafford House in London; and the Earl of Donoughmore, whom he visited at his country seat in Ireland, "a very intelligent gentleman and a warm and earnest friend of the South." Mr. Mason wrote of the Earl of Donoughmore later that he had known him more intimately than any other of his rank in England and had always found him "a fast and consistent friend of our cause." Of Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, our commissioner writes: "He too is an earnest and sincere friend of our cause." Another friend of Mr. Mason and of the South was the distinguished physician, Sir Henry Holland, who had visited the United States in the suite of the Prince of Wales. Lord Hartington, afterwards Duke of Devonshire, was also in sympathy with the South. He came to the United States in 1862, and much has been made by Northern writers of the incident of his wearing a secession badge on his coat at a public ball in New York. Lord Hartington and Colonel Leslie, M.P., with other Englishmen, visited Stonewall Jackson at his headquarters. Among the great English ladies who appreciated our commissioner and the cause he represented were the Duchess of Rutland, who entertained Mr. Mason at Belvoir Castle, and the Dowager Marchioness of Bath, who sent through him her silver saltcellars to be raffled off, for the benefit of the Confederates, at the "Ladies' Fair" in Baltimore in March, 1866.

An English statesman prominent in championship of the Confederacy was the Hon. Beresford Hope. Mr. Mason found him and his wife, Lady Mildred Hope, daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury, the most congenial of friends, and he visited them more than once at Bedgebury Park.



THE WHITE HOUSE, HOME OF THE PRESIDENT.

about sixty miles from London. It is to Beresford Hope that the South is chiefly indebted for the Foley statue of Stonewall Jackson in the Capitol Square, Richmond, Va., presented to her by "English gentlemen" and received by Virginia "in the name of the Southern people." From the London (England) Index of August, 1863 ("Life of James Murray Mason," page 430), we find the following committee of English gentlemen receiving subscriptions to this statue of Stonewall Jackson now in the Capitol Square in Richmond, Va.: A. J. B. Beresford Hope, Esq.; Sir James Ferguson, Bart., M.P.; Lord Campbell; W. H. Gregory, Esq., M.P.; Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.; G. Peacock, Esq.; W. Lindsay, Esq., M.P.; G. E. Seymour, Esq.; Sir E. Kerrison, Bart., M.P.; Lord Eustace Cecil; Hon. Ernest Duncombe, M.P.; Hon. C. Fitzwilliam; J. Laird, M.P.; J. Spence, Esq.; Earl of Donoughmore; Sir Eardley Eardley, Bart.; Colonel Greville, M.P.; Honorable Treasurer A. J. B. Beresford Hope, Esq., 1 Connaught Place, London; Honorable Secretary W. H. Gregory, Esq., M.P., 10 Grosvenor Street W., London.

Lady Mildred Hope and her daughters were foremost among the English ladies of rank under whose patronage the grand bazaar was held in Liverpool in October, 1864, for the benefit of sick and wounded Confederates and for the relief of Confederate prisoners. There was a Southern club in Liverpool which originated the undertaking, having its secret agents in the United States, through whom aid was sent to the prisoners. Beresford Hope and his wife, with members of their family and others, showed their appreciation of General Lee at this time by presenting him with a magnificent illustrated Bible containing this eulogistic dedication: "Recognizing the genius of the general and admiring the humanity of the man, respecting the virtue of the Christian." Three lectures were delivered by Beresford Hope in 1861 on the American conflict, expounding and defending the Confederate cause. These were afterwards published and were followed by "The Results of the American Disruption" in 1862, which reached a sixth edition, and by other publications in 1863 along the same lines. From Beresford Hope came at the close of the war to the sad heart of the South those noble lines on "The Confederate Dead":

"They lived accepted in the chosen band
Of those who in short time encompassed deeds
Whose worth the span of rolling centuries
Preserves in undecaying memory;
Stout working preachers to their fellow men
Of single, stern self-sacrifice,
Whose unwrit sermons shall be garnered up
In the dim cycles of the coming time
For the refreshment of sick humankind."

Lord Acton, scholar and man of letters, the friend of Gladstone, gave to the South a whole-hearted devotion, writing after the tragedy of the 9th of April: "I broke my heart over the surrender of Lee." Of our peerless commander he somewhere says that he was "the greatest general the world has ever seen, with the possible exception of Na-



THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

oleon." There lie before me two autograph letters of Lord Acton written in 1864 to Miss Emily V. Mason. In one of them he acknowledges the gift of her biography of Lee: "Your book on your hero and mine, which was valuable to me as about the only Englishman left who is true to the 'Lost Cause' and can never turn to its records even now without emotion."

Two valuable books in furtherance of the South's claims written during the war were "The American Union," by James Spence, M.P., of Liverpool, and "The Confederate Secession," by the Marquis of Lothian. The first was a scholarly exposition of the Constitution, published in the fall of 1861 and going through four editions before the following spring. This book, we are told, had a great influence in molding English public opinion among the cultured classes. Mr. Spence, besides befriending the Confederacy in Parliament and through the above-mentioned work, aided the cause also as a correspondent of the London Times. The "Confederate Secession," written with the pen of the enthusiast, is imbued with Southern feeling and makes a powerful appeal to the author's countrymen for a recognition of Southern rights. Descended from a follower of Sir William Wallace, the Marquis of Lothian came rightly by his love of justice and freedom. This nobleman, confined to his chair, a hopeless cripple, solaced a life of suffering by his literary labors. He was visited at his country seat in Scotland by Mr. James M. Mason, and his portrait, with that of Mr. Mason, was taken at this time by Lady Harriet Sinclair. Copies of both of these pictures are in possession of the present writer. A poet's head it is, with long brown locks and fine, sensitive face, this counterfeit presentment of the gifted, generous-hearted Scotchman, the South's true friend and lover, William Schomberg Robert, eighth Marquis of Lothian.

The best known to-day, doubtless, of all our British friends is Percy Greg, whose "History of the United States" has been republished in Richmond and introduced very generally into Southern libraries and colleges. It has been characterized by a Virginia scholar as "perhaps the truest history of this country as a whole which has yet been drawn."

When it came out in two volumes in 1887, the author's Southern bias made the book so obnoxious to Northern readers that an effort was made to suppress it, and it was very difficult to obtain a copy in the United States. Finally it came to the knowledge of some of our professors and teachers, among them Capt. Gordon McCabe, who made a pilgrimage to Dorset Hall, Percy Greg's place in Surrey, and was also entertained by him at his London club. But the South's debt to this true friend and able champion was not generally known among our people until after the author's death. He passed away in 1889, his last years saddened, we are told, by the apparent indifference of the countrymen of Lee to his crowning achievement in their behalf. He had aided us during the conflict by his contributions to the English press. And he too sang the South's praises in passionate verse, both dirge and pæan, "The Ninth of April, 1865."

About the same time or a little later Sir Henry de Hoghton, one of our English friends, wrote the reply to Father Ryan's poem, "The Conquered Banner." These stanzas, entitled "Fold It Up Carefully," were sent by the author to a friend in Portsmouth, Va., and by him transmitted to Miss Mason for publication in her "Southern Poems of the War." An autograph letter to her from Sir Henry de Hoghton is extant, in which he mentions his verses and his Virginia friend, though he does not give the latter's name.

English newspaper correspondents in Richmond during the war who were our friends and well-wishers were the Hon. Francis Lawley, a son of Lord Wenlock, who wrote for the London Telegraph, and Frank Vizitelly, of the London Illustrated News. Mrs. Burton Harrison, in her entertaining "Reminiscences," dilates upon the social qualities of Mr. Vizitelly, who was an incomparable aid to the young girls of the beleaguered city and their soldier cavaliers as they sought with tableaux and private theatricals between campaigns and skirmishes to soften the grim face of war.

Two English scholars, warm friends of the South, each of whom has paid a deathless tribute to General Lee, are Prof. George Long and Philip Stanhope Worsley. The former was at the age of twenty-four one of the English professors Jefferson secured for the University of Virginia. Though he remained but a short time in Virginia, he continued ever a lover of the Southland. In the last year of his life he wrote: "It is strange how fresh the Southern States are in my memory; I shall die thinking of them." His beautiful eulogy of General Lee is in the dedication of his "Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius." A pirated edition of the book had been brought out in Boston and dedicated by the publisher to Emerson. Long indignantly repudiated this association of his work with the New Englander and in a second edition wrote the following prefatory note: "I have never dedicated a book to any man, and if I dedicated this I should choose the man whose name seemed to me most worthy to be joined to that of the Roman soldier and philosopher. I might dedicate the book to the successful general who is now President of the United States, with the hope that his integrity and justice will restore peace and happiness, so far as he can, to those unhappy States which have

suffered so much from war and the unrelenting hostility of wicked men. But, as the Roman poet says, *Victrix causa deis placuit, sed Victa Catoni*. And if I dedicated this little book to any man, I would dedicate it to him who led the



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Confederate armies against the powerful invader and retired from an unequal contest defeated, but not dishonored; to the noble Virginian whose talents and virtues place him by the side of the best and wisest man who sat on the throne of the imperial Cæsars." Long finished his great work in five volumes, "The Decline of the Roman Republic," in 1874, and here he took occasion to condemn the Northern States for their unjust war against the Southern Confederacy. But both this passage in his history and the dedication of his "Marcus Aurelius" have mysteriously disappeared from Long's writings, through the agency, it is presumed, of Northern publishing houses.

Philip Stanhope Worsley dedicated his fine translation of the "Iliad" to General Lee in verses of great charm and pathos. A copy of this book was sent to General Lee through the latter's nephew, Edward Lee Childe, to whom Worsley wrote: "The great names that your country has bequeathed from its four lurid years of national life as examples to mankind can never be forgotten, and among those none will be more honored while history endures by all true hearts than that of your noble relative." Worsley inscribed his book: "To General Lee, the most stainless of living commanders and, except in fortune, the greatest." Then follow the laudatory stanzas, concluding:

"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."

England's greatest general, Lord Wolseley, at that time Col. Garnet Wolseley, gave the South his sympathy during the war of the sixties and while stationed in Canada visited Virginia to observe the operations of the armies. When in Winchester he was frequently at the home of Mrs. Hugh Lee, with whom he afterwards corresponded up to within

the last years of her life, never losing his interest in the South and the friends he had made there. Mrs. Lee, banished from Winchester by Sheridan, made her home later in Baltimore, where she died in 1907.

Among our English friends who were in sympathy with the Confederacy, one of the most distinguished was Lieutenant Colonel Freemantle, of the Coldstream Guards, though he was with us only for a short time. He followed Lee in the Pennsylvania campaign and was a general favorite with all who knew him. He published soon after his "Three Months in the Southern States," giving his experiences in the Confederacy. Lord Edward St. Maur came to America with the Marquis of Hartington and was in Richmond in 1862. He fought in the battles of the Seven Days and distinguished himself for gallantry on the field of Frazier's Farm. Sidney Herbert Heth was inspector general of the staff of Gen. Harry Heth. He was "very gallant," says Captain McCabe, and "always wore his Crimean medals when in action." There was a Colonel Gordon among our British friends, second in command of a North Carolina regiment, who was badly wounded in the Confederate service; also a Captain Winthrop and a Major Ross, who had been an officer of the Austrian Cuirassiers. Henry Wemyss Fielden, second son of Sir William Henry Fielden, Bart., of Feniscowles Hall, Lancashire, gave to the South efficient service in the siege of Charleston. He was an assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Beauregard and lived to read and review "The Defense of Charleston," by his comrade, Capt. John Johnson, published in 1890. Captain Fielden married, while in Carolina, a daughter of that State. Capt. Charles Murray, the late Lord Dunmore, a

descendant of Virginia's last royal Governor, served on the staff of General Lee at one time and for three years previously, under an assumed name, commanded the Nashville and other blockade runners.

An Englishman who came over here under romantic circumstances to fight for us and to become one of us was the lamented journalist, Capt. Frank W. Dawson, of the Charleston News and Courier, whose tragic death occurred some years ago. Cooper de Leon, in his interesting book, "The Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the Sixties," gives an account of Captain Dawson, telling how as a fresh-faced, boyish-looking youth he came over as a stowaway on the blockade runner Nashville, swimming aboard and fasting three days. "All he wanted was to fight for the South." He landed at Wilmington and immediately enlisted as a private in Pegram's Artillery. "Cool, brave, and reliable," he had reached by gradual promotion the rank of captain when the war closed. In the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Austin, Tex., is an Englishman who fought for the South, Mr. William Hardin, one of the three survivors of the band of forty-five who contended so bravely and victoriously at Sabine Pass, September 9, 1863.

And Capt. Edgar J. Franklin, of London, was also a Confederate soldier, serving under General Magruder in the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he participated in the brilliant little battle of Galveston, January 1, 1862.

Let us string these names on our rosary for remembrance, though they by no means include all of our English sympathizers, those champions tried and true of the Confederate South, when

"The whole world watched with bated breath and hushed
As close the great constrictor wound its coils
Around us as we struggled, fought till crushed."

FROM THE RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH, SEPTEMBER 26, 1915.

There lived in London in 1860 the Rev. Francis William Tremlett, vicar of St. Peter's Church, Belsize Park. He had built and owned the parsonage in which he lived with his mother and sister. The latter, Miss Louise Tremlett, was as devoted to the cause of the South as her brother. The parsonage was large and spacious, and every window overlooked a beautiful garden. Here were entertained all the Confederates who came to London. The parsonage was called the "Home of the Confederates" and more familiarly "The Rebels' Roost." Its hospitality was enjoyed by Admiral Semmes, Commander Maury, Captain Bulloch, Captain Kell, Captain North, Captain Murdough, Captain Pegram, and many others. Of course it was principally with the naval officers that these good people came in contact while the war lasted. But at the parsonage later Jefferson Davis and General Beauregard, among others of less note, were welcome guests.

A most pleasing pen picture of Dr. Tremlett is given us by Admiral Semmes in his "Memoirs of Service Afloat." He writes of their first meeting: "I trust the reader will pardon me, as I hope the family itself will, if I intrude upon its privacy, if I mention before leaving London one of those old English households immortalized by the inimitable pen of Washington Irving. One day whilst I was sitting quietly after breakfast in my rooms at Euston Square, running over the columns of American news in the Times, Commander North entered, and with him came a somewhat portly gentleman with an unmistakable English face and dressed in cler-



GRAND STAIRWAY, CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

ical garb; not overclerical, either, for but for his white cravat and the cut of the collar of his coat you would not have taken him for a clergyman at all. Upon being introduced, this gentleman said to me pleasantly: 'I have come to take the captain of the Sumter prisoner and carry him off to my house to spend a few days with me.' I looked into the genial face of the speaker and surrendered myself to him a captive at once. There was no mistaking the old-time English gentleman, though the gentleman himself was not past middle age, in the open countenance and kindly expression of my new friend. Having made some remarks to him about quiet, he said: "That is the very thing I propose to give you; you shall come to my house, stay as long as you please, go away when you please, and see nobody at all unless you please." I dined with him the next day, in company with a few Confederate and English friends, and spent several days at his home, among the ladies present being his mother and maiden sister. It became, in fact, my English home and was but little less dear to me than my own home in America. The name of the Rev. Francis W. Tremlett, of the parsonage in Belsize Park, near Hampstead, London, dwells in my memory and in that of every other Confederate who ever came in contact with him—and they were not few—like a household word."

After the loss of the Alabama, Semmes, rescued by the English yacht *Deerhound*, landed at Southampton, where offers of aid came to him from various quarters, Miss Gladstone, sister of the distinguished statesman, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, writing him a letter of sympathy and proffering pecuniary assistance. The Confederate commissioner in England, James M. Mason, also came to the aid of his gallant countryman. The latter writes: "Captain Bulloch and the Rev. F. W. Tremlett came posthaste to Southampton to offer us sympathy and service. The reader will recollect the circumstances under which I became acquainted with the latter gentleman when I laid up the *Sumter* at Gibraltar and retired to London. He now came to insist that I should go again to my 'English home,' at his house, to recruit and have my wound cared for." With health broken by his arduous and brilliant services, Captain Semmes decided not to accept another command at that time, and he writes: "I therefore threw off all care and responsibility, as soon as I had wound up the affairs of the Alabama, and went up to enjoy the hospitality of my friend Tremlett at Belsize Park, in London. Here we arranged for a visit of a few weeks to the Continent, and especially to the Swiss mountains, which was carried out in due time. One other gentleman, an amiable and accomplished sister of my friend Tremlett, and two other ladies, connections or friends of the family, accompanied us."

They were absent six weeks, and Captain Semmes found his friend "a veteran traveler who knew how to smooth all the difficulties of a journey."

The sword presented to Admiral Semmes by English naval officers was preserved at the parsonage for some time. And when he went away he left his walking stick at the parsonage, which is now a treasured relic in the possession of Dr. Tremlett's adopted daughter.

The amiable and accomplished sister, Miss Louise Tremlett, must have had her share of humor, for on a photograph of her which has been preserved she has written: "Louisa A. Tremlett, cabin boy to the *Sumter*, May 25, 1862."

In the fall of 1862 Capt. Matthew Fontaine Maury was sent to England to purchase torpedo material and other

things needed for the Confederacy. Dr. Tremlett soon found him out, and a warm and intimate friendship grew up between them. Commodore Maury stayed at the parsonage at one time, and his daughter remembers as a young girl her father's friend and the beautiful garden which surrounded the house. In the biography of Maury, written by one of his daughters, there are several letters to Dr. Tremlett from Commodore Maury.

While visiting the Duke of Buckingham at his palace of Stow, Commodore Maury wrote again to Dr. Tremlett, telling of the privations then suffered by his family: "With this pitiful picture in my mind's eye I felt as if I must choke with the sumptuous viands set before me on the Duke's table." Commodore Maury brought his family with him to England in 1866, and through Dr. Tremlett's influence he became a member of the Church at this time, being confirmed at St. Peter's by Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, then in London attending the Pan-Anglican Council. Dr. Tremlett was prominent in raising the "Maury Testimonial" for his distinguished guest, which was presented to him at a banquet given in his honor, at which General Beauregard and other Confederates were present.

Early in July, 1868, Commodore Maury returned to Virginia to reside at Lexington, where he had accepted a professorship at the Virginia Military Institute. He wrote from there to his "Dear Frank," asking for that visit he had promised him: "Now that I have a nest of my own, the house is never too full but that we can always find a place for you."

Dr. Tremlett and his sister, Miss Tremlett, were deeply interested in the building of the University of the South, at Sewanee, and helped to raise funds in England for this purpose, and a hall of Sewanee is named "Tremlett Hall." The first honorary degree conferred by the University of the South was that of doctor of civil law upon Dr. Tremlett in 1869. This was on the recommendation of Bishop Quintard, then Vice Chancellor of the University, whose eloquent pleas had awakened Dr. Tremlett's interest in this institution. A sermon on "Christian Brotherhood" was preached by Dr. Tremlett on November 1, 1863, its objects being to further the movement to form the "Society for the Promotion of the Cessation of Hostilities in America," and it was published soon after. It is a noble plea for peace and contains a fine tribute to the South, "a people," he says, "who have cultivated in no ordinary degree the domestic affections; nay, to such an extent as to have inspired a servile race, which was originally planted on their shores, with a love and affection for their masters which have astounded the whole world. We know, too, that they Christianized that race; and when we remember that there is scarcely a bondman among the millions there who might not be free to-morrow if he chose to seek the protection of the invading armies and, further, that of those whom capture or bribery has carried away many have gone, like Onesimus, the friend of St. Paul, voluntarily back to their masters, we may well believe that there are questions connected with this mighty contest which we have hitherto very imperfectly understood."

Dr. Tremlett died in London in June, 1913, at the advanced age of ninety-two, surviving his sister, Miss Louise Tremlett, eight months. A niece, who is married and living in America, has kindly given much of his correspondence with his Confederate friend, as well as photographs of some of them, to those here most deeply interested in these souvenirs.

THE CHARACTER AND MOTIVE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

[Address by Judge H. G. Conner before the John W. Dunham Chapter, U. D. C., of Wilson, N. C., on January 19, 1917.]

Some years ago my attention was directed to a little book entitled "A Study of Greatness in Men." There are few subjects which more strongly grip and tenaciously hold the attention of thoughtful men than that of greatness in men. There are but few subjects which men approach from a greater variety of angles or in regard to which they form more different and variant conclusions. Great men are by some regarded and written about as representative men, as by Emerson, who tells us that "Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who lived with them found life glad and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerant only in our belief in such society. * * * We call our children and our lands by their names."

The author of the book which interested me, after an intelligent and interesting discourse concerning the constituent elements of greatness in men, concludes: "More and more in my reading of history I am drawn to the contemplation of character and motive as the factors to be weighed and determined in all right estimates of those who have acted important parts on the historic stage. More and more I am led to compare and measure them one by another on that basis of the ethical quality and the ethical purpose in what they do."

May I venture to suggest that on this the one hundred and tenth anniversary of his birth we may find both interest and profit in the contemplation of the character and motive illustrated and of controlling force in the life and conduct of Robert Edward Lee? A few words of elimination will clarify the atmosphere and enable us to see more clearly the essential qualities in his character and motive which have placed him on the roll of the immortals and given him an unquestioned place in the Hall of Fame. It is not as the founder of a nation, the builder of an empire, the victorious soldier, the successful statesman, the profound jurist, a cap-

tain of industry, or a merchant prince; it is not in any or either of these or similar spheres of effort and achievement that General Lee, nearly half a century after his death, holds with increasing strength and lives in an enlarging sphere in the admiration, the veneration, and the affection of the people of two continents.

Students of our political system differ in opinion as to whether he was loyal to his ultimate political allegiance; whether in April, 1861, his political allegiance was due to the State of Virginia or to the United States of America. Military critics of the battles which he planned and fought, the campaigns which he conducted compare him and his merits as a soldier with Marlborough, Wellington, Napoleon, Grant, and other great soldiers of modern times. Without understanding or placing out of due proportion these phases of his life and conduct, I have, neither by experience nor study, the capacity to speak of them in such manner as would be interesting or edifying. There are those who abide with us and whom we honor and to whom we pay tribute for loyalty proved by courage and fidelity by endurance, battle-ried veterans, who are entitled by experience to tell the story in which they nobly did their part. While we may not judge, we shall hold in sacred keeping the record which they made and the glory which they won for their State and country.

In respect to the course pursued by General Lee in 1861, we are content to interpret his character and motive by his declaration after the result. He declared that in making the "great decision" "I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And if it were all to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner." He may appropriately have said, with Demosthenes: "I say that if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course if Athens had any regard for her glory or for her past or for the ages to come."

In respect to his place in history as a soldier, one who cannot be charged with sympathy, either in the cause for which he fought or the motive which controlled him, writes: "As a mere military man Washington himself cannot rank

with the wonderful war chief who for four years led the Army of Northern Virginia. Lee will undoubtedly rank, without any exception, as the greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth, and this although the last chief of his antagonists may claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough or Wellington."

General Lord Wolseley, a great English soldier, who served under him, declares: "He was the ablest general and to me he seemed the greatest man I have ever conversed with."

Lieutenant Henderson, the biographer of



TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

Jackson, referring to the second battle of Bull Run, says: "Lee stands out as one of the greatest soldiers of all times."

Captain Battine, of the British army, says of the Wilderness Campaign: "Lee had emerged triumphant from a campaign which is surpassed by no other in gallant fighting and skillful direction. Even the glories of the campaign of France in 1814 and Frederick's wonderful defiance of his enemies in the Seven Years' War pale before Lee's wonderful performance."

Henderson says he was undoubtedly one of the greatest, if not the greatest, soldiers who ever spoke the English tongue.

But it is not in the accuracy of his political judgment nor in the greatness of his military achievement that I find the most absorbing interest in the study of the life, the character, and the motive of General Lee. It is not in what he did, but in what he was, that we find the explanation of the fact that in every Southern State this day is observed as a legal holiday, that patriotic men and women meet to pay tribute to his memory and draw inspiration from his life. Whatever men without consideration and speaking hastily may say, however much men worship at the shrine of success and measure quality by results, I venture to think that a careful study of the subject with a mind undisturbed by prejudice or passion brings us to the conclusion that the ultimate verdict rendered by the jury which time impanels fixes the status of men, in the judgment of their fellows, upon fair and just foundations. Inferior men may in the glamour of success or playing upon the passions, sometimes the virtues, of men have for a season public favor and esteem; but upon the final judgment it is only the superior man who holds while living and after death retains the admiration and veneration of mankind. It is said: "The virtues of a superior man are like the wind, the virtues of a common man are like the grass; the grass when the wind passes over it bends." In the divine economy, in all of the works of its divine Author, it is an elemental truth that it is only the good which abides. It is virtue and not vice, it is strength and not weakness, it is love and not hatred, it is justice and not injustice which endure to the end and will be found triumphant at the last assize.

In a study of the character of General Lee and the motive which prompted and controlled his conduct I think that we may select for the purpose of interpretation as of especial value the course pursued by him on three historic occasions, and it is to these I invite your attention:

His resignation from the army of the United States on April 18, 1861, and acceptance of the command of the army of the State of Virginia two days thereafter.

His conduct in the battle of Gettysburg.

The surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

It is not my purpose to recall in detail these events. To do so would be to assume, which I cannot do with proper respect, that they are not familiar to you. They are woven into the warp and woof of our history; they have been the theme of orators and poets, embalmed in our literature, taught in our schools, and fixed in our social conversation. I desire to say frankly that the larger portion of what I shall say is not only the thought but the language of others. My reason for this is twofold. They have expressed my own thought with so much more force, clarity, and elegance than I could do; and, secondly, especially because they are the estimates of General Lee, his character and motive, by men of Northern birth and sympathy—two from Massachusetts, one of them



MOUNT VERNON.

a soldier, the colonel of a regiment of negro troops, both descendants of ancestors prominent in the promotion of policies antagonistic to the cause for which Lee and his army fought. One was the first American who, in the State of Massachusetts before its Historical Society, proposed that Lee should have a statue in the capital of the republic; the other has written a book entitled "Lee"—not the Confederate nor the Virginian nor the Southerner, but "Lee the American." In but few instances will I quote language spoken before a Southern audience or by a Southerner or in the South.

On April 18, 1861, it would have seemed to one who had not the vision of the seer that Lee was as fortunately and as happily situated and circumstanced as is ever given to human beings—holding a high commission in the army, with as nearly as possible a certainty of being called at an early day by promotion to the highest position; with a beautiful home at Arlington, presided over by a charming and devoted wife and surrounded by affectionate, promising children. Thus situated, the question came to him, and, as described by Mr. Bradford, he was called upon to make the "great decision." I am not inquiring whether he decided wisely, but by what motive he was governed. What do we see of his character in the motive which controlled him in making the decision? Mr. Rhodes, in his lecture before the University of Oxford in 1912, said: "Lee was drawn both ways. He had a soldier's devotion to the flag and loved the Union, which was especially dear to him as a product of the labor of Washington; he deemed slavery as an institution a moral and political evil. * * * A careful survey of his life and character is perfectly convincing as to the motives leading to this momentous decision; a high sense of honor pointed the way, a pure and inexorable conscience approving."

Mr. Bradford gives his estimate of the man in this hour of trial and test: "In Lee no pride, but virtue, all; not liberty for himself alone, but for others, for every one. * * * There is no trace of irresolution in him, no faltering, no looking back." Mrs. Lee says: "The night his letter of resignation was to be written he asked to be left alone for a time, and while he paced the chamber above and was heard frequently to fall upon his knees and engage in prayer for divine guidance I waited and watched in prayer below. At last he came down, calm, collected, almost cheerful, and said: 'Well, Mary, the question is settled. Here are my letter of resignation and a letter I have written to General Scott.'"

Two days thereafter, "trusting in God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens," he accepted in defense of his native State the command of the army of the State of Virginia.

Mr. Adams says: "To ask Lee to raise his hand against Virginia was like asking Montrose or the MacCallum More to head a force designed for the subjection of the Highlands and the destruction of the clans. When such a stern election is forced upon a man as then confronted Lee, the single thing the fair-minded investigator has to take into account is the loyalty, the single-mindedness of the election. Was it devoid of selfishness? Was it free from any baser and more sordid motive—ambition, pride, jealousy, revenge, or self-interest? To this question there can in the case of Lee be but one answer. When, after long and trying mental wrestling, he threw in his fate with Virginia, he knowingly sacrificed everything which man prizes most—his dearly beloved home, his means of support, a brilliant future assured to him. Born a slaveholder in a race of slaveholders, he was no defender, much less an advocate, of slavery. * * * Next to his high sense of allegiance to Virginia was Lee's pride in his profession. He was a soldier; as such rank and the possibility of high command and great achievement were very dear to him. His choice put rank and command behind him. He quietly and silently made the greatest sacrifice a soldier can be asked to make. With war plainly impending, the foremost place in the army of which he was an officer was now tendered him; his answer was to lay down the commission he already held. * * * He stands awaiting sentence at the bar of history in very respectable company. Associated with him are, for instance: William of Orange, known as the Silent; John Hampden, the original Pater Patriæ; Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the English commonwealth; Sir Harry Vane; and George Washington, a Virginian of note."

To this list may be added in a tragic sense Albert, king of Belgium, who saved his own and the honor of his people at a great price.

Mr. Adams concludes: "As to Robert E. Lee individually, I can only repeat what I have already said: If in all respects similarly circumstanced, I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough to have done as Lee did."

It is interesting to those of us who never looked upon his face to be told what manner of man it was who made the great decision, preserved his honor by loyalty to his sense of duty.

Mr. Rhodes writes of him as he then appeared: "Lee, now fifty-four, showed in his face the ruddy glow of health, whilst his head was as yet untinged with gray. Physically and morally, he was a splendid example of manhood. Tracing his lineage far back in the mother country, and having in his veins the best of Virginia blood, he seemed to have inherited all the virtues of a chivalrous race without any of their vices. Honest, sincere, simple, magnanimous, forbearing, courteous, and dignified, he was at the same time sensitive on points of honor, but was generally successful in keeping a high temper under control. * * * He used neither spirits nor tobacco, indulged rarely in a social glass of wine, and cared nothing for the pleasures of the table. * * * Sincerely religious, Providence was to him a verity, and it may be truly said that he walked with God. Indeed, in all essential characteristics Lee resembled Washington; and had the great work of his life been crowned with success, or had he chosen the winning side, the world would doubtless have acknowledged that Virginia could in a single century produce two men who were the embodiment of public and private virtue."

We have a more accurate description of General Lee at this time by one who as a young officer then first saw him and for four years was with him daily as a member of his staff. Col. Walter Taylor says: "I saw him for the first time (May 2, 1861) on the morning of my arrival at Richmond and before my assignment to duty. I was at breakfast at the Spottwood Hotel when he entered the room and was at once attracted and greatly impressed by his appearance. He was then at the zenith of his physical beauty. Admirably proportioned, of graceful and dignified carriage, with strikingly handsome features, bright and penetrating eyes, his iron-gray hair closely cut, his face cleanly shaved, except a mustache, he appeared every inch a soldier and a man born to command."

The test of a man's motives when called upon to take a decisive action involving his future is very much affected by his past relations, his present environment, and his future prospects. For the purpose of understanding and properly estimating the character of the man and the motive which controlled him on the first occasion to which our study is directed, these side lights are of great value. One is tempted to dwell upon this absorbingly interesting test of greatness in this man.

Passing over the intervening months, with their eventful incidents on the theater of a great civil war, which the men who took an honorable part in can easily recall, we focus our attention on our great man, our hero, immediately after and while in the shadow of the decisive battle of the war. The battle of Gettysburg has probably been the subject of more critical study and in its many aspects more or less controversy than any other battle of modern wars. There are those with us who may speak from personal experience, intensified by personal participation in that titanic battle, with its graphic incidents. It is not within the scope, nor is it essential to the lesson which we are seek-



TOMB OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON.

Within this vault rest forty members of the Washington, Custis, and related families. The sarcophagi of General and Mrs. Washington were each hewn from a single block of marble.

ing to teach, that I either refer to or express any opinion in regard to the merits of any or either of these controversies. It is Lee at, or rather after, Gettysburg, in the shadow of defeat, with the fortune of not only his splendid, unsurpassed army on his shoulders, but the fate of the new republic struggling for its right to live and take its place in the family of nations, whose character and motive we seek to understand.

Colonel Taylor, his adjutant general, writes many years after the event and the death of General Lee: "The vindication of his tactics in directing the operations of his army has been with me a secondary consideration and but a corollary to the effort to establish the truth. Knowing how he would scorn any advantage to himself gained at the cost of injustice to another and how prone he was to take upon himself all blame for any misadventures to his army, I seek no scapegoat for our lack of success at that time. Had he lived, it is my firm belief that he would have assumed the entire responsibility for the battle at Gettysburg—all three days, as he did, in fact, in his report, suppressing all reference to the mistakes of others. When the troops which took part in the assault of the third day were returning to our lines, he rode in their midst, calling upon them to re-form, and, addressing General Pickett, he exclaimed: 'Get your men together, General; they did nobly; it is all my fault.'"

Mr. Bradford quotes Colonel Freemantle: "After the great charge on the third day at Gettysburg, an officer came up to him riding an unwilling horse. 'Don't whip him, Captain; don't whip him. I have just such another foolish beast myself, and whipping doesn't do any good,' protested the General. And as the tumult of disaster increased, the sympathy took larger forms of magnanimity than mere kindness to animals. There was no fault-finding, no shifting of perhaps deserved blame upon others; nothing but calmness, comfort, cheerfulness, and confidence. 'All this will come out right in the end; we'll talk of it afterwards, but in the meantime all men must rally. Never mind, General, it is my fault. It is I who have lost this fight, and you must help me out the best way you can.' So with incomparable patience, tact, and energy the great soldier held his army together after defeat and kept it in a temper and condition which went far to justify Meade's reluctance to follow up his success."

From General Imboden we have an interesting side light: "When he approached he spoke, reined up his horse, and endeavored to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself and, fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse. The two formed a striking group, as motionless as a statue. After some expression as to Pickett's charge, he added in a tone of almost agony: 'Too bad, too bad, too bad! O, too bad!'"

I do not know the result of the experience of others, but, speaking for myself, I find that it requires the greatest possible self-renunciation, self-immolation to admit one's own errors and almost superhuman self-effacement to assume without complaint blame for the errors of others.

Passing over the masterly withdrawal of his army from Pennsylvania and bringing it across the Potomac, with an army immensely superior to his own in numbers, equipment, and resources contesting every foot of ground, through the battles of Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, and the long and dreary days of 1864-65 to Appomattox, we reach the last

and culminating test of Lee's character and motive. We may not dwell on the sad story of the sunset of the Confederacy told so graphically by Gen. Morris Schaff. The end was rapidly approaching and the final test reached. Mr. Adams tells interestingly of a scene described to him by General Alexander, in command of the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. General Alexander met Lee on the morning of April 9, 1865. Both realized the situation fully. The idea of an abandonment of the cause had never occurred to General Alexander as among the probabilities. All night he had lain awake thinking of what was next to be done. Finally he had come to the conclusion that there was but one course to pursue. The Confederate army, while nominally capitulating, must in reality disperse, and those composing it should be instructed, whether individually or as a part of detachments, to get each man to his own State in the most direct way and in the shortest possible time and report to the Governor thereof with a view to a further and continuous resistance. General Alexander says that as he passed his batteries on his way to headquarters the men called out to him in cheery tones that there were still some rounds remaining in the caissons and that they were ready to renew the fight. He found Lee seated on the trunk of a fallen tree before a dying camp fire. He was dressed in uniform and invited General Alexander to take a seat beside



MAJ. GILES B. COOKE, ASSISTANT CHAPLAIN GENERAL U. C. V.,
AND HIS SON, JOHN WARREN COOKE, TWO YEARS OLD.

Major Cooke is one of the three survivors of General Lee's staff officers, having served as Assistant Inspector General. He is now rector of All Saints' Church of Portsmouth, Va., and chaplain of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V. He is seventy-nine years old. This picture was taken on February 28, 1917, the second anniversary of Baby Cooke, who has been appointed mascot of the Stonewall Camp, Sons of Veterans, not being yet eligible to membership. He is the youngest son of a Confederate veteran.

him. He then asked his opinion of the situation and of the proper course to be pursued. Full of the idea which dominated his mind, General Alexander says he proceeded at once to propound his plan, for it seemed to him the only plan worthy of consideration. As he went on Lee looked steadily into the fire with an abstracted air and listened patiently. General Alexander had his full say.

A brief pause ensued, which Lee finally broke in somewhat these words: "No, General Alexander, that will not do. You must remember we are a Christian people. We have fought this fight as long and as well as we know how. For us as a Christian people there is now but one course to pursue. We must accept the situation; these men must go home and plant a crop, and we must proceed to build up our country on a new basis. We cannot have recourse to the methods you suggest."

General Alexander said: "I had nothing to urge in reply. I felt that the man had soared away up above me. He dominated me completely. I rose from beside him, silently mounted my horse, rode back to my command, and waited for the order to surrender."

Mr. Adams concludes: "Then and there Lee decided its course for the Confederacy. And I take it there is not a solitary man in the United States to-day, North or South, who does not feel that he decided right. * * * The national government had in arms a million men, inured to the hardships and accustomed to the brutalities of war. * * * The temper of the North was thoroughly aroused, while its patience was exhausted. An irregular warfare would inevitably have resulted in a warfare without quarter. The Confederacy would have been reduced to a smoldering wilderness. In such a death grapple the North, both in morale and in means, would have suffered only less than the South. From both sections that fate was averted. And again I say that I doubt if one single man in the United States, North or South, whether he participated in the Civil War or was born since that war ended, would fail to acknowledge an infinite debt of gratitude to the Confederate leader who on the 9th of April, 1865, decided, as he did decide, that the United States, whether Confederate or Union, was a Christian community and that it was his duty to accept the responsibility which the fate of war had imposed on him—to decide in favor of a new and national life, even if slowly and painfully to be built up by his own people under conditions arbitrarily and by force imposed upon them."

The end had come, and again Lee was called upon to make the great decision, and again character and motive guided and dominated the man. Let us again hear the words of Mr. Adams: "I now come to what I have regarded, shall ever

regard, as the most creditable episode in American history, an episode without a blemish, imposing, dignified, simple, heroic. I refer to Appomattox. Two men met that day representative of American civilization, the whole world looking on. The two were Grant and Lee, types each. Both rose, and rose unconsciously, to the full height of the occasion, and than that occasion there has been none greater. About it and them there was no theatrical display, no self-consciousness, no effort at effect. A great crisis was to be met, and they met that crisis as great countrymen should. Consider the possibilities, think for a moment of what that day might have been; you will then see cause to thank God for much * * * The world, I again assert, has seen nothing like it, and the world instinctively was conscious of the fact. I like

to dwell on the familiar circumstances of that day, on its momentous outcome, on its far-reaching results. It affords one of the greatest educational object lessons to be found in history, and the actors were worthy of the theater, the auditory, and the play. A people has a good right to be proud of the past and self-confident of its future when on so great an occasion it naturally develops at the front men who meet each other as these two men met then. I know not to which to award the palm."



SURVIVING STAFF OFFICERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

Maj. Henry E. Young, Judge Advocate General, now attorney at law, of Charleston, S. C., and Maj. T. R. M. Talcott, Aid-de-Camp, promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, now civil engineer, of Richmond, Va.

The story of the last scene in the great drama has been too often told with more or less variation to require repetition. Colonel Taylor says that, after completing the details of the surrender and issuing his last general order to his army, General Lee, accompanied by Colonel Venable, Colonel Marshall, and himself, went to Richmond, and on April 15 "the General quietly proceeded to the house on Franklin Street occupied by his family." The scene is described by one who witnessed it: "A small group of horsemen appeared on the other side of the pontoons (across James River). By some it was known that General Lee was among them, and a crowd collected all along the route he would take, silent and bareheaded. There was no excitement, no hurrahing; but as the great chief passed a deep, loving murmur greater than these rose from the very hearts of the crowd. Taking off his hat and simply bowing his head, the man, great in adversity, passed silently to his own door. It closed upon him, and his people had seen him for the last time in his battle harness."

The question arises: Was this man's life a failure? Did character and motive fail to bring to him success? What lesson does his life teach? What can we and our children get out of it by way of example, by way of encouragement, in the struggle of life? Just six months from the day of the surrender he writes his wife: "Life is indeed gliding away, and I have nothing good to show for mine that is past. I

pray that I may be spared to accomplish something for the benefit of mankind and the honor of God."

It is said that a man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a benefactor to mankind. I think that in this there is a deep, profound, practical, and ethical truth. In a larger and deeper sense a man who by giving expression and practical illustration to the truth that human virtue may be equal to human calamity, and that without regard to results it is possible to live and act in obedience to the dictates of high character and lofty motive, has been a greater benefactor to mankind because of the truth that man cannot live by bread alone. Has not his prayer been abundantly answered?

A young sophomore was once summoned to Lee's office while President of Washington College and gently admonished that only patience and industry would prevent failure in his college course and his life. "But, General, you failed," said the young man. "I hope that you may be more fortunate than I," the General quietly replied. If to win the cause for which he fought was essential to success, his life was a failure; but if in the hour of trial to show forth the highest qualities of character and to obey the purest motive is worth while, another answer must be given to the question. A Northern man who made a study of his life at the conclusion gives this testimony: "I have loved him, and I may say that his influence upon my own life, though I came to him late, has been as deep and inspiring as any I have known. * * * It must be admitted that Lee's life will always be regarded as a failure. And it is precisely because he failed that I have been interested to make this study of him. Success is the idol of the world, and the world's idols have been successful. Washington, Lincoln, Grant were doubtless very great; but they were successful. Who shall say just how far that element of success enters into their greatness? Here is a man who remains great, although he failed. America in the twentieth century worships success, is too ready to test character by it, to be blind to those faults success hides, to those qualities that can do without it. Here is a man who failed grandly without pretense, without display, without self-consciousness, and left an example that future Americans may study with profit as long as there is an America."

Lincoln once said that God must love poor people, because he made so many of them. A man who has studied the record of human life, observed human life as he sees it, to say nothing of his own experience, who has not come to see that with the vast majority measured by results life is a failure, has lived to but little purpose. The lives of such men as General Lee come to these millions of "failures" as a sweet savor, a very pleasant help, teaching the lesson that, without regard to results, life is worth living when strong, high character and pure motive control conduct; that in all right estimates of life character and motive are the important factors to be weighed; that it is the moral, ethical quality which abides and fixes the real quality of life.

But, in a larger sense, was Lee's life a failure? Next and closely allied to the necessity for the cultivation and development of these elements in individual, personal life in its people a great democracy at all times, and especially at this crisis in its national life and its world-wide relations, demands and must have from all of its people, without regard to the past, without regard to section, race, nationality, or any other consideration, exalted, unswerving, self-sacrificing, loyal American patriotism. No man who in his life taught, practiced, and illustrated this national duty can be said to

have been a failure or to have failed to render the highest possible service to his country. Did Lee do this? A great American, again a Northern man, looking forward to the day when in the nation's capital "the bronze statue of Robert E. Lee, mounted on his charger and with the insignia of his Confederate rank, will from its pedestal gaze across the Potomac at his old home at Arlington," says: "When this time comes, Lee's monument will be educational; it will typify the historical appreciation of all that goes to make up the loftiest type of character, military and civic, exemplified in an opponent once dreaded but ever respected; and, above all, it will symbolize and commemorate that loyal acceptance of the consequences of defeat and the patient upbuilding of a people under new conditions by constitutional means, which I hold to be the greatest educational lesson America has yet taught to a once skeptical but now silenced world."

[Quotations from "Lee at Appomattox," Charles Francis Adams; "Lee the American," Gamaliel Bradford; "General Lee, 1861-65," Col. Walter H. Taylor; "The Study of Greatness in Men," J. K. Larned.]

THE FLAG OF TEARS.

Beautiful flags are flying
Over the world;
But the flag of a vanished nation,
Softly furled.

Deep in my heart for, lo, so many years,
Is folded away—the flag of tears.

Under the faded colors
Softly tread,
For, following in silence,
Pass the dead.

Ah! the heart will ache so many years
For perished hopes, dear flag of tears.

Beautiful still in tatters,
Once so gay;
The darkened stain is kindred blood;
Alas, the day!

My father's groan still haunts the years,
And on its folds my mother's tears.

The silver stars are faded,
White turned red;
The bonnie blue is battle-smoked,
The nation dead;

But out of the dust of the dying years
Rises the phantom flag of tears.

For all it meant wept woman;
Men of might
Have brushed aside the sacred tear
To see to fight.

No fairer flag has floated down the years
That in my heart low lies, the flag of tears.

When dim the lights are burning
For the soul
And from the veteran's vision
The shadows roll,

He sees the cross he followed all these years;
Lay over him the flag—the flag of tears.

—Ina M. Porter Ockenden.

THE CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY MAJ. GEN. ISAAC R. TRIMBLE, C. S. A.

[The following is from the original manuscript in the possession of General Trimble's grandson, Dr. I. R. Trimble.]

Much has been said and written about the battle of Gettysburg, but many errors are yet entertained concerning it. Many of the transactions of that great event are either unknown, misrepresented, or put down at a wrong hour, and as yet have not been precisely stated and joined together in regular chronological order so as to display all the features of the great battle. The proper conception of General Lee's design in entering Pennsylvania and correct apprehension of the causes which led to the conflict at Gettysburg and the reasons which compelled General Lee to carry it on when once accidentally begun are alike erroneous or distorted by ignorance and prejudice.

We can easily comprehend the difficulty of understanding the successive movements of any battle which was begun without the intent or knowledge of either commander of the adverse forces, and we can as easily see that, after such a battle had commenced, much confusion, uncertainty, and absence of well-combined action would mark its progress on both sides. All this was true of the battle of Gettysburg; but the difficulty is greatly enhanced when we know that the extent of ground from flank to flank covered by the opposing forces was about six miles, rendering concert of action extremely difficult, and that the battle was fiercely maintained at various points for three days.

There is no doubt that the first aim of General Lee in his movement from Fredericksburg to the Valley of Virginia and thence across the Potomac was to thwart the plan of the Union commander against Richmond and to draw the Federal army from Virginia, for General Lee states this expressly in his report; but it is certain that the Confederate commander never for a moment supposed that he could take a large army into Pennsylvania and continue there many weeks without fighting a great battle somewhere. This General Lee hoped to do on ground of his own choice, with deliberate plan, and under circumstances entirely favorable to success. We are to see how these reasonable expectations were defeated by adverse circumstances, disobedience of orders by his commander of cavalry, and want of concerted action and vigorous onset among his corps commanders at critical moments in the assaults of each of the three days.

My object is not to give a history of the battle of Gettysburg, but to relate the movements which came under my own notice and which may help to throw light on what is now obscure, and I propose in what I have to say to make it principally the relation of a simple narrative of events in which I was a humble actor. I shall not make any effort whatever to throw around the events related any attractions beyond that grave, and to us always intensified, interest with which the plain facts invest them.

Next to the general results of a battle or of a campaign, and scarcely less important and interesting, have this day become the occurrences, details, and true facts, if I may so speak, mingling with, effecting, and in part producing the final results. In a word, we want to know how and why a battle was lost or won and why a campaign failed. "Truth and facts," says Carlyle, "are inexorable things; and whether recognized or not, they decide the fate of battles and mold the destiny of kingdoms and of men."

It is on account of the numerous misrepresentations, errors,

and omissions which I see contained in reports of commanders and descriptions of battles in historical works of the war, which I know to be in circulation, that I have often expressed a wish that each actor, however humble, in a battle or march should put in writing what has come under his own notice—a relation of facts about which there could be no mistake because actually witnessed. If we had a collection of such data, from generals down to privates, carefully recorded and preserved, how precious and invaluable would they be to the future historian! What would the history of our Revolutionary War have been without the aid of Thatcher's Journal, a plain, unpretending private's narrative of events noted down at the time they occurred? This Journal helped to clear up many doubtful points and to fix indisputably many important facts in the history of the Revolution.

On May 18, 1863, I left Richmond for Shocco Springs, N. C., to hasten recovery from a wounded leg and a desperate attack of camp erysipelas. When I felt sufficiently restored to return to duty, I wrote to General Lee with the freedom of an old acquaintance, requesting to be placed on service with him in the Army of Northern Virginia. In reply General Lee said: "I have other and more agreeable service for you. I wish you to take command in the Valley of Virginia and of all the troops now in it, your headquarters at Staunton, and that you should undertake what I have long desired—to brigade all the Marylanders and form them into one corps, and I will have issued what orders you desire to effect this object." He jocosely concluded his letter by saying in his peculiar and pleasant way, which, however, regarded as mere badinage by many, always contained some point by hinting at an object to be attained or suggesting some effort which might be made to promote the success of a campaign: "You shall have full permission to capture Milroy and all his stores, which we very much need at this time."

June 10.—I received orders to take command of the valley and repair to Staunton. On reaching that place the 22d of June by horseback, I found that all the forces in the Valley had moved or were under orders for Maryland; so I continued down the valley to overtake General Lee and report to him, which I did on the afternoon of the 24th of June near Berryville. As soon as the courtesies of meeting had passed, he said: "You are tired and hungry. If you will step down to the mess, you may find some remains of a fine mutton which kind friends have sent us. After eating come up, and we will talk." General Lee had dined, having finished before his staff, as was his custom.

On returning I found him alone by his tent, and I said: "Well, General, you have taken away all my troops. What am I to do?" He kindly replied: "Yes; we had no time to wait for you, but you must go with us and help to conquer Pennsylvania." Continuing, he said: "We have again outmaneuvered the enemy, who even now don't know where we are or what are our designs. Our whole army will be in Pennsylvania the day after to-morrow, leaving the enemy far behind and obliged to follow us by forced marches. I hope with these advantages to accomplish some signal result and to end the war if Providence favors us."

He then alluded to the conduct of our army in Pennsylvania, saying that he had received letters from many prominent men in the South urging retaliatory acts while in the enemy's country on property, etc., for ravages and destruction on Southern homes, and asked: "What do you think should be our treatment of people in Pennsylvania?" I replied: "General, I have never thought that a wanton destruc-

tion of property of noncombatants in an enemy's country advanced any cause. Our aims are higher than to make war on the defenseless citizens or women and children."

General Lee at once rejoined with that solemnity and grandeur so characteristic of the man: "These are my own views. I cannot hope that heaven will prosper our cause when we are violating its laws. I shall, therefore, carry on the war in Pennsylvania without offending the sanction of a high civilization and of Christianity."

A few days later was issued that humane order, one of the noblest records of the war, the recollection of which should cause the cheeks of Northern generals and people to kindle with shame when contrasted with their orders and their conduct in the South before and after the day at Gettysburg. I was never so much impressed with the exalted moral worth and true greatness of Robert E. Lee as when I heard him utter with serene earnestness the words which I have quoted and beheld the noble expression of magnanimity and justice which beamed from his countenance. General Lee did not finally conquer by arms in the just cause which he espoused; but his more glorious victories in favor of mercy and justice over mad ambition, lust, rapine, and wrong lift his character to a sublimer height than any ever attained by a military chieftain. Already the verdict of the world has pronounced him the hero of humanity.

"He was not only famous, but of that good fame without which glory's but a tavern song."

"CHAMBERSBURG, June 27, 1863.

"The commanding general has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous duties of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers and entitles them to approbation and praise. There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The commanding general considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army and through it our whole people than the perpetration of the barbarous outrage upon the innocent and defenseless and wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movements.

"It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth and without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

"The commanding general, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General.*"



THE SENTINEL AT GETTYSBURG.

Equestrian statue of General Lee surmounting the Virginia Memorial at Gettysburg, to be unveiled June 8.

June 26.—General Lee entered Maryland. I met him in Hagerstown and suggested sending at once a brigade to Baltimore to take that city, rouse Maryland, and thus embarrass the enemy. He so far considered the plan as to write to Gen. A. P. Hill, the only corps commander near, to ask if he could spare a brigade for that purpose. General Hill told me he had sent a reply to General Lee that it would reduce his force too much, so it was not done. In the afternoon I met General Lee again at his tent, pitched near the road for a night halt. He called me to where he was seated and, unfolding a map of Pennsylvania, asked me about the topography of the country east of the South Mountain in Adams County and around Gettysburg and said with a smile: "As a civil engineer you may know more about it than any of us." After my description of the country and saying that "almost every square mile contained good positions for battle or skillful maneuvering," he remarked (and I think I repeat his words nearly *verbatim*): "Our army is in good spirits, not overfatigued, and can be concentrated on any one point in twenty-four hours or less. I have not yet heard that the enemy have crossed the Potomac and am waiting to hear from General Stuart. When they hear where we are, they will make forced marches to interpose their forces between us and Baltimore and Philadelphia. They will come up, probably through Frederick, broken down with hunger and hard marching, strung out on a long line, and much demoralized when they come into Pennsylvania. I shall throw an overwhelming force on their advance, crush it, follow up the success, drive one corps back on another, and by successive repulses and surprises before they can concentrate create a panic and virtually destroy the army."

When asked my opinion, I said the plan ought to be successful, as I never knew our men to be in finer spirits in any campaign. He said: "That is, I hear, the general impression."

At the conclusion of our interview he laid his hand on the map over Gettysburg and said: "Hereabout we shall probably meet the enemy and fight a great battle; and if God gives us the victory, the war will be over, and we shall achieve the recognition of our independence." He concluded by saying: "General Ewell's forces are by this time in Harrisburg; if not, go and join him and help to take the place."

Sunday, June 28.—Reached Carlisle. General Early had been sent to York, but no force against Harrisburg. I told General Ewell that it could easily be taken, and I thought General Lee expected it. I volunteered to capture the place with one brigade, and it was arranged that we should start before day Tuesday morning. That night (Tuesday) General Ewell received by courier from General Lee a dispatch that the enemy had crossed the Potomac on the 26th and 27th with an order to cross at once the South Mountain "and march to Cashtown or Gettysburg, according to circumstances." These were the words.

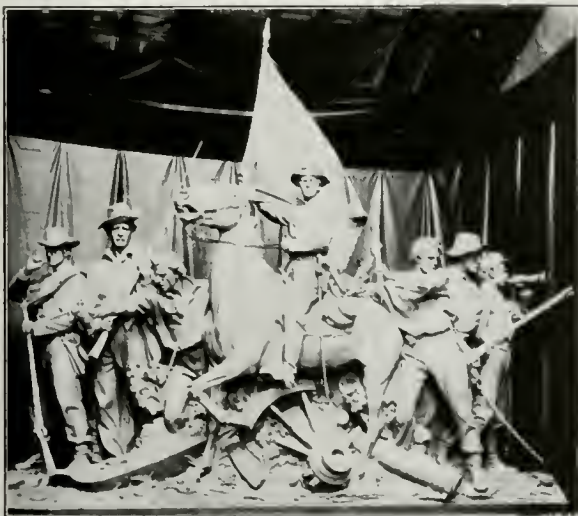
On Tuesday, June 30, Ewell started from Carlisle with Rodes's Division and by an easy march reached Heidelberg before sundown. General Johnson was left to guard trains, and General Early had not returned from York. After dark General Early reached Heidelberg, having left his division in camp three miles off. General Ewell called a consultation, Early, Rodes, and myself being present. He stated that information had come of the arrival of the 11th Corps of the enemy at Gettysburg, and he was undecided what to do under his order, which was read over repeatedly and variously commented on. General Early especially commented in severe terms on its ambiguity with reference to Cashtown or Gettysburg as the objective point. When my opinion was asked, I said I could interpret it in but one way after hearing from General Lee a few days before of his plan to attack the advance of the enemy wherever found with a superior force and throw it back in confusion on the main body, and that, as this advance was in Gettysburg, we should march to that place and notify General Lee accordingly. Nothing was decided that night.

About seven or eight o'clock the next morning, July 1, began the march toward Middletown, as I suggested that place to be indirectly on the way to both Cashtown and Get-

tsburg and that a courier should be sent to General Lee for positive orders. We reached Middletown, seven miles from Gettysburg, about ten o'clock and about fifteen minutes after General Ewell had word from General Lee or Hill to march to Gettysburg, to which point the latter had moved. Rodes's Division at once started for that place and reached a point some two miles from the town westward about twelve o'clock, when line of battle was formed on the north of the road and, under my guidance, reached unmolested by rapid advance a point commanding the town, which is the northern termination of Seminary Ridge and about a mile distant from Gettysburg. A half hour before reaching this position we had heard Hill's artillery actively engaged off to our right and in advance, which proved to be his first encounter with the enemy unexpectedly on Seminary Ridge. A mile and a half west of Gettysburg the position gained by us was on the enemy's right flank as he engaged General Hill and directly west of the town. Rodes at once engaged with his infantry on our right, and his batteries opened against those of the enemy just in front of the town, while one of his brigades was extended on our left, by General Ewell's order, out into the low ground toward and beyond the Emmitsburg Road. About 2 p.m. Hill and Rodes had driven the enemy on our right, and General Early, having reached the field on our extreme left, encountered a heavy body of the enemy, who were sent to turn our left, and drove them back in confusion and with heavy loss. From the position I was in I could command a view a mile and a half in extent from one flank to the other and noticed that the whole space in open fields was covered with Union soldiers retreating in broken masses toward the town from our own and General Hill's front. This was about 2:30 p.m. Soon after General Ewell rode to the town, passing a numerous body of prisoners. I said to an officer: "Fortune is against you to-day." He replied: "We have been worse whipped than ever."

Riding through one of the streets with his staff, General Ewell was fired on from the houses, and soon after he rode out to a farmhouse near a hospital. At this time, about three o'clock, the firing had ceased entirely, save occasional discharges of artillery from the hill above the town. The battle was over, and we had won it handsomely. General Ewell moved about uneasily, a good deal excited, and seemed to me to be undecided what to do next. I approached him and said: "Well, General, we have had a grand success. Are you not going to follow it up and push our advantage?" He replied that General Lee had instructed him not to bring on a general engagement without orders and that he would wait for them. I said: "That hardly applies to the present state of things, as we have fought a hard battle already and should secure the advantage gained." He made no rejoinder, but was far from composed. I was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was a critical moment for us and remarked to that effect.

As no movement seemed immediate, I rode off to our left, north of the town, to reconnoiter and noticed conspicuously the wooded hill northeast of Gettysburg (Culp's) and a half mile distant and of an elevation to command the country for miles each way and overlooking Cemetery Hill above the town. Returning to see General Ewell, who was still under much embarrassment, I said: "General, there (pointing to Culp's Hill) is an eminence of commanding position and not now occupied, as it ought to be by us or the enemy soon. I advise you to send a brigade and hold it if we are to remain here." He said: "Are you sure it commands the



GROUP IN BRONZE ON BASE OF THE VIRGINIA MEMORIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

town?" "Certainly it does, as you can see, and it ought to be held by us at once." General Ewell made some impatient reply, and the conversation dropped.

By night (it was then about 3:30) that hill (Culp's), the key of the position around Gettysburg, was occupied by part of the 12th Corps, Slocum's, and reinforced the next day. On the 2d and 3d determined efforts were made by us to gain this hill, but without success and with fearful loss. On our extreme right, west of Round Top Hill, General Longstreet had reached a point three or four miles from Gettysburg with but slight opposition. That night, from daylight to late at night, General Lee was anxiously reconnoitering the ground and frequently expressed a wish to attack the enemy that night or early in the morning. Why his wish was not carried out, I don't feel at liberty to explain. Nothing, however, was done nor a gun fired until the next day late in the afternoon.

Thus the 1st and 11th Corps were signally defeated by 2:30 on July 1. General Hill had lost heavily. General Rodas, of Ewell's Corps, had not suffered much, and his men, as I saw them, were in high spirits. General Early had hardly suffered at all, and General Johnson had not been in the fight, reaching the field only by sundown. What were the enemy's condition and movements?

On July 1 at 3 P.M. the 1st and 11th Corps had been dispersed, except Steinwehr's Division of three hundred or four hundred men, a reserve left on Cemetery Hill. General Hancock reached Cemetery Hill in person about 4:30 and at once advised General Meade to bring his whole army there. Slocum's 12th Corps arrived about 4:30 P.M. and was posted on the right (Federal right). Sickles, with only Birney's Division, 3d Corps, arrived about 5 P.M. and formed on the left of the 1st Corps. These troops had all made forced marches and were not in fighting order. General Wadsworth's division took possession of Culp's Hill about sundown. The other corps—12th (Slocum's), 2d (Hancock's), 5th (Sykes's), and 6th (Sedgewick's)—arrived late in the night and early on the morning of the 2d.

It is apparent from this condition of things at 3:30 P.M. on the 1st that the failure to follow up vigorously our success, from whatever cause it proceeded, was the first fatal error committed. It seemed to me that General Ewell was in a position to do so. But he evidently did not feel that he should take so responsible a step without orders from General Lee, who might reasonably be expected to take the direction of affairs at this juncture. I have since been told by one of General Lee's staff that an order was handed to General Ewell in the afternoon of the 1st of July "to pursue our success and advance if he was in a condition to do so."

July 2.—This morning all was quiet. About 9 A.M. General Lee rode over to the quarters of General Ewell, who was absent. He first met me and said he wanted to go to some point which would command a view of the country and of the enemy's position. I pointed out the cupola of the almshouse near by, to which we ascended. From there we had a good view of Cemetery Hill, Round Top, Culp's Hill, and the adjacent country. General Lee remarked: "The enemy have the advantage of us in a shorter and inside line, and we are too much extended. We did not or we could not pursue our advantage of yesterday, and now the enemy are in a good position." Returning to General Hill's quarters and meeting him, he at once made use of the same words, "We did not or could not," etc., and he repeated them over and over again as he met Early, Rodas, and others, and

with a significance which strongly impressed me, as I thought I could see plainly that his design to fall upon the advance of the enemy and crush it had not been productive of the results he wished for and had such good reasons to expect.

After a full consultation General Lee decided to concentrate his forces on our right, moving General Ewell from the extreme left, behind Hill and Longstreet, the movement to be made that night. It was, however, not done.

July 2.—Longstreet was ordered to move early, but did not get up until about 4 P.M., when he attacked the Federal left, under Sickles, which was advanced about half a mile westward of Cemetery Ridge and Round Top in a peach orchard and drove them back to the Ridge under shelter of their guns on Round Top. About sundown General Ewell, with Johnson's Division, made an attempt to take Culp's Hill, but after a severe loss was unsuccessful. Later the same evening, or at dark, General Early made a successful attack on Cemetery Hill just above the town, carried two lines of works, and captured a battery of six guns; but not being supported by Rodas on the right, as was arranged, he was obliged to abandon his advantage by a force of the enemy rallied to assail his right flank, which Rodas should have been there to protect. So there were on this day three isolated but fierce attacks against different parts of the enemy's line, which, for want of simultaneous movement or concentration of effort, resulted in no advantage.

July 3.—A fierce contest began early this day on our left, brought on by an attempt of the enemy to drive back Johnson from the foot of Culp's Hill, which he repelled, but again failed himself in a renewed attack to gain the hill. This conflict continued all the morning. General Lee having decided to carry Cemetery Ridge by a determined effort from our right, preparations were ready by one o'clock. The order of battle, which I read, was in these words: "General Longstreet will make a vigorous attack on his front; General Ewell will threaten the enemy on the left or make a vigorous attack should circumstances justify it; General Hill will hold the center at all hazards."

After that tremendous cannonade of an hour and a half, Pickett's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, moved gallantly forward; under Pettigrew Heth's Division moved at the same time, with two brigades of General Pender's division, temporarily under my command, forming a second line in the



CONFEDERATE AVENUE, GETTYSBURG.

rear of Pettigrew. I think this charge was made about three o'clock, and by four it was over.

It is said, and with truth, that Longstreet did not support Pickett's Division on the right by keeping back Hood's and McLaw's Divisions, as he said, to protect his right against Pleasant's Cavalry. Pickett's Division, having a shorter space to pass over, became engaged sooner than the troops on his left, but was subjected to no more heavy fire. Heth's Division marched in fine order in a line with Pickett's about two hundred yards in advance of Pender's two brigades.



BEGINNING THE ASCENT TO ROUND TOP.

When it reached the low grounds near the Emmitsburg Road, it seemed to me just in the rear to sink into the ground. We passed over it without the least disorder and drove the enemy from the fence at the road, where our men stopped and began firing instead of mounting the fence. While making efforts to get them over the fence I was wounded. At the fence the exposure was dreadful. The incessant discharge of canister, shell, and musketry was more than any troops could endure. The brigades of Pender, yielding ground, began to move back slowly and in good order, not even breaking ranks.

I was asked by my aids if they should rally the men and renew the charge. When I looked to Pickett's position, I could plainly see that the conflict was ended there, as but a few stragglers could be seen; hence it was mere folly for our small force to continue the fight, and I said to my aid: "No, the best thing the men can do is to get out of this and let them go." I know these brigades were the last troops to leave the field, and as we moved slowly back but few of Pickett's men were visible.

In reviewing the events preceding the battle and the occurrences during the three days, we cannot fail to be impressed with the cause of embarrassment to General Lee and the reasons for his failure to obtain a decided and useful victory, for the proof is abundant that the Gettysburg fight was a drawn battle, though with General Lee in the enemy's country failure of victory was a defeat to his campaign. The errors which defeated General Lee's plans are conspicuous and numerous, and it is reasonably certain that if any one of these errors had not been made the result of Gettysburg would have been a victory for us. But all in succession were against us, and we were crushed by a combination of mistakes and disasters to which few armies have ever been subjected. These errors were:

1. The absence of Stuart's Cavalry. That officer disobeyed two orders of General Lee to keep his cavalry between our

army and the enemy. Hence General Lee was seriously embarrassed, as he never knew the precise movements of the enemy and could not prepare to meet them as he desired.

2. General Ewell's not moving directly on Gettysburg early on the 1st, where he would have begun the fight with Hill, made it speedily successful at an early hour of the day and prevented the enemy from halting on Cemetery Hill.

3. Our success the first day not being followed up by vigorous pursuit of the enemy.

4. Failure to attack the enemy by daybreak on the 2d before he had concentrated, as desired by General Lee.

5. Want of concert in attacks on the 2d, and especially Rodes's failure to sustain Early at night.

6. Longstreet's delay in reaching the field early on the 2d when only three miles distant and not until 4 P.M.

7. Longstreet not vigorously attacking with his whole force on the 3d.

8. Failure to occupy Culp's Hill on the 1st without opposition, which would have driven the enemy from Cemetery Hill.

9. A great error in attacking the third day on a line six miles long and without simultaneous effort instead of concentrating two corps against the enemy's left, as General Lee intended, and moving forward to the attack successive divisions until the adversary was overwhelmed, his line broken, and his left turned. The even balance of the day, as it was, shows that this strategy would have succeeded.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought on the 3d in reality by three divisions—Pickett's, Heth's under Pettigrew, and Pender's under Trimble—all concentrated on the enemy's left center. Longstreet's two right divisions were not put in earnestly. Two divisions of Hill were in position on Seminary Ridge and Ewell's Corps on the left held in threatening attitude.

It was evident that in General Lee's position, distant from his supplies and from all reinforcements and inferior in numbers, these disadvantages could be neutralized only by repeated and hard blows dealt so rapidly that the enemy would not have time to mature any plan or to put himself in a secure position. General Lee fully realized this, and as soon as he was aware that the enemy were at Gettysburg he was earnest in a desire to push our success the first day and to attack by daylight on the second. This was prevented by the indecision of his corps commanders.

Both armies were exhausted by the great efforts and sacrifices that had been made and seemed willing to end the campaign without further struggle.

But there is no question that, as General Lee hoped and believed, a successful battle in Pennsylvania would have secured Southern independence.



LOOKING TOWARD LITTLE ROUND TOP.

GETTYSBURG—A CRITICAL REVIEW.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

No one of all the historic conflicts of modern wars, with the exception of Waterloo, June 18, 1815, has elicited so far-reaching an interest and provoked so prolonged and unceasing a controversy as the three days' engagement at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1, 2, 3, 1863. The literature relating to the subject is not only varied and voluminous, but steadily accumulates and increases with the advancing years. Every season heralds a novel contribution to the complex problem or a solution of the mystery at variance with those that had preceded it. A selection must be made at some point, however, from the formidable array of still-expanding material at our disposal. Three works in this rich and ever-broadening collection are worthy of special regard and may be commended almost without reserve to the discriminating student and researcher: Henderson's "Science of War," Battine's "Crisis of the Confederacy," and Alexander's "Military Memoirs of a Confederate."

The portions of these which are devoted to the campaign of Gettysburg are, in their essential characteristics, marked by simplicity and perspicuity of statement, by the absence of an acrimonious spirit, and by an abundant mastery of the many-sided details involved in the movement from its first stage on June 3, 1863, as Lee began his advance from the vicinity of Fredericksburg toward Culpeper, Ewell's Corps taking the lead, Longstreet following on the succeeding day, while A. P. Hill remained until the 12th in order to observe the army of Hooker, then at Falmouth, on the northern bank of the Rappahannock. The cavalry engagement at Brandy Station on June 9 and the capture of Winchester, Berryville, and Martinsburg on June 13 and 14 form part of Lee's general movement, and by June 24 the entire Army of Northern Virginia had passed over the Potomac and was upon the soil of Maryland, the first cross being made by a part of Rodes's Division on June 15.

Up to the time coincident with the passage of the river, June 15-24, every phase of Lee's campaign had been marked by his characteristic penetration and discernment, and success seemed almost an assured result. He had withdrawn his army quietly from his enemy's front and left Hooker resting unsuspectingly upon the heights of Falmouth until his entire force, save the corps of A. P. Hill, was in the region adjacent to Culpeper and beginning its advance into the Valley of Virginia on June 10.

At no period of his career did Lee's gifts of strategy and his penetration of character reveal themselves in more brilliant light than in the earlier stages of the campaign of which Gettysburg was the climax. His three army corps were separated by formidable distances, Hill remaining at Fredericksburg until June 12, Longstreet being at Culpeper, and Ewell moving upon Winchester on June 10. By an enterprising or aggressive commander his disjointed forces, separated by intervals of from thirty-five to fifty miles, might have been crushed in detail with no serious difficulty. He thoroughly understood the character of his antagonist and the nature of the situation in Washington. It was a triumph of moral as well as strategic intuition or intelligence. The frenzied dread of a demonstration against the Federal capital withheld Hooker's contemplated attack upon Hill's single corps; he was forbidden to advance. The spirit of Jackson was still guiding our fortunes, and all the omens were auspicious. Lee was in Maryland, and Hooker, having heard of his crossing,

followed his example without delay on June 25, his design being to assail our rear. As Lincoln was not in accord with his plan of operations, he was relieved at his own request on June 28 and was succeeded in command by Gen. George G. Meade, who, like Lee, was an officer of engineers. Meade moved rapidly northward, his object being to force Lee into an engagement before he succeeded in crossing the Susquehanna River. At this very time, June 28 and 29, the cavalry of Jenkins was making a demonstration against Harrisburg, and part of Ewell's Corps was at Carlisle, hardly twenty miles away.

We have at this stage of our narrative to direct attention to a certain incident or episode which was one of the principal agencies in determining the fortunes of our army at Gettysburg. On June 23, just as the main body of our forces was preparing to cross, three brigades of Rodes's Division, with three batteries, having passed over in advance on June 15, General Lee gave General Stuart permission to move around the rear of the Union army, then near Leesburg, cross the Potomac, inflict what damage he could upon the enemy, and then join our advance not far from the Susquehanna River.

Stuart, who before the time referred to had been guarding the passes of the Blue Ridge Mountains against the movements of the Federal cavalry, began his raid, so momentous in its consequences, on June 24, precisely a week in advance of the first day's engagement at Gettysburg. With all his daring and skill, there was an element of quixotism in the nature of our superb cavalry chief. The injury inflicted upon the enemy was not serious and was capable of speedy restoration. The vital harm fell upon ourselves, as the sequel demonstrates. From June 24, the first day of the raid, until late in the afternoon of July 2, when the battle had been virtually fought and lost, there was not a single Confederate cavalryman between Lee and the Federal army. On the evening of June 25 Hooker began to move from Leesburg toward the Potomac, but not until the evening of June 28 did Lee learn from a spy, who had made his way through the lines from Washington, that the Union army had crossed the river and was advancing northward. Feeling assured that the enemy was still on the southern side of the river, Lee had allowed the several corps composing his army to maintain an open order, separated by distances extending from thirty to fifty miles. On June 28 Ewell's command was at Carlisle and York. Hill and Longstreet were near Chambersburg, from thirty to five miles in the rear. As soon as Lee was advised of the advance of the Union army his forces were ordered to concentrate at Cashtown, some nine miles west of the place, then obscure and unknown, so soon to become the scene of the most celebrated encounter of which our national conflict holds record.

The student of military history should note with special emphasis the circumstance that the first of the successive errors which marshaled the way to our disaster at Gettysburg reveals itself at this point. By reason of the absence of his entire cavalry force from the day of his crossing the Potomac, June 23 and 24, until the night of June 28, Lee remained in ignorance of the position and the movements of the Union army. In view of the momentous issues involved in this somewhat quixotic raid, Lee may be pardoned for his suggestive and significant comment as his master of horse finally appeared upon the field: "Well, General Stuart, you have come at last." The want of cavalry coöperation and Lee's consequent inability to penetrate the designs and dis-



STATUE OF GENERAL MEADE AT GETTYSBURG.

cover the purposes of his adversary, though the first in order, was by no means the last of the strategic aberrations which contributed to our defeat.

The engagement at Gettysburg may be described as an accident, or the result of a series of accidents, to the occurrence of which each of the contending armies in a measure contributed. From the viewpoint of the strategist, it was a most important position, being the center from which diverged the roads leading to the two great rivers, the Potomac and the Susquehanna, and to cities of such rank as Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. The principal lines of approach from both west and north were under its control. The town rested at the base of a range of hills, or eminences, whose formidable height rose almost to the dignity of mountains—Cemetery Hill, Culp's Hill, Round Top—the whole assuming a natural fortress most imposing, if not impregnable, in character. The entire chain of impending hills which looks down upon Gettysburg is a prolongation of the South Mountain range or a projection emanating from it.

The second untoward or ominous incident which marked the progress of our campaign in Pennsylvania was the appearance in Gettysburg on the afternoon of June 30 of a division of Federal cavalry, four thousand in number, under command of General Buford. They were far in advance of their army, the nearest infantry support being at least fifteen miles distant. On this same day A. P. Hill reached Cashtown, nine miles from Gettysburg, and the commander of his advance guard sent Pettigrew's Brigade forward to obtain supplies. They returned with the report that the town was in the possession of the enemy. The absence of our cavalry rendered it impossible for Pettigrew to obtain accurate information in reference to the strength of Buford, a part of whose force had been detached, so that his total number hardly exceeded two thousand. We have in this instance our second illustration of the unfortunate results of Stuart's raid. Pettigrew withdrew to Cashtown and reported the concentration of the enemy in strong force at Gettysburg. On the following morning, July 1, Hill advanced with two di-

visions of infantry, and the great battle of which the world never grows weary entered upon its initial stage.

The two divisions sent forward by Hill found Buford's Cavalry dismounted and occupying a strong defensive position in front of Gettysburg. They were driven back upon the town after a vigorous resistance; but during the morning and afternoon of July 1—that is, between 10 A.M. and 1 P.M.—two additional corps of Meade's army appeared on the field, and the command of Hill was forced to retire, though only temporarily, as at 2:30 P.M. Ewell's troops arrived upon the scene from Heidlersburg, a general advance speedily followed, and by 4 P.M. the Union army was driven through Gettysburg with serious loss and took refuge upon the heights which look down upon the town.

Such was the outcome of the first day's encounter, a brilliant success for our army, about twenty-two thousand men on each side taking part in the action. Lee arrived at Gettysburg just as the engagement was reaching its final stage. His several corps were closing in, but they were by no means fully concentrated, and all were exhausted by the July sun as well as by the forced marches which brought them into the presence of the enemy. The Union army remained in their impregnable position south of the town. Lee ordered an attack to be made "as soon as practicable" upon the following morning, July 2, and the long summer day faded slowly into evening unmarked by active effort or demonstration on the part of either of the contending hosts. Longstreet appeared in person on the afternoon of July 1, reporting to Lee on Seminary Ridge. During the night of July Meade's forces were concentrating upon the slopes and hills which engirdled Gettysburg like an immense horseshoe. We listened during the dreary hours to "the rumble and roar" of wagon trains and the construction of barricades and earthworks which we were to assail with the coming of the day. Meade did not reach the field until toward the approach of dawn on July 2, and until the evening of July 1 he was not aware of Lee's movements. As soon as he learned of the first day's encounter he dispatched General Hancock to the field, some thirteen miles distant. He immediately advised him of the great natural strength of the position to which the Federal army had retired on July 1. Meade, in accordance with his sagacious counsel, at once advanced his entire force and at midnight hastened toward the scene of action. By 8 A.M. on July 2 the greater portion of both armies had reached the field and assumed position. Pickett's Division, destined to play so tragic a part, arrived in the afternoon of this day, having marched from Chambersburg at 2 A.M.

A brief synoptic and retrospective review of the complex agencies and influences involved in our defeat in the battle of Gettysburg may be regarded as illuminating, as well as relevant and appropriate. To summarize as concisely as is consistent with clearness of expression, they may be presented in the order following: The absence of our cavalry, as a result of which Lee was for four days (June 24-28) in ignorance of the movement or of the position of the enemy, ascertaining from a spy only on the night of June 28 that the Union army had crossed the Potomac three days preceding, June 25, and was advancing northward. The "cavalry screen" which had two months before shielded Jackson's superb flank movement against Hooker was in this instance withdrawn, as the campaign was entering its most critical stage. Disparity of numbers cannot be regarded as an essential factor in determining the fate of the battle. Meade's army did not exceed 100,000; that of Lee, including every branch of the service,

may be estimated at 75,000. Hooker was defeated at Chancellorsville by an army whose number was less than half his own, and at Sharpsburg McClellan was held at bay by 33,000 men who confronted an array three times greater than their feeble and diminished line. The surpassing natural strength of the Federal position was the principal element; not its form alone, but its contracted range and its powerful flanks protected at each extreme from successful assault and admirably adapted to the concentration as well as the speedy transfer of troops from point to point. In this regard it presented an enviable contrast to our own widely extended line of battle, embracing a range of six miles from one extreme to the other. Another element, moral in character, that in no small degree contributed to our reserve, was the overweening confidence in our own powers of achievement, which was the logical outcome of a long period marked by almost unvarying and brilliant success. We had begun to believe that all things were possible to the Army of Northern Virginia. This indiscriminating faith in our own invincibility explains in a measure the fatal error of not following up our victory of July 1 by seizing the heights to which the enemy had withdrawn, thus allowing him a day and more to render his native strength, crowned by defenses, invincible against successful assault by any army of which the annals of war hold record. Another factor was the absence of Jackson (now resting in his grave at Lexington), with his aggressive and resistless strategy, and the melancholy contrast revealed in his successor, who refused to press forward and pluck the fruits of victory upon the absurd pretense, involving a physical impossibility, that he was exposed to an attack from the rear.

Ewell, detached from the guidance of his sovereign chief, was not even the shadow of his name. He was devoid of creative or originate faculty and destitute of the power of initiative or adaptation to unforeseen exigencies, novel conditions, unanticipated developments. Nature had designed him to follow, not to assume the rôle of leader. Another determining element was Longstreet's prevailing weakness, an invincible tendency to temporize, cavil, and procrastinate instead of executing the orders of his superior promptly, vigorously, with reserve or hesitation, "to the utterance." This lamentable infirmity explains his failure to obey Lee's instructions to attack early on July 2. The long summer day was hastening to its setting, and it was 4 P.M. ere his movements assumed active form. On one notable occasion even the almost angelic self-restraint of Lee forsook him under repeated and grievous provocation. Raising his hand as in despair, he exclaimed: "O General Longstreet, he is so slow!"

The battle of Gettysburg revealed a deplorable lack of co-operation in almost every stage of its development. The want of an effective staff organization was painfully illustrated, and as a logical outcome repeated failures to take occasion by the hand, to assume the initiative, and avail of advantages that fortune had thrown into our hands were an inevitable result. The most tragic of these was the charge of Pickett on the afternoon of July 3, at which the world still wonders. Fifteen thousand men advanced in a summer sun nearly two-thirds of a mile across an open area, assailing an army, losing five-sixths of their strength, including nearly every field officer; while other commands, easily accessible in regard to distance, stood quietly by, and no arm was raised to co-operate, no support or succor appeared in the supreme crisis of their fate. It was, indeed, "magnificent, but it was not war." A staff organization such as constitutes the distinctive glory of the German service might have averted our disaster;

it cannot be urged in abatement that "some one had blundered," for a complexity of errors and aberrations or eclipses of judgment marked the engagement from first to last.

The most to be lamented of all the delusions and mythical fantasies that have crystallized into the form of truth and soberness is the belief, so assiduously promulgated by Northern rhetoricians and by a certain school of clerical declaimers, that the battle of Gettysburg assured the overthrow of the Confederacy and was in its consequences the principal agency involved in the restoration of the Federal Union. The simultaneous capture of Vicksburg, by which the South was rent in twain and the Father of Waters "ran unvexed to the sea," was a disaster in every regard more far-reaching and momentous in its effects than our repulse at Gettysburg. The most brilliant period of Lee's strategy was still in reserve, and the campaign of 1864, from the Wilderness to Petersburg, has justly assumed rank with the marvelous achievements of the first Napoleon in his closing grapple with the combined military power of Continental Europe. The total loss, killed, wounded, and captured, sustained in this memorable engagement may be estimated at not less than sixty thousand. The dead were laid in shallow and hastily improvised graves; the earth drank up their blood and in some instances scarcely covered her slain. On July 4 Lee began his withdrawal toward the Potomac in perfect order and without serious molestation. The dance of death at Gettysburg was forever ended.

In the preparation of this abstract my dominating aim and purpose may be explained as analytical and critical rather than descriptive or historical; not to portray the drama, but to unfold the varied agencies and influences which determined the result. A hundred times art, poetry, the gift of historic reproduction, have idealized its characteristic features until they have been absorbed into the inner consciousness of the American nation. Whatever our standard of political morality, we may at least concur in the judgment of Mr. Lincoln, who, upon surveying the field in November, 1863, exclaimed in a burst of mingled wonder and admiration: "I am proud to be the countryman of the men who assailed those heights."

Far heard above the angry guns,

A cry across the tumult runs—

The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods

And Chickamauga's solitudes,

The fierce South cheering on her sons.

* * *

A thousand fell where Kemper led;

A thousand died where Garnett bled;

In blinding flame and strangling smoke

The remnant through the batteries broke

And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in glory's van with me!"

Virginia cried to Tennessee.

"We two together, come what may,

Shall stand upon those works to-day,"

(The reddest day in history).

* * *

But who shall break the guards that wait

Before the awful face of fate?

The tattered standards of the South

Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth.

And all her hopes were desolate.

—Will H. Thompson.

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

COMPILED BY MRS. EMMA M. MAFFITT, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Time fails me to tell of the brave Warley and Huger in the defense of New Orleans and of Commander Wood, whose bold and enterprising action in bravely boarding from open boats two Federal gunboats and capturing them.

On the 10th of June, 1864, the Confederate States steamship Alabama, in command of Captain Semmes, entered the port of Cherbourg, France. After six months' arduous service on the Sumter, Captain Semmes had been compelled to give her up as no longer fit for the work and had in August, 1862, taken command of the Alabama. I take this from "Recollections of a Naval Life," by John McIntosh Kell, that noble gentleman, beloved by all who knew him, who, having shared the risks, toils, and cares of his commander, Captain Semmes, bravely stood by his side, bearing with him the brunt of battle and following his fortunes as they together, after the destruction of their ship, plunged into the engulfing waves, from which they were rescued by that knightly Englishman, John Lancaster, and taken in his yacht, the Deerhound, to England. Captain Kell writes:

"I found from his talks with me that Captain Semmes had fully made up his mind to seek rest and refitment of ship in some friendly port where we could go into dock and allow the little ship that had been our home for twenty-two months to be made anew. The mental strain and excitement through which we had lived was really more wearing upon natural energy and powers of mind and body than labor could have been.

"On the 10th of June we made Cape La Hague, on the French coast, and a few hours later were boarded by a French pilot and at noon were anchored in the port of Cherbourg. Soon after our arrival an officer was sent on shore to ask permission of the port admiral to land our prisoners of two captured ships. This being obtained, * * * Captain Semmes went on shore to see to the docking of the ship for repairs. Cherbourg being a naval station, and the dock belonging to the government, permission had to be obtained of the emperor before we could do anything. The emperor was away from Paris on the coast at some watering place and would not return for some days. The United States steamship Kearsarge was lying at Flushing when we entered Cherbourg. Two or three days after our arrival she steamed into the harbor, sent a boat on shore to communicate, steamed outside, and stationed off the breakwater. While Captain Semmes had not singled her out as an antagonist and would never have done so had he known her to be chain-clad (an armored ship), he had about this time made up his mind that he would cease fleeing before the foe and meet an equal in battle when the opportunity presented itself. Our ship was so disabled that it really seemed to us that our work was almost done. We might end her career gloriously by being victorious in battle, and defeat against an equal foe we would never have allowed ourselves to anticipate.

"As soon as the Kearsarge came into the harbor Captain Semmes sent for me to come to his cabin and abruptly said to me: 'Kell, I am going out to fight the Kearsarge. What do you think of it?' We then quietly talked it all over. We discussed the batteries, especially the Kearsarge's advantage in 11-inch guns. I reminded him of our defective powder, how our long cruise had deteriorated everything, as proved in

our target practice off the coast of Brazil on the ship Rockingham, when certainly every third shot was a failure even to explode. I saw that his mind was fully made up, so I simply stated these facts for myself. I had always felt ready for a fight, and I also knew that the brave young officers of the ship would not object; and the men would be not only willing but anxious to meet the enemy. To all outward seeming the disparity was not great between the two ships, barring the unknown (because concealed) chain armor. The Kearsarge communicated with the authorities to request that our prisoners be turned over to them. Captain Semmes made an objection to their increasing their crew. He addressed our agent, Mr. Bonfils, a communication requesting him to inform Captain Winslow through the United States consul that 'if he would wait till the Alabama could coal ship he would give him battle.' We began to coal and at the same time to make preparation for battle. We overhauled the magazine and shell rooms, gun equipments, etc.

"The Kearsarge was really, in the fullest sense of the word, a man-of-war, stanch and well built; the Alabama was made for flight and speed and was much more lightly constructed than her chosen antagonist. The Alabama had one more gun, but the Kearsarge carried more metal at a broadside. The seven guns of the Kearsarge were two 11-inch Dahlgrens, four 32-pounders, and one rifled 28-pounder. The Alabama's eight guns were six 32-pounders, one 8-inch, and one rifled 100-pounder. The crew of the Alabama all told was 149 men, while that of the Kearsarge was 162 men. By Saturday night, June 18, our preparations were completed. Captain Semmes notified the admiral of the port that he would be ready to go out and meet the Kearsarge the following morning. Early Sunday morning the admiral sent an officer to say to us that 'the ironclad frigate Couronne would accompany us to protect the neutrality of French waters.'

"Many offered to join us, but the French authorities objected, and they were not allowed to do so. Between nine and ten o'clock on June 19, everything being in readiness, we got under way and proceeded to sea. We took the western entrance of the harbor. The Couronne accompanied us, also some French pilot boats and an English steam yacht, the Deerhound, owned by a rich Englishman (as we afterwards learned), who, with his wife and children, was enjoying life and leisure in his pleasure yacht. The walls and fortifications of the harbor, the heights above the town, the buildings, everything that looked seaward, were crowded with people. About seven miles from land the Kearsarge was quietly awaiting our arrival.

"Officers in uniforms, men at their best, Captain Semmes ordered them sent aft and, mounting a gun carriage, made them a brief address: 'Officers and seamen of the Alabama, you have at length another opportunity to meet the enemy, the first that has presented to you since you sank the Hatteras. In the meantime you have been all over the world, and it is not too much to say that you have destroyed and driven for protection under neutral flags one-half the enemy's commerce, which at the beginning of the war covered every sea. This is an achievement of which you may well be proud, and a grateful country will not be unmindful of it. The name of your ship has become a household word wherever civilization extends. Shall that name be tarnished by defeat? [An outburst of "Never! never!"] The thing is impossible. Remember that you are in the English Channel, the theater of so much of the naval glory of our race. The eyes of all Europe are at this moment upon you. The flag

that floats over you is that of a young republic that bids defiance to her enemies whenever and wherever found. Show the world that you know how to uphold it. Go to your quarters!"

"We now prepared our guns to engage the enemy on our starboard side. When within a mile and a quarter he wheeled, presenting his starboard battery to us. We opened on him with solid shot, to which he soon replied, and the action became active. To keep our respective broadsides bearing, we were obliged to fight in a circle around a common center, preserving a distance of three-quarters of a mile. When within distance of shell range, we opened on him with shell. The spanker gaff was shot away, and our ensign came down. We replaced it immediately at the mizzen masthead. The firing now became very hot and heavy. Captain Semmes, who was watching the battle from the horse block, called out to me: 'Mr. Kell, our shells strike the enemy's side, doing little damage, and fall off in the water; try solid shot.' From this time we alternated with shot and shell. The battle lasted an hour and ten minutes. Captain Semmes said to me at this time (seeing the great apertures made in the side of the ship from their 11-inch shell and the water rushing in rapidly): 'Mr. Kell, as soon as our head points to the French coast in our circuit of action shift your guns to port and make all sail for the coast.' This evolution was beautifully performed—righting the helm, hauling aft the fore-trysail, and pivoting to port, the action continuing all the time without cessation—but it was useless; nothing could avail us.

"Before doing this and pivoting the gun, it became necessary to clear the deck of the dead bodies that had been torn to pieces by the 11-inch shells of the enemy. The captain of our 8-inch gun and most of the gun's crew were killed. It became necessary to take the crew from young Anderson's gun to make up the vacancies, which I did and placed him in command. Though a mere youth, he managed it like an old veteran. Going to the hatchway, I called out to Brooks, one of our efficient engineers, to give the ship more steam, or we would be whipped. He replied that she had every inch of steam that it was safe to carry without being blown up. Young Matt O'Brien, assistant engineer, called out: 'Let her have the steam; we had better blow her to hell than to let the Yankees whip us.' The chief engineer now came on deck and reported the furnace fires put out, whereupon Captain Semmes ordered me to go below and see how long the ship could float. I did so and, returning, said: 'Perhaps ten minutes.' 'Then, sir,' said Captain Semmes, 'cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colors. It will never do in this nineteenth century to go down and the decks covered with our gallant wounded.' This order was promptly executed, after which the Kearsarge deliberately fired into us five shots. In Captain Winslow's report to the Secretary of the Navy he admits this, saying: 'Uncertain whether Captain Semmes was not making some ruse, the Kearsarge was stopped.'

"Was this a time, when disaster, defeat, and death looked us in the face, for a ship to use a ruse? I ordered the men to stand to their quarters, and they did it heroically. Not even flinching, they stood every man to his post. As soon as we got the first of these shots I told the quartermaster to show the white flag from the stern. It was done. Captain Semmes said to me: 'Dispatch an officer to the Kearsarge and ask that they send boats to save our wounded; ours are disabled.' Our little dingy was not injured, so I sent Master's Mate Fulham with the request. No boats coming, I had one

of our quarter boats, the least damaged one, lowered and had the wounded put in her. Dr. Galt came on deck at this time and was put in charge of her, with orders to take the wounded to the Kearsarge. They shoved off in time to save the wounded. When I went below to inspect, the sight was appalling. Assistant Surgeon Llewellyn was at his post, but the table and the patient on it had been swept away from him by an 11-inch shell, which made an aperture that was fast filling with water. This was the last time I saw Dr. Llewellyn in life. As I passed the deck to go below a stalwart seaman with death's signet on his brow called to me. For an instant I stood beside him. He caught my hand and kissed it with such reverence and loyalty that the look and the act linger on my memory still. I reached the deck and gave the order for every man to save himself; to jump overboard with a spar, an oar, or a grating, and get out of the vortex of the sinking ship.

"As soon as all were overboard but Captain Semmes and I, his steward, Bartelli, and two of the men—the sailmaker, Alcott, and Michael Mars—we began to strip off all superfluous clothing for our battle with the waves for our lives. Poor, faithful-hearted Bartelli! We did not know he could not swim, or he might have been sent to shore. He was drowned. The men disrobed us, I to my shirt and drawers, but Captain Semmes kept on his heavy pants and vest. We together gave our swords to the briny deep and the ship we loved so well. The sad farewell look at the ship would have wrung the stoutest heart. The dead were lying on her deck, the surging, roaring waters rising through the death wound in her side. The ship, agonizing like a living thing and going down in her brave beauty, settling lower and lower, sank fathoms deep, lost to all save love and fame and memory.

"After undressing, with the assistance of our men, we plunged into the sea. It was a mass of living heads striving, struggling, battling for life. On the wild waste of waters there came no boats at first from the Kearsarge to our rescue. Had victory struck them dumb or helpless? or had it frozen the milk of human kindness in their veins? The water was like ice, and after the excitement of battle it seemed doubly cold. I saw a float of empty shell boxes near me and called out to one of the men, an expert swimmer, to examine the float. He said: 'It is the doctor, sir, and he is dead.' Poor Llewellyn, almost within sight of home, the air blowing across the Channel from it into his dead face that had given up the struggle for life and liberty! I felt my strength giving out, but, strange to say, I never thought of giving up, though the whitecaps were breaking wildly over my head and the sea foam from the billows' blinding my eyes. Midshipman Maffitt swam to my side and said, 'Mr. Kell, you are so exhausted; take this life preserver,' endeavoring to disengage it. I refused, seeing in his own pallid young face that heroism had risen superior to self or bodily suffering. But what can a man do more than give his life for his friend? The next thing that I remember a voice called out, 'Here's our first lieutenant,' and I was pulled into a boat, in the stern sheets of which lay Captain Semmes as if dead. He had received a slight wound in the hand, which, with the struggle in the water, had exhausted his strength, long worn by sleeplessness, anxiety, and fatigue. There were several of our crew in the boat. In a few moments we were alongside a steam yacht, which received us on her deck, and we learned that it was the Deerhound, owned by an English gentleman, Mr. John Lancaster, who used it for the pleasure of himself and family, who were with

him at this time, his sons having preferred going out with him to witness the fight to going to church with their mother, as he afterwards told us.

"In looking about us I saw two French pilot boats rescuing the crew and finally two boats from the Kearsarge. I was much surprised to find Mr. Fulham on the Deerhound, as I had dispatched him in the little dingey to ask the Kearsarge for boats to save our wounded. Mr. Fulham told me that our shot had torn the casing from the chain armor of the Kearsarge, indenting the chain in many places. This now explained Captain Semmes's observation to me during the battle: 'Our shells strike the enemy's side and fall into the water.' Had we been in possession of this knowledge, the unequal battle between the Alabama and the Kearsarge would never have been fought nor the gallant little Alabama lost by an error. She fought valiantly as long as there was a plank to stand upon. History has failed to explain, unless there were secret orders forbidding, why the Kearsarge did not steam into the midst of the fallen foe and generously save life. The Kearsarge fought the battle beautifully, but she tarnished her glory when she fired on a fallen foe and made no immediate effort to save brave living men from watery graves. Both heroic commanders are now gone before the great tribunal, where the deeds done in the body are to be accounted for; but history is history, and truth is truth.

"Mr. Lancaster came to Captain Semmes and said: 'I think every man is saved. Where shall I land you?' He replied: 'I am under English colors. The sooner you land me on English soil, the better.' The little yacht under a press of steam moved away for Southampton. Our loss was nine killed, twenty-one wounded, and ten drowned. That afternoon, the 19th of June, we were landed in Southampton and received with every demonstration of kindness and sympathy."

It is not the intention of the compiler of these sketches to give in detail a history of the cruises or different commands held by the officers of our little navy, but only to touch upon the salient points, the most important events in their career, manifesting their claim to the consideration of posterity.

John Newland Maffitt, son of Rev. John N. Maffitt, entered the United States navy at the age of thirteen as a midshipman. He continued in that service until his love for the South, her cause, and her people caused him to resign, come South, and offer his services to the Confederacy. His early years were spent with the West India Squadron, with the Mediterranean Squadron, a three-year cruise in Old Ironsides, the Constitution, of historic renown, the events of which cruise he has told in "Nantilus; or, Cruising under Canvas," and with Professor Bache on the United States Coast Survey, and was made assistant to Professor Bache, and finally in command of, first, the United States sloop Dolphin and then the United States steamship Crusader, in which vessels he made several captives of slavers. This was his last command in the United States navy. He left it as lieutenant commander. His resignation was sent in April 28, 1861, and was accepted June 4 from May 2, 1861. His home, his property (then worth \$75,000), his profession (which he told me he loved better than life), all were given up for that greatest of these, the South and her cause. He was among that faithful band of ex-naval officers who gathered at Montgomery and through President Davis offered their services to the South. He received a lieutenant's commission, with orders to report to Commodore Tatnall at Savannah, Ga. On May 9 he was ordered to command the Savannah; on June 6 he was sent to Norfolk for guns to mount on the squadron and

was also instructed to send thirty to Beauregard, who then commanded at Charleston, S. C.; obtained thirty-six 32-pounders and stores for Tatnall's squadron.

Transcribing from Captain Maffitt's diary:

"About the 11th of November I joined the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee and went to his headquarters at Coosawhatchie, S. C. My special duties were mapping the roads, building forts, and obstructing the Coosaw River. * * * As the War between the States progressed it became manifest that, great as were the industry and ingenuity unexpectedly developed by the people of the South, they were inadequate to supply the increased military demands. The pressure on the government at Richmond occasioned deep anxiety and uneasiness that could not be concealed. At this important crisis the public-spirited mercantile firm of Frazier, Trenholm & Co., of Charleston, S. C., promptly came to the rescue. They possessed a number of swift steamers which were employed in running the blockade for commercial purposes. Influenced by patriotic zeal, these vessels were immediately employed in introducing supplies for the support and equipment of the armies of the Confederacy. This relief was most efficient.

"In consequence of my knowledge of the Southern coast, gained on the United States coast survey, I was ordered to command one of these steamers, the Cecile. She was reported to be unusually fast and could stow to advantage about seven hundred bales of cotton, which, with its magnetic power, attracted constant supplies for the war and enabled our armies to maintain a bold and oft-successful opposition to the splendidly equipped men of the North. With the cargo on board, we departed from Wilmington and before sunset anchored off the village of Smithville (now Southport). Twilight afforded an excellent opportunity to reconnoiter the enemy. They were numerous and assumed their stations with an air of vigilance that seemed to announce the channel as hermetically sealed for the night. The prospect afforded no joyful anticipations of a pleasant exit. As it was necessary to abide the movements of the moon, her sluggishness in retiring for the night was regarded with considerable impatience. At last her royal majesty over the margin of the western horizon tips us a knowing wink and disappears. We improve the hint and get under way. In silence Caswell is passed, and a dim glimpse of Fort Campbell affords a farewell view of Dixie as the steamer's head is turned seaward through the channel. The swelling greetings of the Atlantic billows announce that the bar is passed. Over the cresting waves the good craft swiftly dashes, as if impatient to promptly face her trials of the night. Through the settled darkness all eyes on deck are peering, eagerly straining to catch a view of the dreaded sentinels who sternly guard the tabooed channel. Nothing white is exposed to view; every light is extinguished save those that are hooded in the binnacle and engine room. No sound disturbs the solemn silence of the moment but the dismal moaning of the northeast wind and unwelcome but unavoidable dashing of our paddles.

"Night glasses scan the bleared horizon for a time in vain. Suddenly an officer with bated breath announces several steamers. Eagerly pointing, he reports two at anchor and others slowly cruising. Instantly out of the gloom and spoon-drift emerges the somber phantom form of the blockading fleet. The moment of trial is at hand. Firmness and decision are essential for the emergency. Dashing between the two at anchor, we pass so near as to excite astonishment at our nondiscovery; but this resulted from the color of our

hull, which, under certain stages of the atmosphere, blended so perfectly with the haze as to render the steamer invisible.

"How keenly the grim hulls of the enemy are watched! How taut, like harp strings, every nerve is strung, anxiously vibrating with each pulsation of the throbbing heart! We emerge to windward from between the two at anchor. 'Captain,' whispered the pilot, 'according to my chop logic, them chaps aren't going to squint us this blessed night.' Ere a response could be uttered a broad-spread flash of intense light blazed from the flag's drummond, for in passing to windward the noise of our paddles betrayed the proximity of a blockade runner. 'Full speed!' I shouted to the engineer. Instantly the increased revolutions responded to the order. Then came the roar of heavy guns, the howl of shot, and the scream of bursting shells. Around, above, and through the severed rigging the iron demons howled, as if pandemonium had discharged its infernal spirits into the air. Under the influence of a terrible shock the steamer quivers with aspen vibrations. An explosion follows; she is struck. 'What is the damage?' I ask. 'A shell, sir, has knocked overboard several bales of cotton and wounded two of the crew,' was the response of the boatswain.

"By the sheen of the drummond lights the sea was so clearly illuminated as to exhibit the perils of our position and show the grouping around us of the fleet as their batteries belched forth a hailstorm of angry missiles, threatening instant annihilation. In the turmoil of excitement a frightened passenger, contrary to orders, invaded the bridge. Wringing his hands in agony, he implored me to surrender and save his life and the lives of all on board. Much provoked, I directed one of our quartermasters stationed near me to take the landlubber below. Without ceremony, he seized the unhappy individual and, as he hurried him to the cabin, menacingly exclaimed: 'Shut up your flytrap, or by the powers of Moll Kelly I'll hold ye up as a target for the diversion of them Yankee gunners!'

"As perils multiplied, our Mazeppa speed increased and gradually withdrew us from the circle of danger. At last we distanced the party. Spontaneously the crew gave three hearty cheers as a relief to their pent-up anxiety, and every one began to breathe more naturally. During the night we were subjected to occasional trials of speed to avoid suspicious strangers whose characters could not be determined. In fact, nothing in the shape of a steamer was to be trusted, as we entertained the belief that Confederates were Ishmaelites upon the broad ocean, the recipients of no man's courtesy. * * * At sunrise, entering the friendly port of Nassau, we were warmly greeted by many friends, by none more vociferously than the sons of Africa. The cargo was promptly landed and the return freight received on board.

"We are ready to depart. Friends bid us farewell with lugubrious indulgence of fears for our safety, as the hazards of blockade-running had recently increased in consequence of the accumulated force and vigilance of the enemy. Discarding all gloomy prognostications, at dusk we left the harbor. Before break of day Abaco light was sighted, a place of especial interest to Federal cruisers as the turning point for blockade runners. At the first blush of day we were startled by the close proximity of three Federal men-of-war. Not the least obeisance made they, but with shot and shell paid the early compliments of the morning. The splintering spars and damaged bulwarks warned us of the urgent necessity for traveling, particularly as nine hundred barrels of gunpowder

constituted a portion of our cargo. A chance shell exploding in the hold would have consigned steamer and all hands to Tophet. We were in capital running condition and soon passed out of range. Tenaciously our pursuers held on to the chase, though it was evident that the fleet Confederate experienced no difficulty in giving them the go-by. In the zenith of our enjoyment of a refreshing sense of relief the old cry of 'Sail, ho!' came from aloft. The lookout announced two steamers ahead and standing for us. A system of zigzag running became necessary to elude the persistent enemy. Our speed soon accomplished this object. In about three hours the Federals faded under the horizon, and our proper course for Cape Fear was resumed. * * * We made the best of speed on our way to Wilmington.

"The following day, our last at sea, proved undisturbed and pleasant. At sunset the bar bore west-northwest seventy miles distant. It would be high water at half past eleven, the proper time for crossing. Sixty miles I determined to dash off at full speed and then run slowly for meeting and disentangling ourselves from the fleet.

"None but the experienced can appreciate the difficulties that perplexed the navigator in running for Southern harbors during the war. The usual facilities rendered by light-houses and beacons had ceased to exist, having been dispensed with by the Confederate government as dangerous abettors of contemplated mischief by the blockaders. Success in making the destined harbors depended on exact navigation, a knowledge of the coast, its surroundings and currents, a fearless approach, and banishment of the subtle society of John Barleycorn. Under a pressure of steam we rushed ahead, annihilating space and melting with excited fancy hours into minutes. Our celerity shortened the distance, leaving only ten miles between us and the bar. With guiding lead, slowly and carefully we felt our way.

"'Captain,' observed the sedulous chief officer as he strove to peer through the hazy atmosphere, 'it seems to me from our soundings that we should be very near the blockaders. Don't you think so?'

"'I do,' was the response. 'Hist! there goes a bell—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—half past eleven, a decidedly good calculation, and it is high water on the bar. By Jove! there are two directly ahead of us, and I think both are at anchor. Doubtless others are cruising around these indicators of the channel.'

"I ordered the helm put hard-a-starboard, directing the wheelsman to run between the two blockaders, as it was too late to sheer clear of either. Through a bank of clouds huge, grim objects grew distinct in view, and necessity forced me to run the gauntlet, trusting against hope that our transit would not arouse their vigilance. They were alert weasels, for a sparkling, hissing sound was instantly followed by the fiery train of a rocket, succeeded by the dreaded calcium light with a radiance so brilliant, though brief, as to illuminate distinctly an area of miles.

"'Heave to, or I'll sink you!' shouted a gruff, imperious voice so near that we could fancy his speaking trumpet projected over the steamer. 'Aye, aye, sir!' was the prompt response; and, to the horror of all on board, I gave the order in a loud tone, 'Stop the engine!' Then was heard the boatswain's whistle, the calling away of cutters, and the tramping of boats' crews. Our impetus had caused the steamer to nearly emerge from between the Federals.

"'Back your engine, sir, and stand by to receive my boats!' said the stern voice. Affirmatively acknowledging the com-

mand, I whispered loud enough for the engineer to hear me: 'Full speed ahead, sir, and open wide your throttle valve!'

"The movements of the paddles for a moment deceived the Federal commander into the belief that we were really backing; but speedily comprehending the maneuver, with very fierce execrations he gave the order to fire. Drummond lights were burned, doubtless to aid the artillerists, but so radiated the mist as to raise our hull above the line of vision, causing the destructive missiles to play hob with the sparse rigging instead of shattering our hull and probably exploding the nine hundred barrels of gunpowder with which General Johnston afterwards fought the battle of Shiloh. It certainly was a miraculous escape for both blockader and blockade runner.

"We paused not recklessly, but at the rate of sixteen knots absolutely flew out of unhealthy company, who discourteously followed us with exploding shells and for some time kept up such a fusillade as to impress us with the belief that the blockaders had inaugurated a 'Kilkenny cat muddle' and were polishing off each other, a supposition which I afterwards learned was partially correct. The breakers warned us of danger, and the smooth water indicated the channel through which we passed in safety, and at one o'clock in the morning we anchored off the venerable village of Smithville. Then came the mental and physical reaction, producing a feeling of great prostration, relieved by the delightful realization of having passed through the fiery ordeal in safety and freedom. After sunrise we proceeded in all haste to Wilmington, where our cargo was quickly discharged. Having obtained our return cargo, in company with two other blockade runners, I started for Nassau; and although the sentinels of the bar presented me with affectionate souvenirs in the way of shot and shell, they did but little damage. My companions came to grief."

(To be continued.)

IN THE YEARS 1861-62.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Church Bells for Cannons.—General Beauregard wrote Father Mullan, of St. Patrick's Church, New Orleans: "The call which I made on the planters of the Mississippi Valley to contribute their bells to be cast into cannons is being so promptly met that I am in hopes of being spared the necessity of depriving our churches of any of their sacred appendages; but if there is no alternative and should I need it, I will avail myself of your offer to contribute the bell of St. Patrick's Church, that it may rebuke with a tongue of fire the vandals who have polluted God's altar." Did ever a nation on earth accomplish so much with so little as ours?

Any Place Will Do to Die In.—General Beauregard said: "No one must fall back unless compelled or ordered to do so. We are fighting for our homes and firesides. When necessary, one place is as good as another to die in." True, but not palatable.

Artillery as Skirmishers.—Capt. W. Irving Hodgson, C. S. A., adds to his report of the siege of Corinth the following postscript: "I would add: the firing of the guns on the evening of the 8th for some four hours as skirmishers and sharpshooters, often firing at a single man and with good effect, was something very unusual in artillery warfare." And it was and is.

Election of Officers.—Col. William Preston Johnston, C. S. A., in speaking of the reorganization of the army in 1862,

said: "The election of new officers took place, and a large number of valuable and experienced officers were replaced by men grossly incompetent and unable to pass an examination on their duties before the most indulgent boards." This class, however, was soon weeded out.

Wanted to See the Elephant.—In the diary of Col. Jacob Ammen, U. S. A., kept during the Shiloh campaign, he wrote: "I rode to the side and let the troops file by, asking them if they could march faster, as they were badly needed. They answered: 'O yes, Colonel. We are not tired. Do you think the fight will be over before we get there?' My answer was: 'I hope so, if it goes right.' They answered: 'You have seen the elephant often; we want to see him once anyhow.' Two of the regiments were eager for the fight, but one had seen the animal several times and did not care about seeing him again unless necessary." They saw him all right, and that very shortly.

Hospitality.—A Union captain reported stopping overnight at the house of a man who was said to be a strong Southern sympathizer, and this gentleman tried to refuse him shelter; but on seeing the force with the captain, he gave way to better feelings and received him with apparent kindness. We all know that Southerners are noted for their hospitality.

Proclamation.—The death of A. S. Johnston undoubtedly lost us the battle of Shiloh, not because his successor was incompetent, but on account of the temporary confusion and loss of golden minutes. The following was the last order issued by this commander: "Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi: I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and disciplined valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you cannot but march to a decisive victory over agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, property, and honor. Remember the precious stake involved. Remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your sisters, and your children on the result. Remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes, and ties that will be desolated by your defeat. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your valor and lineage, worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time. With such incentives to brave deeds and with the trust that God is with us, your generals will lead you to success." And they came perilously close to doing that same thing.

W. J. Hardee.—The author of the tactics that bear his name wrote General Beauregard: "The situation at Corinth requires that we should attack the enemy at once, or await his attack, or evacuate the place." Take your choice. That General was surely Irish, even if he did write French tactics.

Vain Hopes.—Secretary Stanton, U. S. A., who always congratulated his generals on their brilliant successes, wrote General Halleck on June 2 that McClellan was not yet in Richmond, but hoped soon to be. He also wrote General Mitchell on the same date that "Mac" was within four miles of Richmond, and it was hoped that he would occupy the same that week; also that there might be another contest, although there were some who thought the enemy would fall back without another fight. If Lee's generals had coöperated with him in the campaign, "Mac" and a large portion of his men would have occupied Richmond, but not as conquerors. And those who thought that Lee would fall back without another fight had another "think" coming.

Good Morals Not Necessary for a Commission.—The rules for appointing officers in the C. S. A. made the stipulation that all applicants should be of good physical and mental ability and of fair moral character. Otherwise there would have been a shortage of officers.

Navy vs. Army, C. S. A.—Commodore Hollins, C. S. N., wrote the Navy Secretary thus: "If I am to be subject to the orders of any and every officer of the army, whatever his grade, who may be temporarily in command, my usefulness here will be of little avail. I should have supposed the various evacuations of the army had furnished navy guns enough to the enemy without taking those sent direct to my command for perhaps the same purpose. Every day we see officers of junior grades, both of the old army and of the volunteers, promoted and brigadier generals made of men who are junior in rank and service to the lieutenants commanding in my squadron." Never did work together in harmony.

Sanitary Committee, U. S. A.—General Grant wrote General Halleck: "My great difficulty was with the rush of citizens, particularly the Sanitary Committee, who invested Fort Donelson after its fall. One of these men swore vengeance against me for preventing his carrying off trophies." That's the trouble with the sanitary people; to this day they persist in cleaning up everything in sight.

Battle Tactics of Beauregard.—"Fire at the feet of the enemy, thus avoiding overshooting; and, besides, wounded men give more trouble than dead, as they have to be taken from the field. Soldiers are not to leave the ranks for any purpose, as the surest way to protect our wounded is to drive the enemy from the battle field, and any one persisting in leaving the ranks will be shot on the spot." This evidently did the work, as there is nothing on record to show that any one met sudden death on this account.

Premature Report.—General Beauregard reported to the Secretary of War after the first day's fight at Shiloh: "Thanks be to the Almighty, we gained a complete victory." Complete as far as it went, but it did not go far enough.

Governors under Fire at Shiloh.—Governor Morton, of Indiana, stood like a veteran, although a shell exploded within a few feet of him. Governor Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, was with General Johnston when the latter was killed and was on Beauregard's staff the entire next day. Governor George W. Johnson, of Kentucky, shouldered a musket and fought as a private in the ranks until killed. "A man's a man for a' that."

Stopping Place.—A Union captain reported this of the first day's fight at Shiloh: "Had we not been compelled by the enemy to fall back, we could not have held our position longer for want of ammunition. After my arrival at camp, I 'beat it' toward the river with my company; and when we arrived at the guard I was pleased, for that was the first thing I had seen that looked like a place to stop." He couldn't get any farther without flying, as there were too many between his stopping place and the river.

Blue Uniforms in C. S. A.—Colonel Mouton, of the 18th Louisiana, said of the Shiloh fight: "Anxious to intercept the enemy, I rushed on at a double-quick; but, unfortunately, our troops on the right mistook us for the enemy, owing, I presume, to the blue uniforms of a large number of my men, and opened fire on us with cannon and muskets." Colonel

Trabue, C. S. A., said: "I was likewise delayed and embarrassed by some Louisiana troops, who were dressed in blue like the enemy." General Duke, in his admirable book, "Morgan's Cavalry," says that these Louisianians, getting tired of being assailed alike by friend and foe, finally retaliated by returning the fire of any body of men that shot at them, saying: "We fire at anybody what fire at us."

A Youthful Warrior.—Colonel Hill, 5th Tennessee, C. S. A., reports: "Private John Roberts, a very young soldier, behaved with the greatest coolness and bravery throughout the entire Shiloh fight. He was frequently in advance of his company, was knocked down twice by spent balls, and his gun was shattered to pieces. He is but fifteen years old, but displayed the courage of a veteran." A regular "broth of a boy."

Demoralization of Grant's Army at Shiloh.—General Buell, U. S. A., says: "As we approached the landing the stragglers amounted to regiments, and at the landing the banks swarmed with a confused mass of not less than five thousand, which later in the day became much greater. The throng of disorganized and demoralized troops, continuously increased by fresh fugitives and great numbers of teams, all strove to get as near as possible to the river; and, with few exceptions, all efforts to form and move them toward the fight utterly failed." General McCook, U. S. A., says: "At Pittsburg Landing the head of my column had to force its way through thousands of panic-stricken men before it could engage the enemy." General Rousseau, U. S. A., said: "As my men marched from the boats they passed through and among the ten thousand fugitives from the fight of the day before, who lined the banks of the river and filled the woods adjacent to the landing." General Nelson, U. S. A., reported: "I found cowering under the river bank when I crossed from seven to ten thousand men, frantic with fright and utterly demoralized, who received my men with cries: 'We are whipped and cut to pieces.' They were insensible to shame or sarcasm, for I tried both on them; and, indignant at such poltroonery, I asked permission to open fire on the knaves." It remains, however, for Colonel Jacob Ammen, of the same army, to give the finishing touch to this story of shame, which he tells thus: "The space between the top of the bank and the river, up and down a half mile or more, was crowded with men. The river was full of boats with steam up, and these had many soldiers on them. Ten to fifteen thousand men in uniform were on the boats and under the river bank. On our passage over the fugitives told us that their regiments were cut to pieces and that we would meet the same fate. In crossing some of my men called my attention to men, even with shoulder straps, making their way across the stream on logs and wished to shoot the cowards. Such looks of terror, such confusion I never saw before and do not wish to see again." And yet it was a Union victory! Why?

Surprise for Grant's Army at Shiloh.—General Halleck, U. S. A., says: "The newspaper accounts that our divisions were surprised are utterly false." But General McClellan admitted that "a portion of our forces were in a manner surprised and driven back in confusion. It is marvelous—may I not say providential?—that we were not captured or destroyed." Lieutenant Colonel Wood, 17th Illinois, states: "Heavy firing was heard in our front; but thinking it proceeded from our pickets, very little attention was paid to it." Lieutenant Colonel Engleman, from the same State, reports: "My orders for them to turn out were met by the inquiry,

'For what purpose?' And to my response that it was to meet the enemy they said that the firing then heard was none other than our own men firing off their pieces. The infatuation that no enemy was about was so general that I also was to a great extent affected by it." General Grant himself told Colonel Ammen, on April 5: "There will be no fight at Pittsburg Landing. We will have to go to Corinth, where the Rebels are fortifying." The above proves without a shadow of a doubt that Grant was surprised, as the battle was on the 6th. McClelland admits the corn frankly, and the Illinois colonels show that at least their own division was taken unawares. But—you saw what Halleck said.

Anticipations Not Realized.—The medical director of the Union Army of the Potomac stated in his report of the Peninsular campaign: "I had calculated that we should fight our great battle before Richmond; and if successful, we should have the whole city for a hospital, if necessary, but this anticipation has not been realized so far." Nor did he say that he still had hopes.

The Confederate Army from a Yankee Standpoint.—General Barnard, U. S. A., after the Peninsular campaign, reported: "The Rebel army from its first low state has risen to be an army most formidable in numbers, excellent in organization, and inspired by great success. Had its numbers indeed approached to that attributed to it (200,000 men), there is little doubt that a march on Washington would have speedily followed our withdrawal to the James." That man knew what he was talking about.

Railroad Battery.—Major Meyer, U. S. A., says: "A few minutes later the enemy showed themselves on the line of the railway and opened on us with a gun of heavy caliber. This piece was mounted on a railway car and moved upon the track. The range and service of this piece were splendid, and its free fire was most annoying." It was the first armored car on record and was of so little value after this campaign that it passed out of sight forever.

The God of Battles.—Colonel Cabell, C. S. A., wrote: "The God of battles, that ever sides with a just cause and a wise disposition of forces and courage and discipline of an army, has insured us one of the most gallant defenses against apparently overwhelming numbers that history gives any record of." How about that little scrap at Thermopylae?

Some Capture.—Captain Colclough, of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, at the battle of Seven Pines, with his company of forty-seven men, took prisoners of the enemy one captain, two lieutenants, and one hundred and thirty-three enlisted men with Enfield rifles in their hands. Hurrah for the Palmetto State!

Slaying Multitudes.—Another sharpshooting gentleman, Col. Hiram Berdan, of the United States Army, reported: "As for myself, I feel amply repaid for the danger I ran in reconnoitering the ground under fire, posting the men, and encouraging and directing through the day by the confident feeling that we must have killed and wounded several hundred Rebels." I guess he figured, as the Spaniards did in Cuba, that every shot got meat. At any rate, they reported their execution by this method.

Premature Congratulations.—Secretary of War Stanton, U. S. A., on April 27 wrote General McClelland: "I hope soon to congratulate you upon a splendid victory that shall be the finishing stroke of the war. In every quarter the work seems to go bravely on." That secretary was some optimist.

Curious Coincidence.—Colonel Smith, C. S. A., in his report of the battle of Seven Pines, says: "In pressing through the abatis I crossed a battle flag lying in the brush. I took it for my own. Bidding the adjutant to hand it to me, I seized it and bore it until ordered to give it to a color bearer. At this time a youthful stranger was hard by and heard the message. He stepped promptly up and stated that he belonged to the 2d Florida, had lost his regiment, and would like to join mine for the fight and, with my permission, would gladly bear the flag and, if need be, plant it in the cannon's mouth. Without a word I handed it to him, and nobly did he bear it. Curiously enough, it turned out to be the flag of his own regiment. How it reached the spot where I found it is still veiled in mystery and probably ever will be." The fact of the man and flag arriving simultaneously gives us an idea; but though the 2d Florida reported capturing a Yankee flag, they did not mention losing theirs.

Death or Glory.—The colonel of a Maine regiment picked up after the battle of Williamsburg, Va., a banner with this strange advice: "Pickens Sentinels. Preserve Southern institutions or perish with them." Gen. A. P. Hill, C. S. A., reported that with a Yankee battery captured in this same affair was a color with the inscription: "To hell or Richmond." A New York colonel mentions capturing a Stars and Bars flag bearing the motto "Victory or death." This was in the first part of the war, before the frills were cut out.

The Yankee's Favorite Diversion.—Gen. D. H. Hill, C. S. A., said: "The evacuation of Yorktown was eminently wise, as it deprived the Yankees of their favorite diversion of firing at long range upon an unresisting foe." Certainly not peculiar to the Yankees alone.

Hell Snorters.—General Hentzleman, U. S. A., said that in the Williamsburg fight "the 5th Michigan charged upon the enemy with the bayonet and drove them upon the rifle pits, killing one hundred and forty-three of them, sixty-three of whom were shot through the head." As there were only two hundred and eighty-eight Confederates killed in this battle, it was a great mercy that these Michiganders were not born twins.

Subterranean Shells.—General Barry, U. S. A., said: "These shells were not placed in front of the forts, which, in view of an anticipated assault, might possibly be considered a legitimate use of them; but they were planted on roads, at springs, in the shade, at the foot of telegraph poles, and, lastly, within the very streets of Yorktown. A number of our men were killed before information could be given the troops. General McClelland ordered that the Confederate prisoners taken by us should be made to search for these buried shells and destroy them when found. It is generally understood that these infernal machines were prepared by Gen. George Rains at the instigation of his brother, Gen. Gabriel Rains, who inaugurated a similar mode of warfare during the Seminole War while disgracing the uniform of the American army." Strange to say, General Longstreet ordered from Christian's House, Va.: "It is the desire of the major general commanding that no shells or torpedoes be put out behind you, as he does not recognize it as a proper or effective method of war."

Fighting over the Spoils of War.—Captain Gibson, U. S. A., reported that one of his men had captured a flag from the enemy, but was sabered by one of his own cavalry and compelled to give it up. And I have no doubt that the party that did the sabering was given the medal.

LAST COLONEL OF ARTILLERY, A. N. V.

The Last Roll of the April VETERAN contains a brief sketch announcing the death of Col. David Gregg McIntosh, of Towson, Md., on the 6th of October, 1916, which marks the passing of the last of General Lee's full colonels of artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia. His death removes a brave and gallant soldier and a prominent citizen and lawyer in whose honor the courts of Baltimore County were adjourned and memorial services were held, at which feeling tributes were paid to his bravery and gallantry as a soldier, his eminence as a lawyer, and his noble character and virtues as a citizen.

In early life, inspired by the deeply rooted convictions of an earnest character and the impulses of a general enthusiasm, Colonel McIntosh gave unreservedly on the field of battle to the cause of the Southern Confederacy all that was best in his fresh young manhood. He took an active interest in the exciting politics of the period and was one of the younger men to address a mass meeting of the citizens of the county, at which he advocated the calling of a convention by the people of the State and secession of the State from the Union. At the call to arms in defense of his beloved Southland law books were soon dropped, and on the 2d of January, 1861, upon receipt of a telegram from Governor Pickens calling for troops, the Darlington Guards, of which D. G. McIntosh was first lieutenant, were hurriedly assembled in the Courthouse Square and soon boarded the first train for Charleston. It was the second company from the interior to reach Charleston. The Guards were regularly mustered into the service of the State on their arrival and ordered to Sullivan's Island to report to Col. Maxcy Gregg and constituted Company B, 1st South Carolina Regiment. On January 9 at daylight the beat of the long roll called the company to arms, and they witnessed from the beach the efforts of the Star of the West to run in to the relief of Fort Sumter.

The regiment was shortly afterwards transferred to Morris Island, and the Guards were encamped at the lighthouse near the mouth of Folly Inlet, Lieutenant McIntosh, with a detachment, being put in charge of a couple of 24-pounders mounted in barbette and bearing on the ship channel. A few days after the fall of Fort Sumter, on April 14, when the regiment was called on by Governor Pickens to volunteer its services to the Confederate States government and go to Virginia, and the company was mustered for that purpose, some of the members declined to go. Lieutenant McIntosh, with the remainder of the company, joined the regiment, which was moved to Virginia and occupied advanced posts at Manassas Junction, Centerville, and Fairfax Courthouse. At the end of the six months for which the regiment was enlisted it was mustered out of service. Lieutenant McIntosh returned home, recruited another company known as the Pee Dee Rifles, of which he was unanimously elected captain, and rejoined the old regiment when it was reorganized at Richmond in the fall of 1861 under the same field officers and made a part of that historic command whose valor was to hallow so many of the glorious battles won by the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following winter the regiment spent at Suffolk, Va., and devoted the time to drill and instruction. While at Suffolk a handsome battle flag was presented to the company by Col. (afterwards Gen.) Maxcy Gregg in behalf of Miss Louise McIntosh and received by Captain (afterwards Col-



COL. DAVID GREGG M'INTOSH.

onel) McIntosh with a brother's love and a soldier's pride. More than one brave color bearer lost his life on successive and bloody battle fields, but the flag was never surrendered. When the battery was surrendered at the end of the war, the flag was saved by the guidon, R. C. Nettles, who concealed it under his jacket and on his return to South Carolina restored it to the hands of its fair honor, in whose custody it remained until 1878, when she presented it to the survivors of her brother's battery. Since that time the thinning ranks and rapidly advancing infirmities of old age have warned the few gallant survivors of the Pee Dee Battery to seek a safe place to deposit their treasured banner. Accordingly, on the 16th of February, 1905, headed by one of their number, Sergt. J. W. Brunson, they visited the office of the Governor in Columbia and gave to the chief executive the faded and bullet-shredded flag. Governor Hayward transmitted the flag to the General Assembly and in doing so said in a special message: "I am glad to have the honor of transmitting this flag and these sketches to your honorable body, feeling confident that the wish of the brave survivors will find a ready response in your hearts and that this cherished gift will be placed among our most honored archives to be handed down to future generations." With a rising vote the General Assembly unanimously accepted the banner of the gallant artillerymen of the Pee Dee Battery.

During the winter spent at Suffolk Captain McIntosh's company was detailed to take charge of a field battery and became known as the Pee Dee Light Artillery. When the spring campaign opened, the battery was ordered successively to Goldsboro, Fredericksburg, and Richmond. At the latter place the battery was assigned to A. P. Hill's light division

of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the artillery battalion of Col. R. Lindsay Walker. With this command the battery was actively engaged in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, crossing the Chickahominy on the afternoon of the 26th of June at Meadow Bridge and opening the artillery fight at Beaver Dam. The next day at Cold Harbor, while hotly engaged, Captain McIntosh's horse was killed under him. Mounting on Sergeant Moye's horse, that horse was also killed under him, but the Captain escaped unhurt.

After the battle of Cedar Mountain the battery accompanied General Jackson's corps on the march through Thoroughfare Gap to the rear of General Pope's army and was hotly engaged in the battles of Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, and Sharpsburg.

At Harper's Ferry one of the guns of the battery during the action advanced nearly under the enemy's works and was about to open fire when a white flag was seen to wave from the ramparts. "Limber to the front! Quick, men; let us be the first in the fort!" shouted the Captain, and, in the words of one of the old members of the battalion, "No order was ever more promptly obeyed, and his guns moved into the fort almost at the moment of its surrender."

At Harper's Ferry the battery received a fresh supply of horses from those captured, enabling it by a forced and rapid march to get three guns on the field at Sharpsburg in time to occupy an important gap in the Confederate lines at a point where heavy Federal columns under General Burnside, having forced their way across the Antietam, were about to envelop General Lee's right flank. The battery did good service here, coming on the field in a gallop at a critical moment and firing double charges of canister at short range with deadly effect, checking the advance and holding the enemy until several of the guns were overrun, though shortly afterwards they were recaptured upon the arrival of supports. General Burnside, in his official reports, says: "General Rodman succeeded in carrying the main heights on the left of the town, one of the regiments (the 9th New York) capturing one of the most formidable of the enemy's batteries." Again he says: "Colonel Harland's brigade was driven back, leaving the battery which they had captured."

In the battle of Fredericksburg Captain McIntosh commanded eight of the fourteen guns on General Jackson's right at Hamilton's Crossing, which repulsed repeated assaults of the enemy with little assistance from the infantry. One of his brave comrades and a valued member of his battalion writes of him: "The conduct of Captain McIntosh on this occasion did much to keep up the spirit of his men. While at all times cool and collected, on this occasion he seemed especially so; and as he leaned against a small sapling with arms folded, calmly facing the foe, while the missiles of death scraped the earth around him, he seemed the very personification of coolness and courage." His gallant conduct so attracted General Jackson's attention that after the battle of Fredericksburg he addressed a letter to Gen. R. E. Lee, recommending that Capt. D. G. McIntosh be promoted to lieutenant colonel. It was here that he was promoted to major and assigned to a battalion composed of three Virginia and one Alabama batteries. About sundown the command was relieved by another battalion and ordered to the rear to replenish the ammunition chests, where they remained during the night. The next morning at an early hour the battery was ordered to return to its original position. Lieut. J. Hampden Chamberlayne, adjutant of the battalion, who brought the order, said that

General Jackson wanted "those same people to go back in the same position."

During the winter of 1862-63 a court-martial was convened for the artillery of the 3d Corps, which sat for some weeks at Bowling Green and of which Major McIntosh was selected to be president. In the reorganization of the artillery Major McIntosh was promoted to lieutenant colonel and to the command of a battalion of sixteen guns, and as battalion commander he was actively engaged in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Bristoe Station. In the campaign of 1864 Colonel McIntosh was promoted to full colonel.

At Chancellorsville the battalion accompanied General Jackson on his famous march across Hooker's front and around his right flank. At Gettysburg the battalion moved with Pender's Division by the Cashtown Pike, encountering the enemy about three miles from Gettysburg, and moved with the advancing columns on the south side of the pike until the enemy was swept from the field. On the 2d and 3d of July the guns were put in position on the south side of the Seminary building and took part in the artillery engagement, supporting Pickett's charge. His name will be found among those inscribed upon the bronze tablet representing an open book located on the battle field, marking what is known as the "High-Water Mark" of the Confederacy. In the succeeding campaign of 1864 he served with Gens. A. P. Hill, R. H. Anderson, Early, and Mahone in the battles of the Wilderness, Spotsylvania Courthouse, Cold Harbor, and the fortifications around Petersburg until its evacuation, April 2, 1865. One matter of particular interest in connection with the fighting at Cold Harbor was the employment and development of McIntosh's high-angle fire with howitzers adjusted as mortars. Exceptionally good effect seems to have been obtained by him with his first howitzers, which led to the use of others, and it was in connection with Colonel McIntosh's experiments that Pendleton sought the assistance of the chief of ordnance in preparation of "stink shells."

Col. Jennings C. Wise, in his book entitled "The Long Arm of Lee," in referring to the success of the artillery, speaks of an affair which occurred at Petersburg in which "Colonel McIntosh was the bright star." A movement was made by the 2d and 6th Federal Corps from their works opposite Hill against the railroads on the right, and General Lee sent Hill, with Wilcox's and Mahone's Divisions, supported by Johnson's, to meet them. McIntosh, with the 1st Maryland Battery, under Lieutenant Gale, was to move out with the infantry. When all was ready, McIntosh, with Gale's section of Clutter's Battery, galloped forward to within a few hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments and opened upon their columns, instantly causing confusion among them, while the infantry rushed forward under cover of his fire and carried the Federal line. The conduct of McIntosh, Gale, and Wilkes on this occasion elicited the highest praise from all arms. On the retreat from Petersburg his battalion was selected to follow the army with the rear division to cover its retreat.

Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, adjutant of Pegram's Battalion of Artillery, gives the following sketch of Colonel McIntosh in the battle of the Crater at the time of the explosion: "McIntosh's guns were to the right of our trenches on Mahone's front. He was ordered to take down two batteries to the right of the Crater to prevent the enemy from throwing reinforcements into the Crater. While riding at the head of his guns he was wounded by a fragment of shell, striking him obliquely across the chest, tearing his coat, vest, and shirt, and breaking the skin, from which the blood flowed

freely. He was knocked from his horse, and his assistant surgeon, Hines, who was present, ran up and gave him first aid. After getting a swath around the wound to stanch the bleeding, he said: "Colonel, this is the best I can do for you now, until I can get you to the hospital." McIntosh, rising up, said, "This is no time for any man to go to the hospital"; and though suffering a good deal from the shock, he mounted his horse and rode on in command of his guns and served until the end of the fight."

For some time previous to the evacuation of Petersburg, when the lines became greatly extended, the command extended over a line several miles in length and entailed large responsibility. When the artillery of the 2d Corps was being gotten across the Appomattox on the evening of April 2, Colonel McIntosh received a message from General Walker, the corps commander, informing him that he was ill and turning over the command to him. The night which followed was a trying one. The cannoneers were falling asleep from exhaustion by the roadside and had to be jerked up and thrust to the wheels to pull the guns and caissons out of the mud. The column was consequently a good deal spread out. In an address made in Baltimore on the occasion of the exercises to commemorate the centennial birthday of General Lee, Colonel McIntosh spoke in feeling tones of that memorable night of April 2. He said: "Shortly after daylight General Lee appeared. In tones which I thought bore a touch of asperity he called my attention to the condition of the column and the importance of keeping it in close marching order. I briefly explained the efforts I had been making during the night; and as if to let me down gracefully, he accommodated his gait to mine and rode some distance beside me. To my great surprise, he turned the conversation with great kindness to the time when he was superintendent at West Point and in his own quiet and serene way told me something of his artillery experience at that post just as he might have said it for the edification of a cadet. Then, bidding me adieu, his grand, stately figure passed out of view."

On the morning of April 9, when it became known that the army was about to surrender, with several of his companions, Colonel McIntosh made his way through the enemy's lines and proceeded to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Learning from him that the same fate was about to befall that army, the little party proceeded to join President Davis and his escort, whom they overtook near Greensboro, N. C. After traveling a day or two with Mr. Davis, they parted with him after an interview held in his tent, in which it was agreed that they would join him again in the Trans-Mississippi Department. In less than a week Mr. Davis's capture was announced.

Compelled now to realize that the collapse of the Southern Confederacy was inevitable, Colonel McIntosh accepted the result of the war, but never lost his devotion to the principles for which he had fought and was ever ready, if he thought there was any misstatement made as to the facts upon which those principles rested or by which they were illustrated, to take up his pen or raise his voice in defense of what he regarded as the truth of history. A fine illustration of this may be seen in his "Review of the Gettysburg Campaign," his paper on Chancellorsville, and in his eloquent tribute to President Davis delivered at the memorial exercises held in Baltimore on the 11th of December, 1889.

It is fitting that he now sleeps in Hollywood Cemetery, in the land for which he fought, surrounded by his former comrades. It is a natural end of his useful and honorable career.

MOSBY AT HAMILTON.

Down Loudoun lanes with swinging reins
And clash of spur and saber
And bugling of battle horn
Sixscore and eight we rode at morn,
Sixscore and eight of Southern-born,
All tried in love and labor.

Full in the sun at Hamilton
We met the South's invaders,
Who, over fifteen hundred strong,
'Mid blazing homes had marched along
All night with Northern shout and song
To crush the Rebel raiders.

Down Loudoun lanes with streaming manes
We spurred in wild March weather,
And all along our war-scarred way
The graves of Southern heroes lay,
Our guide posts to revenge that day,
As we rode grim together.

Old tales still tell some miracle
Of saints in holy writing;
But who shall say why hundreds fled
Before the few that Mosby led,
Unless the noblest of our dead
Charged with us then when fighting?

While Yankee cheers still stunned our ears
Of troops at Harper's Ferry,
While Sheridan led on his Huns
And Richmond rocked to roaring guns,
We felt the South still had some sons
She would not scorn to bury.

—Madison Cawein

THE STRUGGLE FOR FORT MAHONE.

BY HAMPDEN OSBORNE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

Fort Mahone was a salient on the Petersburg line, built of pine logs and red clay, as were most of our best defenses in Virginia at that time. Its southern parapet was advanced some five hundred feet to the front of the main works, and, the whole structure resting on a ridge which ran out at right angles to the general direction of the main line, it enjoyed some protection from infantry assaults by the little ravines on its right and left. While the guns mounted in the fort were mainly field pieces, so accurate was the fire of the trained artillerists who worked them and so destructive to the Federal forts in their front and to Grant's military railroad in the rear of the Federal line that the Federals dubbed our salient "Fort Hell"; while we Confederates in return for the compliment named the opposite works, which for months rained so many big shells on us from their mortar guns, "Fort Damnation." Those two sulphurous words were common on the lips of both armies during the ten long months we faced each other on that historic line.

The 53d North Carolina Regiment, of which I was sergeant major, was given position on this line in October, 1864, coming thus direct from the Valley of Virginia. We went into the Wilderness campaign on May 5, 1864, about eight hundred strong, and there at the Spottsylvania Courthouse lost

about two hundred. In the campaign under General Early in Maryland and the Valley of Virginia the toll of another two hundred was taken, and the remaining four hundred which we brought down to participate in the final act of the great drama, under the immediate eye of our beloved Lee, were a band of as well-seasoned veterans. I may safely say, as modern warfare has ever seen. Our hearts had been wrung, as from month to month we would see one by one our best and most beloved leaders taken from us. First, our handsome and gallant brigade commander, Gen. Junius Daniels, fell at Spottsylvania, and with him several of our best captains, in the retaking of the "bloody angle." Then came lesser losses in Maryland and the District of Columbia, one engagement being in the suburbs of Washington. This occurred near General Blair's house, which structure was fired not by Early's men, as a false history has it, but by Federal shells fired at us of the 53d North Carolina Regiment while we were sharpshooting from its windows and who struggled hard to extinguish the flames, for we found the building most valuable as a cover in hand.

On the return march at Snicker's Gap our gallant colonel, William A. Owen, of Charlotte, N. C., fell, and soon after that in the great battle near Winchester, Va., on September 19, our division commander, Gen. Robert E. Rodes, passed from us to join his beloved friend and chief, Stonewall Jackson, on the other side of the river. General Rodes, though a martinet in discipline, was always just and kind. We, his men, had absolute faith in him always, as did his corps commander, Jackson. The two personalities were cast in kindred molds; both having been reared in schools of the sterner Presbyterian ethics, they ever kept highest on the banners of their souls the words "God" and "duty." Many of us who loved and idolized General Rodes have ever been oppressed with the thought that no historian of the times has ever done justice to the memory of that great captain.

Begging indulgence in a short, tangent flight, I will here voice a plea which for half a century has claimed utterance. In the roster of Confederate States generals, of all those accredited to Alabama, none won brighter fame on the fields of battle than did Robert E. Rodes, of Tuscaloosa; and of all Alabama officers who yielded up their lives in action, Rodes ranked highest. Each time the writer stops at Lynchburg, Va., and goes out to the old Presbyterian cemetery, to stand a moment uncovered at the foot of General Rodes's simply marked grave, there comes to him with force the thought that the great State of Alabama owes it to herself to remove that sacred dust to her capital city, there to accord it such imposing sepulture as will proclaim to posterity the genius and heroism of the patriotic soul it once enshrined. Such consummation, I am sure, is the earnest desire of every surviving veteran of Rodes's Division. None of those men can ever forget the confidence of victory Rodes would inspire when on many an anxious night, lying in line of battle, the men recognized their commander's presence by faint but well-known sounds, which our immortal Gordon in one of his famous lectures referred to as the "tinkling of Rodes's spurs," as with but a single orderly he rode along his entire front; for, like great Cæsar in Gaul, every trench and every bastion received this faithful officer's personal inspection.

We, the four hundred of the 53d, took our allotted place on the Petersburg line, our left resting on Fort Mahone and our right on Battery No. 30, which was the next salient to the west, and covered an angle at the head of another small ravine, running transversely to our main line and into the

main ravine, which ran east and west at the foot of the broad slope in our front.

Battery No. 30 was almost in front of the chief landmark of the terrain—to wit, the Wilcox house, a large white-painted frame building, some three hundred yards in the rear toward Petersburg. This particular sector of the works, from eye measurement, I thought was the nearest to the business center of Petersburg and also the nearest to Grant's first line. We could plainly see with the naked eye the gunners at their pieces and the infantry on their parapets. The explosion of shells and the booming of the mortar guns were as a diapason to the tune of our daily lives for many weeks, and then there came a comparative lull. Occasionally, however, one battery of three-inch rifled guns in Fort Damnation would, it seemed, only to exercise the men, throw a few of those pesky, insidious three-inch percussion shells at us; and so perfectly had the gunners gotten the range that they needed no daylight to land the projectiles where they caused us the most discomfort.

The batteries in Fort Mahone were at that time supported by the 3d Alabama Regiment of Battle's Brigade, and the position of that regiment—in division formation, in line of battle, on the march, and in camps—was always on our left, and now in this trench life it was still our solid partner. We were twin units in the fearful struggle in recovering the "bloody angle" at Spottsylvania, and we ever rejoiced or wept together.

A FULL DAY.

Before recounting the events of that last terrible day in the trenches, I must remind my readers of what happened to those two regiments before they were thus called on to defend Fort Mahone and save Petersburg. About 3 A.M. on March 25, 1865, I was awakened with orders to do my stunt toward getting the regiment into line. Absolute silence, with canteens muffled, etc., was ordered, and no one knew where we were going. As I stood in my proper place waiting for the order to march, our division adjutant general, Maj. Green Peyton (peace to his ashes!), called me to him and gave me orders. The orders were to take command of fifty men he had left me and use them to the very best possible advantage in the ruse of preserving an appearance of having an adequate force in the long stretch of denuded works. Then from about 4 A.M. until 9 A.M. I kept my fifty men active in crawling on their stomachs, occasionally showing their heads, over nearly a mile of front, while Gordon's Corps was on the march or fighting the forlorn-hope fight at Hare's Hill, or, as the Federals call it, Fort Stedman.

I have never known why I, a boy of eighteen that I was, should have been assigned this fearfully important duty; but realizing that if it not were well done Grant might discover that broad gap in our line and quickly rush a division across the ravine to cut our army in two, it was, therefore, immense relief to me when about 9 A.M. the troops came back. Of the 53d first came a disorganized group and next about a hundred men, showing a little semblance of organization, under Captain Ashcraft, who, after the Fort Stedman fight, became the senior of the few officers who were left to us. During the day a few more men who had been slightly wounded, but could limp back to their commands, straggled in, so that by the time that night the pickets had to be sent out to the rifle pits in our front we mustered in all, officers and men, one hundred and sixty-three, all that were left of the four hundred. And the 3d Alabama fared no better than we.

About nine o'clock on Saturday night, April 1, 1865, I was in my tent. The duties of the day were done, my desk containing all regimental papers was closed, and I had just finished a letter to one of my sisters and sat quietly thinking of the men I loved who had fallen at Fort Stedman a few days before and was wondering what would come next. Just then two of my messmates entered for a chat or a game of checkers. One lit his pipe, while the other, a game little soldier, Alex Trotter, and I were soon absorbed in a game of checkers. We played or talked until about 10:30, when boom! went a huge mortar gun across the ravine, and as I looked out I saw the burning fuse of the great projectile as it hurtled its arc with Fort Mahone as its objective. It burst some fifty yards from my left, but before it struck the ground another one followed it, falling much nearer to my position, and soon a whole battery of mortars opened on us. Next the field pieces sent hundreds of those vicious three-inch percussion shells all over the terrain of our regiment. In the meantime our men, anticipating an infantry assault, had been ordered to man the works, and a very thin line we now could present. About eleven o'clock some of our pickets came running in, stating that their line of rifle pits had been captured; so we then knew that a big fight was on in good earnest. Each regiment in the brigade was called on for volunteers to retake the line, for the line must be recaptured, cost what it might. Soon an adequate number of choice men were assembled in the rear of our regiment, and Colonel Winston, of the 44th, who had volunteered to command them, led on as they silently filed down the ravine and in the darkness deployed for the desperate work ahead of them. I sat on the parapet watching them as they disappeared in the darkness and with throbbing heart listened for their guns. In about eight minutes the attack was on, and in ten minutes more the line was ours. Those not needed to reman the rifle pits came in bringing the wounded, and the last to come was Colonel Winston, supported on each side by a soldier. His head was bound up with a handkerchief soaked with blood from bad scalp wounds. We could not spare Winston; he was great in his moral force and great in his cool courage, and to see him come back, although painfully wounded, was a great joy.

Two hours later Grant sent another force against our picket line, and again it was necessary to retake it, with the inevitable cost of good men's lives. In the meantime the men who were left were all at the works, sitting silently and grimly on the "bankette" awaiting the expected assault and dodging shells as best they could; but now and then some good man would go down. Just as day began to break, as I was straining my eyes across the ravine that I might see what was going on over there, I saw a dark blue line mount the parapet and with three huzzahs spring forward. When this line had proceeded about one hundred yards down the slope, another line with the same cheers sprang over the works; thus two double lines in close formation were rushing toward our weak force, which, equally distributed on the line, could not have supplied a man for each six feet of the front. On they came. Before they had reached the bottom of the ravine, Battery No. 30, manned by the second company, Washington Artillery, opened on them, as did the guns from Fort Mahone on another force east of us and moving on that part of the works. Soon the smoke became so dense that I could not see the assaulting force to the east, and while watching intently the approach of those immediately in our front I heard men

running behind me and in the morning twilight recognized them as part of the 3d Alabama. They cried out: "The Yankees have captured Fort Mahone and driven our regiment out." They were heading then for a strong traverse some fifty yards west of where I sat.

I at once knew that my position could be enfiladed, as did the troops near me, from the northeast corner of Fort Mahone; and, in fact, almost before the fleeing men had passed me, I heard bullets whizzing by me in a line parallel with our front. My tent was only thirty paces away. It was a simple square affair, stretched over an excavation in the hard red clay about five feet deep, so that when sitting down at my desk I would be safe from rifle balls. I at once ran to the tent to secure valuable regimental papers and a few personal requisites; but during the three minutes consumed in assembling those few things "Zip! Zip!" went the bullets through the canvas over my head, making, I reckon, as many as fifty holes in that short time. As I started to emerge from the pit my two friends who had run there for protection asked: "Where are you going?" I replied: "Wherever the regiment is." They quickly stated: "It would be foolhardy to run across that open space directly under the Federal fire." To which I replied: "Good-by; I'll try it, anyway." So, humping myself, I made a dash over the exposed ground, some two hundred feet. Just why I did not stop a hundred or more bullets I will never know, for it seemed that a whole Yankee regiment was firing at one lone little Johnnie sprinting over a space whence all others had fled. But I made it, and as I jumped down, a drop of some five feet, into an excavated space, I was comparatively safe.

The strong traverse protected the regiment from the enfilade fire; but the remnants of the two regiments, men and officers, were mingled in such confusion that I doubted if they could do enough firing to stop the onrush of the heavy lines of bluecoats, who by that time had begun to ascend the north slope of the ravine.

At that supreme moment it seemed to me that the conspicuous bravery and cool heads of two men saved the day. Many of the men were crouching by the works and firing their guns, it was true, from long habit, but at angles which sent the balls far above the heads of the attackers. Just then a tall officer, wearing the stars of a lieutenant colonel and a close-fitting new Confederate uniform, a rare sight at that stage of the war, sprang to the top of the parapet and there strode, without a suggestion of excitement in his movement, back and forth over a stretch of eighty feet through the hail of bullets from Grant's assaulting ranks. His rallying cry was: "Alabamians, stand up! Aim low and fire like men!" Tall and graceful he was, a very Apollo he seemed in physical beauty. The effect was magical. In three minutes, it seemed, the volume of the rifle fire there was increased fourfold in response to this dramatic and wonderful exhibition of patriotic courage. I held my breath, expecting every second to see Colonel Goodgame fall with a score of wounds in his handsome body. But, returning with the same firm, measured step to the point of starting, he stepped deliberately down to a less dangerous position, when we all gave a cheer which came from our very souls.

I then walked over to Battery No. 30, where stood Lieutenant Behan, hat off, rapidly giving orders to his men, who were working the four guns to the limit. Talk about music! As I stood for a minute watching the skill of those veteran gunners, as I heard the boom of the howitzers and the crack of the rifle pieces and the explosion and the crashing of the

shells and canisters over the slopes below, I thought no sounds in nature were ever so beautiful. Approaching Behan, with whom I had had some acquaintance, I looked him earnestly in the eye and asked: "Can you hold this angle?" His brave soul was in his eyes as he replied loudly: "Don't you see I am giving them double charges of canister? They'll never get up that ravine in God's world, sir." Then we all cheered him, and the whole world looked brighter.

By that time the onrush of the Federal lines had slackened somewhat in speed, but the firing was no less. Crossing over to the great traverse which separated our few hundred men from the thousands of Federals crowded in the space between that barrier and Fort Mahone, I stood and watched a few brave men as, with the help of their comrades, they would scramble to the top of the traverse and fire over it into the Federal ranks. An officer who stood by exclaimed: "O for hand grenades and scaling ladders! We would soon clean them out."

I should say there were some two thousand Federals huddled in the limited space referred to. They dared not pass around the ends of the traverse; but if they had had the nerve to do so, their greatly superior numbers would soon have overwhelmed us. But their time was coming. About 11 A.M., after our veteran troops had rallied from the shock of the first great assault, a battery to the right of Fort Mahone could be spared to run around to the rear of the fort and man a protection line there and at that close range could pour grape and canister into the Federals, who were massed in the fort and in a space west of it. It was quick work, for in less than thirty minutes after our guns opened on those spaces there was not an unwounded Federal left. They retreated down the ravine, not stopping until they reached their works on the opposite height.

After the passage of so many years, we now take no satisfaction in detailing the slaughter of an engagement. Suffice to say in this case, however, the open space inside of Fort Mahone was literally covered with blue-coated corpses. In further proof of the fierceness of the fighting in that restricted area, I quote from the record of an officer in the 179th New York Regiment:

"Battle of Fort Mahone, April 1, 2, 1865.—Early on the morning of the 2d we captured the fort, but could not hold it; were shot out by Behan's Washington Battery in a hurry."

All honor to Capt. Fitz Edward Culver for such candid acknowledgment of the grim facts of those supremest moments of his existence! And I waft the kindest greetings for that grand old veteran of the blue where he now is enjoying peacefully the evening of life amidst the cheerful surroundings of his pretty cottage on the lake beach near Ingle-side, Ill.

About that time I realized that, having no command, I was only a five-foot-eight-inch target; so what to do was the question. Our brigade adjutant coming just then to a point where I stood, I asked him what I could do. His reply was: "You're the man I'm looking for. You will find an ordnance wagon filled with ammunition in a certain ravine about a quarter of a mile in our rear, toward Petersburg. Take what assistance you need and keep the brigade supplied with cartridges." I quickly got my faithful friend Alex Trotter, also John Palmer, our commissary sergeant, and found the wagon, and we three soon returned, each carrying one thousand cartridges in his blanket, which we made into sacks by holding the four corners together and swinging the whole over our shoulders. The day was warm, and the

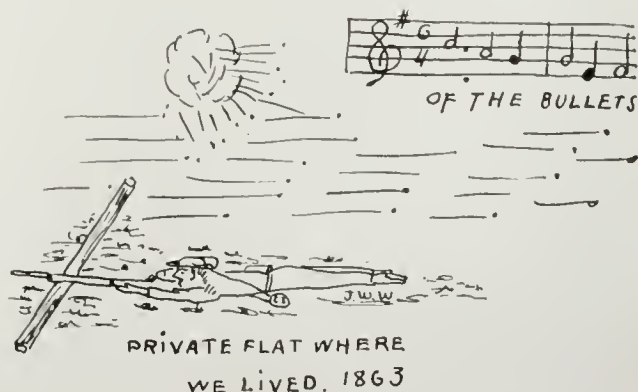
climb up the hill and the passage over the exposed plateau near the Wilcox house was real work. Trip after trip we made, each one bringing his load of cartridges to distribute along the lines, until I was told by officers in command that the supply was ample.

By this time Fort Mahone was clear of Federals and our entire line reestablished. I next organized a canteen squad and brought much water to the men. During the morning I had drunk water at times, but no thought of food had come to me until my little part in the work was done and the fight was won. So then, finding in my haversack one little corn pone, I solemnly ate that, and, throwing myself prone on the earth close to the works, I was soon in a deep sleep. Two hours later I was awakened as per my instructions. Desultory firing was continued throughout most of the afternoon; but by five o'clock our line, from the Appomattox River to Battery No. 30 and beyond, was again quiet.

We of the 53d and the 3d had done our work well. The gallant survivors of the 2d Company, Washington Artillery, had made splendid records, and our line, though sadly thinned, was intact from end to end. All day long we had heard the roar of A. P. Hill's cannon many miles to our left and had hoped and prayed in our hearts that those seasoned veterans were giving a good account of themselves. But the Lord of all the earth had decreed disaster for us there. A. P. Hill was dead, his corps broken and pushed back, and our position thus rendered untenable; but we knew it not. We did know, however, that Grant's great assault on the Petersburg line, which had been in the planning for months, had failed, and the hearts of us who survived were made glad as we saw the brilliant rays of the setting sun on that April day kiss the folds of our Stars and Bars as the flag again waved proudly over the crude battlements of Fort Mahone.

The writer knew not that that full day was decreed to be a much fuller one. He could not see the courier then on the way with evacuation orders and that two hours later his part in the preparation would be to march a detail of forty men across the Appomattox to a little station on the then R. and P. Railroad, there to draw and have cooked three days' rations for the brigade.

The picture was yet to be burned into his soul, as he marched his detail through a residence street of Petersburg, of seeing scores of weeping women in the doors, some to tender to him and his men simple food, and that prepared in many cases from stores but little more plentiful than that of the Zarephath widow who nourished the prophet, while others could do no more than to come out and touch our gray sleeves and between their sobs say: "God bless you!"



United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*

Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal.....*First Vice President General*
 MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Second Vice President General*
 MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo.....*Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
 MRS. LUTIE HAILLY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*
 MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor.*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
 MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, West Point, Miss.....*Historian General*
 MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn.....*Registrar General*
 MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: On April 4 I attended a meeting of the National Council of Women at the New Willard Hotel. Twenty-seven national organizations of women, with seven million members, were represented. Coördination of patriotic efforts of American women was discussed, and the plans include the establishment of registration bureaus throughout the country where women may enroll who are capable of filling positions vacated by men who have entered the naval or military service or can aid in a systematic effort to conserve resources and increase and economize the food supplies. Mrs. Philip North Moore, of St. Louis, President of the Council, was made Chairman of the Central Committee, to take charge of headquarters in the Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C., and to work out coöperative plans with the government. I addressed the meeting in your behalf; and Mrs. J. Norment Powell, our Registrar General, offered to register at her expense those of the United Daughters of the Confederacy who so desire. In accordance with this, she has engaged a secretary and sent cards to all Division Presidents, to be distributed by them to members through Chapter Presidents.

The National Service School of the Woman's Section of the Navy League wrote me on March 31 offering our "organization a resident scholarship in the first course of the second encampment of the First National Service School, to be held in Washington, D. C., April 16 to May 5," to which I appointed Miss Shepherd Leak, of Wadesboro, N. C., niece of our Treasurer General, Mrs. Eugene Little. Tuition, maintenance, and uniform outfit are included in the scholarship, which relieves the holder of all expense. Mrs. George Dewey, wife of the late admiral of the navy, offers a gold medal to the scholarship student who makes the highest marks in proficiency.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have responded generally to my offer of service to the nation. While as a society we are unable to federate with any other organization, individuals, Chapters, and Divisions can participate, as they may desire, in the work inaugurated by the Red Cross.

the Council of Women, the Woman's Section of the Navy League, and others. Many have already formed Red Cross units and engaged the services of instructors; but there are scores of other ways in which we, individually and collectively, can aid our country's cause. That the patriotism of the South is second to that of no other section of the country is a matter of indisputable fact.

A movement has been started in Meridian, Miss., to form Betsy Ross Societies of American children, one of the functions of which will be the making of American flags, but whose scope will be much greater, including the participation in Flag Day, celebrated everywhere, comporting with the "universal service" idea, making school children feel that they have a part in the historical events now transpiring, etc. I thoroughly indorse this idea, which originated in a Southern city.

On the afternoon of April 9 I addressed the audience assembled to see the new patriotic film spectacle "Womanhood" at the Strand Theater on the subject of "Women's Part in War," in which I referred to the women of the sixties and the activities already engaged in by the Daughters, and on the same night I attended the large and brilliant Dixie ball given by the Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at the New Willard for the benefit of the Confederate Memorial Home here.

A very handsome reception was tendered your President General and Mrs. James E. Mulcare, President of the District of Columbia Division, U. D. C., by Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, former President of the Division. The guests included representative Southern residents of Washington, Confederate Veterans, and Sons of Veterans.

Greatly to my regret, I was obliged to cancel the invitation which I had accepted to attend the Alabama State Convention at Selma, Ala., on May 2 and to decline other invitations that I would gladly have accepted. To say nothing of the many calls upon my time here on matters relating to our society, my normally large mail has so increased lately that I am unable to keep up with it, working many hours at my desk each day. Communications from general officers and those of an urgent nature must be given prompt attention, and I ask indulgence from others.



MRS. FRANK C. ROLFE, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

Mrs. Rolfe was Miss Josephine Mickle, of Mobile, Ala., daughter of Adj. Gen. William E. Mickle, U. C. V. Since her removal to Chicago she has served as Secretary of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of that city, and is now Corresponding Secretary of the Illinois Division.

The contract has been awarded for the official historical U. D. C. medals. States and Chapters desiring these medals should communicate with Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Custodian of U. D. C. Badges and Medals, Troy, Ala.

In my letter in the *VETERAN* last month I mentioned that a U. D. C. badge found two years ago would gladly be returned to its owner. Within three days after the *VETERAN* appeared the owner received the badge, which she greatly cherished, it having been a gift from her deceased mother.

I have been appointed an Honorary President by the Board of Governors of the Anne Lee Memorial Home for the Aged, at Alexandria, Va. This Home is a memorial to Ann Carter Lee, mother of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and there could be no more fitting tribute to her memory than the care of aged women who sacrificed and suffered for the Southern cause.

The magnificent Shiloh monument will be unveiled on May 17, and State Presidents are requested to send floral designs and appoint some one to place them upon the monument. The unveiling will be at Shiloh Military Park, near Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., on the Tennessee River, which can be reached from St. Louis, Mo., and Paducah, Ky., by boat and from Corinth, Miss., by automobile.

The memorial services at Camp Chase Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio, will be held on June 9. An appeal will be sent out, as usual, for flowers to decorate the graves of the two thousand two hundred and sixty valiant Confederate soldiers who considered it a far greater honor to die in prison than gain freedom by swearing away their allegiance to the Southland. Last year I had the privilege of helping unpack the boxes and assisting in distributing the palms, magnolias, jasmine, and Southern moss sent by you in tender remembrance.

On the 27th of March Sir Moses Ezekiel, the famous American sculptor, died of pneumonia in Rome, Italy. His best-known work is the beautiful monument erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the National Cemetery at Arlington. Himself a Confederate veteran, his death-bed request was that he be buried in the Confederate section there. The War Department has granted this request. Three days prior to his death a check for fifteen hundred dollars toward the final payment for the monument had been mailed him by the Treasurer, and it is hoped that this sum, with the additional pledges, will enable this wish to be complied with.

The War between the States ended fifty-two years ago this spring. During the week of June 4 next the Confederate Veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their Reunion in the capital of a united nation at a time when we are facing a common enemy. Probably many of the Sons will then be in the ranks serving their country, while the majority of the veterans will regret that age bars them from military service under the Stars and Stripes.

Under these very exceptional circumstances, it should be a matter not only of pride, but of duty, that we, Daughters of the Confederacy, exert every effort to make this gathering at Washington a notable success. The time in which our remaining efforts must be exerted is very limited, barely a month, and whatever we propose to do, individually and collectively, must be done at once.

I should like once more to call your attention to the fact that one of the features of this Reunion is to be the unveiling of the window to the Confederate women of the sixties in the Red Cross Building. Funds and pledges for the payment of this window are coming in very slowly.

Faithfully yours,
CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1917.

TOPICS FOR JUNE PAPERS: EVENTS OF 1862.

June 3. Memorial services commemorating Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy.

Naval battle at Hampton Roads, March 8, 1862: The Virginia engages the Federal fleet. Give names of Federal vessels she sank and those she ran aground.

Battle of the Virginia (Merrimac) and Monitor, March 9, first battle between ironclads.

Fall of New Orleans, May 1; fall of Memphis, June 6. What was accomplished by the Federals in capturing these places?

Battles of Seven Pines, May 30; Malvern Hill, July 13; Cedar Mountain, August 8; Second Manassas, August 30.

Battle of Antietam, Md., September 16 and 17. Describe this battle in detail.

What celebrated proclamation followed this?

Battles in Mississippi: Iuka, September 19; Corinth, October 3; Big Hatchee River, October 5; attacks on Vicksburg, May and December.

Battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8.

Battle of Fredericksburg, Va., December 13.

Round-table discussion: What effect did the battle of Hampton Roads have on the navies of the world? Summarize the situation at the close of the second year of the war, 1862.

References: "History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XXXIX.; address, "Sins of Omission and Commission," Miss Rutherford, page 318.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1917

JUNE 3, JEFFERSON DAVIS DAY.

(To be observed in honor of the President of the Southern Confederacy.)

When was the naval battle of Hampton Roads fought?

What Federal vessels were destroyed by the Confederate ship Virginia?

What was the name of the first ironclad vessel ever used in war? Who constructed it?

You have learned in answering the above questions what it did to the Federal navy on March 8, 1862. What happened on March 9?

What ironclad vessel met it in battle?

Study this battle in detail, for it is often wrongly stated that the Monitor defeated the Virginia.

Did the Virginia try to renew the combat. What was the result?

"Grandfather's Stories about the Battle of the Virginia (Merrimac) and Monitor."

Song: "Do They Love You Still in Dixie?"

Reference: "Brief History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XII.

A CONTRAST AND A CONFESSION.

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The following item is taken from the Louisville Evening Post of April 3, 1917. While it contrasts two methods of warfare, it is also a confession of the high standard of the South in the War between the States:

TWO WAYS OF MAKING WAR.

"Contemporaneous with the news that the English army was closing around the city of St. Quentin came the announcement that many fires were to be seen in that beautiful little French city, the presumption being that the German commanders were proceeding to destroy what they could not hold.

"The Boston Transcript alludes with merited severity to these shocking outrages by the retreating German troops and then refers to our own Civil War in these words: 'We may see how far German militarism has carried the record of war backward on the road to barbarism by noting what General Lee did when he advanced into Pennsylvania in 1863. He touched nothing that was not of the most direct need to his army, and even for that he pledged such payment as he and the Confederacy were able to make. He was scrupulously careful not to disturb the Union noncombatants in their occupations. The farmers not in the direct path of the Confederate army went on tilling their fields. And when Lee was gone out of the region, even the oaks and locusts on the hills were unscathed save as the rain of shot and shell had scaled their bark or broken their branches. No Pennsylvanian ever had occasion to remember General Lee as a destroyer.'

"This comes from as extreme a partisan of the Union cause as is to be found in the country, and its accuracy is vouched for by all the Philadelphia newspapers."

This partisan of the Union is strictly silent as to the fact that German methods of war in an enemy's country are paralleled by the armies of Sherman in Georgia and South Carolina and of Hunter and Sheridan in Virginia. As illustrating the ways of saving the Union by the soldiers of the Federal army, I append also an item taken from the Nashville Banner of March 17, 1917:

"A silk shawl that once protected the shoulders of Queen Isabella of Spain, according to the story handed down to its present owner, is counted among the interesting curios in Spokane, says the Spokane Chronicle.

"Mrs. Ida Savage, East 963 Third Avenue, owner of the precious fabric, has it insured in the amount of \$1,000. She says it came into her father's possession during the Civil War. 'My father was captain of the 11th Michigan Cavalry,' said Mrs. Savage, 'and at one time his company was engaged in a raid near Nashville, during which the home of a wealthy planter and slaveowner was sacked. Among the trophies was the silk shawl, which the planter's wife begged leave to keep, saying it had been a family heirloom for many generations and was greatly prized for its history. My father kept the shawl until his death, although he frequently was offered large sums for it, and I now have it protected with a \$1,000 insurance policy.'

"The shawl is six feet square and of pure silk. The designs of the two sides are completely different, and thirteen colors were used in weaving the fabric."

It is certainly strange that at this late day a woman should advertise her father as a thief and glory in the possession of his booty.

But to emphasize the contrast I quote a sentence or two from General Lee's General Orders No. 73, issued on his entrance into Pennsylvania, June 27, 1863. He reminds the Army of Northern Virginia "that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are no less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. * * * No greater disgrace could befall the army and through it our whole people than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the unarmed and defenseless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men. We cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered." Words of gold!

RIGHT NAME FOR THE WAR.

BY O. W. BLACKNALL, KITTRELL, N. C.

For thirty years I have urged that a better and truer name be given the war than that of the War between the States. I was interested in what Mr. Edwards had to say on the subject in the March VETERAN. Every word of his designation is true and pat. The only trouble is that it is too true. History is a squeamish jade, much averse to the undiluted truth. In fact, truth has to be sugar-coated, or she will none of it and not too much then.

The name that I have always urged, "The War for Southern Independence," was the one used by our Confederate forbears.

The compromise name, War between the States, which Stephens and our other perhaps overcautious post-bellum leaders thought best to use while the South still had her head in the lion's mouth, was, as they must have known, a clear misnomer. But a misnomer, a wrong name, they doubtless held, was better than a bad one, better than the name "Rebellion," with all its load of opprobrium and reproach.

Nevertheless, whatever the war was, it was not a war between the States. The States as States took no part in it, were not even known in it. It was a war between two thoroughly organized governments and for one great principle that overshadowed all others—Southern independence. To the Northern mind the struggle of the South to reassert the cardinal principle of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," was rebellion; to the Southern mind it was not.

To every patriotic Southerner "War for Southern Independence" should be a sacred name. It is the name hallowed by the lips of the men and women whose courage and constancy placed the Southern cause in fame's eternal keeping.

To all of us, from Jeff Davis and Zeb Vance down to the smallest "shaver" who waved his homemade straw hat to a frazzle as the soldier trains rolled by, it was the war for Southern independence, never a war between the States. To the thousands who died that the name might live, who breathed out their gallant lives amid the smoke and dead-fallen air of battle, or who, braver still, starving in Northern prisons, surrendered to the fell sergeant Death rather than to the wiles of the captor, who offered the renegade everything, it was always, everywhere the war for Southern independence. They never believed they were dying in a mere squabble between the States, but to achieve Southern independence, to erect a great Southern republic under whose golden ægis Southern civilization would flower into the glory and envy of the whole world. It is treason, rank treason, to their memory for us to dub it otherwise.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1893, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1916-17.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver.
District of Columbia, W. E. Brockman, Washington.
Florida, C. H. Spencer, Tampa.
Georgia, Ben Watts, Cave Springs.
Kentucky, Robert W. Bingham, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, Albert E. Owens, Riverdale.
Mississippi, B. A. Lincoln, Columbus.
Missouri, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis.
North Carolina, W. N. Everett, Rockingham.
Oklahoma, Tate Brady, Tulsa.
Pacific, M. F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Richard I. McClearn, Nashville.
Texas, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls.
Virginia, E. B. White, Leesburg.
West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]



MISS OLIVE PLANT, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sponsor for the District of Columbia Division, S. C. V., at Reunion in June, 1917. Miss Plant is a daughter of A. H. Plant, Controller of the Southern Railway, and is a favorite in society throughout the South.

Headquarters for the Sons of Veterans and their official ladies will be at the Raleigh Hotel, Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue N. W.

BUSINESS AND ENTERTAINMENTS, S. C. V.

W. E. Brockman, Commander of the District of Columbia Division, S. C. V., has been appointed Chairman of the Sponsors and Maids Committee for the Confederate Reunion and will have that bureau under his supervision.

The registration bureau of all official ladies of the Veterans and Sons, delegates of the Sons, and all visiting Sons will be located on the parlor floor of the Raleigh Hotel, Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue N. W. Any inquiries will receive prompt attention by the committee at Room 116, Raleigh Hotel.

All the business meetings of the Sons will be held in the large banquet hall of the Raleigh Hotel. Among the able speakers who will address the opening meetings on Monday, the 4th of June, are: Col. R. N. Harper, in behalf of the city, Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, in behalf of the Sons of Washington, and a number of other prominent public men.

In addition to the usual balls during Reunion week, the entertainment of visitors will include trips to Mount Vernon, Arlington, and other interesting near-by points, a ball by the Southern Society, and a reception by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The grand parade will be held on Thursday, the 7th, from the Capitol to the White House, there to be reviewed by the President of the United States, the House and Senate, and the foreign diplomats.

All Sons of Veterans are urged to wear their uniforms and bring their Confederate flags and banners for the parade. This will doubtless be the largest parade ever held by a Confederate organization.

DUTY AS A SON SEES IT.

In the April issue of the *VETERAN*, under the title "Lest We Forget," a writer says: "We have a sacred duty to perform in making happy the last days of these dear old men, who gave the best years of their lives to a cause that was dearer than life to them." That is true, and I would add all my feeble efforts to assist in the performance of that duty. But there is another duty still which we owe to these gallant men of the fast-thinning ranks of gray. That is to see that the cause for which they fought and for which so many gave their lives is not allowed to go down in history misrepresented and misunderstood; and a yet more sacred duty we have to perform is in seeing that the old ideals of Southern manhood and womanhood are maintained by their successors in the life and character of the South. Dr. McNeilly has ably outlined these ideals as "personal honor, veneration for woman, the sacredness of home, reverence for religion."

To me it seems that in the commercial atmosphere of to-day—the blatant materialism that befogs our spiritual vision—there is sad danger lest we lose sight altogether of these grand old principles of the Old South. Let our manhood reconsecrate itself to the old standard of honor and chivalry and our womanhood cease to seek the glare of publicity, the political forum, and the club, and reconsecrate itself to the glorious duties of the home, the rearing of a strong, godly, and noble offspring; and we may safely say then that the heritage of the Old South is still the priceless possession of posterity, that the men and women of ante-bellum days have not lived and died in vain. Thus, and thus only, can we really and in the highest sense make happy the hearts of the men of the grand old régime.

G. B. HARRIS, JR.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

IL TEMPO E GALANT UOMO.

(Time is a gentleman.)

BY SAM M. GAINES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Time is a gentleman, brave and cool,
Who knows what each State meant
When patriot sires made self-rule
Supreme o'er government.

Having no thought of gain or fear,
Who won or lost the fight,
Time is a gentleman; he'll make clear
Whose cause was just and right.

Time is a gentleman; his decrees
No force can swerve from right.
Unawed, unbought, he calmly sees
And rights the wrongs of might.

Time, a gentleman, thus will accost
The ages in their flight;
A cause that is just is never lost,
Though it may lose the fight.

Time is a gentleman. See how he
Puts in approving light
The cause of gentleman Robert Lee,
The cause of truth and right.

MRS. T. J. LATHAM.

The death of Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn., which occurred on April 10, removes one of the philanthropic workers of the U. D. C. Not only in that organization were her efforts expended, for it will be remembered that she founded a prize contest for the Sons of Veterans at the meeting in Richmond, Va., in 1915 and that she was a liberal contributor to any of the patriotic undertakings of any of the organizations with which she was connected. Her subscription to the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky., now under way, was very liberal. A sketch of Mrs. Latham will appear in the June VETERAN.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

In an article by J. R. Gibbons on "The Influence of the South in the Formation of Our Government," appearing in the VETERAN for November, it is stated that Paul Revere was paid to make his famous ride, for which a receipt could be found in one of the museums of Boston. It seems that this statement was founded on hearsay evidence of a lady who was one of an audience to whom Miss Rutherford, former Historian General U. D. C., delivered one of her lectures, and it was used by her in another lecture, from which it was quoted by Mr. Gibbons. Although diligent

search of the Boston museums has been made by interested people, no such receipt has been found, and it is but due the memory of Paul Revere that this correction be made.

AS OTHERS SHOULD DO.

F. A. Gullede writes from Verbena, Ala.:

"While not in the Confederate army, I was truly in its service, and I am still trying to labor in its cause. I was less than sixteen at the close of the war, yet I have labored since for the pleasure and comfort of those who 'saw the sights' during that terrible ordeal from 1861 to 1865.

"Yes, I shall go to Washington and, as for the past few years, will make it possible for one or more old vets to go with me at my expense. For many years I have argued that it is the duty of each well-to-do man or woman to contribute to one or more of the less fortunate their expenses to each Reunion. Thirty to fifty dollars donated to each would send them in comfort and let them strike hands in Washington June 4-8 with their former foes.

"For years my money and influence have carried the VETERAN to a number of homes that would not otherwise have had it. It is a great paper, and I note with pleasure that among its readers are some Union veterans."

Are there not others in the South who will do this much for those less fortunate?

BILLY SUNDAY'S TRIBUTE TO THE SOUTH.

This is the verbatim statement of Billy Sunday in the Boston Tabernacle: "Sixty-eight per cent of the men of the South are in the Church. Why? You may not like it, but the truest, the purest, the finest men and women in America are south of the Mason and Dixon line. That's the reason it took thirty million people to lick eight million. There are more pure-blooded Americans south of the Mason and Dixon line than anywhere else in this country. That is why so many of those men are Christians. I say that even if my old daddy was one of the boys in blue and fought against them. They were hard to lick down there because they were real Americans. So south of the Mason and Dixon line they have got the North licked to a frazzle in religion and in morals."—From *Birmingham Age-Herald*.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, Louisville, Ky., reports the receipt of contributions to the amount of \$541.95 from March 15 to April 15, 1917.

TRUE SYMPTOMS.

BY MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL.

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing love for making rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate for snow and rain,
My constant fear of taking cold—
All speak in words so very plain
That I am growing old.

SIR MOSES EZEKIEL.

The world has been made the poorer by the death of Sir Moses Ezekiel, far famed as the great American sculptor. After only a short illness of pneumonia, death came suddenly and bore away the soul of him who had been able to breathe soul into senseless clay and marble. The end came at Rome, Italy, on March 27.

Though he had made his home in that foreign country since the early seventies, with only occasional visits to his native land, his dying thoughts were of the land of his birth and his beloved South, and he asked that his body be laid to rest among his Confederate comrades in Arlington Cemetery. This will be done, after the end of the war which is now devastating the European countries, by special arrangements through the State Department of our government.



SIR MOSES EZEKIEL IN LATE YEARS.

Sir Moses Ezekiel was born at Richmond, Va., October 28, 1844, son of Jacob and Catherine E. (de Castro) Ezekiel, descendants of old and aristocratic Jewish families of Spain. At the age of seventeen he entered the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, and was with that famous corps of cadets which helped to make history on the field of New Market. He graduated from the Institute in 1860 and then took a course in anatomy at the Medical College of Virginia. The family removed to Cincinnati in 1868, and in the following year this gifted son went to Berlin, Germany, to pursue his studies in art, in which he had been encouraged by Gen. R. E. Lee, whose constant friendship he enjoyed. In the German capital he won his first distinction in 1874, the Royal Academy of Berlin awarding him the "Roman Prize," which enabled him to go to Rome, and that city became his permanent home. There he studied and worked and won enduring fame. The list of his masterpieces is a long one,

too long to be given adequately here; but perhaps his best-beloved creations were those which had been erected to perpetuate the memory of his Confederate comrades. It is fitting that he should rest with them in Arlington beneath the shadow of the bronze memorial into which he wrought so much of himself.

In a sympathetic tribute to his great genius Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, of Chattanooga, writes of him and his work:

"In a beautiful sketch of Sir Moses Ezekiel by Mrs. Silliman, of New York, she recalls that when the cadets marched back through Staunton the young ladies crowned their colors with a laurel wreath, and as color bearer Moses Ezekiel became custodian of the wreath, which he kept upon his arm until he marched down the streets of Richmond, and, passing his sister in the line of march, he gave it into her keeping. She preserved it as a sacred testimonial to boyish heroism, and a few years ago, when the noted sculptor returned to his *Alma Mater* to present to her that marvelous bronze, 'Virginia Mourning Her Dead,' he carried with him the laurel wreath, and it crowned the masterpiece.

"After several years of hard work in this country, the young artist felt the call of the older world and became a student of the Royal Academy of Art, in Berlin, where in 1873 he received the Michael Beer prize for sculpture, being the first American so honored. This enabled him to study and live in Rome, which city became his home, though he revisited his native land many times and loved the South above every country.

"Many honors were showered upon him. The Emperor of Germany and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen conferred upon him Cavalier crosses, and many years ago he was made a Chevalier by the Italian government. His studio in the Piazza della Terme, in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, became one of the most noted and interesting in all Europe, and his patrons were among royalty and nobility. His statue of 'Eve after the Fall' is in the Kaiser's palace at Sans Souci, Potsdam. By many his statue of Napoleon was considered superior to any ever made of the great emperor.

"After many years of interesting life in the old studio, it was relinquished by the sculptor, as it had become the center of the Eternal City, and the Italian government gave him instead the Tower of Belisarius.

"The work of Sir Moses is not so well known in America as abroad, where it was greatly appreciated, being chiefly ideal and showing the influence of Michelangelo.

"The latter years of his life were spent upon historical works, dealing largely with American subjects. His 'Virginia Mourning Her Dead' impresses the beholder with the sense of hearing read to him an elegiac poem, and gazing upon it there came into the mind the words of one of the sons of the Old Dominion:

" 'Virginia, leaning on her spear,

L'itrix et vidua, the conflict done,

Raises her mailed hand to wipe the tear'—

but they are tears of pride as well as grief.

"His 'Confederate Soldier,' of heroic size, memorializes the prisoners who died at Johnson's Island, and the great bronze statue of Gen. T. J. Jackson stands in Charlestown, W. Va.

"The Arlington monument, executed for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and so recently unveiled, was considered by the artist the great work of his life and was largely a labor of love, as he expended upon its completion the sum raised by the Daughters for its payment, \$50,000. So jealous

was he for its success that he gave up every other commission to devote himself exclusively to that work, upon which he toiled every day till dusk.

"His last work was a monument to Edgar Allan Poe, completed shortly before his death.

"His last days were saddened by the present awful European war, and his mind seemed to dwell upon its horrors. In a letter received from him a few months ago he says:

"I hope the Christmastide and New Year will bring you and those who are dear to you good tidings and peace and contentment. I do not say happiness, for it seems to me that whilst this universal carnage and human slaughtering is progressing only those who are with God and away from this mundane sphere can know what happiness means.

"I am glad to say that amidst all my preoccupations in doing what every one else is trying to do, helping to relieve suffering here, I have finished my monument to our greatest poet, Edgar Allan Poe, and that I am preparing to have it cast in bronze; but I fear that I cannot risk sending it over the ocean until the clouds of war are dispelled.

"I send you my grateful good wishes, and I am always
"Yours sincerely,
M. EZEKIEL."

"And now the eye that saw is closed, the hand that executed is still. The soldier lad who fought so well and earned the laurel wreath in Virginia won also the conqueror's palm after a lifetime of labor in a foreign land. But, dying, his thoughts reverted to the home country, and his last request was that he might rest among his old comrades at Arlington, a wish that all Americans should be proud to grant."

Three brothers of Sir Moses Ezekiel are residents of Cincinnati, and there are also six sisters surviving him.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE ON TRAVELER.

Of widespread interest is the fact that the portrait of this great subject, by Mrs. Lulie Kirby Parrish, now adorns the art gallery in the splendid new Library Building of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., perhaps its most fitting home of all in the land. It was on this historic and classic ground that the General and Traveler posed for their



THE PORTRAIT AS DRAPED FOR EXHIBITION.



THE LIBRARY BUILDING.

picture while the master was President of the old Washington College; and here it is that "Marse Robert" rests in peaceful slumber, awaiting the resurrection call. When the President of Washington and Lee, Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, first saw the painting on view in New York City, it excited his admiration, and he soon effected its purchase for the university. On the completion of the Library Building, a few months later, Mrs. Parrish was called to the university and personally supervised the hanging of the portrait in its assigned position. It is the first object seen by the visitor on entering the main doorway of the building.

It will be remembered by readers of the *VETERAN* that early in 1902 plans were inaugurated by citizens of Nashville for erecting a statue of General Lee on some eligible spot in the city. As a more practical beginning of the enterprise, the committee in charge arranged for a public gathering at Centennial Park on the 4th of July. When Mrs. Parrish was invited to contribute a work appropriate to the occasion, she readily consented; and of all the pictures of General Lee then extant, she chose for her model the only one ever taken of him on Traveler, in her judgment that being his most characteristic presentment: "Great in war, greater in peace," as has been said of him. Appreciating his sublime virtues as a man and patriot, and with ardent love for the ever-sacred cause of whose invincible army he was the matchless leader, the artist developed her subject under a fine inspiration, reproducing in faithful detail the noble features and the dress of the rider, the exact form and color of the horse, and the natural tone and atmosphere of the landscape on the college campus that forms the setting of the two heroic figures. These points were given the artist, while the portrait was in the making, by associates of General Lee during and after the war. No one held in truer appreciation this re-created "Lee on Traveler" than did the honored and lamented founder and editor of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*. Mr. Cunningham took a special interest in its exhibition at Jamestown, at Confederate Reunions, before the New York Camp of Veterans, and at other places from time to time.

The ensemble of this painting presents a life-size and life-like scene that is very attractive. The canvas in frame measures ten by thirteen feet. Its unveiling, as the chief incident of the 4th of July exercises, took place at the band stand in the park and was witnessed by four or five thousand people. As might be supposed, the event was most impressive, for nowhere in the Southland is there greater or sincerer love for her chiefest soldier-citizen than in the good capital of Tennessee.

MRS. PICKETT AND HER BOOKS.

Among the many who will greet the veterans of the Confederacy on their visit to Washington in June will be a handsome, dark-eyed, white-haired woman who is perhaps the last link connected with the tragedy at Gettysburg—the charge of Pickett's Brigade. The survivors of that gallant band will have greater pleasure in their Reunion because of the presence of the widow of their old commander, whose faithfulness through the years to the memory of her "Soldier" has kept him a vivid reality.

Through her books Mrs. Pickett has inscribed the memories of a glorious past, "a régime which has passed away." Her latest work, "What Happened to Me," is especially personal in character, for it records the most important happenings of her own life from the time of her advent, bringing disappointment that she was not a man-child. The story gives her recollections of the old plantation life and the superstitions of the negro slaves told in their quaint dialect; it gives recollections of the days of war, when she was in the heart of the storm both at home and in camp, for it was amidst those stirring scenes that she became the bride of a soldier and shared with him the privations of camp life; and it tells of the brief years of happiness after the passing of the storm with husband and children—happiness all too brief, for it was in 1875 that her "Soldier" passed over to "fame's eternal camping ground" and left her to fight the battle of life alone. That she has done so valiantly and made those years most fruitful is shown by her accomplishments in the lecture field and as a writer. The list of books to her credit is given in another part of this number, and on their pages are inscribed the beauty of courage in man and woman and the strength of love which outlasts the years.

A CORRECTION.—In the personal reminiscences of John R. Baird, "In Camp and Prison," appearing in the *VETERAN* for February, page 95, an error was made in giving his birthplace as Noxubee County, Miss., as he was born near Wahalak, in Kemper County. On April 26, 1866, he was married to Miss Nannie C. Catchings, daughter of Dr. Thomas Catchings, at the home in Brandon, Miss. Their children were Dr. Thomas C. and James C. Baird, of Sunflower County, Miss.

REORGANIZATION OF THE FIFTIETH TENNESSEE.—J. Stokes Vinson, of Hiram, Ark., writes that the statement appearing in the *VETERAN* for February, 1914, page 88, that the 50th Tennessee Regiment reenlisted and reorganized at Jackson, Tenn., is a mistake. He says that the regiment was never at Jackson nor in West Tennessee, but was reenlisted and reorganized at Brandon, Miss., in September, 1862.

FOUNDER OF NATIONAL FLAG DAY.

BY L. BYRD MOCK, SEATTLE, WASH.

On the 14th of June millions of flags will be floating throughout Uncle Sam's vast domain. That is the day on which, next to the 4th of July, patriotic Americans give expression to their love and reverence for the Stars and Stripes.

It will be interesting to know that the originator of this patriotic demonstration known as "Flag Day" was a Southern girl, the daughter of a Confederate soldier, Dr. W. R. Inge Dalton, who served in the Confederate navy as long as there was any navy and afterwards on land until the close of the war.



MRS. LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT

Louise Dalton was a loyal member of the Daughters of the Confederacy and always loved the cause for which that organization stands. Her death, which occurred in St. Louis, Mo., her home town, in June, 1907, deprived the Missouri Historical Society of its librarian and the South of a loved daughter. She was a student born and spent most of her life in study and the pursuit of high ideals. She won a scholarship at Lindenwood College, St. Louis, where she graduated with honors in 1887. Later she went to New York to be with her father, who was practicing medicine in that city. While there she was stenographer in a law office, but all the while was interesting herself in things of deep moment. Five years of her life were spent as a newspaper woman in the employ of the St. Louis Republic.

Her death was a sad blow to her father, who was then living in Seattle, Wash., and knew not of the sudden illness until death had taken her. It seemed a strange coincidence that her burial should have been on Flag Day. Great honors were shown her both by the Daughters of the Revolution, of which she was a member and whose magnificent floral offering was in the shape of an American flag, and by the G. A. R., some of whom acted as pallbearers.

It was through Miss Dalton's personal efforts that the "Flag Bill" was passed prohibiting the desecration of the American flag by being used for advertising purposes. It was from this movement that Flag Day sprang, as the bill also provided for the annual celebration on June 14.

Miss Dalton was the namesake of an aunt, Mrs. M. L. Dalton-Brodnax, distinguished throughout the South both for her beauty and her bounty. From her magnificent estate, Hunters' Rest, in Madison County, N. C., thousands of Southern soldiers were fed and clothed during the war.

UNVEILING OF SHILOH MONUMENT.—All those going by railroad to Corinth, Miss., in attending the unveiling of the Shiloh monument on May 17, should write to M. T. Sharp, Secretary Business Men's Club, Corinth, Miss., in regard to reserving rooms and securing transportation to Shiloh Park.

JACKSON'S FAREWELL.

(From Henderson's "Life of Gen. T. J. Jackson.")

"On November 4 Jackson's wish was partially granted. He was assigned to the command of the Shenandoah Valley District, embracing the northern part of the area between the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. The order was received with gratitude, but dashed by the fact that he had to depart alone. 'Had this communication,' he said to Dr. White, 'not come as an order, I should instantly have declined it and continued in command of my brave old brigade.' His incessant watchfulness for their comfort and well-being, the patient care with which he instructed them, his courtesy to the youngest private, the tact and thoughtfulness he showed in all his relations with them had won their affection. His farewell to his troops was a striking scene. The forest, already donning its gorgeous autumnal robes, shut in the grassy clearing where the troops were drawn up. There stood the gray columns of the five regiments, with their colors, already tattered, waving in the mild November air. The General rode up, and not a sound was heard. Motionless and silent they stood, a veritable stone wall, whilst his eye ran along the ranks and scanned their familiar faces.

"I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry, at the commencement of the war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, in the bivouac, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of battle.

"Throughout the broad extent of country through which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and property of citizens, you have shown that you are soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already won a brilliant reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust in the future, by your deeds in the field and by the assistance of the same Providence who has hitherto favored our cause, you will win more victories and add luster to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our second war of independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the 1st Brigade on the field of battle it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won."

"Then there was a pause. General and soldiers looked upon each other, and the heart of the leader went out to those who had followed him with such devotion. He had spoken his words of formal praise, but both he and they knew that the bonds between them were too strong to be thus coldly severed. For once he gave way to impulse; his eye kindled, and, rising in his stirrups and throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, he spoke in tones which betrayed the proud memories that thronged upon him:

"In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the 1st Brigade. In the Army of the Potomac you were the 1st Brigade. In the 2d Corps of the army you are the 1st Brigade. You are the 1st 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 1st Brigade in this our second war of independence. Farewell!"

"A moment of silence; the pent-up feeling found expression, and cheer upon cheer burst from the ranks. Waving his hand in token of farewell, Jackson galloped from the field."

TO THE SURVIVORS, RELATIVES, AND FRIENDS OF GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON AND TO THE PATRONS AND FRIENDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON COLLEGE.

In November, 1914, the buildings and equipment of Stonewall Jackson Institute were entirely destroyed by fire, leaving nothing but the land. Inspired by the work the school had already done, the Board of Trustees resolved to bring forth out of the ashes a greater Stonewall Jackson school and had it chartered as an A-grade college. A comprehensive plan for the entire plant has been worked out. A few benevolent men have erected and paid for the first building of the series. It is expected that this building will be full at the opening, in September, 1917.

Plans are now being perfected for an administration building. This splendid structure is to be adorned with a magnificent rotunda extending from the first floor through the roof and capped by a beautifully lighted dome.

While the whole college is a memorial to General Jackson, this rotunda is to be dedicated to the memory of his faithful followers. It is proposed to place a statue of General Jackson in the center and line the walls with the names of these already immortal heroes.

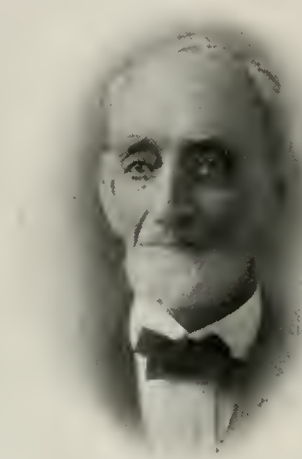
WILLIAM HAGY, OF ABINGDON, VA.,
Who fought with Stonewall Jackson and who laid the first brick of the new Stonewall Jackson College.

Blocks of granite commemorate victories, tablets of bronze locate battle fields, and piles of marble mark the last resting places of heroes; but these enduring substances must crumble into dust or perish with the "elements" when they "meet with fervent heat." During the years to come hundreds and thousands of young women will gather within the walls of Stonewall Jackson College. They will gaze upon these testimonials of purity, courage, devotion, sacrifice, and suffering until the transforming power of that influence has helped to mold into shape and quicken into life characters that are to grow brighter and brighter throughout eternity and to stand forever as true emblems of virtue. What monuments! Do you want to help build them? Who can hear Jackson's "Farewell to his First Brigade" and not want to join in commemorating the heroic deeds of all his gallant men?

Please send your contributions, whatever the amount, to the First National Bank, Abingdon, Va., who will hold it subject to the order of the college Board of Trustees, of which Judge John A. Buchanan, of Emory, Va., is Chairman. Hoping that the many thousand friends of General Jackson, his army, and the college will feel it a privilege to help erect such a glorious and enduring monument, and thanking in advance each one who may take part, I am

Sincerely and truly yours,

J. R. DOBYNS,
President, Abingdon, Va.



ASSOCIATION OF MEDICAL OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

The twentieth annual meeting of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States will be held in the New Willard Hotel, headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans, Washington, D. C., June 4-8, 1917.

All those who were surgeons, assistant surgeons, or acting assistant surgeons and chaplains of the Confederate army or navy, and all those who served in the army or the navy as soldiers or sailors not then medical officers, but who after the war became regular practitioners of medicine in good standing, and all regular practitioners of medicine whose fathers or grandfathers served in the Confederate army or navy are eligible to full membership; and all those who served as matrons or nurses in the hospitals or in the field are welcomed to honorary membership.

The objects of the Association are to collect all official records and important facts, as far as may be possible, relating to the history of the medical departments of the army and navy of the Confederate States, to ascertain the military records of all the officers and prepare a roster of the same, to honor the memory of its deceased members and the memory of the nurses, and otherwise, not already mentioned, to perpetuate the history of said departments and of this Association.

Further information will be supplied upon application to the Secretary.

(Signed) CARROLL KENDRICK, M.D., *President*,
Kendrick, Miss.

Official: SAMUEL E. LEWIS, M.D., *Secretary*,
1418 Fourteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

TO THE DOCTORS OF MEDICINE WHO ARE MEMBERS OF THE CAMPS AND BIVOUACS OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

OFFICE OF THE SURGEON-GENERAL U. C. V.,
136 FOURTH AVENUE N., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Comrades: All doctors of medicine who are members of the Camps and Bivouacs of the United Confederate Veterans who possibly can are most respectfully requested and earnestly urged to attend the General Reunion, U. C. V., to be held in Washington, D. C., June 4, *prox.*, *et sequitur*. Let us show by this pilgrimage to the capital of our great country that we are loyal citizens thereof and are ready and willing at any time to do anything in our power in its behalf.

The reverberations of the stupendous war in Europe now coming daily to our ears for nearly three years past and into whose terrible vortex we may soon be drawn finds our entire people thoroughly united and in a high degree of prosperity. With a larger amount of gold in our treasury and banks, the residents of our cities can look out on innumerable telegraph and telephone wires, a high type of both steamboat and railroad equipment reaching all sections, in our streets the constant passing of cars, automobiles, motor trucks, and vehicles of all kinds, and a busy people—the scene is typical of prosperity. In any city, East or West, North or South, one sees this mass of hurrying humanity. The farmers also in our beloved Southland are now and have been getting good prices for cotton, grain, tobacco, hogs, horses, mules, cattle, etc. The South is throbbing with the current of this newly awakened dynamo of prosperity which pulses in the life of her cities

and finds its echo in her loamy farm lands, her verdant valleys, and her ore-filled hills. The balmy days of early June will be a good time to visit the capital city of one hundred million free, courageous, and united people.

All who may attend the coming Reunion and who are eligible to membership in the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy as set forth in the announcement above of the President and Secretary of the Association are most respectfully solicited and cordially invited to attend its meetings, which will be held in a room of the New Willard Hotel, the General Reunion headquarters, at such times as will least conflict with other Reunion duties and festivities.

As Surgeon-General U. C. V., I most sincerely hope and earnestly request that each and every Confederate veteran who is eligible to membership in the Association will as soon as possible after reaching Washington call at the room in which the meetings will be held and leave his name and address with the Secretary or his representative. The objects of the Association are set forth in the announcement above cited and should be of interest and importance to every American citizen, and especially to all members of the medical profession in the South. The medical staff of the Confederate army and navy did a most commendable and meritorious work during the terrible four years of war between the States. The records of the surgeon-general's office, unfortunately, were destroyed on the evacuation of Richmond, the building in which they were kept being among the first burned.

However, the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, among other facts, has placed upon the printed page some very important historical data, among which the following are cited:

1. Although limited to such medicines, surgical instruments, and hospital supplies as were in the hands of doctors and dealers in the South, together with those that could be manufactured with scant resources, such as could be secured by smuggling through a rigid, stringent, and vigorous blockade by land and sea, and to such as were captured from their well-supplied and thoroughly equipped opponents, to whom the marts of the world were open, the work of the Confederate medical staff was both remarkably successful and satisfactory. A brief extract from a letter from Dr. George Foy, 7 Cavendish Row, Rutland Square, Dublin, Ireland, of December 16, 1916, being *ex parte*, is not inappropos. Dr. Foy was with our army quite a while in the early sixties, after the war returning to his native land and for a number of years past successfully practicing his profession in Erin's queen city. He says: "Your medical officers were not simply copyists, but possessed initiative and promoted both the science and art of surgery."

2. At Richmond was established and maintained from 1862 to 1865 the largest military hospital up to that time in this country and in the world, the Chimborazo, under the directorship of Dr. James B. McCaw, one of the Confederate capital's leading practitioners, treating over 70,000 sick and wounded soldiers, there being 17,000 wounded; the next largest in America was the Lincoln, at Washington City, in which were reported 40,000; the next largest in the world being the Scutari, in the Crimea, which reported a total of 30,000 to 40,000 patients. The mortality in Chimborazo Hospital was but a little over nine per cent.

3. While the Red Cross Society was first suggested by M. Jean Henri Dunant, of Geneva, Switzerland, in 1859, it was

not organized until 1864; yet in 1862 its ideas were first put into practical application by Dr. Hunter McGuire, medical director of Stonewall Jackson's corps.

4. In round numbers the Confederate prisoners in Federal hands during the war amounted to 220,000, and the Federal prisoners in Confederate hands amounted to 270,000; and of the 220,000 Confederates in Federal prisons 26,000 died, and of the 270,000 Federals in Confederate hands 22,000 died, the ratio being that of over twelve per cent of the Confederate soldiers in Federal prisons died and less than nine per cent of Federal soldiers in Confederate prisons. Briefly stated, the Confederates, with 50,000 more prisoners, had 1,200 fewer deaths.

5. Rock Island Prison was established in December, 1863, and during its little more than one year held 2,484 Confederate prisoners, losing by death 1,922, with a survival of 562, with a ratio of eighty per cent dying—unequaled by Libby or Andersonville and excelled only by the "Black Hole of Calcutta."

6. By this Association was put forever at rest and has been heard no more in the land the vile slander hurled again and again upon the South and the Rebel authorities as to the barbarity, atrocity, and inhumanity at the so-called "malarial death hole of Andersonville." By it has been placed upon the printed page in indelible printer's ink that Andersonville was selected by Dr. S. H. Stout, medical director of hospitals of the Army of Tennessee, as a convalescent camp or home for disabled and invalided Confederate officers and soldiers whose homes were inside the Federal lines. Owing to the pressure on the lines near Richmond, it was diverted from its original purpose while in process of construction and was hurriedly completed and converted into a military prison, to which were brought the thousands from prisons too near the front. The location was a high and salubrious pine-clad plateau, through which ran a stream of clear and wholesome water, and the prisoners were given the same medical and surgical care and food as were furnished our soldiers in the field.

These historical facts are cited not through invidious, malignant, or malicious inclination; there is no ill will, as a half century has passed and gone. They have been obtained from the published records of the Association, which have never been controverted nor contradicted. Other facts evolved by the Association might be cited, and yet there are still other facts that it is hoped can and may be rescued from oblivion by the few survivors of that heroic and earnest band of medical men before they "cross over the river" to join that far larger majority of their professional comrades.

In conclusion, allow me again to solicit most earnestly all to whom this communication is addressed to put in their appearance at the meeting place of the Association while in Washington.

DEERING J. ROBERTS, M.D., *Surgeon-General U. C. V.*

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Philadelphia are interested in procuring a cross of honor for John Henry Bruce Pinkham, who was born near Austin, Tex., afterwards lived in Galveston, and enlisted with the 1st Texas Rangers of the Confederate army, serving also under General Magruder. Any surviving comrades are asked to furnish all information possible of his service. He is now ninety-seven years of age. Lieutenants Thomas and Wilson were of his company, and a comrade was William H. Anderson. Prompt response is requested.

JUST FROM THE PRESS

What Happened to Me

By LA SALLE CORBELL PICKETT

(Mrs. General George E. Pickett)

A CHARMING book of memories of a régime which has passed away and which few are living to recall. It tells the legends and superstitions of the old plantations of the South in the quaint speech of the servants. It recounts the recollections of the Civil War, of the early years spent in the heart of the storm, at home and in the camp, and pictures intimate scenes in the life of one of the leaders on the battle fields of the Southern armies. It depicts also the home life which arose in the New South after the war, when a new era was ushered in, and tells how the chain forged in the fires of the war became the binding tie which holds in unity all parts of the nation. Book Chat says: "Reading Mrs. Pickett's story is like fingering the old rose leaves saved in a delicate vase and scenting the fragrance of a soul-moving past." Illustrated. Price, \$1.50

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"It is full of instruction and charm; it reconstructs the period of which it treats and gives many glimpses of that idyllic Virginia life which, even in the midst of war, was still touched with the old colonial grace."—*Virginia Historical Society*.

"Told with a fire and style that carries the reader along despite himself and makes him imagine, for the time being, that he lived among the famous personages and the great events that are recorded."—*New York Tribune*.

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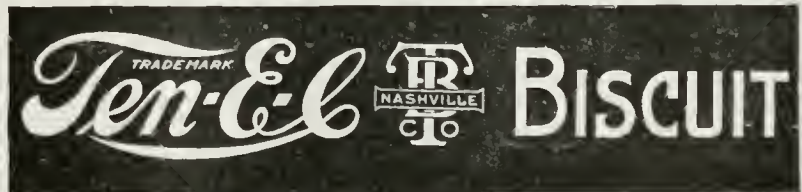
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TENNESSEE BISCUIT COMPANY, NASHVILLE, TENN., U. S. A.

James Addison Nash was first lieutenant and later captain of Company K, 39th Mississippi Infantry, Vilepignes's Brigade. The company presented him with a sword having his full name engraved on it. The 39th Mississippi was

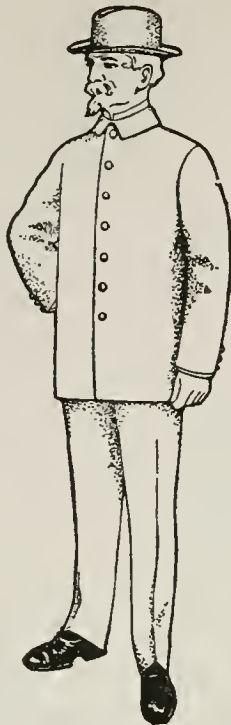
at Port Hudson when it fell into the hands of the enemy, and the sword was evidently captured at that place. If found, it would be appreciated by Mr. Nash's grandson. Address P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.



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coat and trousers; well tailored and guaranteed to fit; regulation U. C. V. buttons. This price is possible only because of the large number of these uniforms which we make every season, supplying veterans all over the country. ☛ Finer uniforms at the right prices. ☛ Hats, caps, wreaths, cords, buttons, stars, leggings, and insignia of rank. Write for catalog and samples, mentioning the VETERAN.

LEVY'S

Third & Market, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. M. C. Parker, of Hartsells, Ala., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some comrade who remembers her husband, James F. Parker, who belonged to Company E, 17th Tennessee Regiment.

Milton Dunn, M.D., of Aloha, La., wants information of W. M. or W. T. Ettor, a jeweler by trade, who left Montgomery, Winn Parish, La., in 1861 to go back to Virginia, his native State, and enlist in the Confederate army.

J. M. Gann, of Paint Rock, Tex., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some member of his company or regiment. He enlisted at Lewisburg, Ark., and served in Company B, 1st Arkansas Cavalry, under Capt. Anderson, Gordon, and Carroll.

W. H. Bemiss, of Shelbyville, Ky., is trying to secure a pension for the widow of James A. Shackelford, who was a member of Company A, 5th Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade. This company was composed of recruits from Pendleton, Grant, Fleming, and Kenton Counties, Ky. Mr. Bemiss will be glad to hear from any surviving members.

O. L. Townsend, Confederate Home, Little Rock, Ark., wants to hear from some member of Company K, 22d Georgia Infantry. J. S. Albert was captain and was killed in the battle of Second Manassas; J. W. Callaway was first lieutenant, W. K. Owens was second lieutenant, and David George was third lieutenant. Marion Clayton was orderly sergeant and was captain at the surrender.

Miss R. M. O'Sullivan, 563 West One Hundred and Fifty-Ninth Street, New York City, wants information of John O'Sullivan, who was born in Ireland about 1845 and came to this country when a boy with his brother, Daniel J., a piano dealer, of St. Louis, Mo. He enlisted in the Confederate army either from St. Louis, Mo., or New Orleans, La. In 1866 to 1877 he worked with A. A. Voss & Co., of Mobile, Ala., and from there went to Texas or New Orleans, La. Any information would be gladly received.

Deafness

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Often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate the sound waves on the point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

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COAT OF ARMS painted in water colors, \$5.00. Mrs. M. H. TERRELL, 431 South Broadway, Lexington, Kentucky.

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— TO —

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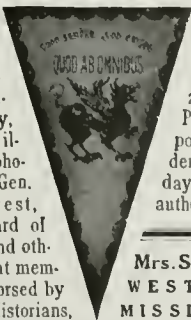
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G. N. Gearhart, of Centerton, Ark., writes that N. B. Wooten, who served in Company G or B, of the 12th Georgia Regiment, is trying to get a pension

and asks that any surviving comrades write to him. He was under Captain Logan and Colonel Avery. His address is Decatur, Ark.

STONEWALL JACKSON COLLEGE

AT
Abingdon, Virginia

— WAS —

Founded in 1886.

Named by Gen. R. E. Lee.

Chartered an A-Grade
College.



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Charges reasonable.
Housed in new buildings; others being erected.
Buildings heated with steam.
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Two students in a room.
Each student has a separate bed.
Between each two rooms bath and toilet for four students.
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Character of the school in keeping with the name it bears.
Students are constantly under the influence of cultured Christian teachers.

Rooms are being engaged for next session.

Better register now.

If any of your loved ones followed Stonewall Jackson, don't you want to send your daughter to the school that seeks to mold characters like his?

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, WRITE

J. R. DOBYNS, President, ABINGDON, VA.



STONEWALL JACKSON COLLEGE, ABINGDON, VA.

R. H. HUNT, ARCHITECT

Confederate Veteran.

Col V V Cook
Dec 10

VOL. XXV.

JUNE, 1917

NO. 6

Memorial Day===June 3

Ye gracious skies of gentle spring,
Here grant your sunniest hours,
While kindly hands their tribute bring
Of sweet memorial flowers,
And loving lips the story tell
Of that heroic band
Who, daring grandly, fought and fell
For God and native land.

* * * *

For not in vain the battle fought,
And not in vain they died;
This truth into our souls they wrought,
Forever to abide:
'Tis better far to die for right,
E'en though the cause be lost,
Than save the life and win the fight
For wrong at any cost.

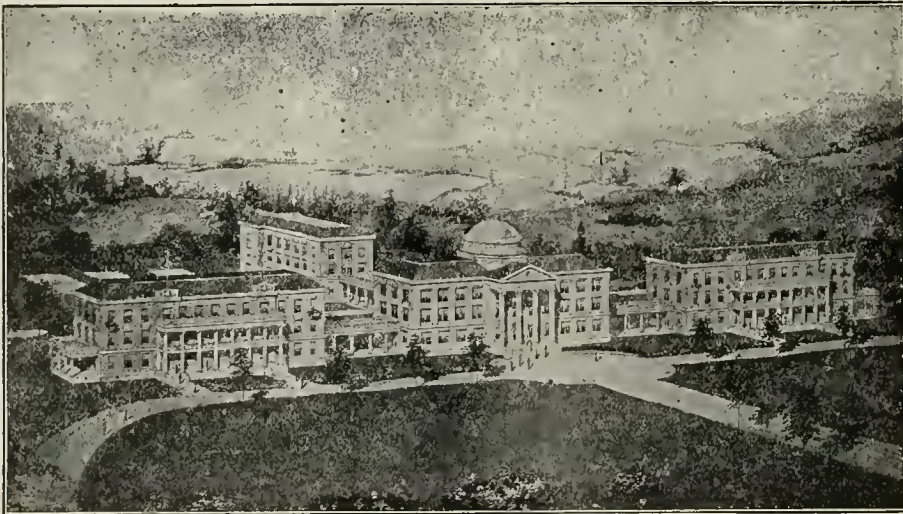
—James H. McNeilly.

Memorial to Stonewall Jackson's Army

TO THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS
TO THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY
TO THE SONS OF VETERANS
TO THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Greetings =====

The entire rotunda (50x50 feet, extending from the first floor up through the roof and capped by a beautifully lighted dome) of the Administration Building (already planned) of Stonewall Jackson College, at Abingdon, Va., is to be dedicated as a Memorial to Stonewall Jackson's Army.



The plan includes a magnificent statue of General Jackson in full uniform in the center, and the walls lined with the names of the brave men who followed him.

This entire part of these magnificent buildings will be used to protect and preserve such records, pictures, photographs, swords, muskets, knapsacks, flags, etc., of his brave and gallant followers as may be obtained from time to time.

No effort will be spared in careful research to obtain these valuable records of history, and the deep gratification which must attend the undertaking so nobly begun should be shared universally, as this memorial when completed is to be a shrine for all those who admired and loved this great Confederate chieftain.

The opportunity and invitation is extended to those who desire to contribute and share in the honor of erecting and perpetuating this shrine.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

J. R. Dobyns, President, Stonewall Jackson College, Abingdon, Va.

OR, SEND ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO

J. W. Bell, President First National Bank, Trustee, Abingdon, Va.

Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.

All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
and all communications so addressed.

Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

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

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

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. XXV.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1917.

No. 6. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

SHILOH.

His soul to God on a battle psalm!
The soldier's plea to heaven!
From the victor wreath to the shining palm,
From the battle's core to the central calm,
And peace of God in heaven.

O land, in your midnight of mistrust
The golden gates flew wide,
And the kingly soul of your wise and just
Passed in light from the house of dust
To the home of the glorified.

—F. O. Ticknor.

THE SHILOH MEMORIAL.

Inscribed upon the monument is the following:

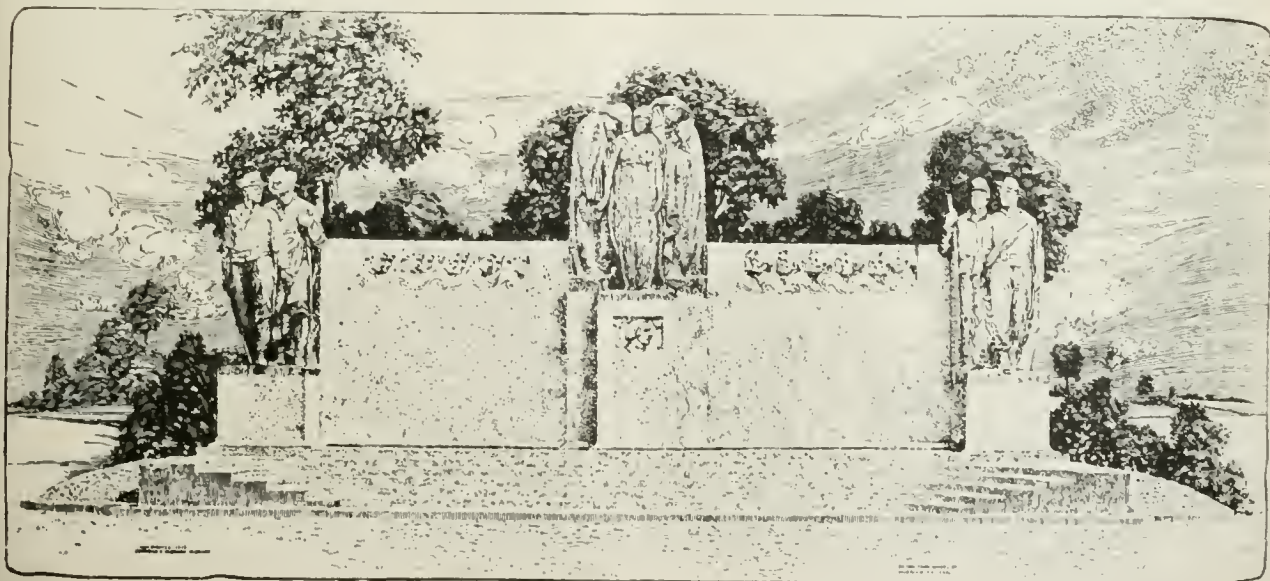
"Erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to honor the memory of the men who served the Confederate States of America.

"The States of the South sent to the battle of Shiloh seventy-nine organizations of infantry, ten organizations of cavalry, and twenty-three batteries of artillery.

"How bravely and how well they fought, let the tablets of history on this field tell.

"As a greeting to the living remnant of that host of gray and in honor of its dead, whether sleeping in distant places or graveless here in traceless dust, this monument has been lifted up by the hands of a loving and grateful people."

"Let us covenant each with the other and each with those whose sacrifices hallow this field to stand for patriotism, principle, and conviction, as did they, even unto death."



Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

THE CRISIS.

Awake, awake, beloved land,
 Long years of peace have blinded thee;
 With hoards of riches in thy hand,
 Another's lack thou canst not see.

How can a son of freedom feel
 The captive's sad and lowly state?
 How can he dream another bends
 Beneath the shackle's awful weight?

So free, so free, thou canst not know
 That many grope in dark of night
 If haply they may find the way
 That leads through pangs of death to light.

Think not that thou canst stand apart
 While other nations crash and fall.
 A band of brothers fight for truth;
 What ruins one will injure all.

The cause is just. O lead us on,
 The captives of the world to free,
 Nor rest till all the sons of men
 Shall taste the joys of liberty.

The conflict o'er, I hear a voice
 Of the myriads yet to be:
 "O nations of the earth, rejoice;
 A free-born nation set us free!"

—Anne Bachman Hyde, in the *Chattanooga Times*.

THE FLAG OF THEIR LOVE.

An interesting inquiry comes to the VETERAN from James E. Porter, of McKeesport, Pa., regarding the old flag of his regiment. He writes:

"In 1863 the 102d Pennsylvania Infantry was practically surrounded on the bank of the Rappahannock. Expecting capture, the flag was torn from its staff, weighted with stones, and sunk in the river. It seems that it was then at high tide, and when the waters receded the flag was found by the Confederate forces, as mention of it is made in the report of the Confederate officer in command, who said that the flag was not captured in action.

"One of the officers of the 102d Pennsylvania Regiment, a resident of Pittsburgh, has been making inquiry for the flag many years, but without success. He would be willing to pay liberally for its recovery, as it was presented to the regiment in 1861, just before they left home. It will be a mighty pleasant occasion for the one who can return it to Pittsburgh, for I can assure him 'the time of his life.'"

The VETERAN is especially anxious to assist in locating this flag. Any information of it may be sent to this office or to Mr. Porter at address given.

VETERANS AND SONS.

The proposed blending in some form of the Sons of Veterans with the U. C. V. has been taken up in a practical way by Camp Sumter, U. C. V., of Charleston, S. C. John L. Sheppard, Lieutenant Commander, writes that thirty or more Sons were invited to attend the anniversary meeting on April 12, which was followed by a "smoker" at which the Sons were guests.

Commander Sheppard also writes: "I am treasurer of an annuity fund which was started about 1867 by three companies of the Washington Light Infantry, of this city, which companies had served throughout the war. This fund, gathered by hard work, has since that time disbursed near to forty thousand dollars, affording relief to the veterans and their widows and orphans and toward the burial of comrades as they yearly 'pass over the river.' Each year this fund issued in annuities about nine hundred dollars. Why cannot our Sons of Veterans do as well? The veterans of the entire Southland are needy, and they and those dependent upon them need all the financial help that can be



BENNETT YOUNG ALLEN,

Son of J. D. Allen, of Lakeland, Fla., aged three years. This sturdy little man is one of the youngest "Sons of Confederate Veterans." His father is seventy-four years old.

brought to their aid. Our constitution, adopted in 1867, reads as follows: 'It is a sacred duty incumbent upon those of the survivors to whom the God of battles has spared sufficient health and strength to labor to share their means, however small, with such of their more unfortunate comrades who still suffer and languish and to assist as far as possible the widows and orphans of their deceased fellow soldiers.'

COMPLIMENTS ON THE MAY VETERAN.

The VETERAN for May has been referred to in a most complimentary way by a number of patrons, and especially was the picture of the "Three Great Americans" on the first page appreciated. Of that Maj. William M. Pegram writes from Baltimore: "My number of the VETERAN for May is at hand, and I write to congratulate you upon your genius in getting up the cover with the portraits of 'Three Great Americans,' which I consider a great hit. I have clipped the picture from its place, had it framed, and it now hangs over my desk at my headquarters. If you could make a separate publication of this picture, I believe every old Confederate would be glad to have one."

THE SHINING ONES.

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

At the meeting of the John M. Stone Chapter, U. D. C., of West Point, Miss., at the home of Mrs. Fred Daggett, the usual historical program was replaced by a beautiful memorial service in honor of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Historian General and a member of this Chapter, who died in Birmingham, Ala., May 6, 1917, and the following resolutions were adopted:

"We, members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, take this occasion, our first meeting after the loss of our valued leader, to voice the sadness that we feel over her untimely death.

"Again and again the grim reaper has lessened the number on our roll of names; but this time he aimed at a shining mark, and his aim was cruel and sure, cut off in her prime, when life was full and sweet, when great avenues of usefulness and enjoyment of her intellectual powers were opening before her.

"Endowed by nature with a wonderful mind, she had used it for years in the upbuilding of interest in the cause she loved so dearly, and now we deplore our loss and feel her absence from our midst.

"We extend deep sympathy to the bereaved family, hoping that a kind Providence will soften the wound in their hearts and assuring them that her zeal and influence in the interests of these Chapters will be a living monument to her who gave so liberally of time and talent to the work we represent—memorials to dead heroes, homes for the living, educating their descendants, and preserving true history.

"Respectfully submitted,

"THE JOHN M. STONE AND LAURA MARTIN ROSE CHAPTERS,
U. D. C., WEST POINT, MISS."

MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, HONORARY PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The committee appointed from the Kate Litton Hickman Chapter, of Nashville, Tenn., met on May 18 and drafted the following resolutions on the death of their beloved President, which occurred on May 12, 1917:

"Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to call into the higher life our beloved President, Mrs. John P. Hickman; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That our hearts are bowed down with the deepest sorrow, though we submit through our faith and love to the ruling of Him who doeth all things well.

"That we recognized in Mrs. Hickman the highest type of Christian womanhood. Her life work was the product of ideals whose vitalizing influence reached out to those around her and impressed them with the true philosophy of life and its movements. In her patriotic service for the cause so dear to her heart, whether in the circle which bears her name or among the greater national body, she proved herself a great leader. She was herself the living exponent of that broad patriotism, that higher chivalry, and those unselfish virtues which ennoble our great cause. She encouraged her followers by the strength of her own faith and zeal and inspired them to faithful service. She was a shining light in her home, her Church and social circle, and a great comfort and benefactor to those around her who were in need or distress. Her sweetest joy was in living for others.

"*Be it further resolved*, That we do not think of her as absent. The touch of the vanished hand lingers still in the influences of her beautiful service. Her voice still speaks to

us through the wise counsels and examples which she has left us. Hers will ever be a living presence in our hearts and memories.

"That we will cherish those counsels in our heart of hearts as our guide and that we will perpetuate and advance the Chapter work so beautifully established by her and which reflects her charmed personality as our memorial to her.

"That we dedicate the 12th of May, her 'heavenly birthday,' a memorial day in our Chapter and to observe its annual recurrence with fitting ceremonies, accompanied with some good deed that will speak of her.

"That we extend to her bereaved family our deepest sympathy and love, that a copy of these resolutions be sent them, and that a copy be spread on our minutes and another copy given the press.

"Committee: Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, Chairman; Mrs. L. A. McMurray, Mrs. G. H. Cheeley, Mrs. Haskell Rightor, Miss Lizzie Barry, Miss Mabry Talbot, Miss Addie McLean."

THE MISSION OF THE VETERAN.

BY JAMES H. McNEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The question is sometimes asked by those of this generation: "Why is it that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN so often records the unpleasant and cruel features of the war of 1861-65 and of the days of Reconstruction, which can only stir bitter memories and nourish hatred?" It is said: "Why not let the dead past bury its dead and, looking to the future, strive to unite all sections in building up our common country?"

Let it be understood that it is no purpose of the VETERAN to stir up hatred or perpetuate strife; but its chief mission is to secure true history, and history deals with the past. The South in the war fought for definite principles which she believed were essential to a free government, and she conducted the war on the highest plane of humanity and civilization with such resources as she had. Yet her motives and her conduct have been constantly, through ignorance or malice, misrepresented by Northern historians. So there is serious danger that the coming generations of the South will look upon their ancestors as a set of barbarians who made their terrible fight against history, civilization, and Christianity, actuated only by passion, greed, and brutality.

Now, the object of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is to show by incontestable evidence the nature of the war for Southern independence, the provocation which led the South into war, the manner in which the war was conducted by each side, and the story of Reconstruction, which shows the spirit in which the war was waged upon the South. As to the future, the VETERAN believes that a clear vindication of the principles for which the South fought is the best way to promote the highest interests of the nation. For if these principles are ignored or violated, the result will be the death of true liberty, the tyranny of the plutocrat or the proletariat.

Another aim of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is to keep alive and fresh the spirit of comradeship among the veterans of the Confederate army by recalling the scenes and sacrifices in which their hearts were bound together in bonds of love and friendship welded amid the fires of battle or in the privations and sufferings of prison life. It is this spirit of comradeship that makes the Confederate soldier of the past the splendid citizen of to-day. When a man has staked everything earthly for truth and justice and honor, he is not apt in any circumstances to betray his principles. As he surrendered in good

(Continued on page 288.)

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT AT SHILOH.

Nature smiled a benediction on those assembled to dedicate the magnificent memorial on Shiloh battle field. On the afternoon of May 17 an interesting program was carried out, with Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, President General U. D. C., presiding and Hon. E. S. Candler as master of ceremonies. The address of welcome was made by Governor Rye, of Tennessee, after which the monument was formally delivered by Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General of the Shiloh Monument Committee, U. D. C., and accepted by Mrs. Odenheimer for that organization, she in turn presenting it to the United States. Acceptance of the monument in behalf of the War Department and the Park Commission was made by Mr. De Long Rice, superintendent of the park. The address of the occasion was delivered by Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, who paid eloquent tribute to the Confederate soldier and to the women of the South. Appropriate musical numbers of Southern and martial airs were rendered. After the conclusion of the exercises came the grand parade from the pavilion to the monument, which was unveiled by Miss Mildred White, daughter of the Director General. A salute of guns sounded upon the air as the "monument for our soldiers, built of a people's love," was revealed to the waiting multitude. Handsome floral tributes from different States were placed upon it, and in this robing of color it was left to sentinel the silent army which shall forever camp upon Shiloh field.

After introduction to the audience, Mr. Frederick C. Hibbard, the sculptor, gave his interpretation of the design of the monument, "Victory Defeated by Death and Night." The central group, "A Defeated Victory," contains three figures, which show the victory of the Confederates on the first day being turned into defeat by the death of the commander in chief and the advent of night, which brought reinforcements to the Federals. The panels on the two sides of this central group show a line of carved heads, that to the right representing the spirit of the first day's battle in the exuberant hopefulness portrayed; on the grouping to the left is shown the hopeless spirit of the second day in the drooping heads and sad expression. The figures grouped on the right and left of the monument represent the different branches of the army and the officers. The artist's conception of a monument for this battle field most appropriately carries out the history of that battle.

The ground plan of the monument is 50x22 feet; the central group, 18½ feet; the die of the monument, 35 feet. The panels of stone on each side of the central group are of light gray Georgia marble and weigh twenty-three tons each. The figure groups are in bronze. The granite used in the monument is also a Southern product, coming from Mount Airy, N. C.



THE CENTRAL GROUP.

HISTORY OF THE MONUMENT.

The story of this monument undertaking reveals its beginning with the organization of the Shiloh Chapter, U. D. C., in 1900, its chief object being the erection of a monument on that battle field. The first thought and inspiration originated with Capt. James W. Irwin, who was in the battle, and it was in his home, at Savannah, Tenn., that he and his wife organized the Shiloh Chapter. The members immediately began the work of securing funds for this object, and contributions were solicited and received from other Chapters. The Tennessee Division, U. D. C., was then enlisted in the work and voted an annual contribution of \$25 until the monument should be completed, and a State committee was appointed in 1902. Feeling assured that the general organization would cooperate in this great work, Mrs. James W. Irwin, President of Shiloh Chapter, urgently requested Mrs. A. B. White, then President of the Tennessee Division, to bring the matter before the San Francisco convention in 1905. This was done and the direction of the work transferred to the U. D. C. A committee was appointed in 1906 at the Gulfport convention, consisting of a director from each State, with Mrs. White as chairman. At the Norfolk convention in 1907 a permanent committee was organized, with a central committee composed of the directors from Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Tennessee, the States adjacent to Shiloh Park. The earnest efforts of the committee were directed toward securing the fund of \$50,000, which was decided upon as the cost of the monument, and this was secured chiefly through contributions from the Chapters during the nine years it was the work of the general organization, with some handsome individual contributions. It was with pride that Mrs. White announced at the Dallas convention in 1916 the completion of this fund, and with even greater pride the United Daughters of the Confederacy have delivered this monument into the keeping of the United States government free of any obligation.

The personnel of the Shiloh Committee is as follows: Alabama, Mrs. Charles Martin; Arizona, Mrs. J. W. McKay; Arkansas, Mrs. L. C. Hall; California, Mrs. A. K. Frye; Colorado, Mrs. A. J. Emerson; District of Columbia, Mrs. J. L. Monroe; Florida, Mrs. H. H. McCreary; Georgia, Mrs. John K. Ottley; Illinois, Mrs. Charles Q. C. Leigh; Indiana, Mrs. F. K. Roach; Kentucky, Mrs. Roy W. McKinney; Louisiana, Mrs. Robert L. Randolph; Maryland, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer; Minnesota, Mrs. John F. Vannes; Mississippi, Mrs. Jennie G. Henderson; Missouri, Mrs. Charles P. Hough; Nebraska, Miss Grace L. Conklin; New Mexico, Mrs. W. A. Dunn; New York, Mrs. W. W. Read; North Carolina, Mrs. F. M. Williams; Ohio, Mrs. Joseph C. Hosea; Oklahoma, Mrs. D. A. McDougal; Oregon, Mrs. H. H. Duff; Pennsylvania, Mrs. Louis Lewis; South Carolina, Miss M. B.



GROUP ON RIGHT OF MONUMENT.



THE SPIRIT OF BATTLE, CARVINGS ON RIGHT PANEL OF MONUMENT.

Poppenheim; Tennessee, Mrs. A. B. White; Texas, Mrs. Charles L. Hamill; Virginia, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant; Washington, Mrs. J. B. Maclin; West Virginia, Miss Frances Campbell. The directors who have served through the entire work were those from Arkansas, Georgia, Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, and Tennessee.

BISHOP GAILOR'S ADDRESS.

"Fellow Citizens, Ladies, and Gentlemen: We are assembled here to-day to dedicate a monument which has been erected by the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy to commemorate the heroism and patriotism of the Confederate soldiers who fought at Shiloh, and more especially to bear witness to the everlasting glory of those who died on this bloody field. Some of them, like their great leader, Albert Sidney Johnston, had already won honor for themselves in the service of their country, and some encountered here for the first time the actual horrors of war. Some of them brought to the conflict the experience of years, and some, the most of them, were mere boys in the freshness and bloom and flower of their youth. No matter, they all exhibited a splendid courage and a true devotion, and

"Their names, graved on memorial columns,

Are a song heard far in the future,

And their examples reach a hand through all the years

To meet and kindle generous purpose

And mold it into acts as pure as theirs."

"The battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, as some historians prefer to call it, was the first really great battle of the Civil War. Indeed, it was the first great battle ever fought on the continent of North America. More men were killed and wounded at Shiloh in one day than were killed and wounded in two years and a half in the War of 1812 or in the two years of war with Mexico.

"The first day's battle was fought on Easter Sunday, April 6, 1862. The Confederate army was the attacking force. The genius and courage of Albert Sidney Johnston planned and carried out the sudden advance of the Confederates from Corinth to strike General Grant's command before General Buell could come up the river to his assistance. General Johnston had to contend with the tacit, and in one instance the positive, opposition of his subordinate commanders, and his enterprise, despite the fearful condition of the roads and the difficulties of transportation, was one of the acknowledged brilliant achievements of the war. His own death was the result of neglect and unpreparedness, the kind of neg-

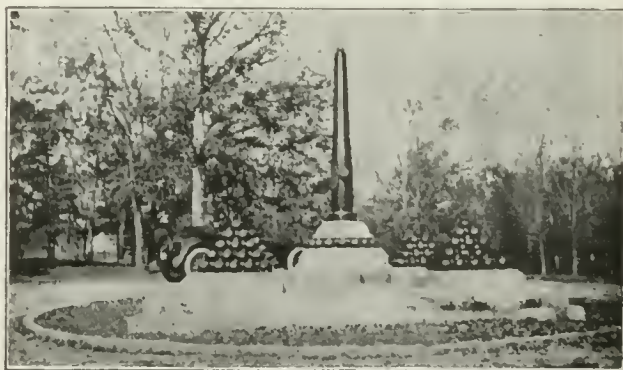
lect that always interferes with the success of a people who are not ready for war and the kind of unpreparedness which has characterized our Americans in every war and which contributed greatly to the loss of life in this dreadful battle. And the death of General Johnston just when victory was in his grasp brought defeat to the Confederates when the engagement was resumed the following day, Monday, April 7.

"I was a little boy then, not quite six years of age. Only a week before the battle I had been with my father at Corinth, and to-day after all the years the memories crowd upon me, and I can recall the pall of mourning that overshadowed the city of Memphis when the newspapers published the long roll of her sons, who had fallen at Shiloh. It was the first tragic and terrible heart stab of real war that our people, and especially our women, had been called upon to bear, and it was the beginning of sorrows which during three more years they endured with unflinching fortitude and divine unselfishness.

"No page in the history of this country will ever shine with brighter luster than that which records the Spartan courage, the sublime heroism, and the cheerful, inspiring service of the women of the South.

"When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way."

"We must feel, therefore, that in dedicating this monument to the heroes of Shiloh we are also paying a tribute to the mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters whose loyalty was so fine, so true that after fifty years we owe to the women of the



MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE GOVERNMENT ON THE SPOT WHERE GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON FELL.

Confederacy this commemoration of our Confederate soldiers. And why should they not be commemorated?

"The time has long since passed when a gathering like this in honor of the Confederate soldier could be in any way or degree construed as an occasion to revive outworn political controversies or reargue the questions that were at issue among our people fifty years ago. The past is gone. Its purely political and sectional strifes are forever settled. We are one people, from Maine to Texas. We glory in the flag with its forty-eight stars and not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, and with throbbing hearts and God-given courage we commit ourselves and our fortunes to Webster's immortal appeal: 'Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'

"And yet we count it a duty, a privilege, and an inspiration as Americans to commemorate with honor and devotion the Confederate soldiers who laid down their lives on the battle field at Shiloh. It is our duty. They died for their country. No selfish motive prompted them. No base and sordid end appealed to them. They gave their ambition, their service, their lives, their all for what they believed to be the best interests of their people. They poured out with glad enthusiasm their very lifeblood for their native land. And to commemorate that sacrifice, to honor that heroism, to teach our children to hold in deathless reverence that supreme unselfishness, is a duty which only the base-minded will refuse to recognize.

"And, secondly, it is a privilege. We live in a grasping, money-making time. Our finest deeds of valor on bloody fields and sloping decks have too often been dimmed by contention for pecuniary rewards, and we are tempted to measure all virtues, even patriotism, by material standards. Now, these Confederate soldiers whom we remember to-day, whatever else may be said of them, were not hirelings, not mercenaries, not adventurers moved by the desire for gain. They gave what they had to give with a high, divine devotion; yes, with a chivalrous consideration that puts our modern savagery of war to contempt and shame. To-day, after fifty years, this community, this State, and this nation honor themselves by paying honor to their incomparable manhood.

"Finally, it is an inspiration. Every man's obligation to his country is borne in upon him by his own immediate contact with and knowledge of heroism; and a Southern boy must get his inspiration from Southern examples of patriotism. All the books and stories in the world will not equal in actual challenge to a man to patriotic duty one concrete example in his own family, his own people. The fact that my father's sword as a Confederate soldier hangs in my library is a greater incentive to my children to patriotism than any oration I might deliver to them.

"So when we show our children how our fathers fought for their country we are giving them an inspiration to patriotic duty to-day, no matter whether their fathers wore the blue or wore the gray. The essential and all-important fact is that when their country needed them they permitted no private interest, no thought of selfish gain to hinder or weaken their entire self-sacrifice.

"So in the fear of God and in love of our country we dedicate this monument to the Confederate heroes of Shiloh's battle field, and in doing it we are sending a message to all our young men, not only in the South, but throughout the United States, to rejoice that they are Americans and to be proud of the opportunity to render service to their country and maintain its liberties.

"A democracy like ours is founded on the assumption that every man in it who profits by its protection will be a glad contributor to its success and a ready agent for its defense, and therefore our government has put the theory into law and requires every citizen to enroll for service. A mere voluntary enrollment would have been an insult to our people; it would have been an implied suggestion that there are Americans, protected and honored by the flag, who would shirk and disown their obligation of service in time of peril. But democracy is too great to-day to tolerate such ingratitude.

"For, my friends, these ceremonies are a protest against selfishness. Selfishness is the bane of human life. It poisons the springs of youth; it defiles business; it destroys patriotism; it cheapens and vulgarizes the manhood of a country. And what we need above all things to-day is an inspiration to unselfishness, for unselfishness is love, and love is the fountain source of civic and political service and of patriotism; and such an example we have in the men who fought and died at Shiloh. They loved dearly; they loved courageously; they loved their country. God has crowned them with immortal, with deathless honor. For 'whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.' But love never faileth—love of God, love of honor and truth and righteousness, love of one's native land."

IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN TUTTLE.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.—My Dear General: Sometime since we discussed the question of the erection of a monument to the Rev. Romulus M. Tuttle, D.D.

Dr. Tuttle was born in Lenoir, N. C., in December, 1842. After various appointments, he became captain of Company F, 26th North Carolina Regiment. This regiment has a record of the highest percentage of losses in any one battle during the war. At Gettysburg it suffered a decimation of eighty-eight per cent. Company F, which was commanded by Captain Tuttle, carried into that battle eighty-eight men and three officers. Thirty-one were either killed or mortally wounded. A list of the names and descriptions of the wounds was prepared contemporaneously, so that there can be no question about this marvelous record. On the morning of the 4th of July there were none of this company to answer roll call. All of them were either dead, mortally wounded, or confined in hospitals on account of wounds. I do not recall any instance in the history of the war where a similar thing occurred with so large a number of men.

You tell me that Dr. Tuttle afterwards became a distinguished Presbyterian minister and is buried at Lexington, Va. I think his heroism and the details of this battle, in so far as it affected Dr. Tuttle's company, should be preserved. He was both a faithful soldier in our great war and a faithful soldier for Christ. What he did was an honor not only to North Carolina, but to the Federal States.

I should be glad if you would consult with Dr. Tuttle's family and learn if they are willing for the monument to be erected at the place of his burial. I shall claim the privilege and honor of bearing the expense of constructing this memorial.

I am putting this labor on you because you are active in honoring Confederate heroism and because you were associated with Dr. Tuttle in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

Asking your early attention to this, I remain

Very truly yours,

JULIAN S. CARR.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Most cruelly maligned of men he was, misunderstood by those
Who should have known him better. * * * Once he was
bereaved,

And grief made favorite victim of him; disappointment chose
Him for a shining mark in private and in public life, for
he received

The keenest wounds a human heart may feel. * * * The
cause he claimed,

When 'twas successful, generals afield were given praise;
And when it failed, 'twas he and he alone the critics
blamed. * * *

Then when the struggle and the warring ceased, in trying
days—

I speak it reverently—he then was wounded for transgres-
sions sore

They had accused his country of, and he was bruised for
their

Alleged iniquities; he the vicarious offering, sacrifice, and
more

Was for the land he loved; its chastisement he bore

In bitterest and exquisite refinement, for in perfect, rare
Completeness, in the sight of those who hated and despised
His country, he was the incarnation of the South; on him
they cast

Indignation and contumely; him on Dixie's Calvary they
sacrificed—

The person for a people. * * * History shall write him
true one, day at last.

—D. G. Bickers, in *Macon Telegraph*.

JEFFERSON DAVIS—A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

This article does not contemplate a biographical sketch or even an outline of the history of Jefferson Davis. The distinctive characteristics, the memorable features of his varied career, have become part of our national record. Every phase of his resistless energy during his fourscore years (1808-89) of crowded but glorious life has been elaborated in ample detail by the loyal homage of his adherents, by loving friends in the South, or distorted for its own base ends by partisan malice incarnate in the howling dervishes of the Northern platform and the Northern pulpit. His surpassing versatility, both in attainment and in achievement, is almost unique in American annals. Soldier, statesman, scholar, orator, author—in each of these forms of intellectual activity he rose to a height which even the malevolence of his slanderers has been constrained to acknowledge, although their very praise was mingled with hate. It is a circumstance too notable to be passed over in silence that the most discriminating and finely touched tribute ever paid to the affluent eloquence of Mr. Davis was from the hand of his implacable libeler, Edward A. Pollard. As an example of masterful analysis, it assumes rank among the foremost literary creations of the Confederate period.

The marked versatility of intellectual power revealed in his character suggests a parallel between himself and Thomas Jefferson. A failure in the sphere of oratory, in the richness and the amplitude of his knowledge he stood without a peer until the advent of Mr. Davis. Science, history, philology—all formed part of his varied and far-ranging intellectual equipment. The "Prison Life of Jefferson Davis," by his

attending physician, Dr. Craven, recalls to memory the exuberant wealth of acquirement illustrated in the lives of three foremost lights of modern statesmanship, Jefferson, Gladstone, and the late Lord Salisbury. The Prometheus of the Confederacy in the gloom of his cell at Fortress Monroe, the vultures gnawing at his vitals, took all human knowledge for his province, discoursed upon art, literature, philosophy, strategy, economic problems, political issues until the darkness of his casemate was radiant with the light of the Baconian ideal, unfolded to his prophetic vision and interpreted to a single listener. This mastery over language and gift of illuminating whatever theme he touched displayed its power in every relation, personal or official, in executive station, when he stood on fortune's crowning slope, or enjoyed the sweet aloofness of social converse. In all these changeable and complex attitudes his lordship of the mother tongue sat upon him like a charm and a grace. The work of Dr. Craven holds a unique place in our literary record. I would that it were a hallowed treasure in every Southern home! Rarely has so marvelous a narrative of heroic endurance been presented to the world in contemporary times. The "pageant of his bleeding heart" formed no part of the tragedy; but in every stage of the crucifixion he was still, like the protomartyr, "an unquenched fire."

The mind of Mr. Davis was distinguished by a faculty of assimilation such as has only in isolated instances marked the annals of modern statesmanship. His power to appropriate forms of knowledge, however diverse and unrelated,



"THE MARTYRS."

On the original picture is written: "Photos of Jefferson Davis, ex-President of the Southern Confederacy, and Clement Claiborne Clay, ex-United States Senator, ex-Confederate Senator, and ex-Peace Commissioner to Canada, where Horace Greeley met him, but no peace. I caught them on the wing in Memphis, Tenn., and forced them in street attire to give me the promised picture, which I call the martyrs, or twins. Neither photo does justice to the originals, both being very handsome men and of the highest intellectual type." (Signed) "Virginia Carolina Clay, wife of C. C. Clay."

suggests the matchless gifts of Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, who vitalized all truth with their own spirit as a special prerogative of sovereign genius. In the solitude of his casemate, with a single auditor eagerly absorbing his every utterance, he would pass from a discussion of the autonomy of States to a dissertation upon the Psalms or the properties of electricity, then to an analysis of Macaulay's portraiture of Marlborough and Clarendon. Among the endless tributes lavished upon the fadeless delineations of the English historian, none has excelled that of our captive President in purity of vision and fineness of literary instinct. My last interview with Mr. Davis brings back to memory his comments upon the teaching of English grammar in our systems of elementary education. His assimilative faculty had made every phase of the problem his own. He again illustrated that catholicity of culture which the relentless specialization of our age has subordinated or repressed until breadth or range of acquirement exists merely as a survival in isolated instances of an era that has passed into the abyss of time.

Especially to be deplored is the fact that, apart from official records, in large measure inaccessible, there exists in continuous or enduring form so small a portion of his speeches, addresses, appeals, etc., associated with the fortunes and the fate of the Confederacy—1861-65. Some of his noblest deliverances, rising vastly above a middle flight, even to empyrean heights, abide only in fragments, cherished and conserved by memory alone, and steadily passing into oblivion, like the supreme creations of Halifax and Bolingbroke, whom no English Thucydides has rescued from the ravages of decay. Preëminently does this comment hold good of his tribute to General Lee delivered in Richmond in November, 1870. An oration worthy of Pericles has vanished in the vast, and it is but one of a select company upon which the seal of immortality should be wrought in strongest relief. Yet every utterance of Mr. Lincoln's has been conserved with religious zeal, edited with Pharisaic scrupulosity, his every jest and witticism assuming the dignity of a literary treasure. The "deep damnation of his taking off" has placed him on the foremost roll of political saints; his apotheosis followed fast upon his martyrdom, and his very anecdotes, untouched by excess of delicacy, have acquired almost an air of sanctity. One wearies beyond measure of his Gettysburg speech. It has become an example of "damnable iteration." No such golden auspices crowned the path of Jefferson Davis. Even his masterful senatorial eloquence has been involved in the common fate. Every Southern schoolboy can quote the Gettysburg address; not one in a thousand is able to recall a line from the language of our Confederate President. Nor is this a cause of astonishment, for every word of the one is blazoned to the world, while the other molders in musty records or survives only as a memory or tradition.

We are almost inclined to absolve Mr. Pollard as we read his analysis of the oratory of Mr. Davis. ("Life of Jefferson Davis," pages 32, 33.) It is assuredly a strange irony of literary fortune that his most subtle and discerning interpreter in this sphere should have at the same time revealed himself as a relentless and malignant antagonist of his official administration. When a lad in my teens and a student at the University of Virginia, I heard the first inaugural address of Mr. Lincoln, March 4, 1861. More than this, I was brought at a later time into contact with Mr. Davis and enabled to institute a contrast between the two, based upon personal observation, as well as diligent study of orations,

addresses, and contributions to history having reference to the origin and causes of the war for the independence of the South. In gifts and graces of oratory they were the antitheses of each other: the one earnest, animated, clothing his thoughts in homely and vigorous language, but awkward in manner and devoid of every charm imparted by the culture of the schools; the other gifted with a voice like a clarion, the most far-reaching in range, perfectly modulated, silver in tone, and as clear and resonant as "the horns of Eliland" idealized in "The Bugle Song" of Tennyson.

The oratory of Mr. Davis was marked by a continence and self-restraint which reveal and illustrate the vital spirit of the antique classic world. Not a trace of the florid or the flamboyant touches the magic mirror which reflects a diction as chaste and a vocabulary as finely tempered as have appeared in the annals of modern eloquence. He assumes his primacy naturally and resistlessly with Hayne, Legare, Dobbin, and Preston among the master lights in this exalted sphere, whose noblest creations from our earliest period have found their origin and their richest fruition in the States which formed the Confederacy. The sublime self-repression that glorified the perfect type of the chivalric world of fantasy was concretely exhibited in the utterances and deliverances of our Southern executive. There was the ever-present suggestion of an immense power wisely and skillfully held in reserve and maintained in perfect control.

When discerning reason shall have won the victory over the malevolence of passion, Jefferson Davis will attain an unchallengeable rank in the foremost files of American oratory, unless the fragments which have survived are shrouded in oblivion as the outcome of our own apathy and our own indifference. In contrast to Mr. Lincoln, he does not require the halo of martyrdom to invest his utterances with a character of prophetic sanctity. In them all art, grace, fervor, patriotism blend into a golden harmony.

The space at my disposal excludes the possibility of a discussion of the career of Mr. Davis contemplated from the viewpoint of administrative capacity and efficiency. For my own part, I am in perfect accord with the judgment of General Lee expressed not long after the war drama had completed its final act: "If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none that could have done as well." ("Recollections and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee," by Capt. Robert E. Lee, page 287.)

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

SPEECH OF HON. DAVID H. KINCHELOE, REPRESENTATIVE FROM KENTUCKY, IN CONGRESS ON JUNE 3, 1916.

A century and eight years ago to-day, in the little hamlet of Fairview, Christian County, Ky., the light of day for the first time dawned upon the vision of Jefferson Davis. While he was an infant his father and mother moved to Louisiana; but owing to the children suffering from acclimatization, his father sought a more congenial climate and in a short while moved to Woodville, in Wilkerson County, Miss. His father's family consisted of ten children, of whom Jefferson Davis was the youngest. At the age of seven years he was sent on horseback by his father, in company with friends, to St. Thomas College, near Springfield, Ky., where he entered school for a year. He afterwards attended school near his father's home in Mississippi until he was sufficiently advanced and was then

sent to Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. In November, 1823, he was appointed to the West Point Military Academy by President Monroe; was graduated from this institution in 1828 and was sent to the Jefferson Barracks and afterwards to Fort Crawford, in Wisconsin, and to other forts in the Northwest.

He resigned from the army in 1835 and married Miss Taylor, daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, over the protest of her father, and went back to Mississippi to farm. The estrangement between General Taylor and Mr. Davis never was healed. His wife lived only a short time. He was married again in 1845 to Miss Varina Howell.

Jefferson Davis was elected to the Twenty-Ninth Congress in 1845 and in 1847 was appointed United States Senator by the Governor of Mississippi to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Speight. While United States Senator he resigned to run for Governor of Mississippi, but was defeated. In 1853 he was appointed Secretary of War by President Pierce and served for four years. He went back to the Senate from Mississippi on March 4, 1857. In 1861, when Mississippi seceded from the Union, Mr. Davis, as one of the United States Senators from Mississippi, immediately resigned his office and cast his fortunes with the Southern Confederacy. The speech which he made in the United States Senate at the time he resigned is one of the brightest and most pathetic gems of English literature and should be read by every liberty-loving and patriotic American citizen. He was shortly afterwards elected President of the Southern Confederacy.

The war clouds were lowering over the country at this time. The bloody conflict that transpired during the early sixties is well and familiarly known to all.

It is not my purpose to-day to pluck one laurel wreath from the brow of any Union soldier, either living or dead. They were loyal and patriotic and bared their breasts to the bayonets in order that this country might still remain an undivided Union. However, it shall be my endeavor to pay a just tribute to the brave and patriotic men of the Southern Confederacy, thousands of whom gave their lives in defense of a constitutional right, which theretofore from the adoption of the Federal Constitution had never been questioned by any one, much less denied to any State. The principle for which they fought is clearly enunciated in the tenth amendment of the Federal Constitution, which reads as follows: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

It was agreed by all when the Constitution was adopted that it was a compact between the States, that the Federal government was limited to the authorities granted in the Constitution, and that any State had a right to secede from the Union whenever that State was satisfied that the administration of the government of the Union was oppressive or that its constitutional right had been invaded.

Thomas Jefferson, the greatest of all Democrats of his age, in the celebrated Kentucky resolutions expressed this sentiment and placed this interpretation upon the Constitution. In the Virginia convention when this question was raised it was conceded by all that this was the correct interpretation of the Constitution, and Virginia would not have ratified the Constitution nor joined the Union without this understanding. Patrick Henry raised this question in the convention and received the assurance from Mr. Madison, the father of the Constitution, that this was the correct interpretation of it.

In the Constitutional Convention a proposition was made to

authorize the employment of force against a delinquent State, on which Mr. Madison remarked: "The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might have been bound." The convention expressly refused to confer the power proposed, and the clause was lost. This interpretation of the Constitution was prevalent among the Northern as well as the Southern States. The acquisition of Louisiana in 1803 created much dissatisfaction in the Northern States, and especially in Massachusetts. Col. Timothy Pickering, who had been an officer of the War of the Revolution and afterwards Postmaster-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Washington, and later a representative of the State of Massachusetts in the Senate of the United States, was one of the leading secessionists of his day. Expressing his dissatisfaction at the way Louisiana was acquired, he wrote in December, 1803: "I will not yet despair. I will rather anticipate a new confederacy. * * * There will be (and our children at the farthest will see it) a separation." In January, 1804, he further wrote: "The principles of our Revolution point to the remedy—a separation. This can be accomplished and without spilling one drop of blood, I have little doubt. I do not believe in the practicability of a long-continued union. A Northern confederacy would unite congenial characters; * * * while the Southern States, having a similarity of habits, might be left to manage their own affairs in their own way. * * * It (the separation) must begin in Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcomed in Connecticut, and could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated, and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the center of the confederacy. Vermont and New Jersey would follow, of course, and Rhode Island of necessity."

I do not show this in any spirit of criticism of this great man, but to show that his interpretation of the Constitution coincided with the views of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Patrick Henry, and other great men of his day.

Even as late as 1860, when many men of the North were appealing to passion and inciting the multitudes to support a war waged against the Southern States in the event of their secession, the New York Tribune, the organ of the Abolitionists, declared: "If the cotton States wish to withdraw from the Union, they should be allowed to do so. Any attempt to compel them to remain by force would be contrary to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and to the fundamental ideas upon which human liberty is based. If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of 3,000,000 subjects in 1776, it is not seen why it would not justify the secession of 5,000,000 Southerners from the Union in 1861."

So we see that the right of a State to secede from the Union was claimed by the North and the South.

At the time of the adoption of the Constitution there were many people in the North and Northeast engaged in the slave traffic, importing slaves from America to this country, and when the fact was ascertained that these slaves were not acclimated to the North they were sold to the planters of the South. The question then came in this constitutional convention whether the right longer to traffic in slaves should be recognized by the Constitution. Some of the greatest leaders of thought in the South in this convention protested against the further legalizing of the slave traffic, while several

States of the North and Northeast insisted that this right should be recognized, and thus this baneful institution was fostered by the fundamental law of this republic for twenty years, to be assailed by their descendants in 1856 and 1861.

As a result of this concession in the Constitution, the institution of slavery spread over the South, its climate and soil being favorable to the institution. A great number of the people of the Northern States were just as much in favor of the institution of slavery as were the people of the South.

In December, 1805, a petition of the Legislative Council and House of Representatives of the Indiana Territory, then comprising all the area now occupied by the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was presented to Congress, accompanied by a letter from Governor Harrison, afterwards President of the United States, for a suspension of the sixth article of the ordinance, so as to permit the introduction of slavery into the Territory. These resolutions were submitted to a committee of the House, which reported the resolutions favorably, and this report was sustained by the House, and a resolution to suspend the prohibitory article was adopted. The proposition failed, however, in the Senate. But I cite this merely to show that the people of the Indiana Territory were unanimous in indorsing these resolutions so as to permit the introduction of slaves into their Territory. The African slave trade was carried on largely by New England merchants and Northern ships.

Thomas Jefferson, a Southern man, the founder of the Democratic party and the vindicator of State rights, was a constant enemy to every form of slavery. The Southern States took the lead in prohibiting the slave trade, and the State of Georgia was the first State to incorporate the prohibition in her constitution. These facts of history must be considered when judgment is pronounced by posterity upon the justice of the act of the Southern people in choosing the fearful alternative of war rather than submit to an invasion of their chartered rights under the Constitution.

So in 1860-61 the Southern people stood upon the constitutional rights as interpreted by their statesmen since the government was founded, that a State, in the strictest interpretation of the Constitution, had the power, never surrendered, to withdraw from the Union should it be denied its right.

Eleven States, with South Carolina first, seceded from the Union and formed the Southern Confederacy. The great conflict lasted for four years.

In this great abandonment proceeding between Uncle Sam and eleven of his Southern daughters, which was settled in a court of arms, Kentucky as a State was neither a party plaintiff nor party defendant. She was not even correspondent, but yet she furnished to the North and South her full quota of as brave men as ever went upon the battle field in the history of the world. She did more: she furnished to the Union its President, that great and liberty-loving idol, Abraham Lincoln, and to the Southern Confederacy its President, that brave and patriotic statesman, Jefferson Davis.

The South fought against many odds, but yet she fought for a principle guaranteed to her under the Federal Constitution. Finally, at the end of four years, at the battle of Appomattox, when General Lee surrendered, the sun of the Southern Confederacy set. The hopes of a brave and patriotic people were blighted. These men were not traitors to the government, but were just as patriotic and liberty-loving as the men who fought to maintain the Union.

Jefferson Davis was indicted and imprisoned for treason, but without trial he was acquitted of the charge, and history

must accept this result as conclusive of the fact that this great man in standing for the constitutional right of a State to withdraw from the Union and in resisting force to coerce the State into submission was guilty of no treason, but was justified by the law as it then existed. Such will be the verdict of unerring history. Were they guilty of treason? If they were, they were inspired to this act by the teachings of Patrick Henry, James Madison, and Thomas Jefferson in their interpretation of the Constitution.

After Lee's surrender, these soldiers, in their faded gray uniforms, with rusty canteens upon their shoulders, wended their way to the sunny South, only to find burned homes, wrecked farms, and separated families. A great war debt had been contracted; Confederate money was worthless; but notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances that then existed, they again united for grander and nobler purposes. Amid the ashes, wrecks, and their dead, holding the inspiration of the past for the future, they took their horses from the battle field to the furrow, their cotton, which was hidden, and sold it for the necessities of life, and went with the same energies to rebuild the South as they had gone upon the battle fields to defend her. And to-day America has no better citizens in peace and would have no braver soldiers in war than those who over fifty-six years ago followed Robert E. Lee as their general, the grand old tune of "Dixie" for their inspiration, and the "Bonnie Blue Flag" as their banner.

The negroes of the South, as hard as were the conditions of slavery, owe a thousandfold greater debt of gratitude to the Southern people than to any other people on earth. The people of the South tutored the negro in the way of civilization. They found him a savage, fresh from the jungles of Africa. They have taken him by the hand and led him up the hill of progress and civilization and taught him that there is a God and that they may be the recipients of his choicest benedictions. They are giving him an education. And it is to the eternal credit of the South and its people that under the law of practically every Southern State each negro boy and girl draws as much *per capita* of the school fund as do the white children of the South.

The Southern people have erected negro colleges at the expense of the taxpayers of the South and are maintaining them at such expense in order to better the condition of the negro and to give him an equal chance in life's battles. That the institution of slavery has been abolished and that every man beneath the fold of our country's flag is a freeman is the gratification of every man of this great republic, and the people of the South also rejoice in this fact. Slavery was not the cause of the war, but the institution died as an incident of the war; and the Southern people are exerting their best efforts to uplift and educate the negro, and every good colored citizen in the South will agree to this statement.

The deeds of valor and heroism of Jefferson Davis in his devotion to the South and to the people who had honored him will live in the memory of the posterity of the South so long as she erects an altar to her heroes and so long as men have grateful hearts.

Wherever in this broad land of ours the ashes of a Confederate soldier lie, the clay that wraps his remains is the sepulcher of an American patriot who died for a vital principle of government as taught by the fathers of this republic. History, calm, fair, and truthful, will yet record this truth as the final and considered judgment of mankind.

"Not for fame or reward, not for place or for rank, not lured by ambition or goaded by necessity, but in simple obedi-

ence to duty as they understood it, these men suffered all, sacrificed all, dared all—and died.”

When the war had ended, soldiers of the North and of the South shook hands across the graves of their comrade dead and said: “We will be friends; we will again have a Union, one and undivided.” And when they did this they made a government that will live on united until time shall cease its flight in the centuries to follow.

I rejoice with every patriotic American to-day in the fact that we have a hundred million free, happy, peaceful, united, and patriotic people, with one country, one government, one flag, and one God.

THE CONFEDERATE TREASURE TRAIN.

BY JUDGE LEWIS SHEPHERD, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

On February 7, 1914, the Literary Digest published the following:

“STRANGE STORY OF A WAR TIME MYSTERY

“Scores of tales have been told of the disappearance of the gold and silver taken away by President Jefferson Davis and his official family when the Confederate government abandoned Richmond, but for half a century seekers after historical facts have been unable to clear up the mystery. Large sums of money were spent by the banks to which the cash belonged in vain efforts to find the guilty men. Probably the reason the secret was kept for so long is that the friends of the looters had no particular desire to expose them. Anyway, it seems that nobody cared to tell a lucid, detailed story of the incident until Judge Lewis Shepherd, a lawyer of Chattanooga, who served throughout the war in the Confederate army, appeared in print the other day in an interview given to Mrs. L. M. Cheshire, special correspondent of the Nashville Banner. Mrs. Cheshire says Judge Eakin, another prominent Chattanoogan, vouches for Judge Shepherd's story. We have seen no denial of it nor further confirmation and give it for what it may be worth.”

THE INTERVIEW IN PART.

When the Confederate government abandoned Richmond as its capital, all its archives and treasures were sent under strong military escort to Charlotte, N. C. The banks of Richmond sent away their treasures under protection of the same escort; President Davis and his cabinet also went to Charlotte and established temporary headquarters.

Before they reached Charlotte, Richmond and Petersburg had fallen and General Lee had surrendered, and in a very few days Sherman and Johnston had agreed upon an armistice by their celebrated paper, under which it was proposed that peace should be made and that the seceding States should resume their relations to the government. This treaty, if it had been carried out, would have obviated reconstruction under what is known as the Reconstruction acts of Congress, for it covered the entire subject of restoration of peace and return of the Southern States to the Union and of their Senators and Representatives to Congress. This armistice was repudiated by President Johnson and his cabinet on the ground that these military commanders had exceeded their powers in undertaking to settle the terms on which the erring States might resume their political functions with the general government. It may be admitted that these generals went a little farther than they had the right to

go; but it cannot be denied that they displayed a profound statesmanship in their comprehensive yet terse settlement of a question which afterwards so sorely disturbed Congress, so nearly caused the conviction upon impeachment of the President, and so completely bankrupted the Southern States.

Mr. Davis, being advised that President Johnson had brought an end to the armistice and repudiated the Sherman- Johnston treaty, immediately began efforts to prevent the capture of himself and the treasures of the Confederacy. The gold and silver of the Confederacy and that of the Richmond banks was loaded into wagons, and the President of the Confederate States, with his cabinet ministers, started south with it, guarded by three brigades of cavalry, Dibrell's, Vaughan's, and Duke's. When we arrived at Washington, Ga., it became apparent to Mr. Davis that he could not with such a retinue escape the vigilance of the Federal cavalry, which was rapidly closing in on him from every direction; so the money kegs and boxes belonging to the Confederate government were opened and the silver divided among the boys, each without regard to rank receiving \$26.50, and they were granted indefinite furloughs. Mr. Davis and his family pushed on farther south, and a few days afterwards he was captured by the Federals.

Meanwhile the officers of the banks sought the aid of the Federal commanders to return their specie to Richmond and from them obtained a permit and also a guard of soldiers to protect it on its return trip. Some of the officers and men of Vaughan's Brigade became apprised that a train of specie was being carried north under Federal escort, and they jumped to the conclusion that it was the property of the Confederate government which the Federals had captured. They concluded that their four years of hard service for the Confederacy entitled them to a share of this gold and silver, provided they could succeed in securing it from the Federal guard. With them the war was not yet over, and they acted upon the idea that anything is fair in war. They organized an expedition with the view of capturing this money and followed the train until a favorable opportunity of attack presented itself. They charged the train, captured and disarmed the guard, and proceeded at once to knock the heads out of the kegs and the lids off the boxes containing the coin and to fill their forage sacks with ten- and twenty-dollar gold pieces. Several of them got away with as much as \$60,000, some were content with \$25,000, and still others with less amounts, depending upon the carrying capacity of their sacks and saddlebags. One man began to fill his sack out of the first keg he came to, which proved to be a keg of silver. He was happy when he lugged off his bag of silver dollars; but when he met his companions later in the rendezvous, where they stopped to count their money, he found that he had only about \$4,000, while his companions had secured several times that sum in gold. He became greatly disturbed over his ill luck and insisted that his more fortunate brothers divide their gold with him. This they refused to do, and he then determined to turn informer. He was as good as his word, and upon the information furnished by this silver king several of the gold bugs were apprehended and forced to give up their booty. But a number of them were wise enough to keep going until they got safely away from the scene of their attack upon the wagon train.

I personally knew some of the men who got some of the swag. Two of these men went with their money, amounting to more than \$120,000, to Kansas City, Mo., where they engaged in business, becoming men of large wealth. Two

others went to California and, with something more than \$100,000, embarked in business. One of the wealthiest planters in Texas got his start with money secured from these kegs, and still another in the same State has made good as a stockman, being now a cattle king. The Richmond banks spent large sums in vain efforts to recover their money.

This, in brief, is the history of how a handful of Confederate soldiers got large sums of the coin which was sent out of Richmond before it fell.

Then follows the interview as above set forth.

Later I received a communication from Mr. W. E. R. Byrne inclosing a statement of Maj. Joseph M. Broun, entitled "The Last Confederate Pay Roll," and also a biographical sketch of Major Broun taken from the "Confederate Military History," Volume II. These papers furnish corroboration of the story covered in the interview.

The letter from Mr. W. E. R. Byrne is as follows:

"February 18, 1914.

"Judge Lewis Shepherd, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Dear Sir: Having seen in the Literary Digest of the 7th of February, 1914, your account of the disappearance of the Confederate treasure, my attention was called to a statement relative to the subject made by Maj. Joseph M. Broun, deceased. Major Broun died in this city on the 9th of December, 1908, and after his death there was found among his papers the statement in his own handwriting, a copy of which I take the liberty of inclosing. * * *

"Thinking it likely that these documents might throw some additional light upon the subject and that they would be of interest to you, it occurred to me to send them for such use as you may see fit to make.

"Yours very respectfully,

W. E. R. BYRNE."

LAST CONFEDERATE PAY ROLL.

"In April and May, 1865, while President Davis and cabinet, with Generals Bragg, Breckinridge, and others, and some twenty-five hundred troops, were between Abbeville, S. C., and Washington, Ga., General Toombs's home, I (as a bonded quartermaster) was ordered to receipt for the gold and specie, estimated at about \$150,000, then in the wagon train with the President. This gold had been brought from Richmond, Va., in special charge of a company of naval cadets, as I was informed. The enemy was all around us. Our own boys had become demoralized about this gold. They said if they didn't take it the quartermaster or the Yankees would. That was one time it was not pleasant nor safe to be a quartermaster. Discipline was gone. But General Breckinridge, in his mature manhood, was equal to the occasion. In an old Kentucky hunting jacket, he appeared before the men, now almost a mob. He told them they were Southern gentlemen and Confederate soldiers. They must not become highway robbers. They knew how to die bravely; they must live honorably. He promised them an orderly distribution of enough of the gold to help each one on his way, whether to his home or to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where good fighting might yet be done. The men were readily controlled and became quiet and content.

"General Bragg, a few of his staff, and I then went to the 'gold train,' which we usually tried to conceal. Under General Bragg's directions each of us took about a quart of gold coin and tied it up in his handkerchief, as if it were of no great value, so as not to arouse the suspicion of the boys we

would pass. With this treasure uncounted, we proceeded back to the town of Washington, some miles, where I opened a pay office, General Bragg still present and superintending the payment. Each soldier as he presented himself at the window received a twenty-dollar gold piece and receipted to me therefor. When the soldiers ceased coming, there remained on the table two twenties and one ten. General Bragg, turning to me, said: 'Captain, you estimate closely. Receipt to yourself for what is left and close the account.' I pocketed the fifty dollars and signed the pay roll therefor. Immediately after this payment we all disbanded, each man going his way. This was the last act of the Confederate government, so far as I know. The following night President Davis was captured by the Federal soldiers.

"General Bragg and other officers had previously started my receipt list at twenty dollars each. This pay roll I gave as a souvenir to Mrs. William A. Pope, the wife of my intimate friend, William A. Pope. We had been schoolboys together at Frank Minor's Ridgeway Academy (1851-52), near Charlottesville, Va., and when a student in 1855-56 at Georgia University I had visited him. I had been stationed at Washington, Ga., in January, 1865, and I had seen leather belts for carrying specie made by the ladies of that place, which I understood were for the use of those Confederate officers who desired prompt flight from their country; and I was informed that General Toombs and others, to aid their escape, did take with them very properly as much of this gold as they could conveniently carry in their respective belts. The residue of this gold, I was informed, was deposited in a bank vault at Washington, Ga. Shortly after the surrender some bankers of Richmond, claiming this gold as their private property and denying that it ever had been Confederate property, undertook to transport it back to Richmond, Va., overland in wagons before the railroads had been restored to operation. This gold train *en route* was partly robbed a time or two, when finally the United States government took charge of the gold, some one hundred thousand dollars, and deposited it in the treasury at Washington, where it still remains, unsettled as to the ownership.

JOSEPH M. BROUN."

On Sunday, March 15, 1914, the following was published in the Chattanooga Times:

"Judge Lewis Shepherd, in pursuance of his inquiry relating to a fortune of gold coin and bullion that was presumably captured by Federals while being transported about in the wake of Jefferson Davis at the close of the Civil War, has received from Washington official information that is in support of his theory.

"Records of the Treasury Department contain enough definite data to establish the truth of claims regarding the amount of gold, specie and bullion, carried from Richmond when President Davis escaped. The record shows that approximately \$80,000 in coin and bullion captured by Gen. J. H. Wilson's cavalry at Savannah was turned into the Federal treasury in June, 1865. The record does not show whence it came.

"Recently Judge Shepherd wrote to his kinsman, Morris Sheppard, Senator from Texas, seeking further information regarding matters concerning which he (Judge Shepherd) had been writing articles. Senator Sheppard replied, inclosing a letter written by C. S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, which will prove of interest."

The letter was as follows:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
March 6, 1914.

"*The Hon. Morris Sheppard, United States Senate—My Dear Senator:* Receipt is acknowledged of your communication inclosing a clipping from the Chattanooga Times, forwarded to you by Judge Lewis Shepherd, of that city, with a request that the facts be ascertained from this department relative to statements concerning specie amounting to about \$100,000 which the newspaper article asserts was taken by the United States forces near Washington, Ga., from a wagon train dispatched from Richmond, Va., in charge of Confederate troops which accompanied Jefferson Davis.

"In reply I have to advise you that no officers or agents of the Treasury Department were in the vicinity of Washington, Ga., at the time the events narrated are said to have occurred. The cavalry forces operating in that vicinity at the time were commanded by Gen. J. H. Wilson, and from an examination of his reports and dispatches as published in 'War of the Rebellion Official Records' it appears that the capture of Jefferson Davis and party was effected by troops belonging to General Wilson's command. The reports referred to will be found in Series 1, Volume XLIX., pages 653, 702, 719, 721, and 955. 'War of the Rebellion Official Records.'

"In the dispatches on page 719 mention is made of \$5,000 in specie received at Washington, Ga., and a prior dispatch (page 703) reports the distribution of money by the Confederate authorities to citizens and soldiers at Athens and Washington. General Wilson from Macon, Ga., June 4, 1865 (page 955), advised the Secretary of War: 'I have already had this country, from Florida to Charlotte, N. C., searched for the thirteen millions of treasure previously reported by General Halleck and other fabulous amounts reported by various parties. I am convinced from all the information that I can gather that the entire amount of gold and silver with which Davis left Richmond did not exceed one million and a half; that the most of this was paid to his officers and men between Charlotte and Washington, Ga., and the balance scattered among people he regarded trustworthy. Of this, \$6,000 was delivered to one of my officers by Robert Toombs. I suspect the remainder was stolen from people's homes by disbanded Rebel cavalry, assisted by our own men. Every house where Rebels have been in Georgia has been searched. It is also reported that the small sums in the possession of Davis's party were pillaged by the captors.'

"Gold and silver coin and silver bullion of the approximate value of \$80,000 captured by General Wilson's cavalry was turned over to the treasury agent at Savannah, Ga., in June, 1865, and accounted for and paid into the treasury; but there appears to be no information upon the treasury records from which its source can be definitely traced.

"The Secretary of War transmitted to Congress reports on the capture of Jefferson Davis, which was printed as Senate Executive Document No. 13, Thirty-Ninth Congress, second session, and House Executive Document No. 115, Fortieth Congress, second session, but said reports contain no mention of the finding or taking of any specie with the parties captured.

"From numerous newspaper clippings filed with office memorandum it appears that much controversy has existed between former Confederate military officers as to the amount of specie taken from Richmond by the party which accom-

panied Jefferson Davis, and several of them refer to the movement and subsequent capture of a wagon train with specie, agreeing in part with the statements in the Chattanooga Times's article; but the records of this department afford no information from which the controverted statements of former Confederate military officers can be verified.

"Very truly yours,

C. S. HAMLIN,
Assistant Secretary."

The above covers all the information I have on the subject.

THE GALLANT GRAY.

They are coming; bid them come
Straight into your heart and home;
Fold them close in love's embrace,
Wipe the tear stains from each face;
Welcome give naught can efface.
Let none be dumb.

Lead them in with tender care,
Scatter roses rich and rare;
Save them not for graves grown green;
Let the years that lie between
Shrouded be in floweret's sheen—
Hopes lie buried there.

Feeble are they now and gray;
Guard their footsteps through the way.
Feet that pressed where Forrest led,
Feet that oft were bruised and bled,
Feet that fought, but never fled,
Guide them tenderly.

Let the bonnie flag float free,
Symbolic 'twas of liberty.
Though their blood did not avail,
Though to fight was but to fail,
Let your welcome never pale;
Greet them heartily.

Let them feel your loyal pride
In the men who dared and died;
Lend your ringing shouts so clear,
Help them raise the Rebel cheer,
Show them they are very dear,
Those true and tried.

They are with us, but the years
Claim their toil of falling tears
O'er the new-made graves so deep,
Where the valiant soldiers sleep
While the Southrons bitter weep
Round their biers.

Coming is the day and fast
When of all the host the last
Shall have struck his tent and sped
From the living to the dead;
Then on marble shall be read:
"The gallant grays have passed."

—Helen D. Kerlin.

IN MOBILE BAY.

BY W. L. CAMERON, GALVESTON, TEX.

On a very dark night in the fall of 1864 the second cutter of a vessel of the Confederate States navy shoved off from the ship with two young officers and a crew composed of a coxswain and eight sailors. The oars of the boat were muffled, the officers had their side arms, the men were armed with navy revolvers, all of which seemed to suggest a secret expedition, and it was, the object being to scout below a Federal vessel, the United States Metacomet, anchored some three miles down the bay.

These dark-night expeditions were not unusual. Volunteer crews of picked men were always selected. Upon some occasions an extra boat containing torpedoes, with a special crew for the purpose of planting them, would be on board that launch, the cutter and crew acting as a convoy and guard. The senior officer was some twenty-two years of age, the junior in years about nineteen. The men at the oars and the coxswain on the cutter were all foreigners—Scotch, Irish, and Norwegians—the youngest of whom was double the age of that of the oldest officer in command on this particular occasion. This special crew was the usual crew of this boat, which was generally under the charge of the junior officer; so he knew all of them well and had great confidence in their courage and loyalty.

The senior in command had a warm, friendly regard for his junior. In their mess they were known as the "Two C's," as both surnames began with the letter C.

The order was given from the deck to "shove off," and the boat quietly glided into the darkness, the coxswain in the bow as lookout and the junior officer steering. In a short time the boat had slipped through a gap in the obstructions. Not a sound was to be heard, except the slight rippling at the bow as she was rapidly forced through the still waters. It was a beautiful night; the hour was about eleven o'clock; six bells had struck as she left the vessel. A star now and then twinkled through a rift in the dark clouds above. These young officers had nothing to wish for; they had the fastest boat in the fleet, the best crew, and an ideal night for their expedition.

When the boat had arrived within about a mile of the Federal vessel, the oarsmen suddenly ceased rowing, the coxswain came rapidly aft, and the two nearest men each presented a navy revolver at the heads of the young officers and said, "Hands up!" The coxswain also presented a pistol and said, "Gentlemen, one word: with this crew the jig is up; we are all agreed to quit and go to the enemy's vessel there," pointing in the direction of the Yankee vessel down the bay. "We do not wish to take you young gentlemen to be made prisoners, nor do we especially care to take the boat; but there is no other way for us to get there, and we have made up our minds to go. We propose to put you ashore. You may signal the ship as soon as it is light. We do not wish to lay hands upon either of you. Please hand us your pistols," saluting as he ended.

This situation came upon these young men so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for a few seconds they could not speak. It would be useless to argue with these men; and to resist nine men, all armed with six-shooters, would have been the height of folly. Looking into the muzzles of these pistols and also noting that six more were sitting with their weapons in their hands, there was nothing left for the senior officer but to say: "Land us, then." Each handed his weapon over.

The coxswain quietly emptied the loads out, saluted the officers, took his place at the tiller, and steered for land. As the boat swung off after landing the officers their pistols were handed to them, and the men sang out: "Good night and good-by." That boat and its crew silently, like the Arab, glided into the darkness, and her officers saw them no more.

The situation was novel, and these marooned young men said not a word for some moments. Finally the junior remarked tersely: "I will be d—d!" The senior said: "Have you a match?"

After smoking in strict silence for quite a long time, the elder said: "C—, with our twelve shots I believe we could have won out—shot down the first two and the coxswain; the others would have held up their hands. That was my first thought when the surprise I was under allowed me to have a thought at all, and yet even had I the chance I do not believe I could have pulled a trigger on those boys. I think you could not in cold blood, either. They have all been with you often and always true and loyal."

"Yes," groaned the younger. "Yet think of our having to go on board and report that we have lost our boat and nine men and never saw the enemy. I believe I would rather have been taken to them."

"Yes," said the other disconsolately; "but the Yankee fellows would certainly have had the laugh on us. Look about for some dry wood to make a fire. The lookout aboard will notice that, and we can get in front of the light and signal with a handkerchief on a sword. I know our lost crew will not tell the Yanks where they left us."

"But," suggested the younger officer, "suppose there happened to be a Yankee boat on a scout and their men, seeing the light, should pick us up. How does that strike you?"

"You are right. We will wait until it is light, and then our lookout on board can make us out with the glass."

In the early morning two young men could be seen mounting to the deck of the Confederate States steamship —, being received not only by the officer of the deck and quartermaster, but the entire crew seemed to be on deck to do them honor.

The senior saluted the officer of the deck, "I have come on board, sir," and the junior did likewise.

The first lieutenant came up. "Gentlemen, please come below," leading the way. The report was to be made in the captain's cabin.

The matter was explained by the elder C— to the first lieutenant in the captain's hearing. Then the captain said: "Young gentlemen, you will go to your quarters."

As the door was not closed, they heard the captain add: "Mr. —, in the light of the fact of the loss of the Selma's boat some time ago with two officers and entire crew, it would seem that such a conspiracy could not have been hatched on board this ship without your knowledge."

C— junior whispered to C— senior: "We save our officers, at any rate."

"You be d—d," said the outraged superior in reply.

"We will draw the curtain upon the reception of these two gallant young officers given by their messmates."

The colored parson was discoursing on Daniel in the lions' den. At the conclusion of his sermon he roared: "Now, kin enny o' you sinners tell me why de lion didn't eat Dan'ul?" Nobody answered. "Wal, Ah'll tell yer, yer ornery bunch o' onbelievers," he yelled. "'Twas 'cos the most o' him wuz backbone an' th' rest wuz grit."

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF PATRIOTISM.

(Heb. xi. 37-40.)

[A sermon preached before the Hollywood Memorial Association of Richmond, Va., in the Seventh Street Christian Church on Sunday night, the 30th of May, 1909, by Rev. H. D. C. MacLachlan.]

At this place and time our thoughts are turned in two directions, toward God and toward the past history of a great people. On one hand we would glorify the "divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," and on the other we would cherish that spirit of lofty patriotism which also "cometh down from the Father of light." Between these two ideals there is, however, no conflict. God is honored in the love of country. The flag "faded and blackened in the battle flame" is a religious symbol. Memorial Day is a sacrament and every tribute to the mighty dead a sacrifice to the God of truth and freedom.

So at least thought the writer of this epistle. Whether he be the apostle Paul or no, he is at least a Hebrew of the Hebrews. He loves his country with a passionate devotion. There is not a passage in its history that does not stir his heart to the depths. At the same time he is a man of religion. He believes in God and his gracious purposes. He reads the past history of his people by the lamp of faith. The muster roll of its heroes is his calendar of saints. He loves to think of them as at once serving God and country and even in defeat fulfilling the high purposes of heaven through their faith. He does not measure success by numbers nor truth by the brute fact of majorities. He is not afraid of the *brutum fulmen*, which is the great terror of lesser souls. He interprets temporal disaster as merely temporary disaster when the cause is just. He glories in battles lost as much as in battles won. For him there is something mightier than might, right; something livelier than life, death in a righteous cause; something more victorious than victory, defeat with the banner of truth still held aloft in the hands of death for the rallying of the faithful in generations yet unborn.

"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (Of whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

Between the retrospect of this ancient Hebrew and ours to-night there is a striking parallel. Out yonder in Hollywood you have been placing the sweet spring flowers on the graves of your country's heroes, making their last resting place beautiful with the soft touch of love; so does he lay the flowers of an impassioned eloquence on the graves of his mighty dead with a pen that buds and blossoms on the sacred page. Here to-night you are thinking of the things that might have been, but were not; of the last heroic days of the Confederacy, when starvation and decrepitude opened the gates of the city against which the mailed hand had knocked for four long years in vain. So does he look back upon the defeat of his people's hopes, his beloved Israel scattered, Jerusalem in the hands of aliens. But just as he reached a vantage ground where he could see that the spirit of the

patriarchs and prophets was still alive in spite of Babylon and Macedonia and Rome, so may you to-night know that the spirit of the Old South—all that was best and truest purged from the dross of it—has survived the dark days of defeat and is still moving on from victory to victory.

One element of that spirit is faith. "They all having obtained a good report through faith." What is faith? It is belief in the unseen realities of life. It is devotion to principle as against worldly success and advancement. It is endurance of hardship for the sake of that which brings no earthly reward.

When General Lee on the eve of war declined the flattering offer of the administration to make him General Scott's successor as head of the Federal forces and, though privately opposed to secession as a political expedient, turned his back without a tear on that prospect of military and political distinction and elected instead to walk with his own people the path of difficulty, abnegation, and, it might be, death, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," that was faith.

When President Davis in his farewell speech in the Senate said, severing the bonds which for years had united him to a republic that he loved second only to Mississippi, "The reverse"—the policy of compulsion—"may bring disaster on every portion of the country, and, if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers, who saved them from the power of the lion, to protect us from the ravages of the bear, and thus, putting our trust in God and in our firm hearts and strong arms, we will vindicate the right as best we may," that was faith.

When the women of the Confederacy, with a courage and constancy that have never been surpassed, bore without murmur the hardships inflicted on them by a foe that did not always refrain from making war on women, when all over the Southland, on the plantations and in the cities, soft white hands that had never known a needle's prick stitched ceaselessly socks and trousers and jackets of gray for the fathers and husbands and brothers and sons shivering in the trenches, consecrating every coarse garment with the litany of tears, that was faith.

Faith was the guiding star of the Confederate cause. I am aware that this is neither the place nor time to reopen old political controversies, of which through oft repetition you have long since grown weary. Yet, perhaps, being a native of another country, I may be pardoned for repeating some of the old familiar things on the ground that the point of view of one who, by birth and early training at least, is an outsider may give anew significance even to the old threadbare arguments. I say, therefore, that the cause of the Southern States was rooted and grounded in faith, in devotion to the unseen. The point at issue was not one of bare political economy, still less of personal property. It was loyalty to principles which sire had handed down to son through countless generations, the very warp and woof of Southern civilization. The election of President Lincoln was not the cause; it was the occasion merely of secession. Secession to many of the Southern people became then a sacred duty, as sacred as the Bill of Rights or the driving out of the Stuart kings, a question of fundamental human right, of the liberty for which the blood of the Anglo-Saxon had been spilled from the days of Magna Charta until their own. They were not playing for power or political dominance. They exercised only what they and their forefathers believed was the inalienable right of every State—the right

of secession from a compact which they had entered into voluntarily and from which they believed they had the right to withdraw just as voluntarily whenever it ceased to conserve the highest interests of any of the contracting parties. They were not rebels; they were patriots. They felt that they were not alone. They never doubted for a moment that they were one with the great company of liberators, with Pym and Hampden and Cromwell and the seven bishops and Washington and Patrick Henry. There was no break. The army of the faithful was one, and they were only its latest recruits, fighting under the same old flag the same eternal battle of liberty.

Without faith what could their half-fed, half-clothed, less than half-equipped forces have accomplished against the sleek and comfortable millions of the North? Without faith the war must have ended before it had well begun. But with faith what a difference! It was faith that prolonged that struggle beyond the calculations of the shrewdest observers both of this country and of Europe. It was faith, not numbers, that drove McClellan to the James and won First and Second Manassas and Chancellorsville and Chickamauga. It was faith, incarnated in that royal representative of Southern chivalry and soldiery, that kept Grant with his overwhelming odds "fighting it out"; not "along this line," as he said he would, but along the line that Lee, by his superior strategy, compelled him to fight it all that terrible summer—yes, and winter too—from the first battle of the Wilderness to the last heroic days around Petersburg. It was faith that enabled thirty-five thousand men, ragged and famine-stricken—a quarter of a pound of rancid bacon and a little meal their daily ration until this was reduced to one-sixth and that again to a handful of parched corn when the railroads broke down and left the bacon and meal piled by the tracks in Georgia and the Carolinas—men shelterless in their trenches while winter poured down its remorseless snows and sleets, enduring the ceaseless fire of mortar batteries, clutching with frozen fingers the musket barrels that kept Grant's veterans hiding in their bombproofs—it was faith, I say, that enabled that gaunt yet defiant remnant to hold at bay for four long months an army of one hundred and twenty-four thousand men, brave and superbly equipped, flushed with success and confident of victory.

What but faith could have accomplished that miracle of military endurance triumphant over inestimable odds? Can such a faith ever die? Did it not strike fire even in the hearts of its opponents when Grant and Lee met to adjust the conditions of surrender at Appomattox and when the troops of Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, gave that soldierly salute to Gordon's ragged veterans as they marched past to stack their arms? Does it not live to-day in that high idealism and devotion to principle which, underneath all the moral and economic evils of our time, still lives at the heart of the American people? Is not patriotism a deeper and stronger thing to-day because Lee and Jackson and Beauregard and Hill and Davis and Stephens were patriots? No, the blood of the South was not shed in vain. The faith that once rallied the flower of Southern chivalry to arms is triumphant still in peace, amid other scenes, with other problems, but the same eternal faith. From Canada to the Mexico line, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Slope, all Americans, be they of North or South or East or West, are nobler and more faithful men to-day, truer to themselves, their country, and their God, because the soil of the Southern States was once drenched with Southern blood.

Not only was this a war of faith; it was also a war of steadfastness. I use that word in preference to courage. Courage is often of the body; steadfastness is of the soul. Courage is fired by the contagion of the battle and rises higher with the snap of the rifle and the hiss of the shell and the wild tumult of the charge; but steadfastness burns as brightly in the silent watches of the night as in the clash of arms. Courage may be turned into panic; but steadfastness, though it may retreat, never runs away. Courage wins battles; steadfastness wins campaigns. With courage alone the Southern cause was lost from the beginning; with steadfastness it had to be starved into defeat. The difference between the soldiers of the North and South was not so much that the latter were braver than the former—both were brave and could match heroism with heroism—but that the soldiers of the South were more steadfast, more heroically stubborn of the cause which they had espoused.

As an illustration of what I mean, take the incident of Fort Pitt in the siege of Vicksburg. As long as it was only a matter of sortie and repulse, storm and defense, courage, fed on the clash of arms, was sufficient to sustain Pemberton's imprisoned troops. But there came the time when Grant, despairing of carrying the work by direct assault, began to drive a tunnel under Fort Pitt. His operations were known to the defenders. As regiment after regiment was assigned to the post of danger, they knew that at any moment the crater might break forth beneath their feet and hurl them, bleeding and mangled, into eternity. It was one thing to meet the enemy in open fight, to face a danger that they could see, and go out even to certain death in the shock of charge and countercharge; but to grapple with an unseen foe, to wrestle not with flesh and blood, but with the elemental forces of nature in the hands of a remorseless enemy, "to walk the silent parapets in the gloom of night above a magazine of death which they knew was beneath them, to stand in line along the battlements, with only the dull tread of the sentinel sounding in the darkness, while their imagination pictured the terrors of explosion which was coming to pass that night, perhaps that hour or that moment or the next"—this was not courage merely; this was the steadfastness of the doomed, who in the very shadow of a mysterious death will not flinch nor fail. Nearer and nearer came the tunnel. Under the fortress old mother earth had received into her bosom tons upon tons of powder ready for the signal of destruction. At last it came. The earth shook as though a hundred demons had been unchained, the hills vibrated, and Fort Pitt and its gray-clad defenders were hurled high and far into the night. No, it was not courage merely that during all these weeks stood on that guard of death; it was the steadfastness of men who would not desert their post, though hell itself were gathering beneath their feet.

I speak of this because the spirit of the defenders of Fort Pitt was the spirit of the Southern people. From the beginning the clearer heads among them had never been oversanguine of success. They knew the difficulties, the tremendous odds against them. They knew that ultimate success did not depend upon a few brilliant victories on the field, but on the material resources of their people and their ability to impress the civilized world with the justness of their cause. Just before the surrender at Appomattox General Pemberton reports General Lee as saying he had "never believed that with the vast powers against us we would win our independence unless we were aided by foreign powers." That was a feeling shared at least by many Virginians who,

living closer to the North, had a better understanding of its immense resources than their brethren of the more southerly States. The brilliant exploits of Jackson in the Valley and the long succession of victories from the Seven Days' fighting to the second invasion of Maryland, broken only by the drawn battle of Sharpsburg, might revive the hopes of the Confederacy for a while; but those at the seat of government and the generals on the field in their calmer moments knew very well that unless some brilliant and decisive victory could be gained on Northern soil it was only a question of time before the Confederacy, already cut off by the blockade from the markets of Europe, would be hemmed in on the west and south by a line of Northern troops extending practically from Washington City to New Orleans and thus, being cut off from the wheat fields and cattle prairies of the West, be starved, if not beaten, into submission.

Had Sharpsburg or Gettysburg been other than drawn battles, there might have been hope for the cause of independence; but it was not to be. The first, second, third, and fourth days of July, 1863, virtually decided the fate of the Southern arms. During the first three all hope of a decisive victory on Northern soil was dashed in the repulse at Gettysburg, and on the fourth Grant received the surrender of Pemberton's gallant legions at Vicksburg. From that time on it became more and more evident that the end was only a matter of time. The battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Second Cold Harbor, and the few temporary successes farther south might postpone the inevitable for a few months, even a year; but none knew better than General Lee that in the defense of Richmond the line of gray was going to be "stretched until it was broken." And yet never once during all that desperate encounter did the flame of Southern patriotism grow pale; and even at the end, when there was no hope, there was not a Southern man that did not feel as General Lee did when, in answer to a suggestion that negotiations be opened with General Grant, he said: "We have too many bold men to think of laying down our arms." That was not courage merely, I repeat; it was the spirit of Fort Pitt "writ large"; it was the steadfastness of men who knew no impossibilities and acknowledged no defeats.

But, you say, all that steadfastness was spent in vain. Not so! No godlike thing is ever in vain. The spirit of those bitter yet glorious days is a national heritage. It is graven in the annals of this country with pen of steel on rock of adamant. It is wrought into the character of the whole people. Sectional once, it has passed through its baptism of blood and become as broad and deep as the foundations of the republic. It has given to the world a proof that men can still live and die in the true stoic spirit of Matthew Arnold's lines:

"Charge once more then and be dumb,
Let the victors when they come—
When the forts of folly fall—
Find your body by the wall."

And this is its bequest to you, men of the Southland, that the generation rising in your midst—the sons of these noble sires—are to-day more steadfast in duty and more tenacious of the right against every plea of self-interest and expediency because in the former days their fathers

"Marched breast forward,
Never doubted dawn would break;
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

One other thought our text suggests, the continuity of the old with the new. The writer of this epistle stands at the opening of a new era. The light of dawn irradiates his face as he reads the past history of his country, and his whole book is an effort to show how the new order of things is, in some sense at least, a fulfillment and completion of the old.

So is it with you to-day. There is a past that is gone and a future that is at your doors. Toward that past and that future there are three possible attitudes, two of which are wrong and one is right. The first is to live in the past, to bivouac on the grave of olden achievement, to circle ceaselessly round the extinguished camp fires of yesterday while the great world's caravan moves on without us. The second is to live only in the future, to cut ourselves off from the glories of the past, to live as sons without sires, as a people without an inheritance. The third is to make the past live once again in the present, to take of the old-time virtues—the faith and valor and courtesy of the days "before the war"—and prove to the world that the days of chivalry are not past and that even in this commercial age there are higher things than dollars and a holier thing than success. It has often been said, but it is so true that it will bear repetition, that at Appomattox the sun of an older civilization which had served the world's needs for centuries set in a sea of glory. What then? The change has come. Is it for good or ill? Who shall tell? Sometimes it seems as if with the passing of the Confederacy Southern ideals were passing too and life even here in the Southland was being reduced to the full-dinner-pail basis and a scramble for the spoils, and I do not wonder when I hear some old "unreconstructed" warrior occasionally cry out: "O for an hour of Davis or of Lee!" And yet this I know, that, come what may, it is the sacred duty of every Southern youth and maiden so to live in public and private life that the virtues of the olden days shall live again in the new and that the very methods of trade itself shall be ennobled by the spirit of the Old South—the spirit of care for the weak by the strong, of the personal bond between master and servant stronger than any wage nexus whatsoever, of the gentle art of being ladies and gentlemen, of chivalry to women and honor between men, of the old-fashioned courtesy which takes time to be polite—that spirit born in the purple which is the most precious of all the legacies which your fathers left you when they sealed their testimony with their blood.

One figure rises supreme over all that ruin of the past. It is that of a warrior whose hair is white with the snows of many winters, but whose "eye is not dim nor his natural strength abated"; choosing to walk the rugged path of duty even into the blackest night with old Virginia; bearing vicariously through all these bitter years the burdens and agonies of his country; crossing his Brook Kedron to Gethsemanes and Calvaries for them, yet never losing the deep calm of a soul anchored to the eternal things; as humble as a peasant, yet as magnanimous as a prince; giving away the glories that rightly belonged to him and taking blame upon himself when least deserved; saying after Chancellorsville, "It was Jackson who did it," and after Gettysburg, "Tell Pickett it was all my fault"; a soldier the greatest of his century, second to none in any century, as magnificent in retreat as in advance, in strategy as in execution; a citizen whose patriotism was a religion; a public servant who did his duty without thought of honor or reward; serving as faithfully when he was reorganizing the coast defenses of Georgia and

the Carolinas as when he was commander in chief of all the Confederate forces; a Churchman whose last public act was to guarantee his rector's salary out of his own feeble purse; a man of God whose every act, public and private, was done "as in the great Taskmaster's eye"—the stainless, unconquerable, incomparable Lee.

Still may he lead you on to victory, men of the South, on the battle fields of the spirit where evil is entrenched and God's bugles blow for the attack. Still may the "Rebel yell" be heard as you charge once more, not "against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

COMPILED BY MRS. EMMA M. MAFFITT, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CHAPTER, U. D. C.

On April 11 Captain Maffitt, who had continued to run the blockade, bringing in arms, ammunition, clothing, and necessities for the Confederacy, was ordered to the command of the Nassau (late Gordon), his duties being the same. He continued in command of the Gordon, of Nassau, until May 4, 1862, when he made his last trip in her.

"On May 4 at 4 P.M. I arrived in Nassau with the Gordon.
* * * At 11 P.M. Mr. Low, provisional master C. S. N., came to my room in private and informed me that he had come over on the Confederate gunboat Oreto and at the same time handed me a letter from Commander J. D. Bulloch, requesting that I would at once assume command and send Mr. Low back. Captain Bulloch stated that Commander North, of the navy, to whom Mr. Mallory had assigned the command, had declined it, and he requested that I would immediately take charge and hasten to sea before the government authorities became exercised as to her character and ultimate occupation. Lieutenant Low informed me that the Oreto had been anchored for some time at Cockran's anchorage, nine miles east of Nassau, where her position was daily becoming perilous and precarious. Fully appreciating the necessity for prompt action, I immediately surrendered the Gordon and informed Adderly & Co., to whom the Oreto was consigned, that as a Southern officer it was my duty to become the custodian of the lone Confederate waif upon the waters until the pleasure of the Navy Department should be expressed. By the Kate, Cambria, and Nassau, blockade runners, I wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, giving full information in regard to the Oreto and of the course which a sense of duty had caused me to adopt and requested, should he confirm me in the command, that he would send without delay experienced lieutenants and other necessary officers, besides funds, to enable me to get the Oreto out of Nassau with promptness and dispatch, as her warlike construction and equivocal position were calculated to arouse suspicion and through the agency of Federal spies cause investigation and consequent arrest.

"The response to my letter brought three inexperienced young officers, strangers to the sea, with instructions for me, in the event of the nonarrival of Captain North, to assume command, equip, fit out, and immediately proceed to sea as a Confederate cruiser. From Lieutenant Stribling, who had just arrived from England *en route* for home, I learned that North had positively declined the command; consequently my status in regard to the Oreto became defined. The position at once involved me in anxiety and trouble, as through

the representations of the American consul the commander of Her Britannic Majesty's ship Greyhound, under the rulings of the Foreign Enlistment Act, had for the third time arrested the Oreto and had now placed her in the court of admiralty. * * *

"A few days after this Captain Semmes, Lieutenant Kell, Dr. Galt, and Lieutenant Howell arrived in the Maleta steamer; then the rumor that the Sumter, Semmes and officers, had come to take the Oreto became prevalent. Fortunately, my name was never connected with the vessel. I handed Captain Semmes his orders to return to England and take command of the Alabama, and about the 21st he sailed for England. * * *

"Trusting that the evidence would not be sufficient to condemn the steamer, I, with the intelligent assistance of Mr. J. B. Lafitte, of Charleston, S. C., then connected with the house of Frazier, Trenholm & Co., commenced (*sub rosa*, of course) to secure an armament and all adjuncts that were requisite for the efficient equipment of a man-of-war. The complacent order to equip, fit out, and proceed on a cruise of aggression, as though a navy yard and enlisting rendezvous were at my disposal, clearly indicated that the Navy Department had failed to properly consider the very many obstacles and difficulties that surrounded me at Nassau. In a British port, restrained by the queen's neutrality proclamation and the stringent foreign enlistment law, with its severe penal enactments, not to mention Federal detective espionage, the want of officers, men, and money—all these hampered to my proceedings were constantly springing up from ambush like the armed men of Rhoderick Dhu.

"Nevertheless, I hoped on, worked on with a zealous determination that at all hazards I would faithfully guard the interests of the Confederacy in this its first constructed bantling of the billows. In my extremity the chivalric Stribling, who had served on the Sumter with Semmes, relinquished his leave of absence and gallantly came to the rescue by volunteering his services. Joyfully were they accepted, admirable was the succor, for no such could be obtained in Nassau. June and July passed in a wearisome state of uncertainty and secret labor. A summer in Nassau is no paradise, particularly when one's mind is hourly exercised by anxiety.

"About the 20th of July yellow fever in its worst form became an epidemic. The first victim was my young friend Lieutenant Brown, of the 4th West India Regiment, as high-toned a little gentleman as ever lived. Other friends fell victims to this dread disease, and much of my time was employed in nursing the afflicted. At last the August term of the Vice Admiralty Court arrived. On August 7 the courtroom was crowded. The Oreto underwent her trial. It was clearly proved that she left England unarmed and unequipped and had continued so during her stay in Nassau. At twelve o'clock Judge Lee gave his decision, and she was released from bondage. On the following day the verdict was recorded, papers made out for any Confederate port, and at 11 A.M. she steamed out of the harbor to the outer anchorage. At 4 P.M. I went on board with Lieutenant Stribling, Master (Acting Lieutenant) Bradford, Acting Master Floyd, Midshipman Bryant, Engineers Spidell, Scott, Quinn, and J. Sully, Acting Marine Officer Wyman, Acting Paymaster J. Laurens Read, Clerk L. Vogel, and a few men.

"Lieutenant Stribling returned to take charge of the tender with arms, stores, etc., and ship such men as could be obtained. On the following day the Cuyler, a Federal gunboat,

came and ran all around us, when the Petrel, Captain Watson, immediately went out and ordered her in the harbor or to go without the marine limits. That night the Petrel gave me a hawser, and we hung on by it, as we had not men enough to weigh our anchor. At twelve or a little after we dropped quietly down under the shadow of the land until off the west end of the island, when we steamed to the southward. At one o'clock we fell in with the Prince Alfred, a schooner, Lieutenant Stribling, and took her in tow. At 3 P.M. on the following day we anchored one and three-quarter miles west-southwest of Green Key, a desolate, uninhabited islet some ninety miles to the southward of New Providence.

"Then commenced a task more difficult and painfully laborious than anything my wide experience had ever encountered. Our crew consisted of twenty-two all told, in place of the proper complement of one hundred and thirty. There was a deficit among the officers of two lieutenants, sailing master, surgeon, paymaster, one engineer, five midshipmen, boatswain, and gunner. With this inadequate force, two rifle 7-inch and six 6-inch guns, with carriages, powder, shot, shell, general equipment and stores, were to be hoisted on board. However, no one murmured. Officers and men stripped to the buff and went to work, while the broiling tropical sun of August blistered and burned their exposed persons. On the second day one of the men sickened and in eight hours died. As he had while in Nassau dissipated to excess, this sudden winding up of his earthly career was attributed to that cause, though the yellow appearance of the corpse excited in my mind grave misgivings. We buried him on the rocky islet and resumed our Herculean task, which continued for seven days. On the eighth we rested from sheer prostration.

"At length our task was finished, the guns mounted and in position, the anchor weighed, and with tender in tow we steamed away from the lone rock sentinel. After the establishment of general order, the guns were run in for loading. An exclamation of despair from Stribling attracted my attention. 'What is the difficulty?' I inquired.

"'Good heavens, Captain, we are ruined! In the haste and secrecy of loading the tender rammers, sponges, sights, locks, beds, and quoins have all been left in Nassau. The battery, sir, is impotent without these essentials, and we have no means of temporary substitution.'

"The misfortune was indeed deplorable, though slightly relieved by the completeness of our pivot guns. When we passed through the Queen's Channel the tender was cast off, the English colors hauled down, and with loyal cheers for the Florida we flung the Confederate banner to the breeze. Alas, poor Florida! Beautiful in model, warlike in guns, the absence of important essentials despoiled the reality and left her afloat, the mere typical representation of what a gallant cruiser should be.

"This our first day of assumed nationality proved wondrously beautiful. The bright tropical sun shone, but the softest of trade winds cooled the atmosphere and invigorated all hands for judicious organization and ingenious application of limited means into some tangible form of naval efficiency. These duties were not accomplished until night. Setting the watch and directing the course to be steered, I obeyed the dictates of nature and retired to rest. From uneasy dreams I was aroused at daylight to visit two of the men who were reported ill. Premonitions of an approaching yellow fever epidemic cast its shadow over my mind. Having no physician on board, that duty devolved upon me, and after administer-

ing to the sick I repaired to the quarter-deck. Nervously I paced it, vainly striving to conquer despondency as I contemplated the overwhelming responsibilities that were charged upon my official position. The fact of being afloat, I knew, would excite extraordinary expectations, and to fail under any circumstances involved professional extinction. These gloomy reveries were interrupted by delirious cries from the sick men. Hastening to their bedsides, I found them raving mad with fever. A survey of their condition confirmed my worst apprehensions, for it conveyed the dreadful intelligence that the pestilential tyrant of the tropics had invaded the Florida. Thus were we assailed by an element of impotence more terrible to encounter than all that was endured in our past physical struggle.

"Intrusting to Stribling alone the melancholy information, we determined, if possible, to conceal the appearance of the epidemic, with the delusive hope that the cases might prove sporadic. In the absence of a regular physician, the medical duties of the steamer as a necessity devolved upon me, and throughout the anxious day the requisitions on my ability were constant. The trade wind freshened, and the hope was indulged that the pure ocean air would disinfect the vessel and relieve her from the malaria of the fell disease. Alas! there was no balm in Gilead. By sundown more than half the crew, with two officers, were added to the sick list. The character of the affliction could no longer be concealed. An epidemic on shore invariably produces panic. The well can obtain safety in flight or at least free themselves from its constant, terrible presence; but at sea, imprisoned without the possibility of escape, within the confines of the vessel, there is no relief from the howls of the delirious, the death-heralding black vomit, or the pinched and yellow countenances of those who have ceased to suffer and are reluctantly manipulated by their surviving shipmates as the hammock shroud and ponderous shot are arranged for the final plunge into that ocean of rest, the seaman's uncoffined grave.

"Reluctantly the idea of cruising was abandoned; a harbor of refuge had become a necessity. Cuba was in sight and Cardenas, a familiar port, not far distant. Shaping the course in conformity with the obligations involved in my responsibility, we eluded the numerous cruisers and at midnight, August 19, anchored at Cardenas, our force having been reduced by the epidemic to one fireman and two seamen.

"On the 20th I dispatched Lieutenant Stribling and Mr. Vesterling to Havana to obtain medical aid and nurses. By this time the quarter-deck had been converted into a hospital, where at all hours of the day and night my presence was required, for there were none to aid, none to relieve me from the exhausting demand upon my medical attention to the sick and dying. A communication was addressed to the Governor of Cardenas soliciting the aid of a physician. The response was couched in the most courteous of hyperbolic Spanish, but ingeniously equivocal. I was politely reminded of the queen's neutrality proclamation, particularly by citing the injunctions against increasing military equipment, recruiting, or remaining in port longer than twenty-four hours.

"Disgusted with this abnegation of the ordinary manifestations of humanity, I resolved to give no further heed to national laws or official mandates, but let fate do her worst and battle with our misfortunes courageously to the bitter end. * * * There is a limit beyond which human ability is incapable of passing. The overwhelming duties and responsibilities that had been forced upon me reduced me physically to that terminus of endurance.

"At four o'clock on August 22, while giving medicine to the sick, I was seized with a heavy chill, pain in my back and limbs, and dimness of vision. The painful conviction was forced upon me that I was boarded with the fever. I sent for Mr. Floyd and Mr. Wyman and gave full directions in regard to the duties of the vessel, ordered a physician sent for, and the sick sent to the hospital. Knowing that fever always affected my brain, I did all that I thought necessary with promptness, even directing the medicine and care of the sick for the night. I took a warm mustard bath and used other remedies."

His sufferings for a week were intense, after which time reason returned slowly, and he found three medical savants of Cardenas, whom kind friends had summoned to his couch. Their opinion, openly expressed, was that their patient could not survive beyond meridian. It was then twenty minutes after nine o'clock. The Captain, hearing this, was roused into an emphatic denial, asserting that he had too much to do and could not afford to die.

"This determination to live (for in sickness there is vitality in individual will) acted like a charm upon my system. By the interposition of Divine Providence the message of death was arrested.

"When my mind regained normal condition, I expressed a desire to see the young gentlemen who had shared with me the trials and dangers through which we had passed. The invitation was promptly accepted, and I was soon surrounded by these noble young men. Several had paid toll at the half-way house, but had speedily retraced their steps on the road to health. There was one beloved form missing which in the early days of my illness was never absent from my couch. 'Where,' I nervously inquired, 'is my beloved son Laurens?' Every countenance saddened, and for a time none responded. Finally I learned that he had died the day before and had that morning been buried while I was unconscious and supposed to be passing into eternity. Appreciating the grief that oppressed me, the young men left me to regain composure.

"John Laurens Read was a noble youth, a native of Charleston, S. C., and sixteen years of age. Well born (Henry Laurens, of Revolutionary fame, being his great-grandfather), he possessed the noble characteristics of the purest and most patriotic days of the country and was much beloved by his brother officers. This blow came so heavily upon me as nearly to produce a relapse.

"August 30.—Poor Mr. Seeley (John), our third assistant engineer, and three men departed this life about the same hour. Mr. Floyd is down with the fever and also Midshipman Sinclair. Mr. Wyman, though quite sick, was taken while on shore, and Mr. John Cacho, a native of Port Mahon, kindly took him to his house, where he was attended with such care that his case was a mild one. Stribling returned with a Georgia physician and fourteen nonenlisted laborers, the neutrality laws utterly precluding the possibility of procuring seamen. Dr. Barrett, of Georgia, a warm-hearted man, had volunteered for the vessel, giving up an excellent situation in the government hospital in Havana in order to show his devotion to the South in this time of need. Marshal Surano, the Governor General of Cuba, telegraphed a request for me to proceed to Havana, as there were no forts in Cardenas, and a rumor had reached him of an intent on the part of the Yankees to cut us out. The port was already completely blockaded in anticipation of my departure.

"August 31.—Committed our dead to their mother earth and settled all bills prior to departing for Havana. It was

whispered about that we were leaving, and the American consul dispatched a swift craft to inform the Federal squadron. At 8 P.M. the Spanish mail boat for Havana left and when outside was chased by the Federals, who fired shot and shell at her until she entered the harbor of Matanzas. They mistook her for the Florida; consequently at 9:30 we sailed and ran along the coast unmolested.

"On September 1 at 11:30 A.M. we entered the harbor of Havana and were soon thronged with visitors whose curiosity outweighed all dread of yellow jack. We were kept under a strict surveillance, and all our ingenuity could not produce a piece of timber long and large enough to be molded into rammers and spongers. It had become evident that the Florida would have to enter a Confederate port to be outfitted and properly equipped. This conviction determined me to sail for Mobile, which I learned had a smaller blockading force on duty than any other Southern port. So at 9 P.M. we sailed, avoiding the enemy's fleet gathered off the Moro by running some distance close in shore.

"On the 1st of September, 1862, we steamed out of Havana and made a direct course for Mobile Bay, and at 4 P.M. on the 4th we sighted Fort Morgan and two steamers, evidently blockaders, hastening to contest our entrance. Though still quite feeble, with assistance I was enabled to repair on deck and reconnoiter the situation. Lieutenant Stribling suggested that, under the circumstances of our crippled condition and inability to offer resistance, it would be advisable to stand off again and defer the attempt to enter the harbor until darkness should mantle our movements. This proposition I rejected, as the draft of the Florida did not permit of dalliance with the shoals; nor was there any surety of finding the channel without the aid of the lighthouse, which had been dismantled.

"'But, sir,' said Lieutenant Stribling, 'in this attempt we cannot avoid passing close to the blockade squadron, the result of which will be our certain destruction.'

"'The hazard is certainly very great, but it cannot be avoided. We will hoist the English colors as a *ruse de guerre* and boldly stand for the commanding officer's ship. The remembrance of the Trent affair may perhaps cause some deliberation and care before the batteries are let loose upon us. Four minutes of hesitation on their part may save us.' Moreover, having decided, regardless of hazards, to run the blockade, there was no time for hesitation, but dash ahead, trusting to fortune and a clean pair of heels.

"The English colors were set, and under a full head of steam we boldly stood for the flagship. The Oneida, Captain Preble, of ten guns, made an effort to cut us off, but I sheered toward him; and, finding that he would be run down, he backed, giving me a momentary advantage. When about some eighty yards distant from her, she fired a warning gun and ordered us to heave to, evidently deceived by our general appearance and bold approach into the belief that we were English. We paid no attention to the signal or command, but continued to press vigorously on. A second shot passed over our bow, when immediately their whole broadside was poured into us, the effect of which was to carry away some of our hammock nettings and much of our standing and running rigging. Had their guns been depressed, the career of the Florida would have ended then and there. The example of the Oneida was instantly followed by the other two ships of the squadron, and their fierce fusillade was hurled with the resolute determination of destroying the Confederate. In truth, so terrible became the bombardment that

every hope of escape fled from my mind. One gunboat opened on my port bow, the other on our port quarter, and the cannonading became rapid and precise.

"Having passed the Oneida, I gave a starboard helm to bring the gunboats in line and escape by this range the fire of one of them, for this grouping around me bade fair to send the little Florida to the bottom. One 11-inch shell from the Oneida passed through the coal bunkers on the port side, struck the port forward boiler, and, entering among the men on the berth deck, wounded nine men and took off the head of James Duncan. Duncan was captain of the main top and one of our best men. If the shell had exploded, which it failed to do, no doubt we would have lost every man on the vessel, except the two men at the helm, as I had ordered all the crew below, they being exposed to no purpose on deck. The officers, of course, remained at their stations; and though subjected to constant storms of destructive missiles, they miraculously escaped. Immediately after this a shot from the Winona entered the cabin and passed through the pantry, and an 11-inch shell from the Oneida exploded close to the port gangway and seriously injured the vessel. The fire from this vessel increased in warmth and destruction.

"Finding that we did not distance the Federals rapidly, I sent men aloft to loose topsails and topgallant sails, and our sailors responded to the order with alacrity. As soon as they were seen on the yards all the gunboats commenced firing twenty-four shrapnel. The standing rigging was shot away, and we succeeded only so far as letting fall the topsails. Several men were wounded in the rigging, and one had the whole bottom of his foot taken off by a shrapnel shot and afterwards died from tetanus. The sheets and ties were shot away, so that I was not able to set the sails properly. At this moment I hauled down the English flag, under which we were sailing, and gave the order to one of the helmsmen to hoist the Confederate flag. At the time he was endeavoring to haul up the foot brail of the spanker and lost his forefinger with a shrapnel shot, so that my order in regard to the flag could not then be complied with. The halyards were shot away, but soon rose, and the Dixie flag floated in their faces. During all this time shell and shrapnel were bursting over and around us, the shrapnel striking the hull and the spars at almost every discharge.

"We made no effort at resistance, for, though armed, we were not at all equipped, having neither rammers, spongers, sights, quoins, nor elevating screws. Properly manned and equipped, the excitement of battle would have relieved the terrible strain upon our fortitude, which, nevertheless, sustained us through the withering assaults of a foe who were determined upon capture or destruction. The loud explosions, roar of shot and shell, crashing spars and rigging, mingled with the moans of our sick and wounded, instead of intimidating, only increased our determination to enter the destined harbor. Simultaneously two heavy shells entered our hull with a thud that caused a vibration from stern to stern. The 11-inch shell from the Oneida, which came in and passed along the berth deck, entered three inches above the water line; and if there had been any sea on, our bilge pumps could not have saved the vessel from sinking. Everything depended upon the engineers, and in that department the duty was performed with efficiency and zeal. Sharkey, captain of the forecastle, and Billips, quartermaster, were at the wheel during the cannonading and did well; in truth, every one acted well his part.

"Thus far we had borne the fierce assaults with the calm-

ness that oft befriends the victims of desperation; and as nothing vital had been injured, our gradual withdrawal from the close proximity of the guns of the enemy excited pleasurable hope. Finally we cleared the grouping circle, and the prospects of escape began to brighten. This the enemy observed, as more fiercely their efforts increased, more furiously roared their artillery, and denser became the black clouds from their smokestacks, as they fed their fires with rosin and other combustible material to increase their head of steam.

"Vain were these excessive exertions. Fate had carved out for the Florida a more extended career, and this baptism of fire christened the gallant craft as a Confederate torch-bearer on the ocean of public events. The shot and shell gradually fell short, and a gentle northeast wind lifted the cloudy curtain and exhibited the indignant Federals hauling off from the bar; while in the channel way, battered and torn, war-worn and weary, with her own banner floating in the breeze, the Florida in safety was welcomed to her anchorage by hearty cheers from the defenders of Fort Morgan.

"The dangers through which we had passed were unavoidable, our success a source of professional congratulation, and the reaction from overstrained anxiety to quiescent repose pleasurable beyond expression."

[To be continued.]

KILLED BY A RABBIT.

BY DR. R. A. SMITH, WHITE STONE, VA.

On the morning of July 21, 1863, our regiment, the 5th North Carolina State Troops, under Col. Duncan K. McRae, was ordered to double-quick across Bull Run and charge a battery which had been shelling us for more than twenty-four hours. We had not advanced more than a third of the distance when the order came to fall flat on the ground. Our colonel had learned that there were many thousands of Yankees between us and the battery. Young James Manning, of Company C, from Johnson County, stood behind a tree instead of obeying the order. A solid cannon ball weighing twelve pounds cut the tree down and cut him in two. He was the first man of our company killed.

Many of our men saw this shocking sight, and among them was the captain of a company from Wilson County, a wonderfully good man and a Methodist preacher. During the commotion a rabbit had been frightened out of his hiding place and was running hither and thither and at last jumped with all force against this captain's side. He whirled over and cried that a ball had killed him and asked his men to send his body home. They told him that nothing had touched him but a rabbit. This did not convince him, and he did his level best to die anyway. Failing in the effort, he just disappeared, and we never saw him again.

It was most natural after the war was over, in general conversation at home or in traveling, for the subject of war to come up. In the summer of 1868 I met some very pleasant gentlemen on the train and entered into conversation with them. One of them asked me in what command I had served; and when I told him he asked me if I knew anything of that rabbit scrape up there at Manassas, to which I responded in the affirmative, laughing heartily. He said: "Young man, that preacher is still living, but that rabbit affair will live long after he is gone."

If there are any of that company from Wilson County still living and should see this, I should like very much to hear from them.

"ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT"

Words by Lamar Fontaine.

Music by J.H. Hewitt.

MODERATO

qui...et a long the Po...to mac to-night" Ex...cept here and there a stray pick...et. Is

shot as he walks on his heart to and fro By a ri. So man hid in the thick...et. The

no thing a pri...vate or two now and then Will not count in the news of the bat...tle; Not on

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT. Concluded.

... our lost early one of the men Meaning out, all alone, the death rattle. "All

qui... et a long the Po... to ... man to ... night."

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night."

Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
And their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
And the light of the camp fires are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Thro' the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard o'er the army while sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
And their mother—"may Heaven defend her."

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then—
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low murmur'd vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off the tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to his breast,
As if to keep down the heart's swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
And his footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, thro' the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle! "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And his lifeblood is ebbing and plashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"

No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
"The Picket's" off duty forever.

IN THE YEARS 1861-62.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

Suffering and Struggling at Yorktown.—Gen. D. H. Hill, C. S. A., said: "Our Revolutionary forefathers did not suffer more at Valley Forge than did our army at Yorktown and in the retreat from it. Notwithstanding the rain, mud, cold, hunger, watching, and fatigue, I never heard a murmur nor witnessed a single act of insubordination. The want of discipline manifested itself only in straggling, which was and is the curse of our army." The General was talking carelessly about the suffering, but from the shoulder in regard to straggling, which was a curse to both armies.

Nearest Point to Richmond Reached in Peninsular Campaign.—General McClellan, on June 2, told the Secretary of War: "The result is that our left is now within four miles of Richmond, and I only wait for the river to fall to cross with the rest of the force and make a general attack." But the river never fell for "Mac."

Running Some.—A Yankee colonel said that the Confederates left Yorktown because they thought "a good run better than a bad stand." Another one reported that in the battle of Seven Pines "the road and fields on both sides of the road were thronged with flying regiments from the battle ground, two or three miles in front, through whose routed and disorderly mass I was compelled to force my way with bayonet and saber." Still another one said of this same fight: "My men were ordered to lie down to escape the murderous [by the way, a very common expression during the entire war] fire. And when in this position a brigade came up from the rear with rapid step and cheering most vociferously. They passed my command about fifty yards, received one volley; and the whole of them, running over the backs of my men lying down, passed to the rear and vanished." General Pickett, C. S. A., says of this same battle: "I proceeded through the thickets and undergrowth toward the railroad, when I was met by a party of Louisiana Zouaves (who had evidently been on a plundering expedition) rushing past me at a most headlong speed. One fellow, riding a mule with a halter, I seized on and demanded an explanation. He said the enemy were within a few yards of us and entreated me to let him save himself." Better to have said about you "There he goes" than "Here he lies."

Hot Air.—The commanding officer of artillery, C. S. A., after the affair of Madrid Bend, Mo., told his command: "The French soldiers prided themselves upon the battle of the Pyramids, and glory and honor were bestowed upon those who could say: 'I was present at the battle of the Pyramids.' Before many months elapse it will be deemed not less glorious among us to be able to show a name on the list of the heroes of March 17 and say: 'I was present at the attack upon the redan fort at Madrid Bend.'" These same men were in so many big fights later that this affair was soon forgotten.

Confusion Galore.—This same officer reported: "The guns were mounted with great dispatch, especially when we consider that everything had been piled upon the steamboats in such a way that upon landing here nothing could be found. The chassis of a gun would be at one point, the gun and carriage at another; the pintle blocks and pins had all been stowed away in a flatboat, and we had already made ourselves

such as we required when they were discovered. Such confusion I have never witnessed." The same thing happened in Charleston Harbor and various other places.

Some Congratulations.—General Halleck, U. S. A., wrote Gen. John Pope after the Confederate loss of Island No. 10: "I congratulate you and your command on your splendid achievement. It excels in boldness and brilliancy all other operations of the war. It will be memorable in military history and will be admired by future generations, and you deserve well of your country." This is where "Proclamation" got all swelled up, but General Lee eased his pain some in the second Manassas campaign.

Kultur.—Dabney H. Maury, C. S. A., wrote General Curtis, U. S. A.: "Many of our men who surrendered as prisoners of war have been murdered in cold blood by their captors, who are said to be Germans." General Schofield, U. S. A., told General Prentiss: "The only cavalry force now at my disposal is a battalion of Germans, utterly worthless for this kind of service. If I trust them out of my sight a moment, they will plunder and rob friend and foe alike. I have arrested two of the officers and have five of the men in irons. I have asked General Halleck to recall this battalion and send me civilized human beings in their stead." Enough said.

Northern Leaders.—President Davis wrote the Secretary of War: "The Federal forces are not hereafter, as heretofore, to be commanded by pathfinders (Fremont) and holiday soldiers, but by men of military education and experience in war. The contest is, therefore, to be on a scale of very different proportions from that of the partisan warfare witnessed during the past summer and fall." Our President was a military man and knew what he was talking about.

Nothing Doing.—An assistant quartermaster, U. S. A., asked another officer: "What does the government intend to do? This department has been neglected in every way. No funds, no nothing, and it doesn't seem as though we ever will get anything. I have written everywhere, and it avails nothing; and if my whole heart and soul were not in the cause, I would never write another word on the subject, but let matters float, I assure you; and a few days will prove my assertion that unless the government furnishes this department with funds the whole concern will sink so low that the day of resurrection only will raise it. Laborers have not been paid for six or seven months; don't care whether they work or not. Government owes everybody and everything. Liabilities more plentiful than Confederate script and worth less. Regiments arriving daily and nothing to supply them with, or no funds to buy or men to work; no transportation for ourselves or any one else." In other words, there was "h—l to pay and no pitch hot."

Proclamation.—General Sterling Price issued the following harangue to the citizens of Missouri on November 26, 1861: "Fellow Citizens: In June last I was called to the command of a handful of Missourians who nobly gave up home and comfort to espouse in that gloomy hour the cause of your bleeding country, struggling with the most causeless and cruel despotism known among civilized men. When peace and protection could no longer be enjoyed, your chief magistrate called for fifty thousand men to drive the invader from your soil. To that call less than five thousand respond-

ed out of a male population exceeding two million; only one in forty stepped forward to defend the cause of constitutional liberty and human rights. Where are those fifty thousand men? Are Missourians, then, no longer themselves? Are they a timid, time-serving, craven race fit only for subjugation to a despot? Awake, my countrymen, to a sense of what constitutes the dignity and true greatness of a free people! Come to the Army of Missouri, not for a week or a month, but to free your country.

"Strike till each armed foe expires!
Strike for your altars and your fires,
For the green graves of your sires.
God and your native land."

Do I hear your shouts? Is that your war cry which echoes through the land? Are you coming, fifty thousand men? Missouri shall move to victory with the tread of a giant? Come on, my brave boys! We await your coming." I don't know whether they came, but I do know that, of the two million fighters, two million fought either Yankees, Rebels, bushwhackers, jayhawkers, red-legs, pawpaws, or each other, and, in fact, Missouri never saw a dull minute for four years.

Bad Prophecy.—On April 5, 1862, General Halleck, U. S. A., said: "The great battle of the war is to be fought on the Tennessee River." Certainly he thought so, because he was in command in Tennessee at this time and was looking for a fight.

Opinion of Sabers.—General Schofield, U. S. A., reported: "Our men have no more use for a saber than a columbiad and yet are clamorous to get them." Only human nature.

Vegetarian Society.—A Federal major tells us that his command had camped overnight in the building of the "Vegetarian Society," one mile east of Camp Walker, Ark. This goes to show that there is nothing new under the sun.

Militant Surgeon.—Captain Griffith, 6th Texas Cavalry, said that his assistant surgeon did good duty as a soldier in the ranks until his presence was required with the wounded. That fellow was making a job for himself.

Posting Troops in Town.—Gen. John Pope, U. S. A., stated: "Posting troops in towns has very much the same effect as an issue of sugar and coffee to Dutch and Irish soldiers. What they never felt the want of before becomes a necessity and cannot possibly be dispensed with. Once station troops in these towns, and it becomes nearly impossible to get them away for any service without great clamor from the inhabitants, who profit in more ways than protection from their presence." "Out of the mouths of babes," etc.

Way of Fremont.—Quartermaster General M. C. Meigs, U. S. A., found that General Fremont had empowered a certain party to inspect horses for the government at a rate of two and one-half per cent per horse. As some twenty thousand were to be purchased in the following six weeks, this gentleman's fees would amount to about sixty thousand dollars, or ten thousand dollars per week; and on these terms it would cost three thousand dollars extra for mounting each regiment. There is nothing in the records to show who shared the spoils.

Victory or Death.—Gen. N. B. Buford, U. S. A., reported that his command captured at Island No. 10 three large flags,

all of silk and one of them with elegantly embroidered letters "Victory or Death." They surely knew something about safety first even in those days.

Arms Captured from Confederates at Roanoke Island, N. C.—A Union ordnance officer reported: "The small arms captured were generally of an inferior quality. They are principally smooth-bore muskets made at Harper's Ferry in 1832 and have either flintlocks or have been altered to percussion. Some of the enemy's troops were armed with fowling pieces, sporting rifles, and a motley collection of arms nearly useless for military purposes." And that was what we won the battle of Bull Run with.

Battery Used by General Taylor.—General Bee, C. S. A., said: "The battery used in the late fight of Corpus Christi, Tex., was thrown up by General Taylor in 1845 of shell and sand, which, being solid and impenetrable to thirty-two-pound shot, has proved an admirable defense." Old "Rough and Ready" builded well.

Nephew of Blucher in Southern Army.—General Bee also reported: "I have appointed P. Blucher Major of Engineers. He is a nephew of Marshal Blucher and an educated soldier." This was his first and last appearance.

Confederate Currency.—General Canby, U. S. A., stated: "The Confederate money [and unnecessarily added 'paper'] is selling at twenty cents on the dollar, and large amounts could be bought for less if there were any purchasers." And this in 1862!

All Europe Fighting.—Baron Egloffstein, colonel of the 103d New York, in a report mentions the following hyphenated Americans: Langner, Martinez, Grossman, Shuckart, Bopp, Mullner, Morgenstern, Musham, Krauter, Boecking, Memitz, Von Rotenberg, Ebner, Krauth, Wettstein, Schrag, Durr, Polguere, Hacker, Von Schmidt, Von Waldeck, Horst, Ohnesorg, Rieke, Glyckherr, Nagel, Leither, Zimmermann, and Baumann—mostly Dutch, but at least one Frenchman and Spaniard.

Grapevine.—General McClellan said: "We have from Rebel sources a rumor to the effect that T. W. Sherman has taken Savannah." Sherman did the trick two years later, however.

Weak in the Leg, But.—Maj. Dan Shea, C. S. A., reported from Texas: "I had the lady carried to a house in Saluria, and I am glad to state that what she lacks in strength in her lower extremities is concentrated in her upper. She cannot walk, but has good use of her tongue and has given me several items of interest." I will not say that the fair sex is not noted for silence.

A New Era in Maritime Warfare.—The Secretary of the United States Navy said that the conflict between the Monitor and the Merrimac opened "a new era in the history of maritime warfare." And he spoke a parable.

Doubts as to the Value of the Merrimac.—J. Bankhead Magruder, Major General C. S. A., wrote Gen. S. Cooper: "The Merrimac will make no impression in Newport News, in my opinion; and if she succeeds in sinking the ships lying there, it would do us little good; but if she had attacked the Baltic and other transports filled with troops, her success would have been certain and of incalculable benefit to us." Same old story—army vs. navy.

THE LAST ROLL

Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"I ask not,
When shall the day be done and rest come on?
I pray not
That soon for me the curse of toil be gone;
I seek not
A sluggard's couch with drowsy curtains drawn;
But give me
Time to fight the battle out as best I may,
And give me
Strength and place to labor still at evening's gray;
Then let me
Sleep as one who toils afield through all the day."

JOHN DAVID CAY.

John David Cay, the eldest son of Raymond Cay and Eliza Ann Stetson, died suddenly at his home, in Tallahassee, Fla., on the 3d of July, 1916. He was born September 17, 1840, in Liberty County, Ga.

He was a member of the Liberty Independent Troop, the next oldest military organization in the State of Georgia. When the War between the States broke out, he volunteered with his company for six months, afterwards reënlisting for the war. On regimental formation his troop became G of the 5th Georgia Cavalry, Anderson-Robertson Brigade, Wheeler's Corps. He served with his command in the States of Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina. He was captured a few days before the fall of Savannah, in December, 1864, and was a prisoner at Point Lookout until the following July. He served faithfully throughout the whole war, and the writer cannot recall that he was ever absent from his command by reason of sickness or any other cause. He was in every fight his command engaged in and was at all times a leader in all our efforts for attack or defense. The first to clear a road, repair a bridge, cross a stream, or swim a river; to dig a rifle pit, build a breastwork, or construct a "dugout"; to find water and something for man and mount



JOHN DAVID CAY.

to feed on—yes, for everything we all got in the habit of calling on "Dave." Sometimes in the night, after a hard day's march, he would load himself with canteens and go off to find water for his tired companions, and the familiar cry out of the dark was often heard: "Boys, has Dave come back with the water yet?"

During Wheeler's last great raid behind Sherman's army Corporal Cay was distinguished by two acts which deserve mention. He made and carried in his pockets horseshoe nails, which he used in reshoeing many horses in his company, without which their riders would have been left dismounted on the sharp turnpikes of Tennessee and Virginia to fall a prey to murderous bushwhackers or, what might have been worse, to land in a Federal prison. This was done without a thought of pay or any personal benefit, prompted solely by the nobility of his soul. The other deed was his tender care of Lieutenant Fleming, who fell ill of typhoid fever on this raid. Corporal Cay rode beside him in a buggy when he could no longer sit his horse, nursing him for days as though he had been his own brother; and as General Robertson was then covering from forty to sixty miles of mountain road every twenty-four hours, his self-denial can be better understood. He was captured while, single-handed, attempting to save Lieutenant Stevens and his detachment, which had become entirely surrounded by a numerous enemy. In prison his ingenuity and great energy still helped and sustained his friends and fellow prisoners, for he made many ornaments, inlaid with gold and silver carvings, and from their sale bought food for his sick and dying companions in that horrid den of suffering and death, Point Lookout Prison.

Returning home at the end of his long walk from Richmond, he found his childhood home in ashes and poverty and desolation all about him. He went to work like other noble Southern boys and erelong, after great trials and privations, was able to see his scattered family reunited and a measure of prosperity restored to them.

He married Miss Georgia Winn, a daughter of his first captain, Abial Winn. His widow survives him, also four daughters—Mrs. Frank Cochran, Mrs. W. A. Pappy, Mrs. W. A. DeMilly, and Mrs. Owen Grambling—and one son, John David Cay, Jr.—all of Tallahassee. Col. Raymond Cay, of Jacksonville, and Hon. C. A. Cay, of Tallahassee, are his brothers. Mrs. Josephine Triay, of Jacksonville, Mrs. T. Q. Fleming, of Tampa, and Mrs. Nathalie Hall, of Chipley, Fla., are his sisters.

Always true to every obligation and faithful in every duty, he lived to a good old age and then "fell on sleep." Those who knew him loved him, and the beneficiaries of his generosity, many of whom preceded him to the grave, are the monuments of his godly and unselfish deeds.

Comrade and friend, hail and farewell "until the day dawns and the shadows flee."

[James O. Varnedoe, Valdosta, Ga.]

DEATHS AT FALMOUTH, KY.

C. H. Lee, Jr., Adjutant of W. H. Ratcliffe Camp, No. 682, U. C. V., reports the death of three of its sixteen members since January 1, as follows: A. I. McKinney, Company A, 1st Kentucky Battalion of Cavalry; W. M. Abner, Company E, 3d Kentucky Battalion of Cavalry; B. T. Ewing, Company K, 9th Kentucky Regiment of Cavalry.

JAMES COLEMAN GARDNER.

James Coleman Gardner, a resident of Springfield, Mo., for sixty-one years, died on the 17th of March at the age of eighty-four years. He was born in Maury County, Tenn., November 17, 1832, but went to Missouri in 1856 and had lived at Springfield continuously since, with the exception of his four years in the war. When that broke out he returned to Tennessee and enlisted in Company G, 61st Tennessee Infantry. He was in many important engagements, including Chickasaw Bayou, where he was under fire continuously for eight days and nights. He was in Vicksburg during the siege and under fire continuously for forty-seven days and nights. Here he was promoted to a lieutenantancy for his gallantry. His career as a soldier ended with the surrender of Pemberton's forces, for he was never exchanged.

Returning to Springfield in 1866, Comrade Gardner clerked in a store until 1872, when he went into business for himself. Later he engaged in farming near Springfield, but in 1881 he again entered the mercantile business. In recent years he had acted as receiver and trustee in the management of bankrupt stocks, being an expert in the appraisement of such stocks.

He helped to organize Campbell Camp, No. 488, U. C. V., of Springfield, and was always active in the Camp's affairs.

In January, 1866, Comrade Gardner was married to Mrs. Mary Shackleford; and of their three children, a son and a daughter survive, Henry E. Gardner and Mrs. Lillian Quade.

Comrade Gardner's ancestors fought for the independence of this country, both of his grandfathers being in the War of the Revolution. On the maternal side, his grandfather, James Oakley, came to America from Scotland before the Revolutionary War, settled in Virginia, and served under General Washington in the struggle for independence. He was one of the earliest settlers of Tennessee and died in 1850, aged one hundred and four years. The father of our comrade, Britton D. Gardner, was killed while fighting with Forrest's Brigade at Thompson's Station, Tenn., March 23, 1863. His mother did not survive him long. Her home, which was in the path of the opposing armies, was destroyed by fire, and she died within a few days from exposure.

JACOB MEAD JENNINGS.

J. Mead Jennings, the son of Rev. J. M. Jennings, was born in Baltimore, Md., on April 3, 1834. The family removed to Alabama when he was a boy, and he grew to manhood in that State. He was living at Georgiana, Ala., when the War between the States began.

He enlisted on May 5, 1862, at Fort Deposit in a company composed of men from Lowndes and Butler Counties, which became Company D of the 1st Battalion of Hilliard's Legion, Gracie's Brigade, Army of Tennessee. Later the command was reorganized, and his company became Company I of the 6th Alabama Regiment.

He was severely wounded in the ankle and foot in the battle of Chickamauga. Being disabled for active duty in the field, he was assigned to post duty at Greenville, Ala., as secretary to the army medical examining board at that post until the close of the war. He remained in Greenville until 1872, when he removed his family to Winnfield, La. He had married Miss Nettie Moore, of Georgiana, Ala., in 1858, and three little girls came to them, one dying in infancy. The good wife died many years ago. Both daughters married; the elder died leaving four orphan children to the care of her father. He made his home with the other daughter,

where he was tenderly cared for until October 18, 1916, when he answered the last roll after years of intense suffering, leaving the one daughter, nine grandchildren, nineteen great-grandchildren, and one sister. A tender, loving husband and father, a devoted soldier of the cross as well as of the Confederate army, he sleeps well. He was buried in his suit of gray beside the wife he loved so well. Loving tribute was paid him, and many lovely floral offerings were sent by friends, veterans, and the U. D. C. Chapter. The hymn he loved so well and sang so often, even during the still hours of the night when he thought all others asleep, was sung at his funeral—that grand old hymn "Rock of Ages."

CAPT. JAMES OWEN.

Capt. James Owen, a highly respected citizen of Covington, Tenn., died at his home there on February 20, 1917, aged seventy-six years. He was a native of Edgecomb County, N. C., but had been a citizen of West Tennessee for about thirty years. He was the son of Rev. Thomas R. and Mary B. Owen, a grandnephew of Governor Owen, of North Carolina, and a great-grandson of Col. Thomas Owen, who fought with gallantry in the Revolutionary War. None the less loyal, he responded with promptness when the South called on her sons and enlisted as a private in Company A, 1st Regiment of North Carolina State Troops, commanded by Col. (afterwards General) D. H. Hill. His command was immediately ordered to Yorktown and was in the battle of Big Bethel, the first engagement of the war. He was then transferred to the eastern coast and was promoted to a lieutenantancy for marked gallantry. At the capture of Fort Fisher, in Charleston Harbor, where he received a very painful wound, he so distinguished himself for bravery that he was made captain of his company. He was captured there and taken to Johnson's Island and later paroled. After the war he was a loyal friend to all his old comrades in arms and ever retained his affection for those who had served with him. He was an active member of the Joe Brown Bivouac of Confederate Veterans at Covington.

A gentleman of the old school, courteous and affable, obliging, kind, and hospitable, a man of convictions, loving truth for its own sake, valuing honor and integrity above all worldly possessions, he loved his God and his fellow man and practiced the virtues of faith, truth, and charity.

Captain Owen is survived by his wife and a son, also by a sister, Mrs. George R. Gibbs, of Covington, and a brother, T. R. Owen, of Los Gatos, Cal.

THOMAS GILLUM WATTS.

Thomas G. Watts, a prominent citizen of St. Louis, Mo., died at his home in that city during the month of March, 1917. He was born in Halifax, N. S., on June 4, 1844, the son of Brackett B. and Martha Overton Watts. He enlisted for the Confederacy at Lynchburg, Va., becoming a member of the 1st Tennessee Regiment in April, 1861. Though only sixteen years old, he fought in many important battles with General Jackson and was wounded seven times, one wound having been received in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He was also captured and escaped, then joined the 41st Tennessee Regiment.

In January, 1876, he married Hanora Keane, who died in 1915. He is survived by four children—two sons and two daughters. Comrade Watts was a member of the Merchants' and Real Estate Exchange of St. Louis, also the Camp of Confederate Veterans.

GEN. WAYNE P. FERGUSON, U. C. V.

A noble and beloved comrade has been taken from the membership of Camp Garnett, U. C. V., of Huntington, W. Va., in the death of Wayne P. Ferguson on March 17, 1917, at the age of seventy-three years. He was born in Wayne County, then in Virginia, where he lived until the outbreak of the War between the States, when he enlisted as a private soldier in Jenkins's Cavalry, organized by Gen. Albert Jenkins, who resided in the Ohio Valley near Huntington, W. Va. As a private in this dashing brigade young Ferguson early won honor and before the close of the war had risen to the rank of first lieutenant in Company K, 8th Virginia Cavalry. After the surrender he returned to his home, in Wayne County, where he entered the merchandise business. He also engaged in politics, becoming a noted leader among the Democrats, and was elected a member of the State Senate. He was afterwards connected with the Federal government in the internal revenue service, which position he held with great credit for many years. As a national and State leader in the United Confederate Veterans General Ferguson was widely known. He was commissioned Brigadier General in the Second Brigade, U. C. V., Division of West Virginia, in 1912 and maintained well his position.

General Ferguson was a man of splendid stature, great physical strength, and of commanding appearance. When quite young he married Miss Mary Kelley, of Wayne County, W. Va., and they lived a devoted married life. Both were connected with the Presbyterian Church at Kenova, W. Va., and the funeral was conducted by its pastor. Members of Camp Garnett and many friends assembled to pay their last tribute to comrade and friend, and a detail of the 2d Virginia Regiment acted as a military escort, firing a salute over the grave of the departed soldier and citizen.

The memory of Wayne P. Ferguson, once so strong and active, a chivalrous, dashing Confederate cavalry soldier, and later a public official of integrity and loyalty, will long remain green in the hearts of his comrades and friends who knew and loved him. While he has fought his last fight, yet he has won the last battle over death, and we believe it is well with him through eternity.

[John K. Hitner, Chaplain Camp Garnett, U. C. V.]

ALFRED W. ROBERTS.

Alfred W. Roberts, a well-known, retired merchant of St. Louis, Mo., died at his home, in that city, on April 10, 1917, at the age of seventy-six years.

Mr. Roberts was a brother of Mr. John C. Roberts, Vice President of the International Shoe Company, and of the late Cyrus and L. M. Roberts, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. He was born in Cannon County, near Readyville, Tenn. He enlisted at an early age in Capt. Gran Woods's company, 18th Tennessee Regiment, and served as a soldier of the Confederacy up to and through the battle of Shiloh, where he was discharged on account of ill health. He went to West Tennessee and remained there until the year 1878, when he removed to St. Louis and embarked in the wholesale grocery business, retiring in about five years from active business. He had accumulated a considerable fortune and was a stockholder in the Roberts, Johnson & Rand Shoe Company, the parent branch of the International Shoe Company; he was also a stockholder in the Pitchfork Land and Cattle Company.

Mr. Roberts was an affable, courteous gentleman and had

made many friends, who mourn their loss, an enthusiastic Confederate, and was very ambitious to see the CONFEDERATE VETERAN sustained, to which periodical he lent his assistance in various ways.

Mr. Roberts is survived by his brother (John C. Roberts), two sisters (Mrs. J. A. Pettus, of Nashville, and Mrs. J. B. Humphreys, of Bells, Tenn.), and two grandchildren, with whom he made his home after the death of his wife and his only daughter, two years ago.

[Annie Laurie Sharkey.]

CAPT. THOMAS H. MANEY.

On the morning of April 2, 1917, when Comrade Thomas H. Maney answered the last roll call, the spirit of a brave soldier, a good citizen, a true man, a refined gentleman, and a sincere Christian passed into that land where love and truth and peace abide forever. He was born July 4, 1841, of a family ready to stand for their convictions. Coming from Franklin, Tenn., his native town, to Nashville, he became a member of a military company, the Rock City Guards. When the war began, in 1861, he enlisted in the 1st Tennessee Infantry on May 10. He served with distinction, being promoted to the rank of first lieutenant, but he commanded a company as captain. From October, 1864, to the end of the war he was a member of Carter's Scouts. He was paroled in May, 1865, having served full four years. He was wounded three times—at Perryville, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge.

As a soldier Comrade Maney, by his courage in leading men and by his kindness in caring for them, won their confidence and love. The spirit of comradeship in his heart led him to join Company B of Confederate Veterans in Nashville, in which he held the office of second lieutenant. For many years he was in business in Nashville, and his integrity and sterling honesty were known and recognized by all of his associates. He was a gentleman of the old school, the soul of honor, with firmness to stand by the right as he saw it. He was a friend to count on at all times, with that saving sense of humor that sweetens and softens social life.

He was for many years a member and a deacon in the Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church and an humble and consistent follower of Jesus Christ. In his home he was a model Christian husband and father. His funeral was attended by his comrades of Cheatham Bivouac and Company B. [J. H. McNeilly, D.D.]

DEATHS IN R. E. LEE CAMP, No. 158, U. C. V., FORT WORTH, TEX.

George E. Estes, Adjutant, reports the following deaths in R. E. Lee Camp, No. 158, U. C. V., at Fort Worth, Tex., during the previous year and up to April 15, 1917:

J. W. Adams, Company E, 3d Kentucky Cavalry; L. H. Atwell, Company H, 5th Kentucky Infantry; P. B. Atwood, Company I, 2d Missouri; W. A. Archer, Company B, 5th Alabama Infantry; W. J. Boaz, Company C, 15th Texas Cavalry; J. R. Binyon, Crump's Battery; J. J. Bridges, 12th Texas Cavalry; R. F. Dougherty, Company F, 7th Georgia; Jeff Earl, Morgan's Cavalry; Jesse Edmonson, Company H, 22d Alabama Regiment; Frank Elliston, Terrell's Company, Waller's Battalion; J. A. Grimes, 62d Alabama Infantry; R. E. Hancock, Company A, 35th Texas Infantry; D. H. Hightower, Company A, Texas Cavalry; Dr. J. L. Isaacs, Company D, 11th Arkansas Infantry; Jesse Jones, Company C, 21st Texas Infantry; R. J. Kennedy, Company H, 1st Mississippi Infantry; D. A. Knox, 5th Arkansas Infantry; J. B.

Litsig, Morgan's Cavalry; Jesse Milton, Mobile Home Guards; J. J. Massey, Company A, 14th Tennessee; M. T. Panky, Polk's Tennessee Battery; J. B. Roberts, Company A, 2d Kentucky; M. D. Sellers, Company G, 15th Alabama; M. B. Sisk, Company E, 26th Tennessee; A. G. Shatterck, Company C, 4th Arizona; W. H. Still, Company B, 7th North Carolina; J. A. Walkup, Stiles's Tennessee Cavalry; C. G. Ballew, ———; — Blake, ———; J. C. Young, Company A, 7th Texas Cavalry.

JAMES W. VAIL.

On the eve of Easter, as the sun was nearing the western horizon, Confederate Veteran James W. Vail peacefully passed into the great beyond. On Easter morning the glorious rays rising over the hills fell upon the silent form of one of the best-known men in Atoka, Okla., sleeping amid a profusion of beautiful flowers. He was loved far and near for his sterling worth, honorable service in the cause of the South, for his honesty of purpose, kindly disposition, and industrious, thrifty habits.

James W. Vail was the son of D. W. Vail, a leading professor of languages, and was born in Jackson County, Ala., in the year 1837. On June 3, 1861, he enlisted in Capt. Jim Scathe's company, Himmon's Legion, afterwards known as Company E of the 2d Arkansas Regiment. In the fall he was discharged on account of ill health; but later regaining his strength, he again served his country in the 15th Arkansas Regiment, in Captain Baldwin's company. After the fall of Corinth, Miss., in 1863, he was discharged at Tupelo, Miss., again because of sickness. He shortly returned to the Trans-Mississippi Department and served in Farger's Brigade, then with Hawthorne's, as forage master under Kirby Smith until the spring of 1865, when the whole Confederate forces were disbanded.

In 1869 Comrade Vail went to the Choctaw Nation and associated in business with Chief Jack McCurtain, the greatest man of his people in history. Later he removed to Atoka County and engaged in stock-raising. In 1871 he was united in marriage to Miss Frances Folsom, an accomplished lady of Choctaw blood, daughter of Coleman Folsom, a man of prominence in the Choctaw Nation. Eleven children were born of this union, most of whom are married and living in Oklahoma, engaged in honorable occupations, a credit to their parents.

Several years ago Standley-Posey Chapter, U. D. C., presented the little bronze cross of honor to Veteran Vail, and it was one of his dearest treasures.

T. J. YOUNG.

T. J. Young died at his home, in Austin, Ark., Sunday, February 18, 1917. He was born in Loudoun County, Va., February 28, 1840. At the age of eighteen years he went to Winchester and learned the jewelry business, but on reaching twenty-one he returned to his home, in Loudoun County, and joined the Hillsboro Border Guards, a volunteer company organized at Hillsboro in April, 1861, which became a part of the 8th Virginia Regiment and with which he took part in the battle of Ball's Bluff and other small engagements. At the reorganization of the command, and when his term of one year expired, he reenlisted in Company G, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, Turner Ashby's regiment, and he was in many of the battles in which this regiment was engaged. He was severely wounded at Fairfield, Pa., July 3, 1863, and at the close of the war he was paroled at Millwood, Clark County, Va.

He removed to Little Rock, Ark., a few years later and then to Austin, Ark., at which place he organized Camp James Adams, No. 1036, U. C. V., and he held the position of Adjutant until his death. He was instrumental in the making of Camp Nelson Cemetery and in the erection of the monument there, which is described in the VETERAN for April, 1907.

Comrade Young was a true type of the old Southern gentleman, chivalrous, honorable in the highest sense, admiring all that bespoke nobility of Christian character. He leaves a son and daughter and a host of friends who deeply feel the passing of the veteran in gray.

W. H. CASHION.

W. H. Cashion, a prominent Confederate veteran of Fayetteville, Tenn., died there on March 24, aged seventy-five years. For eighteen years he had acted as the secretary of Shackleford-Fulton Bivouac and for a number of years as adjutant of Camp No. 114, U. C. V., of Fayetteville, and through many years he had looked after the interests of the VETERAN in that community.

Comrade Cashion enlisted at the age of twenty years as a member of Pete Turney's 1st Tennessee Regiment, his first engagement being the battle of Seven Pines. He was then at Malvern Hill and Cedar Run. His command was for a time under Stonewall Jackson; and he went with him to Sharpsburg, Md., Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. In the battle of Gettysburg Comrade Cashion was wounded in the leg. He was again wounded in the same leg in the battle of the Wilderness, causing its loss. He was taken to Staunton, Va., and remained in the hospital two months, and was then sent to Farmville until April 19, 1865, when he was sent home. During the whole four years of war his name was never taken from the roll, and he never went home during that time.

After the war he was for six years at a school at Mulberry, Tenn., and then engaged in farming. In 1886 he was elected register of Lincoln County, which office he filled for several years. He is survived by his wife and two daughters.

J. C. BRANNON.

J. C. Brannon was born in Washington County, Va., July 1, 1841. He enlisted in the service of the Confederacy in 1861 as a member of Company K, 37th Virginia Infantry; in 1865 he was made quartermaster sergeant of the reserve medical and ambulance train of Gordon's Corps and served with that rank until the close of the war. He removed to Texas in 1869 and worked as a blacksmith in a wagon and carriage shop; he later became a successful hardware dealer in Lewisville, Tex. On account of ill health he retired to private life in 1904. He was a kind friend to those in need. He died July 15, 1916, at Lewisville, Tex., and was buried with Masonic honors in the Old Hall Cemetery.

W. P. WOOTTEN.

W. P. Wootten, born in Wayne County, N. C., March 14, 1844, removed to Wilson, N. C., with his widowed mother when he was thirteen years old. From that place he volunteered for the Confederate army, joining Company F, of the 4th Regiment North Carolina State Troops, and he served through the four years of war. He was wounded twice, having been shot through the thigh at the battle of Chancellorsville and through the arm at the battle of Seven Pines, though neither shot broke any bones. He was in the battle of Gettysburg and at the surrender at Appomattox. He died at his home, in Wilson, N. C., on September 12, 1916.

JOEL W. T. GIBSON.

On February 8, 1917, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary G. Jones, in Newnan, Ga., Joel W. T. Gibson passed away. He was the son of Jacobus and Sarah Freeman Gibson and was born in Coweta County, Ga., February 28, 1843. He entered the Confederate service in June, 1861, as a member of Company D, Phillips's Legion, serving with the cavalry of Stuart's Division, Hampton's Brigade. In August, 1863, he was transferred to the Macon Light Artillery and served until the surrender at Appomattox. The three brothers with whom he fought gallantly during the four years' conflict—John Thomas, James Hugh, and Joshua Callaway Gibson—one by one preceded him to the better land. Another brother, Samuel Freeman, who entered at the same time and in the same company, died in November, 1861, of pneumonia at Green Sulphur Springs, W. Va.

After the war closed Comrade Gibson returned to his native county and bent his every energy to build up its waste places. He moved to Newnan, and by industry he accumulated a goodly supply of this world's goods. In August, 1867, he was married to Mrs. Louisa Faver-Vaughn, and their union was blessed with eight children, of whom a son and three daughters are left. His second marriage was to Mrs. Mary J. Thomas, of Florida, who also survives him. Comrade Gibson was a member of the Baptist Church, in which he had served as teacher in the Sunday school and in other capacities until the infirmities of age and ill health prevented his doing so. In August, 1915, he had a stroke of paralysis and was since a great sufferer. With Christian fortitude he endured the long struggle with physical ills and bravely entered the valley of the shadow relying upon the promise to those who had kept the faith.

H. H. COURTNEY.

H. H. Courtney was born in Shelby County, Ky., April 24, 1839, and at the age of three years moved, with his family, to Pettus County, Mo., where he grew to manhood on a farm. He married Miss Jemison sometime in 1860; and about a year after this he enlisted in the State guard service, where he served nine months in two enlistments, at the expiration of which he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving until the end of the war in the command of Gen. Sterling Price and taking part in the engagements of the Trans-Mississippi Department. It is needless to say that he was a good soldier. During the last two years of the war he was in Shelby's Brigade of Cavalry as a member of Company F, Gordon's Regiment. He was in the last raid in Missouri in 1864 and went out with the command to Texas, where he spent the winter of 1864-65. He was not with the command in the spring of 1865 at the time of the surrender, being at the home of a friend sick and unable to be in camp. I lost sight of him for several years, as I did not surrender, but went to Mexico with a portion of my brigade. Comrade Courtney returned to his home in Missouri after the surrender and found that his wife had died. He then moved to Montana and lived there about ten years, engaged most of the time in mining. Returning to Missouri in 1875, he married Miss Margaret Yancy on October 18 of that year. In 1891 he went to California and settled in Fresno County. He was a good husband and kind father. As a member of Sterling Price Camp, No. 1030, U. C. V., he attended all the meetings of the Camp and will be missed. He died August 30, 1916, leaving a wife and three children—two daughters and a son—all married.

[W. H. Bradley, Fresno, Cal.]

CAPT. GEORGE W. COVELL.

Capt. George W. Covell, a prominent lawyer of Omaha, Nebr., passed away at his home in that city on October 17, 1916. He was born April 2, 1835, at Hoosic, N. Y., and was for several years an instructor in Genesee College before he went West in 1857. He located at Maysville, Mo., and practiced law. He went from there in 1887 to Omaha, which had been his home since.

Although born in the North, Captain Covell was a staunch and true friend of the South, and he was buried with the little bronze cross on his coat. He left Missouri in the fall of 1861 with General Price and took part in many battles. He was severely wounded several times and was captured at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where he was commanding his company, and held in prison at Fort Delaware until after the close of the war:

Captain Covell was a Knight Templar and a member of the Scottish Rite Order of the Masonic Lodge. He is survived by his wife and a daughter.

CAPT. JOHN O. OTEY.

Capt. John O. Otey, one of the most prominent citizens of Charles City County, Va., died at his home, Moss Side, on April 26, after a long illness. He was in his seventy-seventh year.

Captain Otey was born in New Kent County, but became a resident of Charles City County in his youth. His ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812, and he enlisted on the first call for Virginia troops in the War between the States, training on Jamestown Island. He took part in many battles and skirmishes of the four years of war, including the incessant fighting which followed McClellan's invasion of the Peninsula, the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, and Stonewall Jackson's great flanking movement at Chancellorsville, rising rapidly to the rank of captain of infantry. Two successive attacks of pneumonia, brought on by exposure in camp and on the battle field, prevented his being with his command at Gettysburg when the Charles City troops were decimated. During the closing months of the war, when Lee's army was starving, he was chosen to head foraging expeditions in North Carolina, often operating under the most desperate circumstances, with a dozen hairbreadth escapes to his credit, rendering most valuable

services to his comrades in arms. All through the Reconstruction period and succeeding years to within a few months of his death he took most active interest and a prominent part in the educational and other public affairs of his country and community.

Captain Otey was three times married: to Miss Ophelia Marrow, to Miss Ellen Slater, of New Kent, and to Miss Loulie Comer, of Roanoke, Va. The latter, with two little sons, John O., Jr., and Allen Hill, survives him.



CAPT. JOHN O. OTEY.

CAPT. EUGENE B. MILLETT.

Death closed a long and valued life when Capt. Eugene B. Millett passed away on October 18, 1916, at Los Angeles, Cal., while visiting his sister, Mrs. Lollie Smith. Captain Millett was born in Texas in April, 1838; and on March 22, 1862, he entered the service of the Confederate States, raising a company whose enlistments were from Guadalupe and Caldwell Counties, Tex. He was elected captain of the company (D. C. Burleson, a relative of the present Postmaster-General, was its first lieutenant) and went to the front as captain of Company B, 32d Texas Cavalry, commanded by Col. P. C. Woods, Debray's Brigade. This company and regiment took part in the battle of Blair's Landing, on Red River, La. At that time the regiment was commanded by Col. Nat Benton, of Seguin, Tex.

After the close of the war Captain Millett returned to his mother's home, in Guadalupe County, Tex., and engaged in the cattle business. From there he drifted to the West in the interest of his business several years ago. At the time his health began to fail, his only child, Mrs. Russell Bates, of Kanopolis, Kans., went to New Mexico and persuaded him to make his home with her, but he gradually failed and died while on a visit to his sister. Thus passed from the scene of life's activity one of the most gallant defenders of the South's cause, as well as one of the most conspicuous figures of the section in which he lived.

STEVEN POLK NOBLE.

Steven Polk Noble, born in Clark County, Ala., April 29, 1833, moved to Arkansas with his parents in 1840 and settled in Ashley County. He was married to Miss Sallie Patterson in 1857, and of this union two sons were born. Comrade Noble enlisted in the 3d Arkansas Regiment, Company K, in March, 1862, and made an active and brave soldier. On the morning of May 6, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, Va., he was wounded and disabled. It was in this battle that Gen. R. E. Lee attempted to lead the Texas Brigade, composed of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas and 3d Arkansas Regiments. Captain Hardin, of the 1st Texas, led Lee's horse to the rear, the men crying out: "Lee to the rear, and we will go to the front." Captain Hardin has been twice sheriff of Hinds County, Miss., since the war, living in Jackson, Miss. I was an eyewitness and took part in the battle the day the 3d Arkansas Regiment went in with seventeen officers and came out with five, the men in the ranks suffering in like proportion. General Jenkins, of South Carolina, was killed that day, and James Longstreet was wounded. I was wounded in the head on the 10th at Spottsylvania Courthouse.

S. P. Noble returned to his home and family, in Ashley County, Ark., and lived a true husband, father, and Christian citizen. He died February 17, 1916, having lived just twenty-four days after the death of his wife. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him."

[N. C. Denson, Dermott, Ark.]

JOE SHELBY CAMP OF MELROSE, N. MEX.

Commander M. L. Johnson, of the Joe Shelby Camp at Melrose, N. Mex., reports the death of two worthy members. John J. Murry, who served in Company G, Slayback's Regiment, Shelby's Division, was born in Cass County, Mo., May 2, 1844, and died December 25, 1916. He was a good soldier and had been a faithful member of the Baptist Church for many years. Robert B. Smith, a member of Company F, 16th Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade, Price's Division, was a good soldier and a Christian gentleman.

WILLIAM A. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell was a native of Highland County, Va., the youngest child of A. Hanson Campbell, who married Isabelle Lewis, of Bath County, thus uniting two of the best families of Old Virginia. He ran away from home when a mere boy and entered the Confederate army and did splendid service as a member of Company A, 20th Virginia Regiment. He was one of five members of the committee that has made the Pendleton reunions most unique and interesting; in fact, the pride of the South Branch Valley.

After the war ended he returned to his home in the naked land; his only possession was a tattered gray uniform. He soon engaged in the live-stock business, in which he continued during the remainder of his life. He also served as assessor of lands by appointment of the Governor of his State.

Mr. Campbell was married to Miss Mary V. McCoy, daughter of William McCoy, of Franklin, and later removed to Franklin and lived there until his death. To this union were born two children, a son and daughter, the son being one of the leading lawyers in his section.

Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church, of which he had long been a member, and the interment was in Cedar Hill Cemetery by the local lodge A. F. and A. Masons.

Mr. Campbell was one of the leading citizens of the county; and while of a most retiring nature and disposition, he had a host of near friends. The county loses one of its best citizens, the people a splendid neighbor, his Church an humble but loyal member, his lodge one of its pillars, and all a true and tried friend.

JOSEPH DANIEL HEISKELL.

On February 28, 1917, Joseph Daniel Heiskell, of Moorefield, Hardy County, W. Va., a brave Confederate soldier, joined his comrades in arms on the other side, "where on Fame's eternal camping grounds their silent tents are spread."

He first went out with the Hardy Blues, a company which was captured near Rich Mountain in the spring of 1861 and paroled. In the spring of 1862 he joined Company B, 11th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's (Laurel) Brigade, and was in active service for the Confederacy till Lee surrendered at Appomattox, except when disabled by a wound in the knee received at Sangster's Station.

A man of sound judgment, brave and intrepid, he was well equipped to be a leader of men; but modest and unassuming always, he never sought prominence, and as a soldier in the ranks he served the cause with that courage and devotion which has won for the Confederate soldier a deathless fame. Of chivalric instincts, in all his long life of fourscore years there was nothing of reproach either as a soldier or a man of peace, no taint of dishonor, his standard of manhood being such as to leave a lasting moral impress.

At the close of the war he returned to the old Heiskell home, in the beautiful South Branch Valley of the Potomac, where the greater part of his active and useful life was spent, one of its most successful farmers and cattle raisers. At the time of his death he was president of one of the oldest and most substantial national banks of the Valley, where his sane and conservative judgment will be sadly missed.

He leaves a wife, who was Miss Vernon Chambers, of the same Valley, and seven children to mourn their irreparable loss. He died in the faith.

"One by one their feet touch the shining strand."

WILLIAM F. GAY.

William Franklin Gay, born near Leaksville, Jasper County, Ga., October 10, 1840, was a son of Elbert and Julia Webb Gay, devoted members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and it was natural for their children to become followers of their example. When the call was made for volunteers for the army of the Confederacy, young William Gay was among the first to respond. He was mustered into the Confederate service in Company G, Glover Guards, under Capt. George T. Bartlett, of Jasper County, the first company from that county in the 4th Georgia Regiment, commanded by Col. George Doles, afterwards by Col. Phil Cook. Young Gay proved his valor and love for his country on many bloody fields. He was wounded in the battle of Sharpsburg and also at the Wilderness. His foot was badly scalded a few days before, and so severe was the pain that he was excused from going into the battle; but he went, although he could scarcely walk. The Federals were concealed in a thick undergrowth a few yards in front of us, and at their fire two of our company fell. John Gay was among the wounded, and on seeing his brother going to the rear William asked for his gun and cartridge box, and he then went for the Federals; in a few minutes he also fell dangerously wounded, and he never fully recovered from this wound.

Comrade Gay was deeply interested in the gathering and preservation of material for the true history of the great conflict of the sixties, and he was a conspicuous figure at the annual Confederate Reunions. He read extensively and took great interest in public affairs. He was married to Miss Kate Hardwick, of Cedar Bluff, Ala., in June, 1867. He died at his home, in Newborn, Ga., December 31, 1916. A kind and devoted husband, a loving father and a good neighbor, he left a host of friends who mourn their loss.

[S. J. Kelly, Historian Jefferson Lamar Camp, No. 305, U. C. V., Covington, Ga.]

WILLIAM HUNTER DAVIS.

Friends will regret to learn of the death of William Hunter Davis, which occurred February 23, 1917, in Cuero, Tex. Mr. Davis was born and reared near La Guardo, Tenn., the son of Hon. John K. and Caroline Hunter Davis and a grandson of Thomas and Betsy Williamson Davis, pioneer residents of that neighborhood. In the spring of 1861, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in the company commanded by his father, who subsequently was elected major of Starnes's cavalry regiment, which constituted a part of Gen. N. B. Forrest's command. When his term of enlistment expired, William H. Davis, with others, reenlisted for three years, or during the war, and in the reorganization of his command he became a member of Capt. J. R. Lester's company (F), 4th Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, Lieut. Col. Paul Anderson commanding for the most part, following the capture of Col. Baxter Smith. The 4th Tennessee ("Paul's People"), 3d Arkansas, and 8th and 11th Texas Regiments composed Gen. Tom Harrison's brigade in Gen. T. C. Hines's division, under Gen. J. E. Johnston. Thus in the campaigns of the distinguished warriors, Forrest and Wheeler, William H. Davis fought for "God and his native land" wherever Generals Bragg and Johnston led their valiant hosts. No braver soldier ever stood in battle. Whether in camp or on the battle field, the same equanimity of mind was dominant; and

fatigue of the march, privations, hunger, and thirst were borne without murmuring. Comrade Davis was accorded Confederate honors when borne to his last resting place. A Confederate flag was lowered into the grave, and a silken emblem crowned the flower-laden mount. Of his immediate family, one sister, Miss Alice Davis, of Cuero, Tex., survives him.

[John H. Davis.]

J. HARVEY BLACKWOOD.

J. N. Potts, Adjutant Camp Garnet, No. 902, U. C. V., of Huntington, W. Va., reports the death of Comrade J. Harvey Blackwood, who served as a brave soldier in the 16th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry from July, 1861, to the close of the war. He died at his home, in the city of Huntington, W. Va., on the 2d of March, 1917, at the age of eighty years. He was a member of Camp Garnet, No. 902, U. C. V., and was also a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. W. S. Walker, D.D., and were attended by a number of his old comrades.

JOHN HARDY.

John Hardy, of Middlesex County, Va., was born June 3, 1842, and died April 5, 1916. At the beginning of the War between the States he and two brothers, A. S. and William B. Hardy, enlisted in Fleet's Battery and were mustered into the Confederate service at Urbanna, Va., in May, 1861. John Hardy continued to serve with this battery until September, 1862, when the company was disbanded owing to depletion by casualties in battle. With twelve others, he was assigned to the Lynchburg Battery, commanded by Capt. T. J. Kirkpatrick, where he served until the close of the war.

John Hardy was made second sergeant and commanded the second gun in the battles of Bloody Angle, Second Cold Harbor, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Gettysburg, and many others, and at Cedar Run in October, 1864. He was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, this battle being the worst in which his company ever engaged, losing eleven killed on the field and twenty-seven badly wounded. Hardly a man escaped injury, more or less, and the carriages of five of their six guns were so shot to pieces that after dark a detail from a Georgia regiment was called to drag them back to safety; but that battery had held its position from sunrise to dark without giving an inch of ground. Again at Winchester, Va., on September 19, 1864, the company suffered severely in the desperate battle between Early and Sheridan. So this company was engaged in nearly every battle of the Army of Northern Virginia.



JOHN HARDY.

At the close of the war he went home and engaged in farming. He married Miss Louisa Harper, of Essex County, Va., and reared a family of five children, two sons and three daughters, all living. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church, a deacon, and also superintendent of the Sunday school. In his death Virginia has lost a most worthy son.

CAPT. ELIJAH HAWKINS.

Capt. Elijah Hawkins was born in Hannibal, Mo., January 26, 1842, and died in Riverside, Cal., on March 9, 1917. His parents were Jameson F. and Sarah Ann Hawkins, natives of Scott County, Ky.

In the latter part of August, 1861, Captain Hawkins enlisted in a company of cavalry, under Capt. B. M. Hawkins, at Hannibal, Mo. This company later joined the Missouri State Guards, under Gen. Sterling Price, who was then operating in the western part of the State under orders from Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson, who was trying to place his State in the Southern Confederacy.

Captain Hawkins was a sergeant in Company C, Hawkins's Fourth Battalion, Second Division, Missouri State Guards, until December 25, 1861.

Later he enlisted as a private in Company C, Crescent Regiment, Louisiana Infantry, in New Orleans for a period of ninety days and was with General Chalmers's brigade in the battle of Shiloh, April 6, 7, 1862. He was then appointed first lieutenant and made aid-de-camp on the staff of Maj. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, his uncle, and, with him, took part in the battle of Fair Oaks in the summer of 1862. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was wounded in this battle, and General Smith succeeded in command of the Confederate armies around Richmond until General Lee took command. Captain Hawkins continued as aid to General Smith until the close of the war. He was in many engagements around Richmond and was at the battle of Fredericksburg and saw service in North Carolina and Georgia, being with General Smith on Cheat-ham's right at the battle of Atlanta. When General Smith surrendered, at Macon, Ga., on April 20, 1865, Captain Hawkins was on detached duty.

General Smith was a charter member of the Aztec Club of 1847, which club was organized in the City of Mexico by the officers of the army of occupation in 1847. This club has a limited membership of two hundred and eighteen; and these memberships are entailed, at the option of holders, to their sons or male blood relatives. Captain Hawkins succeeded to the membership of General Smith, and it now devolves on Captain Hawkins's son, Joseph McAlpin, who has just graduated from Cornell University.

After the close of the war Captain Hawkins represented S. A. Hatch & Co., pork packers, of St. Louis, for several years, afterwards representing the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Portland, Me., on the Pacific Coast, with headquarters in San Francisco. In 1885 he married Mrs. Isabelle J. Coffin, of San Francisco. Mrs. Coffin was a Southern woman, formerly Miss McAlpin, of Macon, Ga. Soon after his marriage Captain Hawkins and his family returned to Hannibal, Mo., his birthplace, and lived there some twenty years, looking after his father's estate.

In 1905 he returned to California and located in Riverside, on an orange grove on beautiful Magnolia Avenue, where he



CAPT. ELIJAH HAWKINS.

lived to the ripe old age of seventy-five years, honored, respected, and loved by all who knew him.

On a perfect winter day in this beautiful land of sunshine he was laid to rest in Evergreen Cemetery under banks of beautiful flowers. Hundreds of devoted friends were present to pay their last respects, the most conspicuous being the entire membership of the local post of the G. A. R. in uniform and many members of the Daughters of the Confederacy, by whom he was ever esteemed and loved for his gentleness and loyalty.

Captain Hawkins was one of nature's noblemen, and his passing severed one more human life link of the chain that binds the unique civilization of the Old South to the present.

And thus the "thin gray line" of the sixties continues to fade from mortal sight; but its memory will ever live on and grow brighter in the hearts of all those who cherish honorable lives, brave deeds, and imperishable devotion to home and country.

IN MEMORIAM.

John Harris, a gallant Weakley County, Tenn., boy, of Huey's Kentucky Battalion of Cavalry, C. S. A., was killed while on a short furlough at the home of a relative in the First District, Weakley County, on the night of January 15, 1865, by a squad of Turlington's Federals, a home organization.

John Harris was a brave and fearless soldier and participated with his command in all the battles incident to Hood's Nashville campaign in the winter of 1864-65.

Thus a courageous soldier fell, an immolation to a cause the rectitude of which stands unimpeached.

THE LAST ROLL SKETCHES.

The Last Roll department was established for the purpose of placing on record the service of Confederate comrades, and it is expected that the war record will be made the chief feature of the sketches published therein. In order to accommodate the demand on this department, it was decided to limit the sketches to a half column of free space, and where more was required to make a charge of twenty cents per line for the extra space. This was deemed fair and just to all, as the half column is sufficient for an adequate sketch; but more space will be allowed where desired at the rate named. A half column contains thirty lines, averaging about three hundred words. If a picture is used, there is a charge of \$2.50 for making the engraving in the small size adopted for this department; and more space should be counted in the cost of publication, as it requires fifteen lines of space to accommodate the engraving, which would reduce the space for the sketch proper to a rather inadequate amount; but it can be made sufficient if no extra expense is desired.

Much time has heretofore been given to preparing these sketches for publication, as many of them come as newspaper clippings, thus necessitating a rewriting of the whole sketch; and nearly all submitted need condensation to accommodate the space. As the VETERAN's force of workers is quite small, request is now made that these sketches be prepared carefully before sending in; and if they can be typewritten it will be appreciated, though they can be used without copying if clearly written. The printer expects a clear copy. By looking over the sketches that have been published, an idea of the form and length may be gotten where it is desired not to exceed the free space.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

Mrs. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*

Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal. *First Vice President General*
 Mrs. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Second Vice President General*
 Mrs. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo. *Third Vice President General*
 Mrs. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
 Mrs. LUTIE HALEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*
 Mrs. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor.*

Mrs. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
 Mrs. S. E. F. ROSE, West Point, Miss. *Historian General*
 Mrs. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn. *Registrar General*
 Mrs. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
 Mrs. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: A deep sorrow and heavy loss have befallen our association through the death of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, our brilliant and beloved Historian General. Our grief is made more poignant by the knowledge that her labors in behalf of our society contributed to her illness. Flowers were sent as a token of our love, and expressions of deepest sympathy were conveyed to her bereaved family. In honor of her memory it is proposed to leave the office so capably filled by her vacant until the next convention, the historical programs for the year having been prepared by her in advance.

In pursuance of the offer made by Mrs. Norment Powell, our Registrar General, at the meeting of the National Council of Women at the New Willard on April 3d, which I announced in the May VETERAN, she has forwarded to Division and State Presidents and others two thousand copies of the following letter:

"May 1, 1917.

"*My Dear Madam President:* On April 9 I accompanied the President General to a meeting of the National Council of Women called by Mrs. Philip North Moore to formulate systematic plans for registering the woman power in the United States available for service in this war. As each organization is to register its own members, I volunteered to place the matter before the U. D. C., and it is for that purpose that I am now addressing you.

"It is desired to register only those who are able to give some service. We know that all women are anxious to do their part; but we also know it is not possible for every one to leave her home, nor is this desired. Many women can help and still remain at home and continue to discharge their duties there. It is further desired to learn what each woman is fitted for and register her for such duties as she can do. A stenographer should not register as a trained nurse, nor should a trained nurse register as a seamstress.

"Southern women face an opportunity for enormous usefulness. With the South rests the duty of feeding the nation during this war, and the eyes of the world are upon us, expecting us to do our part. There should not be wasted one bean, one tomato, or one particle of food. In no other way can our women be of better service than by increasing and conserving the food supply. The canning industry is of immense importance, and there is no danger of overproduction. Bulletins giving the latest scientific knowledge on this subject can be obtained free of cost from the Department of Agriculture; and it is of utmost value to your country that you obtain this information and not only register a vow against any waste, but instruct the children in this industry. Classes in gardening, canning, sewing, etc., could be arranged in Chapters and Children's Auxiliaries, and this work is equally as important as that directed by the Red Cross.

"I am sending to each Division President a few samples of blanks prepared by the National Council of Women, which should be distributed among the Chapters. These can be procured from Mrs. Philip North Moore, 3125 Lafayette Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., at the cost of 60 cents per thousand and a small sum for postage. When they have been filled out by Chapters, they should be returned to Division Presidents, who will keep on file those registering for home service only, returning to the National Council of Women, Union Trust Building, Washington, D. C., those registering for service outside of their home town.

"If I can be of further service to you, I shall be glad to do so.

"Very sincerely,

Mrs. J. NORMENT POWELL,
Registrar General U. D. C."

I cannot too strongly urge every Daughter to respond promptly and fully to the appeal therein made, as upon the result depends the success of the only concerted action taken by us in response to my offer to President Wilson of service by our members.

Many of the large organizations of women have recently expressed themselves in favor of prohibition as a war measure, "not alone for the conservation of our food supply through the closing of distilleries and breweries, but for the protection of our soldiers and sailors in training and mobilization camps against the blighting influence of the saloon and commercialized vice," and I addressed a letter to President Wilson in sympathy with this action.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. William Cumming Story, President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I was invited to a seat on the platform at the opening ceremonies of the Twenty-Sixth Continental Congress, April 16, and during its sessions had the very great pleasure of meeting many of our own Daughters.

On April 25, 26 I attended the annual meeting of the Fourth District of the Virginia Division, U. D. C., at Fredericksburg, Va. In addition to Miss Nelly Preston, President of the Virginia Division, and many of its most active Daughters, there were present Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman of our Relief Committee, and Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Recording Secretary General, with whom I had the opportunity of discussing important matters connected with our work. Could every Daughter listen to Mrs. Randolph's pathetic recital of the many instances of appeals from needy Confederates, to which she is enabled to respond to the extent only of from three to five dollars a month, not providing food, but merely "a chair by the fireside," your efforts would be concentrated upon supplying the necessities of these most worthy and pressing cases.

On April 27 I was the guest of Miss May Rogers, of

Hyattsville, Md., at whose home were gathered a number of ladies to form the John F. Hickey Chapter, U. D. C.

On May 12 the magnificent Red Cross Building, a memorial to the women of the War between the States, was dedicated at Continental Memorial Hall. A box was placed at my disposal, and by special invitation of Miss Boardman Mrs. E. K. Trader occupied a seat upon the platform. It has been found necessary to postpone the unveiling of the memorial windows to the women of the sixties until next fall. Our Treasurer General reports having sent to Miss Boardman \$3,675.89, which includes the \$1,000 from the treasury of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In addition to this sum, Mrs. Little reports the receipt of \$43 from Alabama Chapters; and Mrs. Thomas T. Turner, President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, District of Columbia, has contributed through me \$100, leaving \$1,181.11 yet to be raised.

When these lines are read, Shiloh Confederate Monument will have been unveiled. It was a great disappointment that President Wilson was unable to take part in the ceremonies, but the demands upon him were so exacting that he felt he should adhere to his determination to remain in Washington. He asked me to "express to all concerned his deep appreciation and keen regret."

Faithfully yours,

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General.

EDUCATION IN THE U. D. C.

The Committee on Education of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, with Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina, as Chairman, issued on March 1, 1917, its ninth annual circular on education. This circular states that the General U. D. C. awarded in the year 1916 five hundred and ninety-nine and one-half scholarships, valued at \$65,198, of which forty-five were general scholarships, valued at \$6,535, and five hundred and fifty-four and one-half were State scholarships, valued at \$58,663, showing an increase in 1916 of twelve scholarships and an increase in money value of \$3,982.

This circular announces that forty-eight valuable scholarships are now in the possession of the U. D. C. Committee on Education, eight more than were announced in 1916 (see VETERAN for May, 1916), the additional ones being as follows:

A scholarship of free tuition for a girl at Sophie Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, La., valued at \$100. (Special for 1917. Awarded Miss Maude Venable Arrington, Hopkinsville, Ky., 1917.)

A scholarship in part for a boy at Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va., valued at \$100 per annum.

A partial scholarship for a girl at the Elizabeth Mather College (music), Atlanta, Ga., valued at \$100.

A partial scholarship for a boy at Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tenn., valued at \$50.

A scholarship for a girl, with free tuition in either the literary course, music, domestic science, or business, at Meridian College Conservatory, Meridian, Miss., valued at \$50.

A scholarship of free tuition for a boy at Triunity College, Durham, N. C., valued at \$50. Nos. 1 and 2.

A partial scholarship for a girl at Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga., valued at \$190. (Special for 1917.)

The following thirty-two scholarships are open for competition September 1, 1917:

1. The Alice Bristol scholarship, valued at \$1,000.
2. The Medical College of the State of South Carolina scholarship, valued at \$120.

3. The University of Alabama scholarship, valued at \$60.
4. The Fleet School scholarship, valued at \$400.
5. The Alabama Polytechnic scholarship, valued at \$50.
6. The Randolph-Macon Academy scholarship, valued at \$100.
7. The University of North Carolina scholarship, valued at \$60.
8. The Southwestern Presbyterian College scholarship, valued at \$50.
9. The Meridian College Conservatory scholarship, valued at \$50.
10. The Trinity College scholarship, No. 1, valued at \$50.
11. The Trinity College scholarship, No. 2, valued at \$50.
12. The Agnes Scott College scholarship, valued at \$75.
13. The University of Pennsylvania scholarship, valued at \$200.

14-32. One scholarship at the University of Virginia for each of the States of Arkansas, California, Florida, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Washington, Alabama, and the District of Columbia, valued at \$95 each.

All applicants for the choice of these scholarships must state their age, must give promise of robust health, must be able to pass the entrance examinations for the college for which they apply, must give suitable proof of inability to pay for their education, must be lineal descendants of Confederate veterans, and must be indorsed by the President of the Division and the Chairman of the Committee on Education of their State upon official U. D. C. blanks furnished them by said State Chairmen.

The following list of State Chairmen of Education shows to whom the applicants in each State must apply: Alabama, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Troy; Arkansas, Mrs. George Cunningham, 1868 Wolfe Street, Little Rock; California, Mrs. J. H. Stewart, Los Angeles; Colorado, Miss Lelah C. Stair, 218 S. Clarkson Street, Denver; District of Columbia, Miss Beatrice C. Meegan, 1508 Q Street, N. W., Washington; Florida, Sister Esther Carlotta, St. Augustine; Georgia, Mrs. L. G. Lang, Box 6, Sandersville, Mrs. F. T. Walden (scholarships), Augusta; Illinois, Miss Helene Michelbacher, 4636 Sheridan Road, Chicago; Kentucky, Mrs. Claude E. Miller, 424 Aylesford Place, Lexington; Louisiana, Mrs. F. C. Tompkins, 1501 Sixth Street, New Orleans; Maryland, Mrs. W. W. Preston, Belair; Mississippi, Mrs. H. J. Wilson, Hazelhurst; Missouri, Mrs. Elma Ealy, 419 Belvue Street, Cape Girardeau; New York, Mrs. L. D. Alexander, 20 Broad Street, New York City; North Carolina, Miss Annie J. Gash, Pisgah Forest; Ohio, Mrs. S. J. Barnett, 241 West Eleventh Avenue, Columbus; Oklahoma, Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, Kiowa; Pennsylvania, Mrs. J. H. Mendenhall (Philadelphia Chapter), 1114 Broome Street, Wilmington, Del., Mrs. Louise B. Oates (Pittsburgh Chapter), 5721 Elwood Street, Pittsburgh; South Carolina, Miss Armida Moses, Washington Street, Sumter; Tennessee, Mrs. W. T. Davis, 940 Russell Street, Nashville; Texas, Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, 1619 La Branche Street, Houston; Virginia, Mrs. Mark Reid, Radford; West Virginia, Mrs. Rudd Neel, Huntington.

These State Chairmen are requested to send to the General Chairman of Education before July 1, 1917, the names and money value of all scholarships supported by their Division or local Chapters, also the number of medals and prizes given and the number and value of books donated to public libraries.

Each State is advised to take steps toward securing a scholarship in its State institutions, while Chapters in Northern and Western States that cannot secure or maintain scholar-

ships in local or State institutions are advised to make some donation toward education. This money can be put toward the living expense account of any one of the general scholarships which do not carry a living fund and which may be selected by the Chapter or Division donating. It is the desire of the Committee on Education each year to raise by donations \$100, to be offered as a special scholarship.

A plea is also made for indorsements of all movements for industrial and compulsory education and for the higher education of women in every Division.

The General Chairman makes a special call for an educational conference at the Chattanooga convention on Friday afternoon, November 16, when all State Chairmen of Education are expected to be present and take part in the discussions. The Educational Committee for 1916-17 consists of Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Vice Chairman, Troy, Ala.; Mrs. J. T. Beal, Little Rock, Ark.; Miss Virginia S. McKenney, Petersburg, Va.; Miss Armida Moses, Sumter, S. C.; and Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Chairman, 31 Meeting Street, Charleston, S. C.

SOUTH CAROLINA'S CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The heritage, environment, and training that produce leaders in any movement are always matters of interest, particularly so in women's organizations. For this reason the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., wishes to give to the public some facts in the life of the woman who has been put forward by the Division as its candidate for President General at Chattanooga in November—Miss Mary B. Poppenheim. Miss Poppenheim was born in Charleston, S. C., of South Carolina ancestry for six generations on both sides. Her father, C. P. Poppenheim, was Sergeant of Company A, Hampton's Legion, Head's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps; went to Virginia in May, 1861, at the first call for troops; and was in every battle with the Legion from First Manassas to Sharpsburg, where his arm was shattered while carrying the colors. In 1863 he rejoined his command with an open wound, taking part in all engagements until he was invalidated home in 1864. Her mother's two brothers were in the service—Lieut. J. R. Banknight, Company M, 7th South Carolina Volunteers, mortally wounded at Malvern Hill, and the younger brother was with the Citadel Cadets, the boy soldiers of South Carolina.

Miss Poppenheim was graduated from Vassar in 1888 with the B.A. degree, specializing in American history. She was Vice President of the entire student body and President of the Art Club at graduation.

In 1908 she organized the General U. D. C. Committee on Education, being its first chairman, and she is now completing her ninth year in this office. During that time the general educational work has increased from one general scholarship to forty-five and in value by State tabulations from \$2,200 to \$59,000.

Miss Poppenheim has been South Carolina Director for Shiloh for ten years. Through her efforts her Division stands third in contributions, surpassed only by Tennessee and Virginia, although South Carolina had no troops engaged in the battle.

Miss Poppenheim's training for the general work was received while she organized the historical work in her own Division and served as Division Historian for seven years, resigning to become Division President. In 1907 she organized

the educational work in her Division, being chairman for five years.

In 1899 she established the *Keystone*, a monthly magazine devoted to women's organization activities; and she wrote the editorial page for fourteen years, besides historical articles for various publications, and was one of the compilers and editors of "South Carolina Women in the Confederacy," Volumes I. and II.



MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM.

As a club woman Miss Poppenheim organized and has been President of the South Carolina Intercollegiate Club for seventeen years; Chairman of the Literature Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, 1906-08, presiding at the literary evening of the Boston biennial; a member of Rebecca Motte Chapter, D. A. R.; one of the first five women ever elected to membership in the South Carolina Historical Society; a charter member of the South Carolina Audubon Society, the Y. W. C. A. of Charleston, the Sigma Epsilon Branch of Vassar Alumnae Association, the Century Club, and the Civic Club of Charleston; a member of the Board of Directors of Charleston Chapter, U. D. C.; and Secretary for twenty-one years of the oldest visiting nurse association on record, the Ladies' Benevolent Society of Charleston. She has attended and taken an active part in fourteen general U. D. C. conventions, has visited Europe on four occasions, spending several months each time, is an Episcopalian, and believes in limited suffrage.

This is the woman whom South Carolina Daughters believe capable of guiding the affairs of the General U. D. C.

MRS. ROBERT D. WRIGHT,
Ex-President South Carolina Division, U. D. C.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. CHARLES P. HOUGH, JEFFERSON CITY.

The Division is actively engaged in educational and patriotic work. Many Chapters are taking up Red Cross work, and others are interested in increasing the subscription list of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, notably the Cape Girardeau Chapter, which took a ten-dollar subscription, sending the VETERAN to army men of Southern sympathies, to some of the regimental "messes" where the men need something of an army nature to read every day, to the Douglas (Ariz.) Library, and to several high schools, asking the teachers to use them for reference.

The Sterling Price Chapter, St. Joseph, presented to the Fourth Regiment an ambulance fully equipped and pledged the members to assist in every way possible.

The Mary Major Chapter, C. of C., of Hannibal, celebrated its first anniversary on April 8. This Chapter has twenty-nine enthusiastic little workers, who meet every month, an interesting program being given each time. A candy and lemonade sale netted several dollars. Mrs. Conlon, President of the Hannibal Chapter, has offered three prizes—one to the child securing the most new members, one to the child who does not miss a meeting, and one for the best essay.

The Confederate Dames Chapter, St. Louis, supports a scholarship in the Missouri University and has organized a Red Cross unit.

The veterans of St. Louis meet once a month at the Jefferson Memorial, and the different Chapters of the city provide a musical program for them. The Confederate Dames gave the musical at the March meeting.

Memorial Day was observed by the veterans and members of the Hannibal Chapter at Palmyra. An interesting program was given, and one cross of honor was bestowed. The veterans responded to roll call with some amusing tales of the war. After the program an informal reception was given by the Palmyra members of the Hannibal Chapter.

THE ARKANSAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. AGNES HALLIBURTON.

The Little Rock District meeting was held in Conway on April 11 and was beautifully entertained by the Robert E. Lee Chapter. The State Regent, Mrs. Beeson, reported an appropriation by the legislature for the benefit of the endowment fund of the Arkansas Room in the Richmond Museum. Chapter reports were good and gave evidence of the progress of State work under the enthusiastic leadership of Mrs. J. T. Beal. Other district meetings will take place in April and May.

The organization of the Confederate Council, composed of representatives from each of the U. D. C. Chapters and the Camps of Veterans and Sons, has given new life to the work in Little Rock. Through the splendid work of the Council, with Mr. A. J. Wilson, S. C. V., President, fairer and more desirable histories have been put into our high school, more comfortable chairs have been given the veterans in the Home, and a committee (with the State Historian, Mrs. John W. Allen, as Chairman) has been appointed to look over the fiction and historical storybooks in the children's department of the public library.

Our Robert E. Lee celebration was a splendid success under the management of the Council. The mutual benefit of the united efforts of the Sons and Daughters has already been clearly demonstrated.

THE U. D. C. IN TACOMA, WASH.

BY MRS. R. P. FULKERSON, PRESIDENT DIXIE CHAPTER.

We believe the "folks down South" are much more interested in the West since our last national election, when the South and West joined and made possible the continuance in office of our great President, Woodrow Wilson. So I want to tell you of another mutual interest, Lee and Jackson Day, and how Dixie Chapter, No. 1103, of Tacoma, honored these two great men.

Our celebration was most unique, as it was held in the Washington State Historical Building, and I wonder if it isn't the first time General Lee's birthday was celebrated in a State building so far north of the Mason and Dixon line.

About a year ago one of our members, Mrs. Harrison G. Foster, called on Miss Mary Custis Lee, who became so interested in our Chapter that she sent us a splendid portrait of her illustrious father. Wishing to place the picture where the most people would enjoy it, we secured space in the State Historical Building and then began to collect interesting pictures for our corner.

So upon General Lee's birthday we were able to present a most worthy collection of pictures of Southern history for the enlightenment of the Western public. After the formal presentation by the President and acceptance by Curator W. P. Bonney, we had the pleasure of being addressed by Dr. W. G. Woodbridge, formerly of Georgia. Always most interesting, upon this occasion Dr. Woodbridge made us all prouder of our great men and of the Southland.

Besides portraits of Generals Lee and Jackson, we have the "Last Meeting between Generals Lee and Jackson"; "The Lost Cause"; "Inauguration of President Davis" and two portraits of President Davis; portraits of George and Martha Washington and of S. A. Cunningham, to whom we owe so much; "Jackson's Army at Prayer"; portrait of Mrs. Ella K. Trader; "Poem to Sam Davis"; last edition of the Daily Citizen, of Vicksburg, Miss., printed on wall paper; "Ordinance of Secession of Mississippi," and "Lee and His Generals," presented by the late Mrs. N. F. Brooks, mother of Mrs. J. B. Maclin, President of Washington Division.

Our guests of honor were Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans; and we enjoyed splendid talks from Comrade J. C. Weatherd, Adj. J. J. Anderson, and L. Griffen. Thus in the Northwest are the Daughters honoring the Southern leaders and aiding in every undertaking, fittingly demonstrated last year, when Dixie Chapter alone gave forty dollars to the Shiloh Monument Fund.

THE OHIO DIVISION.

BY MRS. ANNE DOWNMAN WEST.

From the Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter of Dayton comes the following incident: A gun used on board the Rowena during the War between the States was presented to Capt. W. T. McDonald, a pilot of Charleston and a successful blockade runner, by Captain Moore, who captured the Rowena when she was bound for New York laden with coffee. Capt. Thomas Moore was commander of the privateer Sumter and captured the Rowena, took her into Charleston Harbor and sold her cargo, and the vessel was then used as a blockade runner. The gun is now owned by Capt. J. M. McDonald, of Charleston, son of the man to whom the gun was presented.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter of Cincinnati has had a wonderfully active winter and is now much interested in Red Cross work.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. LOUISE AYER VANDIVER, EDITOR.

The William Wallace Chapter, of Union, is the banner Chapter of the State, having received last fall the token of merit for the enrollment of members for the year. It was hostess in November to the State convention, entertaining most royally about one hundred and fifty guests, the largest number ever in attendance upon a Division convention.

William Wallace Chapter was named for one of Union's finest and most distinguished sons, the late Judge Wallace, who was not only an eminent jurist, but served his State faithfully and well during the War between the States, attaining the rank of general before its close. When the little band of patriotic women organized on March 28, 1903, and selected that beloved name for their Chapter, they numbered but seven. Now their roll shows eighty-four active and four honorary members. One of the latter is the organizer and first President. Their average attendance is forty-five.

The admirable yearbook prepared by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose is their textbook, and they are becoming proficient in the history of the South. They are generous in proportion to their intelligence, making liberal contributions to all U. D. C. work now on hand, also having remembered the inmates of the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Columbia with a gift of ten dollars at Christmas. They entertain the veterans of Union County once a year at an elaborate dinner, and on the last occasion they invited the wives as well as the old men. A medal is offered to the students of the high school, to be given in April, the subject to be "The History of the Confederacy." Crosses of honor are given to living veterans, and crosses mark the resting places of those who have fallen on sleep. Truly, South Carolina is proud of this splendid Chapter.

THE NEW YORK DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. D. BEALE, HISTORIAN.

Early in March at an Executive Committee meeting of the New York Division held at the Hotel Astor it was decided to give a card party in the college room of this hotel on March 30 to replenish the treasury. Mrs. Ernest E. Malcolm was made chairman, and tickets were sold at one dollar each. The large room was crowded, and a goodly sum was realized. The minutes of the first annual convention of the New York Division have been published. It is attractive in a gray-and-red cover and contains an interesting speech from Thomas Dixon on "The Birth of a Nation."

The New York Chapter gave its annual birthday party on Saturday, March 17, with Mrs. Seamans, assistant chairman, in charge, as Mrs. Carpenter, chairman, was ill. This was the twentieth anniversary of the Chapter. Mrs. J. H. Parker, President, and Mrs. Andrew Dickenson, Honorary Life President, received the guests. This Chapter is planning to give through the Red Cross, as President Wilson suggests that all gifts be sent through the Red Cross, an ambulance to be used by the American armies in the field; the gift is in memory of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Admiral Semmes. At the meeting in May Mrs. Beale presented the following resolution: "As the New York Chapter, U. D. C., is the oldest, the largest, and the best known of any organization of Southern women in New York, it should give an ambulance for use in the field for the present war against the German government; that this ambulance be given in mem-

ory of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, and Admiral Semmes, and that their names be placed on the ambulance."

Giving this ambulance in memory of our heroes is three-fold. First, it carries out our U. D. C. constitution by honoring them; second, it is to relieve the sick and help the dying; third, it shows to the world that Southern women and Northern women are a unit in this distressful war, all working for the same end. If any good is to come, it is the uniting of the people of the world. Think of England and France standing together! The United States and England! The Northern and Southern States in America!

Miss Loretta Conley, a member of the New York Chapter, is a Red Cross nurse, and it would seem a fitting arrangement for her to be assigned to this ambulance. Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Burke, and Mrs. Beale are enthusiastically interested in the Chapter's doing something big for the war benefit, as is also the President, Mrs. James Henry Parker.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MISS MATTIE B. SHEIBLEY, ROME.

The months of January and February abound in historic anniversaries, the observance of which has been State-wide. Almost every Chapter in the Division had interesting programs commemorative of the birthdays of Generals Lee and Jackson in January; and February 11 and 12 are historic days to Georgians, the first as the birthday of Alexander Stephens, Vice President of the Confederate Government, and the other date is the anniversary of the founding of Georgia.

The Crawfordville Chapter is deeply interested in the establishment and endowment of Liberty Hall, home of Mr. Stephens, as the Stephens Memorial School. A number of pledges to that were made, and it is hoped that the school may be opened in the fall. Miss Mary Gay, of Decatur, a real Daughter of the Confederacy and author of several interesting volumes, has contributed the copyright of her book, "Life in Dixie," to this school.

Georgia Day, the 12th of February, was observed as Flag Day by many Chapters, the proceeds from the sales of flags forming a contribution to the Helen Plane Free Scholarship Fund. Most of the material for the programs on this day was taken from the address of Miss Rutherford, State Historian, to the students of Georgia University.

The foundation work for the colossal Stone Mountain memorial is being superintended by Mr. Borglum, the sculptor. He has his office at the base of the mountain, and his instructions to the artisans are given through a megaphone. His wife and two children came down in March, and the family is pleasantly domiciled at the scene of Mr. Borglum's gigantic undertaking, the completion of which will consume eight years.

Several Chapters have among their most ambitious plans the erection of Chapter homes. As the result of three years' splendid work the Decatur Chapter owns its own home, a colonial cottage furnished in old Windsor furniture. It was opened in June, 1916, with a house-warming and has since been the joy of the Chapter and the show place of Decatur. Cedartown, Carrollton, and Marietta Chapters are gradually collecting funds for homes. Savannah has owned its Chapter house for some time; and Tennille also possessed a home which was, unfortunately, destroyed by fire.

The Savannah Chapter is very proud of a valuable collection of Confederate relics presented by Mrs. Gratz Myers,

of Edgewood, N. J., formerly of Savannah. The collection consists of a Confederate naval uniform worn by Captain Middleton, an army uniform worn by C. S. Arnold, two embroidered saddle blankets, two cavalry sabers, and a pair of epaulettes.

The Tennille Chapter conducted a successful bazaar in December. Among the many attractive things shown was a dainty handkerchief sent by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, which was auctioned off and brought a fabulous price.

The address by Miss Mildred Rutherford at the Dallas convention has been generally distributed and is a magnificent reference book. This capstone of her work as Historian General is a worthy finale, and Georgia is pardonably proud of her position in the hearts of the U. D. C. A signal honor for Georgia's State Historian is the appointment as Chairman of Southern Literature, U. D. C.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. BATTLE EAKINS, STATE EDITOR.

Muskogee Chapter has reported fine meetings, the printing of yearbooks, and a most delightful celebration of the anniversary of Lee, a banquet of twenty-four veterans and many other guests being the features of the occasion. Crosses of honor were bestowed. The members of the auxiliary Chapter, Dixie Girls, are especially active in visiting and caring for the veterans.

The Committee on the Confederate Memorial Commission Bill, composed of Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Lawrence, and Mrs. Arnote, members of the Antlers Chapter, reported the passage of this bill by the House. It provides that a commission be created for the purpose of locating the burial places of the Confederate dead of the State, so that they may be properly marked and cared for.

The members of this committee are officers in the Antlers Chapter. Mrs. Powell is Registrar; Mrs. Lawrence, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Arnote, Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway. In addition to their Chapter work, these ladies have given much time and work toward securing the passage of this bill.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR., EUFAULA.

Interest in the Alabama Division was centered about the annual meeting in Selma, May 1-4. The meeting was of special interest, with the unveiling of a bowlder and tablets marking one of Selma's historic spots, the foundry and navy yard. The address on this occasion was by Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V.

Mrs. Bibb Graves has served two terms as President, and the Division has progressed splendidly during her term of office. The selection of her successor was a matter of special interest. Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, was unanimously elected President. Having served the Division as First Vice President and in other capacities, this greater honor is well deserved.

Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, always has something good to report, and this year was no exception. Her nephew has given one thousand dollars toward a scholarship in the Alabama Division. This is a wonderful gift, for which the Division is deeply grateful, both to him and to Mrs. Bashinsky, for whom it was given. Each year finds us growing in all lines of work.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

PROGRAMS PREPARED BY MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, LATE HISTORIAN
GENERAL U. D. C.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1917.

TOPICS FOR JULY PAPERS: "EVENTS OF 1863."

Battle of Galveston, Tex., January 1.

Battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 2.

Streight's raid into Georgia, April 27 to May 3, with Gen. Nathan Bedford Forest in hot pursuit.

Tell of Emma Sanson, who piloted General Forrest to the ford, thus enabling him to effect the capture of Streight at Rome, Ga. ("The South in the Building of the Nation," Vol. XI.)

Battle of Port Gibson, Miss., May 1.

Chancellorsville, May 1 to 4, and death of the great general, Stonewall Jackson.

Describe the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., from May 18 to July 4, forty-seven days, one of the most noted sieges in all history. ("The South in the Building of the Nation," Vols. II. and IV.)

Fall of Port Hudson, La., May 27.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 1 to 3. Details of this great battle. Famous charge of Pickett. Tell of Barksdale, of Mississippi, in this battle.

Assault on Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18.

Battle of Chickamanga, Ga., September 19. Details of this battle.

Tell of "Boy Heroes of the Confederacy," Sam Davis, of Tennessee, and David Dodd, of Arkansas.

Brief description of battles of Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 23, 24, and 26. What is designated as the "Battle above the Clouds"? ("History of the United States," Turpin, page 318.)

Round-table discussion: What was the relative strength of the two armies? Compare their resources.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1917.

Who invented the first successful submarine?

What was its name? and from what place was it sent out?

What did it do to the United States steamer Housatonic on February 17, 1864?

What two places were captured on May 1 and June 6, 1862?

How did this open the way for the Federals to gain possession of the Mississippi River?

What important battles were fought in Mississippi in 1862?

How did Lee and Jackson work together in the campaign of 1862 in Virginia?

When was the battle of Antietam (or Sharpsburg) fought? Names of the opposing commanders and result.

"Grandfather's Stories about Antietam."

Reading: "The Sword of Lee."

Reference: "Brief History of the United States," Andrews.

THE CONFEDERATE LIBRARY.

(Additional list of books contributed to this library as reported by Miss Rutherford.)

Books.

- "The War between the States." (Bledsoe.) Presented by Danville (Va.) Chapter, U. D. C.
- "The Abolition Crusade." (Herbert.) Autographed by Hilary A. Herbert, Washington City.
- "Mannie Brown and Edward Kennedy." Autographed by M. Rutherford.
- "Life of Robert Edward Lee." (Shepherd.) Autographed by Henry E. Shepherd, Baltimore, Md.
- "Lee and His Cause." (Deering.) Autographed by John R. Deering, Lexington, Ky.
- "Nancy MacIntyre." (Parker.) Autographed by Lester Shepard Parker, Jefferson City, Mo.
- "Causes That Led to the War between the States." (McGehee.) Autographed by J. O. McGehee, Richmond, Va.
- "The Southern Negro." (Randle.) Autographed by E. H. Randle, Neale Publishing Company, New York.
- "Reminiscences." (Robert M. Howard.) Autographed by the author, Jefferson, Ga.
- "Dixie after the War." (Myrta Lockett Avery.) Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.
- "Two Great Southerners," "Makers of Georgia." (Whitehead.) Autographed by A. C. Whitehead, Atlanta, Ga.
- "Love Songs and Bugle Calls." (Boyle.) Autographed by Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis, Tenn.
- "History of the United States," "Brief History of the United States." Matthew Page Andrews, Baltimore, Md.
- "Historic Southern Monuments." Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, Denver, Colo.
- "Story of the Confederate States." Joseph T. Derry, Atlanta, Ga.
- "The Women of the Confederacy." J. L. Underwood, New York.
- "Social Life in Old New Orleans." (Eliza Ripley.) D. Appleton & Co.
- "The Bloody Links." (Felix Richard Callaway.) Autographed by the author, Slireveport, La.
- "Bethany: A Story of the Old South." (Thomas Watson.) Autographed by the author, Thomson, Ga.
- "The Standard Bearer." (A. C. Whitehead.) Autographed by the author, Atlanta, Ga.
- "History of Company C, Fourteenth Regiment, N. C. V." (Smith.) Autographed by Maj. A. W. Smith, Ansonville, N. C.
- "The Heritage of the South." (Early.) Presented by Miss Ruth H. Early, Lynchburg, Va.
- "A Pair of Blankets." (Stewart.) Autographed just before his death by the author, Col. William H. Stewart, Portsmouth, Va.
- "The Women of the Debatable Land." Autographed by the author, Alexander Hunter, Winchester, Va.
- "A Lost Arcadia." Walter A. Clark, Augusta, Ga.
- "The Hayes-Tilden Contest." Elbert William R. Ewing.
- "The Blue Cockade." (Flora McDonald Williams.) Presented by Neale Publishing Company, New York.
- "The Old Virginia Gentleman and Other Sketches." (Bagby.)
- "In Ancient Albemarle." (Albertson.)
- "Songs of Love and War." (Clarkson.)
- "A Virginia Girl." (Myrta L. Avery.)
- "Under the Stars and Bars." (Walter Clark.)

"The Journal of Julia Le Grand." Autographed by Mrs. Morris L. Croxall, Editor.

"The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl." (Eliza Frances Andrews.)

"The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock." (Thomas Nelson Page.)

"History of the Confederate Memorial Association." (C. S. M. A.)

"The Land Where We Were Dreaming." (Lucas.) Autographed by the author's daughter, Virginia Lucas, Charleston, W. Va.

"Diary of a Tarheel Confederate Soldier." (L. Leon.) Autographed by L. Leon, Charlotte, N. C.

"The Story of Mary Washington." (Marion Harland.)

"Four Years under Marse Robert." (Maj. Robert Stiles.) Presented by Neale Publishing Company, New York.

"Reminiscences of the Women of Missouri." Presented by Missouri Division, U. D. C.

"The Immortal Six Hundred." (Maj. J. Ogden Murray.)

"Camp Fire Stories." Marie Louise Benton Bankston, New Orleans, La.

"In Barrack and Field." (Beall.) Presented by Lieut. John B. Beall, Nashville, Tenn.

"History of Brenham and Washington County, Texas." Mrs. Pennington, Brenham, Tex.

"Texas; or, The Broken Link." (Selph.) Presented by Fannie Eoline Selph, Nashville, Tenn.

"Beatrice Sumter." Presented by Carrie V. Cheatham, Temple, Tex.

"On the Field of Honor." Anna Robinson Watson, Memphis, Tenn.

"Ku-Klux Klan." Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, West Point, Miss.

Miss Rutherford requests that all books sent to the committee for examination shall be autographed and presented to the Confederate Library.

ADDRESSES.

"The South in the Building of a Nation" (Washington, 1912); "Thirteen Periods of United States History" (New Orleans, 1913); "The Wrongs of History Righted" (Savannah, 1914); "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission" (San Francisco, 1915); "The Civilization of the Old South" (Dallas, 1916). Autographed by Historian General, U. D. C., 1911-16.

"Georgia: The Empire State."

"Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln." Autographed by State Historian of the Georgia Division.

"What the South May Claim." Autographed by M. Rutherford.

"American Authors." Autographed by M. Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO MISS RUTHERFORD'S DALLAS SPEECH.

Amount reported	\$464 50
April 10, Tennessee Division, U. D. C.....	5 00
May 4, Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chapter.....	5 00
May 4, Virginia Division.....	25 00
May 4, Frank Bennett, C. of C.....	2 00

Total

Printing speech

Balance due

IN MEMORIAM: MRS. T. J. LATHAM.

BY ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON, MEMPHIS, TENN.

To one who loved her and who for twenty years called her friend it is natural, now that she has passed through the gateway beyond which we may neither see nor follow, to ponder upon the severed earthly ties and to dwell upon the characteristics that made them dear. First among her predominant traits, those that were always conspicuous and which combined to produce her remarkable personality, were her contagious spontaneity and enthusiasm. Resistless in their influence, they marked for success every project which secured her coöperation. She did nothing with a divided heart, and the organizations so fortunate as to claim her leadership felt from the first the strong impulse which her warm heart, unflagging energy, and practical insight imparted.



MRS. T. J. LATHAM.

Possessing these traits or gifts, Mrs. Latham was also an artist. Her skillful brush produced many beautiful things, and her artistic perceptions enriched every program or occasion with which she was connected. No other woman of her State, probably of her section, did so much for so many worth-while activities, patriotic and otherwise. Her forcefulness was recognized in many widely separated localities, and her city, her State, and, most of all, her friends mourn her departure.

Descended from a distinguished family, with an ancestry reaching back to the nobility of France, her temperament, ardent and impulsive, reflected the influences of such heredity; and those close to her knew that smiles and tears were in her life as the sunshine and rain of a fair garden, enriching and beautifying the endeavors which enlisted her sympathy.

What we call "Death," after all the centuries gone, is still a mystery, a subject of conjecture, and yet there are asser-

tions regarding it which are vital and convincing. In the "Wisdom of Solomon" we read: "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the universe they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in peace." And like the solemn chime of bells that calls to worship are the words of St. Paul:

"I would not have you ignorant
Concerning them that sleep,"
Nor have you, as there were no hope,
A mournful vigil keep.
They are not far removed, our loved,
Across unmeasured space,
For deathless soul to soul may reach
As were we face to face.

Meditating upon these words, we bid her adieu for a time

APPRECIATED JUSTICE.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

In the Literary Digest of April 14 there appeared a review of "Campaigns and Battles of the Army of Northern Virginia," by George Wise, which is so refreshingly different from the usual reviews of Southern books by Northern writers that I have copied it for the *VETERAN*, since it states a fact which the thinking public of the South, and especially the Daughters of the Confederacy, have long insisted upon—viz., that Northern history of the great struggle never fairly stated the Southern cause nor with justice and truth related the events of the war. The extract from the Literary Digest is as follows:

"The author of this interesting history in detail of the campaigns and battles of Lee's famous Army of Northern Virginia served practically throughout the whole of the Civil War. His narrative is largely a record of personal experiences. He was in the engineers' corps, where his unusual abilities won for him the praise of Gen. Robert E. Lee and of other officers high in command in the Confederate armies. He dug the pit and arranged the chambers and bombproofs of the largest gun ever mounted on the Confederate lines. * * *

"During fifty years the printed matter on the Civil War has reached a formidable total. Most of the leaders on both sides have left us their personal stories, and the mass of official records, consisting of reports, etc., is quite overwhelming for the ordinary reader. Yet many of these reports, written in the field under the inspiration of the moment, retain the graphic and dramatic qualities which are so often lost in the narrative of the formal historian. To rescue these 'documents' of history, often submerged, for the general student and to set them in right and striking perspective, has been the especial care of this latest historian of the War between the States. Most students of that war, at least here in the North, have derived their conceptions of the great conflict from too partial sources. The schoolbooks of the generation whose fathers fought in the war did but scant justice to the soldiers of the South. We can recall the general conception received from the dog-eared, veracious chronicles of the classroom. It was that of an almost unbroken series of triumphs for the cause of the Union. It was history of that brand which is now released by a war censor in Berlin or London. It placidly ignored the epic of a people. Nearly half a cen-

tury had to pass before history was to do justice to the armies of the Confederacy. And perhaps it was necessary to wait that long before the rancors engendered by the fratricidal contest had subsided.

"At all events, as Mr. Wise's book seems to remind us, history has at last done full meed of justice to the valor of the soldiers of the South. Not merely has the author given graphic descriptions of great battles from Manassas to Appomattox, with detailed accounts of the strategy that decided important actions, but he has set forth with rare intelligence the causes which eventually were to replace the long series of brilliant Southern victories by final and irretrievable defeat. As might be expected, the figure of General Lee looms large in the picture of the soldier-historian. The portrait here drawn of the Confederate leader is most impressive. He was known intimately to the author, who served immediately under him."

The reviewer then relates anew the well-known story of the incident on the battle field of Manassas, where General Bee gave to General Jackson the name "Stonewall," which will hold its immortal place in history until time shall be no more, or, as the Northern writer better states it, "a name that will live through all ages as the synonym of dauntless courage and Christian manhood."

ATTENTION, SURGEONS C. S. A.!

All persons who are interested in the Association of Surgeons of the Confederate States Army and Navy will please report to the headquarters of William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff United Confederate Veterans, New Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C., where detailed information concerning the meetings of the Association of Medical Officers will be available for all.

SAMUEL E. LEWIS, M.D., *Secretary.*

PRISON LIFE IN THE SIXTIES.

The simple narrative of prison experiences at Baltimore and Johnson's Island, recently published by Dr. Henry E. Shepherd as a brochure, tells a story of needlessly bitter suffering when in the hands of the Federals. He was captured at Gettysburg after being wounded, and before his complete recovery he was subjected to the hardships of prison caused by the inhumanity of his captors. In his extremity he appealed to Ex-President Pierce, who had been a close friend of his uncle, and received a cordial reply, but with the following statement: "You could not entertain a more mistaken opinion than to suppose that I have the slightest power for good with this government." He tells how food and clothing sent to the prisoners were confiscated by those in charge of the prison and how letters were withheld, on the slightest pretext, from those to whom they were written, only the envelopes being delivered, marked "From your wife," "your mother," or "your child," thus increasing the agony of suspense as to the condition of the loved ones at home. It is a vivid presentation of the horrors endured, which were lightened only by the agreeable companionship of others imprisoned at the same time, some of whom were most gifted and won fame and fortune in after years. The little book is handsomely bound.

THE MISSION OF THE VETERAN.

(Continued from page 249.)

faith and pledged himself to good citizenship, he has been faithful to his promise. The memory of his past is the inspiration of his present and his future.

Therefore I bid the VETERAN Godspeed in its effort to secure the true history of the great war. Let us who were actors in that tragic drama and our children support this faithful friend that seeks to vindicate us and our cause from misrepresentation and falsehood.

NATIONAL CITIZENS' CREED CONTEST.

(Approved by the President of the United States.)

WHAT IS SOUGHT.

The creed should be the best summary of our civic beliefs and duties, to be adapted for general circulation in convenient form and for use in public and private schools throughout the country. It should be based on the principles and the ideals of American citizenship as shown in our history, laws, and customs. The briefest possible creed that is sufficiently comprehensive is the one desired.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST.

The contest is open to all who have been born in, or who have become naturalized citizens of, the United States. Any contestant may submit more than one creed, but the writer must use only a private mark on the manuscript or manuscripts submitted. The manuscript must be accompanied by a small envelope containing both this private mark and the full name and address of the writer. The envelope containing the private mark and the name of the successful competitor will be opened only when the judges have made their decision. Manuscripts should be typewritten on one side of the paper only.

The contest is open to, and inclusive of, September 14, 1917, the date of the one-hundred-and-third anniversary of the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

To the author of the successful creed a prize of \$1,000 will be given by the city of Baltimore, which is the birthplace of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

All manuscripts are to be sent to the Committee on Manuscripts, Citizens' Creed Contest, care of Educational Foundations, 31-33 East Twenty-Seventh Street, New York City.

CREED COMMITTEES.

The Committee on Manuscripts is headed by Henry Sterling Chapin, Hermann Hagedorn, and Porter Emerson Browne, assisted by editors representing the leading magazines of America.

The Committee of Award consists of seven judges, who are: Matthew Page Andrews, Irvin S. Cobb, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Julian Street, Booth Tarkington, and Charles Hanson Towne.

The Advisory Committee consists of governors of States, senators and representatives, heads of patriotic organizations, and other Americans in public and private life. Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, is the Chairman of this committee.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports contributions to the Jefferson Davis Home Association from April 15, 1917 to May 15, 1917, of \$11,289.95.

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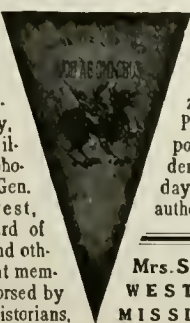
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**BRONZE MEMORIAL AND
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Mass.

R. W. Trapnell, of Point of Rocks, Md., wants to get information of Philip Trapnell, C. S. A., who was born in 1834 and died in Memphis in 1886. He was major and chief of staff to Generals Cheatham and Forrest.

Mrs. J. A. Cooke, Masonic Home, Arlington, Tex., asks that any one who remembers R. R. Cooke (known as "Dick"), who enlisted in Captain Cook's company from Williamson County, Tex., will kindly write her of his service, as she is trying to get a pension.

David Brooks, 411 West Brady Street, Tulsa, Okla., wishes to hear from any of his comrades who can help him prove his pension claim. He served in Company D, 13th Texas, which was organized at Fort Washita, Indian Nation, in December, 1861. J. D. Stephens was captain and F. L. Scott lieutenant.

The teacher had recited "The Landing of the Pilgrims." Then she requested each pupil to draw from imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated and at last raised his hand.

"Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"—*Exchange.*

A DESCRIPTIVE HISTORY OF THE
Paper Money of the
Confederate States of America

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J. A. Herrell, of Huntington Beach, Orange County, Cal., would like to hear from surviving members of Company D, 3d Arkansas Regiment.

Mrs. M. A. Swartzout, 188 Rawson Road, Brookline, Mass., makes inquiry for any one who knew Addison Cooke, of Prince George County, Md., who served as a private in Snowden Andrews's battery. Any information of him will be appreciated.

Mrs. Clarinda Harris, of Tag, Ark., is trying to get a pension and asks for information of the service of her husband William Harris, who served in a Georgia regiment, but its number is not known. She will appreciate hearing from any of his comrades.

E. H. Ellett, of Fairview, Fla., who served in the 10th Illinois Infantry, says he wishes some Confederate who was in the engagement at River's Bridge, on the Salkehatchie, South Carolina, would write the story of that affair, relating to that part of their line at River's Bridge only.

Mrs. Phila Carden, of Cuba, Ala., will be grateful for any information of the service of her husband, John W. Carden, who is thought to have joined the Confederate army with Woodruff's Division from Little Rock, Ark., and to have taken part in the Red River expedition against Banks and the fight at Jenkins's Ferry, also in the capture of the Federal negro soldiers at Wilkins Bend, on the Mississippi River. His early life was spent in South Carolina and Tennessee, but he later lived near Little Rock, Ark.

WHO REMEMBERS THIS?—L. J. Walker, of Charlotte, N. C., writes that when the Confederate prisoners were leaving David's Island, N. Y., in December, 1863, to be exchanged at City Point, Va., many of them were issued Federal uniforms, which consisted of black pants and long blue frock coats. This uniform made the Confederates look like Federal soldiers; so to distinguish them the prison authorities took shears and cut the coat tails off close up to the waist band, which gave the boys quite a "bobtailed" appearance. Comrade Walker would like to hear from any who remembers this and who wore the short Yankee coat home.

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PRICE OF CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.

When the war closed there was considerable adjustment of debts contracted during the war on the gold basis, so notice was run in the papers, and this is from the Augusta Constitutionalist of June 9, 1865:

"In consequence of numerous inquiries daily as to the price of gold for Confederate notes during a certain period, we have, for the convenience of our citizens who may have settlements to make, prepared a table from our books showing actual sales from January 1, 1861, to May 1, 1865.

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"Augusta, Ga., June 9, 1865.

"Prices of gold for Confederate notes:

"1861, January 1 to May 1, 5 per cent; December 15, 30 per cent.

"1862, January 1, 20 per cent; April 1, 75 per cent; June 15, 2 for 1; September 1, 2.50 for 1.

"1863, February 1, 3 for 1; March 15, 5 for 1; July 1, 8 for 1; October 1, 13 for 1; December 15, 21 for 1.

"1864, January 1, 22 for 1; October 1, 27 for 1; December 31, 51 for 1.

"1865, January 1, 60 for 1; March 1, 55 for 1; April 20, 100 for 1; April 28, 800 for 1; April 30, 1,000 for 1; May 1, 1,200 for 1, which was the last active sale of Confederate notes."—*Macon Telegraph*.

David H. Brazell, of Franklin, Tex., has made application for a pension and needs the testimony of comrades to make proof of his service. He enlisted at Columbia, Va., in Henry Forney's company, of the 10th Alabama Regiment, taking the place of his father, who was discharged May 15, 1862, and died shortly after. Young Brazell's company was consolidated with others soon after he joined, and he does not remember the letter, but thinks it was Company 1. He and Bill Warren went from Jacksonville, Ala., and enlisted at the same time.

Mrs. W. W. Watt, of Charlotte, N. C., asks for the Confederate record of Col. Goodell M. Miller, J. C. Miller, Clark Miller, and Laurence Miller, who were all from East and West Feliciana Parishes, La., near Baton Rouge, and served under General Forrest. They were at Shiloh, Corinth, and other battles in Mississippi and Tennessee.

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Mrs. William F. Young, of Shafter, Tex., is applying for a pension and needs to prove the record of her husband, William F. Young, as a Confederate soldier. She remembers nothing

of his service but that he enlisted from New Orleans and served under General Beauregard. She will appreciate hearing from any of his surviving comrades. He enlisted when very young.

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Dec 19

VOL. XXV.

JULY, 1917

NO. 7

Equality—Liberty—Fraternity

BY D. G. BICKERS

Three pillars hold the nation up; and two are strong,
And one needs building better. In the long
Years yonder our forefathers founded this republic deep
Upon the principles of prime democracy and then
Upreamed a column, the **Equality** supreme of men,
The universal creed of opportunity to keep
The nation steady; and beside it they in wisdom raised
Another sturdy shaft—of **Liberty**, companion pillar true.
Began they then to build a government upon these two.

But when these strong supports have been appraised,
It has been found that on a third must rest secure
The perpetuity and life of the republic; in the place
Where it must stand a temporary prop not soundly sure
Has served us. . . . It is time, for safety of the race
Of real Americans, we set, firm in its well-contrived design,
The last complete support, a pillar true and fine,
That in our ideal government the world shall see
A perfect building. . . . Add the strength of real **Fraternity**.



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Copies of the VETERAN for April, 1898, are wanted, and those having copies they want to dispose of will please write the VETERAN office, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. E. A. Gray, 1312 Eleventh Street, Wichita Falls, Tex., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from any comrade who knew her husband, Lloyd D. Gray, who served in the Confederate army, but she does not know the company or regiment.

A cross of honor inscribed with the name of W. J. Stone was found in Washington after the Reunion. The owner may have same by applying to Mrs. Gustavus Werber, 1353 Q Street N. W., Washington, D. C., who is Recorder of Crosses for the District of Columbia Division.

Attention, Confederate Veterans!

We have left 100 copies of Capt. B. L. Ridley's book, "Battles and Sketches, Army of Tennessee." A complete and interesting chronicle of the Civil War, containing historic events and many incidents of camp life.

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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1917.

No. 7.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

TO WASHINGTON—OUR THANKS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 7, 1917.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 14.

With intense satisfaction the General commanding announces the termination of the twenty-seventh annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, in many respects the most remarkable in the history of the organization.

The heart of every member of this glorious Federation has been deeply touched by the warm welcome given the survivors of the Confederate armies as they passed in parade through the streets of the capital city. The admiring and cheering crowds which greeted them in their march from the start to the finish will live in their memories throughout time. Never in the history of Washington has its hospitality been taxed to this extent nor the crowds been so great within her gates, all of whom shared in the plaudits which greeted these old soldiers on all sides.

The Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes floated side by side as the column marched down Pennsylvania Avenue, their folds commingling in one flag, an evidence of the unanimity of feeling and sentiment which fills the entire country, which is justly regarded as one and indivisible. It was a source of pleasure to all that the strains of the national anthem and "Dixie" met with common applause.

The great results of this gathering in this city of Washington, which was the first meeting ever held outside of the land of Dixie, has been to remove wholly all sectional feeling and animosity and unite in one country all sections of the land, to

promote patriotism and stimulate enlistment. It is a source of unqualified pleasure that the President of the United States should have welcomed the veterans to the capital and have sat on the reviewing stand as the column passed by.

It is most gratifying that the arrangements made by the various committees should have moved on so smoothly. Barring the slight hitches that might have been looked for, everything passed in the most orderly manner; and the thanks of the Confederate veterans are due and are hereby extended to Col. Robert N. Harper, General Chairman, and Mr. H. F. Cary, Chairman of the Finance Committee; but particular thanks are due to the railroads for the low rates which they gave to the veterans and for the successful manner in which they handled the vast crowds of feeble old men. To all these and to every other man, woman, and child of the city of Washington, not the least of whom are the Boy Scouts, the General commanding returns his grateful thanks.

By command of
GEORGE P. HARRISON,
General Commanding.

WM. E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*



AT THE HEAD OF THE COLUMN FLOATED THE STARS AND BARS WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GREETING TO CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Mr. Commander, Ladies, and Gentlemen: I esteem it a very great pleasure and a real privilege to extend to the men who are attending this Reunion the very cordial greetings of the government of the United States.

I suppose that as you mix with one another you chiefly find these to be days of memory, when your thoughts go back and recall those days of struggle in which your hearts were strained, in which the whole nation seemed in grapple, and I dare say that you are thrilled as you remember the heroic things that were then done. You are glad to remember that heroic things were done on both sides and that men in those days fought in something like the old spirit of chivalric gallantry.

There are many memories of the Civil War that thrill along the blood and make one proud to have been sprung of a race that could produce such bravery and constancy, and yet the world does not live on memories. The world is constantly making its toilsome way forward into new and different days, and I believe that one of the things that contribute satisfaction to a Reunion like this and a welcome like this is that this is also a day of oblivion. There are some things that we have thankfully buried, and among them are the great passions of division which once threatened to rend this nation in twain.

The passion of admiration we still entertain for the heroic figures of those old days; but the passion of separation, the passion of difference of principle, is gone—gone out of our minds, gone out of our hearts—and one of the things that will thrill this country as it reads of this Reunion is that it will read also of a rededication on the part of all of us to the great nation which we serve in common.

These are days of oblivion as well as of memory, for we are forgetting the things that once held us asunder. Not only that, but they are days of rejoicing, because we now at last see why this great nation was kept united, for we are beginning to see the great world purpose which it was meant to serve.

Many men, I know, particularly of your own generation, have wondered at some of the dealings of Providence; but the wise heart never questions the dealings of Providence, because the great, long plan as it unfolds has a majesty about it and a definiteness of purpose, an elevation of ideal, which we were incapable of conceiving as we tried to work things out with our own short sight and weak strength. And now that we see ourselves part of a nation united, powerful, great in spirit and in purpose, we know the great ends which God in his mysterious providence wrought through our instrumentality, because at the heart of the men of the North and of the South there was the same love of self-government and of liberty, and now we are to be an instrument in the hands of God to see that liberty is made secure for mankind. At the day of our greatest division there was one common passion among us, and that was the passion for human freedom.

We did not know that God was working out in his own way the method by which we should best serve human freedom—by making this Union a great united, indivisible, indestructible instrument in his hands for the accomplishment of these great things.

As I came along the streets a few minutes ago my heart was full of the thought that this is registration day. Will you not support me in feeling that there is some significance in this coincidence, that this day, when I come to welcome you to the national capital, is a day when men young as you were in those old days, when you gathered together to fight, are now registering their names as evidence of this great idea, that in a democracy the duty to serve and the privilege to serve fall upon all alike? There is something very fine, my fellow citizens, in the spirit of the volunteer; but deeper than the volunteer spirit is the spirit of obligation.

There is not a man of us who must not hold himself ready to be summoned to the duty of supporting the great government under which we live. No really thoughtful and patriotic man is jealous of that obligation. No man who really understands the privilege and the dignity of being an American citizen quarrels for a moment with the idea that the Congress of the United States has the right to call upon whom it will to serve the nation. These solemn lines of young men going to-day all over the Union to the places of registration ought to be a signal to the world, to those who dare flout the dignity and honor and rights of the United States, that all her manhood will flock to that

standard under which we all delight to serve, and that he who challenges the rights and principles of the United States challenges the united strength and devotion of a nation.

There are not many things that one desires about war, my fellow citizens, but you have come through war; you know how you have been chastened by it, and there comes a time when it is good for a nation to know that it must sacrifice, if need be, everything that it has to vindicate the principles which it professes. We have prospered with a sort of heedless and irresponsible prosperity. Now we are going to lay all our wealth, if necessary, and spend all our blood, if need be, to show that we were not accumulating that wealth selfishly, but were accumulating it for the service of mankind.

Men all over the world have thought of the United States as a trading and money-getting people, whereas we who have lived at home know the ideals with which the hearts of this people have thrilled; we know the sober convictions which have lain at the basis of our life all the time, and we know the power and devotion which can be spent heroically for the service of those ideals that we have treasured.

We have been allowed to become strong in the providence of God that our strength might be used to prove, not our selfishness, but our greatness; and if there is any ground for thankfulness in a day like this, I am thankful for the privilege



of self-sacrifice, which is the only privilege that lends dignity to the human spirit.

And so it seems to me that we may regard this as a very happy day, because a day of reunion, a day of noble memories, a day of dedication, a day of the renewal of the spirit which has made America great among the peoples of the world.

THE REUNION IN WASHINGTON.

The city was theirs for the time. By thousands they took possession of it, those veterans of the Confederacy, and there were none to dispute their way. Fifty years had mellowed the hearts of those who once opposed them, and now it was but a coming into their own to tread the ways of their fathers of old. "This is your city; enjoy it as such," said Colonel Harper in his welcome address, and they made the most of it. Thousands upon thousands came in with attendant relations and friends, sponsors and maids, and the old city of Washington was made gay with the color and life they brought with them and was distracted from the weighty problems of the day.

Although taken by surprise by the number of veterans who sought the hospitality of the occasion, Reunion officials met the situation in royal good will, and any lack of provision was remedied as quickly as possible. The committee had been notified of some 3,100 veterans to be entertained and made provision for 4,000; so it was rather disconcerting to realize that such provision would have to be doubled, or more, to take care of all. But they did not rest until the last veteran was provided for and made as comfortable as could be under the circumstances.

Not the least active of the visitors were the veterans in seeing the sights of the city and enjoying the entertainments given in their honor. These latter were almost too numerous and meant some quick-stepping to take them all in. The National Capitol was perhaps the most popular place of interest, and many a member of Congress realized as never before that he had a numerous constituency. Signal honor was accorded this meeting of the U. C. V. by the adjournment of the Senate from Monday to Friday of Reunion week. In his gray uniform—his by right of four years' service in the Confederate army—Senator Bankhead, of Alabama, in the Senate on Monday paid a glowing tribute to the Confederate veterans and made a stirring appeal for adjournment in their honor, and Northern and Southern members joined



THE WIDE STREETS WERE CROWDED.



ENTRANCE TO COURT OF HONOR, IN FRONT OF WHITE HOUSE.
WHERE PRESIDENT WILSON REVIEWED THE PARADE.

in making the action unanimous. The House of Representatives, too, was in recess from Monday to Wednesday.

Many veterans reached Washington on Saturday and Sunday in advance of the Reunion and were thus enabled to take part in the Memorial Day exercises at Arlington on Sunday, June 3, which were attended by the President and Mrs. Wilson. The addresses of the occasion were made by Gen. Bennett H. Young, now Honorary Commander in Chief U. C. V., and Hon. Frank Clark, of Florida. Flowers were strewn on the graves which encircle the beautiful Confederate monument, and special services were held at the tomb of the unknown dead and the grave of Gen. Joe Wheeler.

In his speech General Young said: "We are here to honor our Confederate dead who gave their lives for one of the noblest principles that ever moved human hearts, nerved human arms, or stirred human souls—the precious right of self-government. * * * There can be no reasonable criticism of these memorial services. They are connected with memories dearer to us than life itself."

THE CONVENTION.

The first session of the convention, on Tuesday morning, June 5, was held in the Arcade Auditorium, where some thousands of people in excess of its capacity tried to gain admittance. The doors had to be closed for the safety of those within, and a large number were thus disappointed not to have the opportunity to see and hear President Wilson, who spoke to the veterans that day. He made a most pleasing impression upon the gray-haired multitude there assembled, and their ovation evidently pleased him. The Rebel yell resounded when he came upon the platform with Mrs. Wilson, and cheers were heard at every telling point in his speech.

The program of exercises was very elaborate, the usual preliminaries taking the larger part of this morning meeting. Col. Hilary A. Herbert, grand marshal for the Reunion, presided. The welcome addresses were made by Col. Robert N. Harper, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee; Hon. Louis Brownlow, of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, who expressed pride in being the son of a Confederate veteran; E. C. Brandenburg, President of the Board of Trade, who gave a welcome on behalf of the trade bodies of the District of Columbia; and Capt. Fred Beall, Commander of Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of Washington, voiced

the welcome of the Confederate veterans of the city. Corporal James Tanner, Federal veteran and former Commissioner of Pensions, was introduced and made a brief address, referring humorously to his contribution to the soil of Virginia. Mrs. R. D. Shepherd gave a welcome on behalf of the U. D. C. of the District of Columbia. Response for the veteran guests was made by Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., in which he made an appeal to every true American everywhere to stand by the President in this crisis. His address was fittingly closed by quoting from the poem by Anne Bachman Hyde entitled "The Crisis."

Other features of the program were music by the Marine Band, a reading, "The Flag's Welcome," written by Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison, and songs by the Confederate Choir. The poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, poet laureate of the Confederate organizations, was read to an appreciative audience. The "Star-Spangled Banner" was beautifully rendered by Miss Mamie Harrison, daughter of the Commander in Chief. After General Harrison took charge of the proceedings, the Committees on Credentials and Resolutions were announced, and the meeting adjourned.

The afternoon session was devoted largely to introducing the maids and sponsors who represented the different departments and State Divisions. Of special interest was the "Sponsor for the South," Miss Mary Custis Lee, of Virginia, the only surviving child of General Lee. Another figure of interest was the "veiled woman of Camp Chase," Mrs. Louisiana Ransburg Briggs, who was introduced by General Young, and the story of her beautiful service in decorating the graves of the dead in that old prison cemetery was told to an appreciative audience.

At the session of Wednesday morning, held in the large ballroom of the New Willard, the official headquarters hotel, much confusion was occasioned by the lack of markers to designate the places for delegates of different States. That was remedied to some extent by getting the delegates together as their States were called. Convention cities of the future will render a most appreciated service by making proper provision for the seating of delegates and in excluding from the floor of the convention hall all but the properly accredited delegates. Visitors should be seated in the galleries and cautioned as to keeping order.

Committee reports were heard at this session. The report on credentials, presented by H. A. London, Chairman, showed that there are 629 Confederate Veteran Camps in seventeen States and the District of Columbia. Texas leads with 108 Camps, with Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi next, with 83, 50, and 51 Camps, respectively. Maryland has 31 Camps; Virginia, 38; West Virginia, 11; and the District of Columbia, 2. According to the report of the committee, there were 1,602 votes to be cast in this convention. (This is taken from a newspaper report.)

Gen. Bennett Young made a report on the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, which is to be the next highest monument in the world and will be dedicated on October 22 next. A resolution introduced by him secured the hearty indorsement of the convention for this undertaking and the pledge of coöperation to carry it through to completion. As Chairman of the Committee on History, he also introduced a resolution on the Hampton Roads Conference which should secure a truthful account of that for the benefit of future historians. Such accounts as have appeared from time to time in various publications have created an altogether wrong im-



REPRESENTING ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON REUNION.

Sponsor, Miss Eliza Bennett Young (top), of Louisville, Ky., daughter of Gen. B. H. Young. Honorary Maid of Honor, Miss Lamar Mastin, of Lexington, Ky.

pression as to why the conference was held and what really took place. Those not posted on this are referred to the VETERAN for June and July, 1916, and February, 1917.

An affecting incident of this meeting was the introduction of Mrs. John B. Gordon, widow of our first Commander in Chief, with her daughter and two manly little grandsons, who received an ovation. Mrs. Briggs was also introduced to the veterans at this meeting, and a resolution was passed designating her as the "Angel of Camp Chase."

By far the most interesting event of the Reunion was the memorial service held at Arlington on Wednesday afternoon. This took the place of the "memorial hour" of every convention, in which tribute is paid to the memory of those who have passed into "the silent land" since the previous convention. It was fitting, indeed, to hold these exercises in the shadow of that great monument which lovingly sentinel the sleeping braves near to the home of the great Lee, whose example in war and peace has no parallel in history. A beautiful feature of these exercises was the introduction of Col. Ell Torrance, of Minneapolis, Minn., Past Commander in Chief G. A. R., a man who typifies the spirit of brotherhood in its fullest sense in word and deed. Colonel Torrance has for many years shown his love and sympathy for the people of the South, and especially the Confederate veterans, in many kindly deeds; and he was not only a liberal contributor

to the Reunion fund in Washington for the entertainment of our veterans, but sent an additional check for a wreath to be placed upon the Confederate monument in Arlington. To the thanks expressed upon this occasion he responded in the spirit of one who felt that he was among his friends, and truly he was. Long live Colonel Torrance!

The principal address was by Bishop Collins Denny, of Richmond, Va., who touched the hearts of his hearers by his tribute to the men who so readily gave themselves to the cause of the South, to the women who sacrificed and suffered with them and by whose efforts the monument at Arlington was erected to commemorate their bravery, and to the generosity of their once former foes in giving this monument a place in the National Cemetery, once the home of General Lee, and characterized this act as the seal of national union. "The young men of to-day," said Bishop Denny, "will remember the heroism of their fathers and stand ready to sacrifice their all for the Stars and Stripes. Would that our forces in France might have as their leaders another Lee and Jackson!"

The roll of those prominent in the Association who had died since the last Reunion was read by Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., while that for the C. S. M. A. was given by Miss D. L. M. Hodgson, Secretary of that Association. "The closing word" was given by Mrs. W. J. Behan, President C. S. M. A., following which came the benediction by Chaplain General W. J. Bachman. The invocation was by Rev. Giles B. Cooke, Assistant Chaplain General, one of the survivors of General Lee's staff. With adjournment to the monument, on which had been placed some handsome floral tributes, the mournful notes of "Taps" sounded upon the air at the close of these exercises.

A meeting was held on Thursday afternoon to finish the business of the convention. This was devoted mainly to the election of officers for another year. General Harrison was reelected Commander in Chief by acclamation, and Gen. Van

Zandt, of Texas, was reelected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department by a rising vote. A warm contest developed over the Army of Tennessee Department, which resulted in the election of Calvin B. Vance, of Mississippi, to that command, succeeding John P. Hickman, of Tennessee; the command of the Army of Northern Virginia Department fell to Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, succeeding J. Thompson Brown, of Virginia. Commanders of these departments are elected by vote of the whole convention, and Gen. W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, Ky., gave notice that at the next convention he would move to amend the constitution so that only the States composing a department could vote on its commander.

Invitations for the 1918 meeting were extended by Tulsa, Okla., and St. Louis, Mo., the latter invitation coming through telegrams from the mayor and commercial bodies. Tulsa was decided upon. That stirring Western city has invited the veterans for four years and will now have a chance to show what it can do in the way of entertaining them. "It's a long way to Tulsa," but we'll be there.

A resolution introduced at this meeting by Samuel W. Williams, former attorney-general of Virginia, pledged support of the organization to the government in the present war "on the unsullied honor of true Confederate soldiers"; another by M. M. Buford, of South Carolina, indorsed the Tillman bill for the refunding of the cotton tax. These were adopted and also that resolution making protest against the statements that the South went to war for the same cause for which the Teutonic powers are defying the world. The convention went on record with an emphatic declaration against such slanderous statements and called on the men of the North who were their antagonists to help them to refute such charges. "Col." Henry Watterson will please take note of this.

With a resolution of thanks for their hospitable entertainment in Washington, the convention of 1917 was adjourned.

THE PARADE.

Washington was in expectancy about the parade and was not disappointed, for the Confederate veterans staged a pageant more moving than had ever appeared on its streets, and the like of which will never be seen there again. Down historic Pennsylvania Avenue, where the victorious army in blue had passed in review before President Lincoln more than fifty years ago, the veterans of the Confederacy now marched, a pathetic remnant of a once glorious army. Not in the consciousness of defeat, but with faith still in the right, they followed proudly their old banners waving by the Stars and Stripes and were none the less loyal to the one that another was now their flag—the Stars and Stripes forever. Such a sight was never before seen and could hardly be repeated in the history of the world. It was a moving spectacle, pathetic and inspiring. The Confederate veterans, marching to the music of "Dixie" and other thrilling Southern airs, aroused enthusiasm that had never before been stirred by the magnificent spectacles of the capital city.

At the head of the parade floated the Stars and Bars in unison with the Stars and Stripes. Following close came Chief Marshal Hilary A. Herbert, with Col. Robert E. Lee, assistant marshal, and attendant aids. A richly decorated auto bore the Commander in Chief, George P. Harrison, with Adjutant General William E. Mickle and former Commanders in Chief Irvine C. Walker and Bennett H. Young. In the Grand Army escort, led by Col. Myron H. Parker, were Gen.



MISS MARIE LOUISE OWENS, OF WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Maid of Honor for the South, representing the Sons of Confederate Veterans in convention at Washington, June, 1917.

E. W. Whitaker, who was present at the surrender of General Lee, and other prominent members of the organization. In the auto following were the sponsor for the South, Miss Mary Custis Lee; the matron of honor, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer; Mrs. Josephus Daniels, and Misses Storey and Green, maids of honor. The Confederate Southern Memorial Association came next, with Mrs. W. J. Behan, President, and her staff.

The line of veterans was interspersed, as usual, with leaders on horseback and in autos, with attendant fair daughters of Dixie representing different commands and Divisions of the U. C. V. When the Louisiana Division came in sight, Chief Justice White, who was one of the "boys in gray," left his seat in the reviewing stand and joined his comrades, marching past with them. The naval veterans in autos made a good showing and were liberally cheered. The Sons of Veterans, a thousand strong, were led by Commander in Chief Baldwin, with Adjutant in Chief Forrest. A pleasing feature of this section was the float bearing the Confederate Choir, singing patriotic anthems and the songs of the Southland, led by Mrs. Hampden Osborne. A children's choir filled another float, the pretty little girls dressed in red, white, and blue.

Moving between two solid lines of cheering humanity, the veterans in gray finished their march by passing in review before President Wilson, who was attended by prominent persons connected with the government and representatives of foreign countries. It was a proud moment for them to come thus before their President, who so evidently enjoyed their enthusiastic greetings and smilingly received their offers to go to France or anywhere he wished to send them, also the suggestion to "Call on us if the boys can't do it." And he paid them the tribute to remain in the reviewing stand until the last veteran had passed, notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain which made the last participants in the parade do a quick-step for shelter.

The Philadelphia press gave a sympathetic description of the parade, from which the following is taken:

"No inauguration procession within the memory of Washington brought forth enthusiasm that compared at all with that which swept over the hundreds of thousands who saw the thin gray line to-day. It had no shimmer of gold lace, no rich investiture to vie with hundreds of parades that this city of gorgeous spectacles has known. But it did have more poignant humanity, more direct appeal to the American heart, than all the processions that have preceded it. Every rank had its distinctive note. Every little gray group held a cheer-compelling or a tear-compelling motive.

"Never can I forget that last rank of the Arkansas division. We were waiting opposite the President's stand fronting the White House. There was the usual flutter of flags, the usual applause as the fine old commanders of the division on their sedate livery horses paced by. Then came the ranks on foot. Clad in the peculiar death gray of the Southern backwoods, they came with the slow, silent movement of oncreeping age. Almost involuntarily my eyelids narrowed to get the full effect of the drifting gray haze. As it crept up to the stand the fog resolved itself into its human elements. Faces made noble by war time sacrifice and by hardships nobly endured stood out softly in the mist, each like a Moses carved from cloud by a Michelangelo. Never have I seen such fitting of leonine mane and beard to the human countenance as in the rank that came last.

Never have I seen such majesty of Americanism as in the slow, loving salute with which they turned their faded eyes and withered hands toward the President. It was an expression of eternity, of the unquenched and unquenchable spirit that, please God, will hold America together while life lasts."

Many noted commands were represented in the parade and brought out rousing cheers. The Stonewall Brigade, the

Orphan Brigade of Kentucky, Cobb's Georgia Legion, Kershaw's South Carolinians, Barksdale's Mississippians, the Louisiana "Tigers" and Washington Artillery, Forrest's Cavalry, the uniformed companies from Tennessee, and others received enthusiastic attention.

The military of the present day made a magnificent showing in the parade. More than a thousand cadets from the Virginia Military Institute took part and were especially admired and applauded. The High School Cadets of Washington were equally strong, while twenty-three hundred young soldiers from Fort Myer, near Washington, gave the opportunity to see the result of their intensive training. This section was under the command of Brig. Gen. William E. Harvey, commandant of the District National Guard, and brought the parade to a close.

Oh! General.
one moment.



A. Mistaken Signal
No I THANK YOU
I, JUST HAD ONE "

IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS BY THE CONVENTION.

By unanimous consent, the following resolution was submitted to the convention and adopted without a dissenting voice:

"Resolved, That the United Confederate Veteran Association has heard with great satisfaction the report of the officials of the Jefferson Davis Home Association of the assured erection at Fairview, Ky., the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, of an obelisk, the second highest monument in the world, and hereby returns to Gen. Bennett H. Young, Gen. George W. Littlefield, Gen. Julian S. Carr, Col. Edmond Haynes Taylor, Jr., and all others who have contributed in money or labor in aid of such a monument its grateful thanks not only for their labor, but for their magnificent donations to that purpose; and all the members of the Association, in so far as possible, pledge themselves to attend the unveiling of this splendid memorial on the 22d of October, 1917, when it will be finally dedicated to commemorate the character and life of Jefferson Davis and the heroism of the men and women of the South in the struggle of its people for a national life. This Association thanks all officers and subscribers to said Association for the successful efforts in this grand enterprise."

The Historical Committee of the Association announced that in view of the recent discussions of the proceedings of

(Continued on page 336.)

A WAR TIME DERELICT IN BERMUDA.

BY O. W. BLACKNALL, KITTRELL, N. C.

In a flowery Bermudian cove there lies to this day a grim gridiron of logs, one of Ericsson's creations, which, but for official prejudice, might have played as spectacular a part in the War between the States as the Monitor itself.

One day in 1868 the watchers on St. David's Island, Bermuda, who kept and still keep a sea eye open for a pilot-needling vessel, a chance whale, or whatever windfall the deep has to offer her beneficiaries, descried a strange object in the offing. An eager investigation found it to be a ponderous raft most massively put together. It was towed in and an unsuccessful effort made to break it up for the junk in the numberless huge iron bolts that held it together. For years no one knew what it was nor whence it came. In 1872 Captain Faucon, the same officer who was master of the Pilgrim in which Dana gained the experience which forms that immortal story of the sea, "Two Years before the Mast," happened to visit Bermuda. At sight he recognized the raft as an old war time shipmate of his and a most troublesome one. He told how this and two similar rafts had been built in New York to be fastened to the bows of the monitors about to assault Charleston. Each raft was to carry on projecting arms in front two torpedoes, which were to be exploded by contact with the Confederate obstructions and thus force a way into the harbor. He had commanded the vessel that towed them down the coast, had run into a storm off Hatteras, and had lost one of these rafts, along with a man from the boat crew sent in the dark to regain it. The other two had proved failures when they reached Charleston and were tried in action.

This is the history of the raft as given in a small illustrated pamphlet for sale in St. Georges, Bermuda. But the rafts were four instead of three, as stated, and had a much more eventful history than is there outlined. Perhaps Captain Faucon did not care to remember that he lost, not one, but three of his rafts. They were devised in 1862 by no less a man than Ericsson himself. Each raft, which was about thirty feet broad by sixty feet long, was built of huge pine logs laid close together and crossed by another similar layer above. Where the logs of the two layers crossed, each log was fastened to the one below by a ponderous iron bolt four inches through and four or five feet long. A V-shaped notch was cut in the rear of the raft to fit the bow of the monitor. To arms in front were attached two submarine bombs, as Ericsson termed them. These bombs were to extend twelve feet under water and were to be exploded as the monitor drove them forward against the obstructions in the channel, thus opening the way for the monitor to enter the harbor and shell Charleston.

The rafts were tested in New York and found satisfactory. In January, 1863, Captain (then Lieutenant) Faucon sailed for New York on the chartered steamer Ericsson, with the four rafts in tow to be delivered to Admiral Du Pont at Port Royal, S. C. The first night out a squall struck him. His tow proved dangerous and troublesome companions. When daylight came he found that one of the rafts was gone. Nor was it ever recovered or seen again. Thick weather coming on, he had to stop and anchor his tow and stand off shore. Finally he picked it up and made Hampton Roads. Here, strengthening the fastenings of his tow and recruiting his crew with eight men from the receiving ship North Carolina (who, by the way, deserted incontinently, doubtless hav-

ing no liking for any such perilous voyage), he sailed for Port Royal. Like most mariners lying that way, he picked up a gale off Hatteras, losing two more rafts and, he says, a man in the endeavor to recover it at night, though his report made then makes no mention of losing the man. As during his stop at Fortress Monroe he had stepped flagpoles in each raft as markers, and as the raft in Bermuda shows such steppings, the one in existence there is clearly one of those lost on this leg of the voyage. On February 17, 1863, Lieutenant Faucon reached Port Royal, and, turning over to Admiral Du Pont the lone raft he had succeeded in saving, he returned North.

Chief Engineer Stymers, the same who had been on the Monitor and who maneuvered the vessel after Worden was temporarily blinded by the shot that the Merrimac planted against the slit he was peeping through in the pilot house, and who, by the way, was afterwards roundly abused by Ericsson for running into shallow water where the Merrimac could not reach him, had been sent down to Du Pont to supervise the using of the rafts. They had been made, or at least tested, under Stymers's direction before leaving New York. Stymers went back to New York and, it seems, made and brought down another raft in March, 1863.

On April 7 Du Pont made the historic assault on Charleston. Standing in with his monitors and armored vessels, he engaged Sumter, Moultrie, and other forts, but was at length beaten off, losing one of his ships, the noted Keokuk. Stymers in his report and in divers conversations declared that the naval officers were prejudiced against the rafts as the contrivance of an outsider; that if the monitors had pressed boldly forward the front ones provided with the Ericsson rafts—"devils," or "torpedo catchers," the Confederates had now dubbed them—the obstructions would have been broken, the forts passed, and Charleston must have fallen. Du Pont's report stated that the rafts had been fully tested before the battle and found impracticable. He claimed that they were so heavy, their displacement being ninety tons each, that even in a moderate sea they pounded the bows of the propelling vessels so badly as to threaten their destruction; that the sea broke over them so much that the torpedoes could not be primed and attached; and that, moreover, no lashing could be depended on to prevent the raft from becoming displaced and in the swift waters endangering the other ships taking part in the attack or even rending the vitals of the one propelling it. The result was that much friction arose. Du Pont made charges of insubordination against Stymers, and he was ordered before a court of inquiry. Du Pont, who was now an old man, having been in the navy forty-seven years, was removed. So the outcome of it was that the rafts, which if rightly used might have won the Federals a city, and the one of all others that they most coveted, but were never to the bitter end able to take by direct attack, lost them an admiral. For the old man soon died, and chagrin over removal from such a post under such circumstances must have had a hand in his taking off.

When it is remembered that naval wisdom was as dead against Ericsson's monitor as his raft, that it was the boom stretched between Sumter and Moultrie and not the guns of those forts that held the monitors and ironclads back, that a torpedo could have destroyed this boom, we can see what a big part in history this old derelict might have played had it been given a chance.

The old barnacled waif in the Bermudas bids fair long to survive every participant of the war on both sides and to

round out the century. Not only has it defied the years, but also the efforts to wreck it for the junk it contains. Yankee constructiveness was too much for Bermudian destructiveness. Its top timbers, though worn by wave and weather, are sound, and the bristling forest of giant bolts grins as if in defiance of time and of tide. What a history it has had could it but voice it! For nearly six years it floated around the vast Atlantic circle of which the Gulf Stream is a segment. The parasites it harbored showed that it had visited many waters and many climes. It had apparently been in collision with at least one vessel. Where had it been, what seen, what done in its long world-wide sweeps?

"How odd that in this the loveliest cove, of the
ethereal isle, which
Blooms in the giant embrace of the deep
Like Hebe in Hercules's arms,"

that this grisly war monster should have made its last lair.
But Mars ever had a hankering for Venus's bower.

Sea rumor places the Sargasso Sea, corral of all the
estrays of the deep, not very far southeast of Bermuda.

STORMING BULL'S GAP.

BY WILLIAM L. RHEA, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

On November 12, 1864, General Gillem's brigade of the Federal army was strongly fortified in a part of the mountain known as Bull's Gap, which is about fifty-three miles east of Knoxville, Tenn. This mountain is divided into two sections by a deep gap through which ran the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, then so called. On the south section the Federals had one or two batteries, but what force they had then in support of these guns is not known. On the other part of the mountain they had a strong body of men. This army was well protected against an attack, for on all sides of the mountain it is steep and rugged. To the top of these peaks there must have been a fairly good road, or the Federals could never have gotten their artillery and wagon trains to the top. On Friday, November 11, Gen. John C. Breckinridge unloaded eleven hundred troops from the train at Jonesboro, Tenn. These troops were Gen. Basil Duke's command, and with it was the Reserve Corps of Tennessee from Sullivan County, numbering not over twenty men, commanded by Lieut. Robert P. Fickle. In this reserve force were William Godsey, Abraham L. Gammon, John A. Rhea, Cas Malone, Jacob Slaughter, William Hicks, the writer, and others not recalled. The rest of General Breckinridge's command was cavalry, commanded by Gen. John C. Vaughn.

The army left Jonesboro that afternoon and marched the rest of that day and all night. At break of day our battle line was formed in front of the enemy at Bull's Gap. General Duke's command was in this line ready for battle. General Vaughn's brigade was sent to the enemy's rear, where it made several bold charges up the rugged mountain, but failed in its purpose. The command was either repulsed or the mountain was too steep to climb. Just as soon as the line of General Duke's command was formed an officer came along the line and picked men to go out as skirmishers. As we marched perhaps one hundred and fifty yards from the main column Will Hicks and I espied two Yankees coming out of a woodland on horses not more than fifty yards from us. We should

have captured these two Yankees, and we could have done so; but as we had had no experience in warfare, we thought it our duty to fire at them, which we did, but we noticed that they made their escape. Whether either of them was hit, we knew not.

Just as soon as these two shots ceased to echo in the valleys and hills, right then and there our artillery fired upon the enemy. We were immediately between our guns and those of the enemy. At once our lines were ordered to lie down, and there we stayed in that position all the morning. While in this position one of the Reserve Corps boys, Jacob Slaughter, was wounded in the heel by a piece of shell. In this part of the field there was no fighting except artillery dueling, which was vigorous on both sides, and it is said our guns did good execution on the Yankee gunners. The brave Confederate who commanded this battery was Captain Burrows. Maj. Joseph Rhea, of Sullivan County, and Lieut. Wash Morrow, of Knoxville, Tenn., managed one of the guns in this fight. On our extreme right there was much fighting with small arms, and this continued all the morning upon the side of the mountain. Why nothing was accomplished up to this time, the writer is unable to explain.

At noon we were ordered to rise, form into line, and march. We retreated in good order while the enemy threw shells after us. I wonder if that Confederate officer of General Duke's command, if living, would remember an instance that took place in this retreat. When the Reserve Corps was marching, some of us advanced too fast, which caused a curve in the line. This officer came rushing up in front of us with his sword on high and shouted: "Get back there, or I will cut off every one of your d— heads." The writer remembers that we certainly stopped and in less than a second of time were all in a straight line.

It is also called to mind that the Reserve Corps boys were not frightened or excited. If they were brave enough to face the enemy, they could retreat without fright. Our army fell back to a point out of view of the enemy and went into camp. That night about eleven o'clock we were ordered to march, and for several hours we went in a double-quick. The enemy was on retreat. General Vaughn's brigade struck them on the main road to Russellville. In this fight was the 60th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. Nathan Gregg, and in this regiment was Rev. John W. Bachman, who commanded his company and had a horse shot under him. With him were Rev. Robert L. Bachman, Lieut. Joseph R. Crawford, Maj. Cornelius E. Lucky, and Powell Fain. Some hard fighting took place here. Several times our forces fought each other, thinking it was the enemy. It was moonlight, but cloudy. On the part of the enemy, they eventually stampeded and skedaddled worse than the Yankee army did in the battle of Manassas. They were driven pell-mell to Strawberry Plains, the Confederates charging continually, shooting and cutting them right and left. The road from Russellville to Morristown was strewn with dead mules and horses, overturned wagons and ambulances, barrels, boxes, saddles, and papers. Six pieces of artillery and their entire wagon train were captured. Many were killed, wounded, or captured.

There is more that could be reported on this fight. It has always seemed strange that General Breckinridge did not storm the entire mountain with his troops. Had he done so, no doubt we could have gone to the top, but it would have been through blood.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY FINLEY PAUL CURTIS, JR., BUTLER, TENN.

The warm suns of April, 1863, served to revive military activity throughout the expectant Southland. "Fighting Joe" Hooker had assumed complete command of the huge Army of the Potomac, which through the long, cold winter had lain inactive on Stafford Heights, north of Fredericksburg. Hooker—and his subsequent military career attests it—was never a skillful or successful general, but he possessed the power of organization and discipline. His army now approximated a hundred and thirty thousand men. The Army of Northern Virginia, encamped on the south bank of the Rappahannock, numbered, all honor to the ceaseless efforts and expert manipulation of General Lee, nearly half the Federal host. Lee was now in the acme of military wisdom and power. Under his direction the ideal of the Confederacy was gradually materializing. The North and the South should ere long test their might.

Acutely reminiscent of the late Fredericksburg Federal disaster and suspicious of fortune, Hooker near the last of April, disguising his real intent by a feint on the Confederate left (his real intent was a terrific blow in the rear), moved with the main body of his army up the Rappahannock, crossed, and somewhat timorously intrenched his large force at Chancellorsville. Perhaps "Fighting Joe" intended an embarrassing April fool quip; if so, he was not only absurdly late in "turning it," but was himself the eventual April fool. Leaving nine thousand infantry to protect his move, Lee also moved toward Chancellorsville in cautious pursuit of Hooker. Apparently this was the predetermined battle ground, for battalions flocked obediently thither. Unwavering is the pointed finger of Mars. How much more auspicious for Hooker had it pointed beyond the Wilderness!

Now, I am unable to appreciate the sagacity of Mars's selection. Obviously he was a "stranger to these parts." For Chancellorsville was a veritable wilderness of almost impenetrably dense young second-growth trees, crisscrossed by occasional grass-grown cow paths, the direct antithesis of a strategic position. In the heart of this wilderness Hooker had formed his mighty U-shaped rifle pit and abatis-protected battle line. And we should soon attack him.

But we were forgetful of the strategy of Lee and the skill of Jackson. On the 1st of May the van of the two armies collided, and the Federals were driven back upon their main body, intrenched at Chancellorsville. A direct assault upon their position would have been not only practically impossible, but would have occasioned an immense and a useless loss of life. General Lee's distressing awareness of his inferior numbers persuaded him to maneuver differently. And how propitiously different! It was the "eyes" of the Southern army, the dashing "Jeb" Stuart, who discovered the possibility of the "most dramatic, tragic, and effective flank movement of the Civil War"; it was the ingenuity of Lee which designed and perfected the movement, but it required the daring and unrivaled tactical genius of Stonewall Jackson to materialize it. Hence the cryptic significance of "Jackson has lost his left arm, and I have lost my right." On that night Lee and his generals mapped the morrow's course, and—but they did not know it—wrote an immortal chapter in history.

At the appointed hour on the following morning—four o'clock, May 2, 1863—Jackson left camp inconspicuously with thirty thousand men and, guided by the keen-eyed Stuart and

screened by the forest, marched in double-quick time over the old plank road. My recollection of that memorable May day is very graphic, for I was beset with some terrible sickness and was almost *hors de combat* (my diary speaks with astounding frequency of splitting sick headaches, nausea, etc., which it was my fate to suffer during the war); but, being an essential element in a great moving machine, I forged automatically along. Blest be those five-minute halts which lent me the timely support of my musket! After a rapid and somewhat circuitous march of fifteen miles, we turned abruptly Rappahannockward and well in the evening found ourselves unheralded in the enemy's rear. Without delay Jackson formed his line of attack.

It is reported that General Von Gilsa, prior to his own and his entire Federal division's inglorious Dutchmen's flight, had repeatedly announced the obnoxious presence of Rebels, but had upon each announcement been disbelieved and called crazy. Some say our proximity was betrayed by dislodged, frightened forest denizens. I cannot truthfully verify such reports. But I can with honest conviction attest to the wild, unparalleled confusion of the surprised Yankees created and climaxed by our sudden typhoonic, windlike onslaught, for I was there *en rigueur*. Unprecedented chaos! Yelling and firing, thirty thousand Southerners crashed through the wilderness irresistibly downward, eaglelike, upon the enemy. Excitement reigned high in our own ranks. One man near me was almost *non compos mentis*, emitting ear-splitting yells and firing aimlessly into the air. A rear line of pickets was our first victims. Their arms were stacked. Their astonishment was far beyond flight. So sudden was our appearance among them that they did not even rise from over their steaming suppers (here was food indeed for our protesting stomachs, if time had been merciful), but surrendered, seated or half bent, in speechless wonderment. With cyclonic impetuosity we swept upon the main line of battle (Howard's Corps), face forward, behind breastworks. A distracted gunner on the right, perhaps daring beyond the insistency of his conscience, lingered to discharge at us (I could have sworn at me) his ill-aimed cannon. The heavy charge of iron, loosed but thirty yards away, rent the air above my head with multi-hIDEOUS sound. But on we rushed, and in their unexampled, mad attempt at flight men, horses, and cannon, obstructed by the dense second-grown jungle, were captured like entrapped rats. We crossed a ditch which was literally congested with large and small blue-bodied sardines—i. e., frightened Yankees who sought frantically to hide beneath our feet. I recall very clearly the eloquent facial expression of a little man directly under me. Pale-faced, out of arm-shielded and fear-dilated eyes he stared up at me ludicrously sidewise. How tenaciously that picture of piteous fear has clung to my memory! Still, on we rushed victoriously. So silently and suddenly did we descend upon the breastworks that scarcely a gun was fired. They fled precipitously hither and yon or dropped their weapons submissively. O Army of the Potomac, truly were thy victories winged!

It was one of the greatest—if, indeed, not the greatest—strategies of the whole war; not so great, perhaps, for the discovery of its possibility or for its conception, but great certainly for the consummate achievement of its execution. History has neglected to adequately emphasize this ingenious idea of Lee so triumphantly materialized by the bold skill of Jackson. Our success was a preëminent demonstration of Hooker's deficient generalship. He was both stupid and careless to have left his right wing so vulnerably exposed.

cognizant meanwhile of Lee's and Jackson's clockwork co-operation. Alas also for the fatal Dutch distrust!

Night left victory but half tasted. News of the Federal rout, which darkness alone rendered incomplete, spread like wildfire, and Hooker wildly dispatched reinforcements to repel us. Never had the Army of the Potomac so dangerously approximated total annihilation. Worn from our long march and destitute of ammunition, but buoyed up by victory, fresh troops arrived, and we retired from the captured breastworks. Under a terrific rain of shells from a Federal reserve battery we withdrew to the right side of the Old Turnpike road and lay down on our arms in line of battle. The entire night was filled with the ominous crash of falling trees; the enemy was building new breastworks. The sounds foretold that on the morrow somebody would "get hurt."

The intrepid Jackson, realizing the disaster he had wrought upon the enemy, was eager to pursue the advantage. Accordingly, he and his staff now rode forward in the dark to reconnoiter the Federal position. About the tenth hour the night was shattered by a crashing volley, and the great Jackson fell mortally wounded, not by the bullets of the enemy, but by the bullets of those whom he firmly believed would slay him—his own men. The skirmishers in front of a North Carolina regiment, we learned later, misconstruing the return of the reconnaissance party for a surprise attack of the enemy, fired the fatal volley. (They had obeyed orders.) On May 10, after a lingering week, the soul of the valiant warrior quit the battle ground for Elysian fields, leaving a mourning and irreparable South.

Gen. William C. Oates writes in his "War between the Union and the Confederacy" a beautiful tribute to the memory of Jackson: "The war came on, and he was elected colonel of the 4th Virginia Regiment of Infantry, and when President Davis appointed him brigadier general it provoked laughter among those who thought they knew him well. But at the first battle of Manassas, when he and his brigade stood as a 'stone wall' and proved to be a breakwater to the billows of McDowell's legions and hurled them back, broken and bleeding and dying, the people saw that this dry, eccentric, blue-stocking Presbyterian was a military genius. Then he was made a major general and sent to command in the Valley. His efficiency and activity invited them, and reinforcements were sent him early in the spring of 1862, and then followed that brilliant campaign which was a companion piece, both in strategy and execution, to Napoleon's campaign in Italy. In five weeks he drove from the Valley of Virginia four armies, the smallest of which was as large as his own, and his captures were almost beyond computation. Then when McDowell was marching against him he passed toward Richmond to the south of McDowell and, directed by the guiding hand of Lee, struck McClellan in the rear at Cold Harbor and caused that alert general to change his base. He was now a corps commander, and his course was onward and upward to the end. He was not egotistical and never volunteered opinions or advice to his superior in rank. If he was ambitious, he kept it to himself and never gave vent to any desire of the kind. His whole soul, mind, and strength were addressed to the discharge of duty. He received his orders without question or comment and executed them to the letter with superb ability. Lee told him what he wished done, leaving the details and manner of doing to him, and without doubt or question it was done as speedily as possible. When he fell, well might Lee exclaim that he had lost his right arm. Jackson was a very high combination of strategic

and tactical powers. He had no superior in executive ability. General Taylor truly said that, as Stonewall never had command of a department or independent army, there were no means whereby his ability as a general could be measured; all that could be said was that Jackson was a success everywhere he had been tried. He inspired his men with blind confidence, and they would go with great alacrity anywhere he ordered them, believing implicitly that they were going to success without knowing their destination. He declared that he would never die by the bullets of the enemy. He believed in predestination and said on his deathbed that it was all right and passed into the great and unknown beyond."

So from the eyes, but never the hearts, of men passed this Southern hero.

The dawn of Sunday, May 3, was ushered in by the stentorian roar of hostile cannon. Alas!

"'Tis the soldiers' life

To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife."

From the thundering mouths of twenty Napoleons the enemy poured a rain of shells into our sylvan lodgment. Trees swayed, bushes trembled, sulphurous fumes befouled the morning air, and mother earth seemed aquiver beneath the deafening explosions. Aye, it was a transformed Sabbath!

We, the famous old Stonewall Brigade, moved forward, full well we knew for what, and lay down for a moment behind a little hill. The Napoleonic storm roared through the woods unceasingly. My brother, Lieut. L. J. Curtis, was walking back and forth in front of my company. A canister shot struck the heel of his shoe, knocking it off and almost throwing him. An interminable blue-lined breastwork faced us scarcely two hundred yards away. With nerves and muscles taut, hearts wildly pounding, guns loaded, yet with not a quail of fear, not a thought of death, we waited impatiently for orders.

"Attention! Fix bayonets!" We leaped to our feet and ascended the little eminence. "Charge and remember Jackson!" rang out on the morning air those clear-cut words of tremendous potentiality. And with the wild thousand-throated Rebel yell rising high above the confused din of battle and reëchoing frightfully throughout the forest, we rushed toward the Federal earthworks victory bent.

There are some things, some few things, which, by reason of their intense introduction to and inseparable connection with life itself, the mind, though it grow hoary with age, can never forget. For man is the sum total of his past experience, and his experiences compose him. Age cannot destroy my connection with Chancellorsville. It is a vivid, ineradicable part of my life, one of the intenser epochs of existence to which memory is partial. Did we not charge, as it were, into the very jaws of death? Myriad barking rifles assailed us with a tempest of sibilant lead. Bellowing cannon belched a hell of smoke and fire and shrieking iron. The crash of shell-cleft limbs and trees increased the din. Everywhere, silent or crying their last farewells and death agonies, men sank swiftly under the soul-sickening impact of lead on flesh. Time cannot efface the picture. Like a gruesome phantasm of only yesternight it uprises vividly before me.

With a wild, exultant shout we reached the breastworks dauntless, decimated. They were empty. Secure from pursuit by formidable abatis, the enemy had fled and re-formed a line of battle far to our right, now a veritable flaming belt of enflaming fire. Protected somewhat by the captured works

and hurling death into the blue ranks, we commenced a movement to the right. To be flanked was certain destruction.

I was once on this occasion the extreme right-hand man on our entire line. All the interim was like some winged phantasmagoric dream. Reason lurched drunkenly. I was worn in body, sweat-soaked, smoke-begrimed. Pungent cartridge powder plastered my lips and teeth. But my Enfield was not yet red-hot. A tumultuous leaden hail, awfully resonant with its demoniacal death song, hissed like darting serpent fangs about my ears, rent every cubic inch of air, played a devilish melody on the timbered mound, and bored the fallen with countless puffs of dust. And I here in this withering hurricane alive among hundreds of collapsing forms! I looked blankly around me. The 1st North Carolina of the famous old Stonewall Brigade was answering the enemy's murderous fire and winning glory. Could we hold the title of "brave"? My Enfield responded firmly.

A spent Minié ball found the concave palm of my upraised loading arm, stinging and drawing a rivulet of red. I clasped it spasmodically, bleak-minded, and thoughtlessly cast it down. Again and again I wish I had kept that unique relic. Miraculous as the "tale" may seem, yet it is true, I caught a bullet in my hand. I wonder if the thing has ever occurred to another. A bullet, baring the sleeves of my steadying right arm to the elbow, seared the flesh; another gashed my neck; a third pierced my shoulder with a white-hot tongue of fire. They had discovered me at last, those hissing reptile fangs, and avidly sought my blood. My knapsack slid silently to the ground. The Testament at my side followed swiftly. Was I conscious or dead? I could not think clearly. I turned my eyes. You have watched the life rush redly from the severed jugular of a hog? So spouted from my smitten neck the crimson stream. But the red flood inspired no fright, not even an item of interest. Through blurred eyes and a haze of battle smoke I recognized my brother, terribly exposed to the clamorous tornado of lead and iron, struggling to release the cartridge box from a wounded comrade and seeking to lessen his pain. He did not see me clinging to the mole of logs. It was well, perhaps, that he did not. (My brother was one of the fortunate thirteen in my company who survived Chancellorsville unscathed. The remainder were killed and wounded.) Our line shifted constantly to the right. Curiously fascinated, I watched the ponderous approach of a tall, hatless, smoke-blackened, half-bent giant. He came directly toward me with slow, crushing strides. I marveled dully at the heavy power of them. He was about to pass me when with a sudden horrible thud—*horresco referens!*—a ball struck the center of his bowed head and vanished beneath a ghastly twisting tuft of hair. O that hellish farewell curl! I saw its flaunting, curling burial. He fell gradually forward at my feet groanless, instantaneously dead.

A sudden clamor rose in the direction of the enemy. I roused myself and looked. A band of Zouaves, clad in loose, flaming red blouse, charged heroically upon the captured works. "O the wild charge they made!" I thought of them. Horribly decimated, they wormed through the snare of their own construction and attacked us. The old Stonewall Brigade wavered, but only for a moment. Timely reinforcements from our army came charging toward the breastworks, yelling madly and showering the dead- and wounded-covered field with a promiscuous hail of lead. How many of their own they killed I know not. Their bullets hit the earth and hissed about my ears. Numerous puffs of dust rose from the lifeless giant at my feet. The gallant Zouaves were hurled

backward by a triple hell of fire and death. Seized and held by the sharpened limbs of felled trees, all perished. Meanwhile Confederate artillery in our rear had opened on the dense blue lines and time after time utterly demolished appallingly wide panels. And always with the most dreadful alacrity the great gaps were closed. I was grotesquely reminded of some ever-vanishing and ever-reappearing freakish series of dummies. All of these things, occurring with incredible swiftness, were branded with lightninglike indelibility upon my semiconsciousness and are to this day extraordinarily realistic.

I was weak. My legs trembled under me. Blood filled my shirt bosom. I believed I was dying, yet death held no terror. No pain tortured me. I cried out faintly to a beardless boy near me: "Take my gun and shoot, shoot, shoot!" He seemed not to hear me. My eyelids closed irresistibly, but I must not sleep. I fought it. My combined will could not stem its soothing tide, and I sank slowly down, down near the dead giant, dreaming of entangled, struggling, perishing brilliant red blouses. Night fell. I knew no more.

Hours afterwards I awoke. I looked blankly around me. Morning had merged into late evening. Silence reigned. The battle was ended. And I had eaten no dinner! How long had I been dead? After many vain attempts I staggered uncertainly to my feet and leaned heavily on the breastworks. Some heavy burden in the region of my bosom sought to draw me downward. It was the weight of my own lost blood. I looked about me. Dead covered the field, and wounded, with eyes closed as in death, rested against trees. *Miserabile spectu!* Revived somewhat, I began a tottering walk to the rear. I spoke to several of my stricken comrades, but never an eye unclosed; death had placed his seal. Some merely groaned; others lifted palsied hands to their bloody wounds. *En route* I passed a veritable mountain of captured knapsacks. I bethought myself of mine and after a painful search chose a handsome (it contained an excellent blanket) but otherwise impoverished one therefrom. Enfeebled from my effort, I reached the rear at last. Whereupon a fierce old surgeon seized me and, plunging his savage forceps deep into my shoulder—shade of Hector, he was a fearless hunter!—jerked out the ounce of lead. I did not know when he patched my neck.

To this day this bullet and the mark of its ravage are vivid mementos of fatal Chancellorsville. Ah, memorable Chancellorsville! than which few, few battles have been more terrible.

REVEILLE.

What sudden bugle calls us in the night
And wakes us from a dream that we had shaped,
Flinging us sharply up against a fight
We thought we had escaped?

It is no easy waking, and we win
No final peace; our victories are few.
But still imperative forces pull us in
And sweep us somehow through.

Summoned by a supreme and confident power
That wakes our sleeping courage like a blow,
We rise, half shaken, to the challenging hour
And answer it—and go. * * *

—Louis Untermeyer, in *These Times*.

GEN. D. H. HILL: A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

When the biographer is brought into contact with the historic type revealed and illustrated in the life and achievement of D. H. Hill, he is tempted at once to recall the language of the New England sage and poet applied in a far different relation and inspired by conditions not in complete harmony with those which we are confronting:

"O for a drop of that Cornelian ink
Which gave Agricola dateless length of days!"

The sovereign masters of historic portraiture, Tacitus, Clarendon, Gibbon, Macaulay, Mommsen, and Carlyle, would have found Hill in every sense a subject congenial to their art; and a historic painter, such as Macaulay, would have brought to light and placed upon his canvas inspiring but undiscerned affinities of genius and temperament between the Confederate general and his ideal hero, William III., King of England. The points of likeness between the two lie in the moral sphere and in the region of temperament, as William was in no regard endowed with the literary or æsthetic sympathies, and the great developments of physical science that had appealed to the expanding intelligence of the age in which he was a dominant political force for him possessed no special charm and aroused no special interest.

Hill, on the other hand, was keenly sensitive to every unfolding of intellectual life in the realm of science or in the field of historical and literary creation. Had he lived in the age of William III., Newton, Halley, and himself would have formed a fellowship of kindred souls; he would have combined with Halley in urging Newton to waive his native diffidence and self-distrust and publish his researches. More than this, he would have been one of the first to grapple with the mysteries of the "Principia," which was given to the world in the same year (1688) that marked the coming of the new monarch and the advent of the constitutional revolution. Yet William cared for none of these things or, if at all, in a slight and secondary measure. In the realm of morals and theology the two would have presented harmonies of belief and unity of principle that would at a glance have been turned to rich account by some of the analysts of character who blend the gifts of style with the all-scrutinizing faculty which portrays the inner life.

Hill and William had been nurtured in the most austere tenets of the Calvinistic creed; the first had probably repeated the Shorter Catechism with the stammering lips of infancy, and the declaration of the latter in reference to the tenet of predestination has become a familiar phrase or a proverbial utterance. The cardinal doctrines in the constitutional sphere of which William was the champion, both in the field and in the council, were in many essential features analogous to those for which Hill's ancestors were to contend when they went forth to war, nearly a century later, with Sumter's Legion in the almost primeval forests of South Carolina. Here and in the vital regard of theological belief the two were at one.

It is not merely becoming from the viewpoint of literary courtesy, but just, as well as considerate, to the possible reader of this biography that he should be thoroughly acquainted with the facilities which have been at my disposal for estimating accurately the character of Gen. D. H. Hill as man, as soldier, as teacher, and as scholar. In less than a score of fast-fleeting years the last survivors of those who

threaded the mazes of his algebra at Davidson or at Charlotte or who followed his fervid addresses in the chapel, "the rapt oration flowing free," or listened with unflagging interest to his acute and suggestive comments upon Holy Scripture, as well as those that bore up his standards from Bethel to Bentonville, will have been gathered to their fathers. Every morning journal announces the passing of some one of that peerless band who captured the redoubt at Seven Pines or rallied a fragmentary regiment in a supreme crisis as did Col. R. T. Bennett, of North Carolina, at Sharpsburg. Every survivor of this company of kindred spirits rests under a moral obligation to leave on record what he knows of our hero, whether he be contemplated in the relation of friend, in his capacity as a teacher, or be revealed to the coming ages as one of the noblest and most distinctive products of that Southern civilization which assumed definite form and character with Washington and faded into eclipse with Lee, Jackson, and Hill in the springtide of 1865.

When I had just attained the crude and self-appreciative age of fourteen, I was for a brief season a member of his freshman class in mathematics at Davidson College, and upon the establishing of the Military Institute at Charlotte I followed his standard and was again committed to his guardianship and his instruction. With the coming of the war I served under his command at Yorktown until the autumn of 1861 and for a limited period at Petersburg during the summer of 1862. I was also engaged from first to last in his campaign against New Bern and Washington, N. C., in April, 1863, and about May 10 was transferred to Virginia, Hill being left in charge of the Department of North Carolina.

Two months later than the time of which I speak General Hill was assigned to command in the Army of Tennessee, and I did not meet him face to face until May, 1868, while he was attending the session of the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church in Baltimore and was in the company of Rev. Dr. R. L. Dabney, at that time associated with the Union Theological Seminary, and again in August, 1872, while he was engaged in the editing of the Southern Home. I saw him last in Baltimore in March, 1875, he having been summoned to the city by the severe illness of his son, Dr. Randolph Hill, then a young man absorbed in the pursuits of the world of commerce. I may mention, I trust without rendering myself obnoxious to the charge of egotism, that I was one of the earliest contributors to "The Land We Love," this journal being the medium of my first youthful ventures in the field of periodical literature during 1866-67. General Hill criticized my style as being marked by "ambitious passages," but he condoned the tropical exuberance of a fledgling author, and, with a single exception, what I had written was reproduced precisely as it flowed from my "prentice hand."

In a portrayal of the character of Hill, contemplated as a man, his all-prevailing moral courage first reveals itself with its correlated traits, absolute loyalty to truth, frankness, ingenuousness, incapacity to play the hypocrite, effacement of self, and insensibility to fear. In this rarest of human virtues he was preëminent; his ethical creed might be concisely embodied in the language of a poet with whom he had apparently no critical acquaintance and who is hardly referred to in the varied range of his literary productivity:

"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequences."

The most serious complications of his career, in the field and in every sphere of activity, administrative, political, professional, traced their origin in large measure to the dominating power of moral fearlessness. He was evidently at harmony with John Calvin in the belief that there is but one right way and would have repudiated the suggestion that truth is endowed with elasticity or that the *via media* is an assured guide unto salvation. Yet with this inflexible adherence to his own ideals, his own standards of righteousness, no touch of the loftiness of asserted moral superiority ever displayed itself in his walk and conversation or in his relations to his fellow men. He was prompt to acknowledge an error or redress a wrong, even in cases in which the responsibility was due primarily to the carelessness or inadvertence of an agent or a subordinate. No one understood more thoroughly the theory or the doctrine of "putting your self in the other man's place."

Let me illustrate by an example drawn from my own youthful experience. During my last term as a cadet at Charlotte, in April, 1860, I became involved in quite a severe encounter at the dinner table with another cadet, who gloried in the suggestive and significant name of "Bull." Sad havoc was wrought with glasses and dishes, and the mess room, at least in its "most admired disorder," recalled Lady Macbeth's dining hall after the ghost of Banquo had entered upon the scene and assumed the seat especially reserved for his murderer's accommodation. Bull and I were solemnly arraigned before the faculty, gravely admonished for our breach of discipline, and censured in a general order issued from official headquarters. Bull withdrew from the institute, and in the succeeding October I entered the University of Virginia. In commenting upon the occurrence Major Hill said to me in his study: "Mr. S., a member of the Church ought not to be engaged in an affair like this." I earnestly set before him the intense provocation I had received and strove to convince him that I had reached the point beyond which endurance ceased to be a virtue. "Well," he replied with characteristic frankness, "I think it highly probable that in the same circumstances I should have done the same myself."

Six years passed into history, and General Hill was again in Charlotte, striving to establish "The Land We Love" in the heart of the desolation that, like an avenging cloud, had swept over the prostrate South. Despite my youth, I was one of the earliest contributors and was as eagerly interested as the General himself in the assured success of the enterprise, which, like a Phoenix of the modern world, had sprung from the ashes of our homes to maintain some trace of the life and spirit that had been almost cast into the dark background and abyss of time with the eclipse of our ancient civilization. The first article in my series was issued in due season and in proper order. When the second installment should have appeared a month later, there was published in its place another article by another author, having no relation to the subject which I was discussing. Continuity and coherence were thrown to the winds, and chaos came again. The confusion was to be laid at the door of an employee in whose carelessness or neglect the blunder had originated. Yet General Hill did not seek to cast off the burden of editorial responsibility by transferring it to another, even the one by whom it should have been properly assumed. Evasion was not a part of his nature. As soon as the error came to light he wrote me, "My dear —, I must acknowledge that I have treated you badly," thus imputing to himself the fault for which an agent should have been regarded as accounta-

ble. This predominating characteristic, "religious fiber," as Thomas Carlyle would have described it, was a heroic virtue which always stood Hill in good stead, even in a desperate crisis or a supreme emergency.

When he was endeavoring in 1866 to assure the publication of "The Land We Love," a leading Confederate general as he paid his subscription remarked to a friend: "Well, it will never have to be paid again, for Hill will be sure to say something rash before long that will induce the Federal government to interfere and suppress his magazine." Yet the prophecy went far from the mark, and "The Land We Love" maintained its course untouched by the hand of our new imperialism. It fell by the neglect and indifference, the chilling apathy of those who should have borne it aloft; but the grasp of the national defiler never throttled its manful though struggling life. Hill in this, as in every other instance, might have applied to himself with eminent relevancy and appropriateness the words of the Puritan master:

"I argue not against Heaven's hand or will nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

Political recreants, sycophants and self-abasers, the publicans of the modern world, alike came under daily review in the editorial columns of "The Southern Home." The "two-handed engine at the door" stood ever ready to "smite" not "once," but through an endless series of vigorous blows when turned against the foes of his own people. The school of which such apostate spirits as A. R. Scott was a type were heralded in small letters, symbolic of infinitesimality, a mode of exhibiting in the pillory, through the medium of type, re-enforced and intensified by an exuberant and relentless invective. With his invincible moral fearlessness there was in the nature of Hill not a trace or a suggestion of that air of superior holiness, that ostentation of righteousness, which reveals itself in characters marked by frailty and striving to assume a virtue where they have it not. The same comment holds good of his life in the sphere of the intellect, in the field of science and of scholarship. In this essential regard he and Jackson exhibit a marked likeness.

When Jackson was paying his addresses to his second wife, he visited Davidson College and attended a recitation in mathematics conducted by Major Hill. At its close the Major said to him, "Will you examine the class?" whereupon he shook his head and quietly answered, "No." Men cast in a smaller mold would have grasped the occasion to display their attainments and impress the callow youth to whom they spoke with a proper appreciation of their own eminence in the ranges of mathematical science. One of the foremost lights of the world of strategy, then waiting for the coming of his season, answered simply "No" as the opportunity presented itself for the unfolding of his power.

When his colleague of West Point days, Gen. Charles P. Kingsbury, was visiting Davidson College, Major Hill is said to have introduced him with this comment: "He is as capable to teach me mathematics as I am to teach the freshman class." This modest disclaimer illustrates Hill's genuine humility of character, for no one who has appeared in American mathematical circles has excelled him in lucidity and effectiveness as an interpreter of his science. Nor do I pay this tribute to the teacher of my early years with any conscious purpose to withhold ample justice from the memory of General Kingsbury. His rank as one of the masters of ordnance in his time is conceded freely and without reserve.

I retain from my childish days a faint and shadowy memory of the man. Yet whenever Lee, Jackson, or Hill reveals himself, the words of the sovereign lord of language rise spontaneously to our lips:

"Foremost captains of their time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In their simplicity sublime."

Together with his freedom from every phase of ostentation and every form of pedantry, the native modesty of Hill's character blended by a logical or psychological harmony with a fidelity to truth, whether embodied in the technical language of creed or dogma or incarnate in those constitutional standards and political ideals which he assimilated with the very blood of his revolutionary ancestors. The abject or the sycophant, even the milder type of human frailty concretely revealed in the politician or the diplomat, was in every sense antithetic to the moral concepts illustrated in the life and walk of D. H. Hill. "Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient," he never for a moment "gave up to party what was meant for mankind," for "the glory of God or the relief of man's estate." When the pillar of fire in the guise of war gave way in due season to the pillar of cloud in the aspect of poverty, there was no touch of recision, no trace of compromise, no prostration of self at the feet of a triumphant power. The character of Bourbon or the rôle of Alcibiades rarely unfolded its malignant and baleful genius even during the very climactic of the Reconstruction era. The fallen angels of the Confederate array suggest but a few recreant and apostate spirits who kept not their first estate.

"Just for a handful of silver they left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick in their coat,
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote."

In one of his characteristic passages, flashing with antithesis and resonant with epigrammatic brilliance, Macaulay has commented upon "the abject vices generated in a people who submit to tyranny and the ferocious vices generated in those that struggle against it." From the closing act of the War between the States until the saturnalian age of reconstruction had exhausted its own vital force the people of the South passed through the fiery furnace of political debasement heated seven times. Yet in the heart of the vehement flame stood Hill unscathed, untouched. If he discerned his fellows and compatriots enduring the fiery trial, he shrunk not from the ordeal, for the eye of faith failed not to reveal its transfiguring power, and the form of one here and there became like unto the Son of God.

To men nurtured in the school in which Hill was reared "country" had but one significance—geographical, moral, political—the States composing the South. In the period preceding his own we hear the utterance of Light-Horse Harry Lee during the memorable discussions in the legislature of his native State (1798): "Virginia is my country; her I will obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." In the nature of our hero the ties and associations transmitted from the past or formed in the years of youth, when hearts were pure and warm, never petrified into the coldness of a conventionalized life in which love and loyalty assumed no part.

GENERAL LEE'S SENTIMENT.

Referring to the discussion and some criticisms of Gen. Robert E. Lee at the time of his resignation from the United States army, Frederick M. Colston, of Baltimore, contributed the following:

"General Lee's letters to his son on secession and to his sister (the wife of Judge Marshall, of Kentucky, but then of Baltimore, a strong Union man) have been often quoted with an idea in some Northern minds that he entered the Confederate cause without whole-heartedness; but 'an unpublished letter to a relative in Baltimore' quoted in the Rev. Hall Harrison's 'Life of Bishop Kerfoot,' published by James Pott & Co., New York, in 1886 (Volume I., page 223), seems to have escaped the attention of General Lee's biographers and is comparatively unknown.

"The letter is dated at Richmond, July 27, 1861, and the extracts given in the book are as follows: 'For the affection and confidence you express toward myself * * * I am extremely grateful and shall not believe that you will credit the reports you state are circulated to my prejudice. I have seen only those you sent me. They are pure fiction, without the slightest foundation in any particular. There has been no misunderstanding, no overslaughting, but the utmost harmony and concurrence in every respect. I have had no regrets, so far as I am concerned, for the past and have no apprehensions for the future. I do not pretend to see the result of this conflict into which we have been forced, but leave its direction to a merciful God, who I know will not afflict us necessarily. As far as my voice and counsel go, it will be continued on our side as long as there is one horse that can carry his rider and one arm to wield a sword. I prefer annihilation to submission. They may destroy, but I trust they will never conquer us. I bear no malice, have no animosities to indulge, no selfish purpose to gratify. My only object is to repel the invaders of our peace and the spoilers of our homes. I hope in time they will see the injustice of their course and return to their better nature. Since my arrival here I have been laboring ardently to organize our armies, fortify the entrances to our rivers, and prepare for the struggle I knew was approaching. The battle of the 21st (Bull Run) is some evidence of our strength. I should have preferred to have been there than here. Not that I could have done as well as was done, but I could have struck for my home and country. The President desired me here, and I am happy in believing all was done that could have been done.'"

ALTARS OF SACRIFICE.

Mrs. W. O. Temple writes from Denver, Colo.:

"In closing her late book, 'The Altars of Freedom,' Mary Roberts Rhinehart quotes a letter of sympathy written in 1864 by Abraham Lincoln to a Northern mother who had lost her five sons in battle.

"I have a letter written to me by Mr. Samuel Taylor, of Virginia, who was one of our Confederate soldiers and a courier under General Gordon, in which he says: 'You should have seen seven sons of my uncle, Benjamin Temple, all over six feet two inches tall and all mounted on blooded stock which they raised themselves, leave the farm in 1861 for the front. Poor Aunt Lucy told them good-by and said she wished she had seven more to go. They were not killed, but nearly all shot to pieces. There were twenty-seven of us first cousins in the army.'

"The surrender at Yorktown, Va., occurred on an estate known as the 'Moore House,' or 'Temple Farm.'"

THE COMPROMISES IN THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

BY HAROLD R. BLAKE.

[This paper was awarded the U. D. C. prize offered students at Teachers' College, Columbia University, contest of 1915-16. The author is now principal of Oakwood School, at Dayton, Ohio.]

A study of the Constitution, of its formation, and of the writings of those who attended the Federal Convention leads one to a somewhat different conception of history since 1787 and of the present office of the Constitution. It becomes strikingly true that the Constitution is not a theoretical document new in its ideas, provisions, and basic principles, but a document drawing on the experience, both good and bad, of the several States, with their constitutions and with the Articles of Confederation, and of England and other foreign countries. Madison, writing in "The Federalist," pointed out that in the discussion and formation of the Constitution there were "three sources of vague and incorrect definitions: indistinctness of the object, imperfection of the organ of conception, and inadequateness of the vehicle of ideas." After enumerating the difficulties due to factional interests, he continues: "Would it be wonderful if, under the pressure of all these difficulties, the convention should have been forced into some deviations from the artificial structure and regular symmetry which an abstract view of the subject might lead an ingenious theorist to bestow on a constitution planned in the closet of his imagination?" The Constitution was not a perfect document, but made to meet immediate needs, especially threatening anarchy and separation and the future only in so far as they could see it, and to mold into workable shape the hopes of a liberty-loving people desirous of a more adequate government, but jealous of their newly won rights. In order to make progress in the framing of a document acceptable to a great variety of conceptions and opposing interests, there was a continual use of compromises.

For the present purpose a compromise may be defined as an agreement reached concerning some impending measure in which sharply contrary opinions are evident and the result gained only through mutual concessions of the opposing factions. In a compromise it is not necessary that each side make equal sacrifices or make them at the same time. Sometimes, especially in the light of our present knowledge, it is difficult to see that the point conceded by one side is of any importance compared with concessions made by the other.

The work of the convention may roughly be divided into five parts: (1) Organization of the convention and adoption of rules; (2) consideration by a committee of the whole of a set of resolutions presented by Randolph, of Virginia, and another set drawn up by Patterson, of New Jersey, and others and, as an outgrowth of the discussion, the adoption of nineteen resolutions known as the "Resolutions of the Committee of the Whole"; (3) modification by the convention of these into twenty-three resolutions which serve as a basis for the first draft of the Constitution; (4) consideration of the draft of the Constitution drawn up from these resolutions by a Committee of Detail; (5) consideration of the report of a Committee of Revision, or Style, and final adoption of the Constitution.

The Federal Convention was called "for the sole and express purpose of revising the Articles of Confederation and reporting to Congress and the several legislatures such alterations and provisions therein as shall, when agreed to in Congress

and confirmed by the States, render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union. The means to be used and the extent to which it should be strengthened was a basic cause for difference of opinion. Should the common government be given simply an extension of power? or should the federation now existing be overthrown and a nation set up in its place? Briefly, should the common government be Federal or national? The question was of prime importance in the early weeks of the convention. General Pinckney and Mr. Gerry expressed doubt "whether the act of Congress recommending the convention or the commissions of the deputies to it would authorize a discussion of a system founded on different principles from the Federal Constitution." The term "Federal" means here, as it should mean in all discussions of this question, "federated" or "confederated." In the Committee of the Whole the Nationalists seemed to get the better of the argument; for on May 30 it adopted the first resolution, which declared it to be "the opinion of this committee that a national government ought to be established, consisting of a supreme legislature, executive, and judiciary." This action was nothing less than revolutionary, as is shown by the resolution of the Continental Congress, cited above, in authorizing the convention and pointed out by the Federalists. But the Nationalists claimed that the federation could not be patched up satisfactorily, "that a union of States merely Federal will not accomplish the objects proposed by the Articles of Confederation," and that "a new government must be made. Our all is depending on it; and if we have but a clause that the people will adopt, there is then a chance for our preservation." Necessity justified overstepping their authority, especially when they "were recommending a system of government, not making one."

After the report had been given to the convention, but before any action had been taken, Mr. Patterson, of New Jersey, introduced a plan "purely Federal and contradistinguished from the reported plan." This, Patterson said, was the work of "several deputations, particularly that of New Jersey," and hence became known as the New Jersey plan. The first resolution stipulated that the Articles of Confederation ought to be so revised, corrected, and enlarged as to render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government and the preservation of the Union. The government was still to be Federal, not national. The convention again went into a committee of the whole for a consideration of this plan so essentially different from the former resolutions which they had adopted. After much debate the New Jersey plan was rejected, and Randolph's general scheme was adopted.

In the general controversy of national *versus* Federal government the former had won in the committee, where generalizations only were expressed. But after examining the records of details considered and analyzing the Constitution itself, it is evident that the Nationalists were obliged to concede important points to the Federalists. These points conceded form the basis of the largest and most important class of compromises made in the Federal Convention. In a study of the Constitution before its adoption, "The Federalist," described by Fiske as "the greatest treatise on government that has ever been written," sets forth the proposed new government as a "compound republic partaking both of national and Federal character." Farther on it speaks of "the portion of sovereignty remaining to the individual States and of preserving the residuary sovereignty" of the States.

Fiske described our Constitution as providing for "two kinds of government operating at one and the same time upon the same individuals, harmonious with each other, but each supreme in its own sphere. Such is the fundamental conception of our partly Federal, partly national government. Curtis says that this "plan was undoubtedly a novelty in political science. . . . The individual might owe a double allegiance, and there could be no confusion of his duties, provided the powers withdrawn from the States and revested in the nation were clearly defined." In the struggle between State sovereignty and centralized government several powers were not, however, defined—for example, the power of a State to withdraw from the Union and the right of control of slavery. It is probable that the delegates did not recognize the importance of the first question and avoided the second because they had reason to believe that it would die a natural death. The formation of the first political parties was determined by a difference of interpretation of the Constitution on the rights of States and nation. The modern question of State or national decision on woman suffrage and prohibition is a matter on which the Democratic and Republican parties differ. These illustrations reemphasize the influence on the convention of immediate need against anarchy or permanent separation as more important than these future needs and differences. Giving satisfaction to differences of opinion by means of compromise rather than ideal constitutional law was the only hope of the Constitution's general acceptance. For a better understanding each of these concrete questions of State *versus* national control, the election of Congressmen, the powers of Congress, control of the State militia, Federal inferior courts, slave importation and navigation acts must be unraveled from the tangled skein of speeches, motions, amendments, and committee reports and treated separately. Hardly any of these questions were, however, settled solely, or even mainly, on the relative merits of State or national power, but other influences of a determining nature entered in to make the decision. This will be very evident as we proceed.

The first of these compromises between Nationalists and Federalists was on the question of representation. It involved two subquestions: (1) By whom shall the representatives be elected? (2) Shall their apportionment be according to the proportion of people or wealth or on a basis of equality among the States? The two were closely related. On the second the small States naturally took sides against the large, for with proportionate representation a State with the population of Virginia would have sixteen Congressmen to Georgia's one. The vote on the first question was influenced seriously by the delegates' attitude on the second. The Federalists found it much easier to get Nationalists from small States to give in to their method of electing senators, because that was considered to go hand in hand with equality of representation. We thus find delegates from the small States who strongly opposed proportional representation lining up in favor of election of the second branch by State legislatures.

But, although involved in equality of representation, the question of the method of electing legislators for the national government was an issue of its own. It was clearly stated in the third and fourth resolutions of the Committee of the Whole, while equality of representation came in their seventh and eighth.

Although we to-day can see in the argument little reason, it was held by many delegates that taking power from a State legislature and giving it to the people of the State decreased

the power of the State. In so far as the people elected the national officers directly, the States as units were relegated to the background. Patterson flatly declared that "if the sovereignty of the States is to be maintained, the representatives must be drawn immediately from the States." Wilson favored popular election in both houses: "In explaining his reasoning it was necessary to understand the twofold relation in which the people would stand—first, as citizens of the general government and, secondly, as citizens of their particular State." In making the former they ought to make it independent of any control by the latter. Ellsworth opposed him and urged maintaining the "agency of the States" in supporting the national government. "Without their coöperation it would be impossible to support a republican government over so great an extent of country."

Much of the argument came on popular election of members to the first branch. Wilson considered that such "was not only the corner stone, but the foundation of the fabric, and that the difference between mediate and immediate election was immense"; for "the legislatures are actuated not merely by the sentiment of the people, but have an official sentiment opposed to that of the general government and perhaps to the people themselves." King "supposed the legislatures would constantly choose men subservient to their own views and contrasted to the general interest," and the recent amendment to the Constitution giving the election of senators to the people suggests that there was ground for his supposition. He noted "several instances in which the views of a State might be at variance with the general government and mentioned particularly a competition between the national and State debts for the most certain and productive funds." General Pinckney proposed a compromise "that the first branch, instead of being elected by the people, should be elected in such a manner as the legislature of each State should direct." This motion was voted down four to six, and popular election carried by a good majority.

Now that the Nationalists had won their big point and the Federalists had conceded a provision for a nation of individuals rather than simply a union of States, the former were disposed to be more lenient. The pull of equality of representation became stronger. In the debate a speech of one of the delegates, Mr. Gorham, showed its influence, for he wandered from the issue and stated that he was inclined to a "rule of proportion." But Wilson directly pulled him back: "The question is, shall members of the second branch be chosen by legislatures of the States?" Madison, who favored popular election in both branches, saw the influence of equality of representation and tried to have consideration of the fourth resolution postponed and the eighth taken first. But the motion was lost, and legislative election of senators went through leaning heavily on equality of representation for support. Thus we have our dual Congress, representing the people as desired by the Nationalists and the States as desired by the Federalists.

The other question on the election of representatives proved to be the biggest stumblingblock in the whole convention. Under the Articles of Confederation each State had one vote, no matter how many delegates from the State. The same rule was followed in the convention. If representation based on numbers or wealth were introduced, it meant, as pointed out by delegates from the small States, that Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts would have enough votes to overrule those from the other ten States, even should they present a solid front. Naturally the small States were loath to give

in to the large, because of actual fear of an overriding dominance of the large States. Likewise the large States claimed proportional representation as the only means to prevent a control by a minority of people. It was the same question of federation *versus* nation. Equality of State power in the central government is one of the fundamental principles of federation.

But the division into factions was naturally not on that basis, but according to the size of the States. Franklin analyzed the situation, saying that the lesser States were afraid of their liberties and the large States of their money. In the committee of the whole the large States succeeded in pushing through the seventh and eighth resolutions, giving proportionate representation in the first and second branches. The vote on the eighth resolution passed by the narrow margin of six to five.

Franklin, who had noted with consternation the warmth of the debate in the committee on this question, interrupted the still more heated discussion in the convention by offering the unsuccessful motion "that henceforth prayers imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessings on our deliberations be held in the assembly every morning before proceeding to business." Several weeks later Luther Martin told the Maryland Legislature that the discussion lasted about a fortnight, "during which we were on the verge of dissolution, scarcely held together by the strength of a hair." He said that the large State delegates "were informed in terms the most strong and energetic that could probably be used that we would never agree to a system giving them the undue influence they propose; . . . that slavery was the worst that could ensue, and we considered the system proposed to be the most complete, most abject system of slavery that the wit of man ever devised under the pretense of forming a government of free States!"

The vote on proportionate representation in the lower branch finally passed in the convention, six to four. The details of the seventh resolution were postponed to make room for the eighth. The convention was tense. This dreaded matter had to be settled before relations could again become normal. Ellsworth almost immediately moved "that the rule of suffrage in the second branch be the same with that established by the Articles of Confederation." "He hoped that it would be a ground for compromise" with regard to the first branch. He emphasized the national-federal nature of the proposed government, and equality between States was conformable to the Federal principle as proportional representation was to the national. He and Martin were about the only delegates to lay much emphasis on this aspect of the question.

When the vote came, two separate factors aided the small States to make a better showing than in the committee. First, Luther Martin was the only delegate present from Maryland, and he swung that State's vote from a divided one to an affirmative. This made a five-to-five tie, with Georgia still to vote. Now, Georgia, although scant in population, had a large area and was growing fast, so her delegates had sided with the larger States. One of these was Abraham Baldwin, a recent emigrant from Connecticut. Fearful that the small States would immediately withdraw and end the convention, and possibly influenced by his Connecticut kinsmen, he cast his vote in their favor, thereby splitting the Georgia delegation. Luther Martin has expressed his belief that Baldwin did not change his opinion, but simply conceded to his faith in the cause. "All honor to his memory!" exclaimed Fiske.

So the vote on the question was five to five, with Georgia divided.

The convention was "now at a full stop," as Sherman expressed it. He thought a committee advisable, because they could more coolly consider concessions. After some debate it was voted to select by ballot one delegate from each State to serve as a Committee of Eleven, to whom were referred the eighth resolution and the remainder of the seventh not already voted upon. In the election of this committee the small States played their best card, for the names of the delegates selected suggested what their report would be. On the list were three radical, small State men (Yates, Patterson, and Martin), while three of those representing the large States (Franklin, Gerry, and Baldwin) were of a conciliatory frame of mind on this question.

The arguments in the committee were largely a statement of those previously given. Franklin and the original Henry Clay took the first conciliatory step, and the other large State men consented under certain conditions to fall in line. The report had two important concessions, one from each side: First, that all money bills, either for income or expense, shall be originated in the lower branch and not be amended by the second branch; and, secondly, that in the upper branch "each State shall have an equal vote." The new feature offered by the committee was this provision concerning money bills. The idea was evidently borrowed from the British Constitution. The money comes from the people, and the representatives of the people should control it, claimed Mason.

Considerable speculation took place as to just how important this concession of the small States to the large States would be. Madison declared that he could see no concession in it; "for if seven States in the second branch should want such a bill, their interests in the first branch will prevail to bring it forward. It is nothing more than a nominal privilege." But Gerry, the chairman of the committee, declared it to be "the corner stone of the accommodation." "If any member of the convention had the exclusive privilege of making propositions, would any one say that it would give him no advantage over the other members?" Mr. Strong thought that the small States had made a "considerable concession." Martin declared before the Maryland Legislature some weeks later that "the Senate will be rendered almost useless as a part of the legislature." Butler and Morris could see no concession, and the latter strongly appealed for a united country giving justice to the majority. "If persuasion does not unite it, the sword will!" he declared heatedly. Mr. Williamson endeavored to calm matters, but still he thought the report contained the most objectionable propositions of any he had yet heard.

The discussion settled down to the question of a breaking up of the convention, followed probably by secession and civil strife or giving in to the smaller States. Accommodation, declared Mason, was the only means for progress; and as for a dissolution of the convention, he "would bury his bones in the city rather than expose his country to its consequences." The large States had less to lose, however. They still had their desideratum for the lower house, and the money bill provision made that house somewhat more important. The committee had intended that a vote should be taken on its total report, but there was much opposition. So each provision came up separately, was fought over, and finally passed. Equality of States in the Senate went through by a vote of five to four, with Massachusetts divided. Gerry and Strong conceded the demands of the small States. "It is accordingly,"

says Fiske, "to Elbridge Gerry and Caleb Strong that posterity are indebted for preventing a tie and thus bringing the vexed question to a happy issue." "Great praise," says Curtis, "is due to the moderation of those who made the concession to the fears and jealousies of the smaller States." Thus was "the great compromise," as Professor Farrand calls it, a success.

Helpful in the consideration of the details of the seventh resolution of the Committee of the Whole were several small compromises. Between a clamor for annual elections of members to the lower house and the provision of the committee for a three-year term, augmented by the difficulty of traveling long distances and the resulting disadvantage to the distant States, a vote was made for a two-year term.

On a question of making a temporary apportionment of representatives from each State much discussion ensued, necessitating reference to two different committees. The final apportionment, sixty-five in all, was "undoubtedly a matter of compromise" between the States. The numbers were settled upon in the second committee; and as it left no record, no proof can be made of this assumption.

The third provision concerning the election of members to the lower branch is classed by most historians as one of the most important compromises. It is the three-fifths provision, so called. The controversy was between delegates of the North, whose States were fast abolishing slavery, and delegates of the South, who claimed that slaves should be reckoned as people in apportioning the representatives according to population. In 1783 the Continental Congress had adopted, in amending the revenue provision, a proposal that five slaves should be reckoned as three citizens. The idea had proved fairly satisfactory, so its incorporation into the Constitution was now suggested. Farrand declared that this three-fifths compromise, as classed by most historians one of the three most important, "ought to be relegated to the myths of the past." He quotes Rufus King in the Massachusetts State Convention as saying that "this rule . . . was adopted because it was the language of all America." He claims that Curtis, the early historian of the Constitution, was influenced to give undue stress to this slavery issue because, in 1858, when his volumes were published, the subject of slavery was predominant in the public interest and that historians since the time of Curtis have blindly continued to overstress this three-fifths clause.

There seems to be some ground for supporting Farrand's position. The question was complicated by other features which occupied much of the debate. It had not yet been decided on what basis taxation should be apportioned. As it was finally placed on a basis of the number of representatives, the North did not have quite so strong objections to including negroes, and the South was not quite so anxious to have them counted. This provision was an influential factor in the final adoption of the three-fifths clause. The insurmountable difficulty of determining whether slaves were people or property also confused the delegates. Most of them hoped that slavery would gradually die out; some thought that as a moral question it could better be handled by the States. Madison records Gerry, Gorham, Mason, Williamson, and Wilson as speaking for acceptance of the three-fifths clause. The question was put to vote separately, but did not pass. The next day, however, "on the whole proposition as proportioning representation to direct taxation and both to the white and three-fifths of the black inhabitants and requiring a census within six years and within every ten years afterwards," it

passed by a vote of six to two, with Massachusetts and South Carolina divided. The fact that this three-fifths clause was allowed to slip through along with other features, when on the day before it had failed to pass as a separate issue, indicates its relative unimportance and the influence of the direct taxation clause. On the other hand, the negative vote of the day before indicates that it was hardly the accepted "language of all America." Wilson speaks of the scheme as justified by the "necessity of compromise." A compromise we must consider it, agreeing with Farrand to the extent of not giving it major importance.

Having shown the indispensable use of compromises in establishing a scheme for the election of our national legislators, the question of powers allotted them and of those still held by the State is a natural one. A "spirit of compromise" is evident in several instances, especially toward the end of the convention, when, the main issues having been decided, the delegates rode roughshod over provisions of less importance.

A restriction on Congress, that legislative appropriation for the support of the army should be for no longer time than two years, seems to have been an agreement between the Nationalists and Federalists. The latter feared giving the President a long-continued use of such a powerful weapon as the army. In defending this provision in "The Federalist" Madison pointed out the power of the House of Commons, corrupted, as they were, by the crown. They can "make appropriations to the army for an indefinite term without desiring or without daring to extend the term beyond a single year." Then he ridicules the State rights men: "Ought not suspicion itself blush in pretending that the representatives of the United States, elected freely by the whole body of the people every second year, cannot be safely intrusted with discretion over such appropriations expressly limited for the short term of two years?"

The question of State *versus* Congressional control of the elections of national legislators caused some debate. Hamilton feared that placing the election in the hands of the States gave them the power to obliterate the national government. "Every government ought to contain in itself the means of its own preservation." So the Constitution gave the power to regulate elections primarily to the State legislatures, but allowed Congress to "make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing senators." Ultimately, therefore, most of the power rested with Congress.

In determining who should control the State militia a perplexing problem was confronted. The question was considered of much importance; for the less control that a State had over its militia, the more dependent it would be on the national government. The report of a committee of eleven on this point, made on the twenty-first of August, contained mutual concessions. It gave Congress the power "to make laws for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia and for governing such parts of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the States, respectively, the appointment of the officers and authority of training the militia according to the discipline described." Martin thought that the States would never give up this power over its militia. To Madison and Randolph it seemed to be a question of expediency for effectual discipline. They argued for complete national control. But Gerry saw in it a danger to local rights and sarcastically suggested: "Let us at once destroy the State governments and have an executive for life, or hereditary, and a proper Senate." With four States

disagreeing, however, the provision for a division of control of the State militias went through.

A controversy over the judicial department of our national government was settled in a noncommittal manner. There had been general agreement on the necessity of a United States Supreme Court. The question was, Should there be also inferior Federal courts? Their establishment was provided for in the report of the Committee of the Whole; but in the convention Rutledge objected, arguing that such would make unnecessary encroachment on the jurisdiction of the States; for State tribunals could handle all cases, and national rights and uniformity of judgment could be secured by the privilege of appeal to the national tribunal. Again, it was a question of strengthening the national government at the expense of the State. Rutledge's argument carried weight, for the provision for inferior Federal courts was stricken out by the close vote of six to four. But the Nationalists were not satisfied. Madison, Sherman, and Wilson saw danger ahead. So they proposed the compromise of allowing Congress to establish these courts, should it see fit. This suggestion proved acceptable; and the fate of the Federal inferior courts was left to the judgment of Congress, to be determined by expediency. Fiske greatly stresses the importance of this provision: "But for the system of United States courts extending throughout the States and supreme within its own sphere, the Federal Constitution could never have been put into practical working order."

In the light of subsequent history a most important series of difficulties was adjusted between the Northern and Southern States. Madison had pointed out that this was a division greatly to be feared in the future because of the natural opposing interests. More care must be taken, he thought, to satisfy both parties in this division than on the division between large and small States. The interests of the people in the North demanded that commerce be unhampered by the whims of State legislatures and that necessary commercial relations should be freely handled by the National Congress. They, therefore, strongly opposed the sixth section of Article XII. of the report of the Committee on Detail providing that no navigation act could be passed by Congress without a two-thirds vote of each house. The South opposed giving the national government unrestricted power to make laws favorable to Northern commercial interests, because they feared a monopoly of the shipping trade, with resulting exorbitant rates.

Also the agrarian South depended upon slaves and unrestricted opportunity to export their products to foreign countries for their prosperity. Any provision to take from the three most southern States the power to import slaves for their rice and indigo fields or to tax their exports was fought with decided vigor. Many delegates, notably Sherman, Ellsworth, and Gerry, favored letting each State decide the slavery question according to its own judgment. Even C. Pinckney declared that if a vote on prohibition of slave importation came up in his State he would favor it, but he strongly opposed giving the national government the right to interfere. Martin, ordinarily a rank State rights man, showed amazing inconsistency by advocating for the national government power "to make such regulations as should be thought most advantageous for the gradual abolition of slavery." Like not a few of the delegates, he was ready to favor national control in matters not vitally affecting his own State.

The question of taxing exports came up first as a separate issue. The vote was not strictly a part of the compromise,

but prohibition of a tax on exports by a vote of seven to four undoubtedly aided the passage of the compromise.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth sections of Article VII. of the Committee on Detail, dealing with the importation of slaves and with commercial regulations, were referred to a committee of eleven in the hope that "these things may form a bargain among the Northern and Southern States," as Morris expressed it. The committee made the recommendations that "the migration or importation of such persons as the several States now existing shall think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by the legislature prior to the year 1800, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such migration or importation at a rate not exceeding the average of the duties laid on imports," and that a two-thirds vote of Congress on navigation acts be not required. With exceptional good will the year 1808 was substituted for 1800 and the clause accepted. To avoid later friction the maximum tax which could be imposed was arbitrarily fixed at ten dollars per person.

The navigation problem called for considerable discussion. The "liberal conduct" of the Northern delegates on the slavery question caused General Pinckney and Mr. Butler to oppose any necessity for a two-thirds vote, so the final provision of the compromise went through. Madison, in editing his "Journal," records in a note that "an understanding on the two subjects of navigation and slavery had taken place between those parts of the Union, which explains the vote on the motion impending, as well as the language of General Pinckney and others."

"Too high an estimate," says Curtis, "cannot well be formed of the importance and value of this final settlement of conflicting sectional interests and demands. . . . Thus was accomplished, so far as depended on the action of the convention, that memorable compromise which gave to the Union its control over the commercial relations of the States with foreign countries and with each other," and provided for the eventual extinction of the foreign slave trade.

So far in our discussion we have considered compromises adopted in establishing the legislative and judicial departments of our government. The executive department gave trouble also. Madison told the Virginia State Convention that "the organization of the general government was in all its parts very difficult," and "there was peculiar difficulty in that of the executive." "In agreeing on a method for electing the President," reported Wilson to the Pennsylvania Convention, "there was more perplexity than in any other part of the Constitution."

Various schemes were proposed and were received with more or less favor, each to be thrown out for a more favored one. For a long time election by the national legislature seemed to be a settled thing. This was finally given up because of the opportunity between the legislature and the president for cabal. A scheme of popular choice of Presidential electors grew in favor. But this would give a candidate from a large State such an advantage that a candidate from a small State would have little possibility of success, claimed the small State delegates. A list of our Presidents, with their home States, is abundant evidence of how just was their contention.

Two modifications of the simple scheme of Presidential electors were made before the small State men would accept the plan. First, the number of electors from any State was made equal to the number of representatives and senators. Since the senators were equal in number, no matter how small the State, this gave some advantage over strict proportionate representation. Secondly, if, out of the total vote cast

by the electors, there was not a majority for one candidate, the Senate should choose from the first five candidates one who shall be President. In the Senate the small States obviously have the advantage. The large State men claimed that this would happen in a majority of cases, "nineteen times out of twenty," said Mason. So virtually to the large States would fall the power of nomination and to the small States the power of selection. Sherman and King both definitely speak of this balancing of powers.

The compromise finally passed with seven States in its favor. Because of fear of an aristocracy in the Senate, the choice of the President, on failure of the electors to establish a majority, was later vested in the House of Representatives, the members of each State having one vote. The principle of the compromise, however, remained unchanged. The early advent of political parties curbed any opportunity to prove to what extent the electors would fail to secure a majority and how closely Mason had estimated the proportionate number of times the House would be called upon to select a President.

Now that satisfactory adjustments had been made on a basis of the present size of the country and number of States, some provision must be made for future growth by the addition of new States. The delegates were not unmindful of the new country west of the mountains, and several had a hazy fear of a possible future supremacy of this new agricultural section over the commercial coast section. The advocates of wealth as a basis of representation had a view as an important motive a curtailment of power in the new West and Southwest. Gerry and King, of Massachusetts, endeavored to prevent a supremacy of the Southwest by moving that the total number of representatives from the new States should never exceed those from the original States. It failed to pass. So the Committee on Detail seemed justified in including in their article on the admission of new States the phrase "shall be admitted on the same terms with the original States." Governor Morris, always excessively fearful of the new West, succeeded in getting this mandatory clause stricken out by a vote of nine to two and his own substituted to the effect that new States "may be admitted by the legislature."

Apparently this concession was not estimated as important by most of the delegates as Morris considered it. He evidently had a hidden meaning in the phraseology which was not noticed by the delegates. This is suggested by a sentence in a letter to Henry W. Livingston written in 1803: "Candor obliges me to add my belief that, had it [his motion] been more pointedly expressed, a strong opposition would have been made."

"The phraseology is apparently so artless that it might well obtain the unanimous support of the convention," writes Farrand. It never reached any significant importance; and thus the delegates judged it, although Morris tried to read into it the idea that territory becoming a part of the United States must be treated as provincial and not be given a voice in the national councils. "I went so far as circumstances would permit to establish the exclusion," he wrote to Livingston.

It is evident that the delegates gave in to Morris on this matter a very minor change, but that he endeavored to interpret the wording of the change to be more than he dared state in the convention. If this is a compromise, as Farrand claims it is, it is of such little importance as to be worthy of no great consideration.

Of the compromises of the Constitution as described in this essay, there seem to be three which stand out as of great importance: (1) The compromise on the question of

equal *versus* proportionate representation in Congress; (2) the compromise between Northern and Southern interests on a control of commerce and slave importation; (3) the compromise on the method of electing the President. Of these three, the first two were basically questions of federation or nation, of State or national control, although decided largely by outside influences. The first and third compromises were the result of mutual concessions between large and small States. The second was but the beginning of a long series of compromises on the slavery question, each one postponing the decision of State or national supremacy. With the minor compromises the relative power of State and nation was usually an issue, but not often the deciding one. All degrees of minority existed. Students do not and need not agree as to the rank of each in importance. How indispensable they were, no one can realize until he reads from the records the very thoughts of the individual delegates, analyzes the great variety of opinions held, recognizes the strain of opposing factions, and sees how often an advance in the work was possible only through a resort to compromises aimed to conciliate opposing opinions and demands.

"Thus at length," says Fiske, "was realized the sublime conception of a nation in which every citizen lives under two complete and well-rounded systems of laws, the State and the Federal law, each with its legislative, its executive, and its judiciary moving one within the other, noiselessly and without friction. It was one of the longest reaches of constructive statesmanship ever known to the world."

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THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

COMPILED BY MRS. EMMA M. MAFFITT, SECOND VICE PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Admiral David D. Porter, United States navy, in his work, "The Naval History of the Civil War," has much to say in regard to the career of Captain Maffitt, of whom he says:

"Maffitt arrived in Havana and found himself so tied up with restrictions imposed by the Spanish authorities that he determined to go to Mobile to fit his ship out there. He, therefore, got under way for that port on the 1st of September and arrived in sight of Fort Morgan on the 4th, having started on his perilous adventure with his crew just convalescing and he himself scarcely able to stand from the prostrating effects of the fever. It may appear to the reader that we have exhibited more sympathy for Commander Maffitt and given him more credit than he deserved. It must be remembered that we are endeavoring to write a naval history of the war and not a partisan work. This officer, it is true, had gone from under the flag we venerate to fight against it; but we know that it was a sore trial for him to leave the service to which he was attached and that he believed he was doing his duty in following the fortunes of his State and had the courage to follow his convictions. He did not leave the United States navy with any bitterness, and when the troubles were all over he accepted the situation gracefully. What we are going to state of him shows that he was capable of the greatest heroism and that, though he was on the side of the enemy, his courage and skill were worthy of praise. * * *

"During the whole war there was not a more exciting adventure than the escape of the Florida into Mobile Bay. The gallant manner in which it was conducted excited great admiration even among the men who were responsible for permitting it. We do not suppose that there was ever a man, under all the attending circumstances, who displayed more energy or more bravery.

"The Florida remained some months in Mobile preparing for sea and watching a chance to get out. The blockading squadron had been enlarged to seven vessels, among them the R. R. Cuyler, a very fast steamer, which had been sent to this station with the certainty that she would be able to intercept the Florida if she attempted to run out. Maffitt came down from Mobile one afternoon in the Florida and noted the number and positions of the blockaders while he was plainly visible to them. The Federal commanders had been in a continual state of vigilance for three months, and it was a great relief to them to see the coveted prize at last. * * * At about 2 A.M. the Florida was reported as coming out. She passed directly between the Cuyler and Susquehanna at a distance of three hundred yards from the former."

Returning to Captain Maffitt's journal, the following is given:

"January 16.—Blowing with avidity from the westward; rain at night. Had up steam, but pilot said it was too dark to see lighthouse island; in fact, nothing could be distinguished twenty yards. At two I was called. The stars were out, but a light mist covered the surface of the water. Got under way. The wind puffy, west-northwest. Double reefs were taken in our topsails and balanced reefs in the fore and main topsails. The topsails I caused to be mast-headed and the gaskets replaced by split rope yarns, which would give way when the sheets were hauled upon and the sail set without sending the top men aloft. Everything was secured for bad

weather, a double watch set, and the crew piped down. At 2:20 all hands were called, steam was up, and we were heading for the bar. A night of bitter cold had doubtless caused the Federal lookouts to obtain partial shelter from the stinging blasts of winter and consequently abate much of their acute vigilance. This was the presumption, as, to our astonishment, we passed quite near a blockader inside the bar and were not discovered until abreast of a third, when a flame from the coal dust caused our discovery. Then the alarms were given by drums beating the call, flashing lights, and general commotion as cables were slipped, and, amid the confusion of a surprise, a general chase commenced in the wildest excitement. All the steam and canvas that could be applied urged us swiftly over the rugged seas, as half a dozen rampant Federals followed with intense eagerness on the trail of the saucy Confederate, that "Rebel" craft whose escape from thralldom was sorely dreaded at the North in visions of burning vessels and commercial disasters.

"From stormy morn to stormy eve the chase was vigilantly continued, but the Florida under sail and steam was too fast for the Federals. Just before day, when all hands were breathing with more freedom, a large sail was discovered right ahead and close aboard. It was a steam sloop-of-war under topsails and looked like the Brooklyn. We sheered slightly from her and again went to quarters. For some fifteen minutes we were under all her starboard guns, and a broadside would have sunk us; but the only evidence she gave of seeing us was by showing a light over the starboard gangway and continued gracefully on without further notice.

"A large armed ship was seen to the eastward and a fast gunboat on the starboard beam. Our friends of the bar continued after us in hot chase. Desirous of ending the chase, I determined to despoil them of their guiding facility for steering. All hands were called to shorten sail, and, like snowflakes under a summer sun, our canvas melted from view and was secured in long low bunts to the yards. Thus shorn of her plumage, our engines at rest between high, toppling seas, clear daylight was necessary to enable them to distinguish the low hull of the Rebel."

Admiral Porter thus comments on the escape of the Florida: "And so the Florida was allowed to go on her way without molestation, and Maffitt was enabled to commence that career on the high seas which has made his name one of the notable ones of the war. He lighted the seas wherever he passed along and committed such havoc among American merchantmen that, if possible, he was even more dreaded than Semmes. * * * Every officer who knew Maffitt was certain that he would attempt to get out of Mobile, and we are forced to say that those who permitted his escape are responsible for the terrible consequences of their want of vigilance and energy."

After cruising for months and making many captures, the condition of the Florida compelled her commander to seek a friendly port for necessary repairs. The port of Brest, France, was chosen. The health of Captain Maffitt at this time was seriously affected by the long strain and responsibilities of his position, and he was under the necessity of asking to be relieved from command of the Florida. Commander J. N. Barney was ordered to relieve Captain Maffitt, and as soon as his health permitted he returned to the South, where he served on several blockade runners, bringing in supplies to the Confederacy for the armies. His last command was the Confederate States steamship Owl.

"On the 21st of December, 1864, I received on board the

naval steamer Owl seven hundred and eighty bales of cotton and, with three other blockade runners, ran clear of the Federal sentinels without the loss of a rope yarn. Arriving in St. George's, I found a number of steamers loaded and impatiently awaiting news from the Federal expedition under General Butler against Fort Fisher before resolving to enter Dixie. By the Halifax steamer the desired intelligence was obtained. The expedition had failed. Upon the receipt of this, to us, cheering news, six of us in company joyfully departed, anticipating a speedy reunion with Dixie. We parted at sea and met not again. In two days I communicated with Lockwood's Folly, where they reported all serene and Fisher intact. Delighted with this information, I steamed for Cape Fear. The moon was not due until eleven o'clock, and at eight o'clock we should meet high water on the bar, the time for crossing. Approaching the channel, I was surprised to find but one sentinel guarding the port. No difficulty was experienced in eluding him. A conflagration at Bald Head and no response to my signals excited some apprehensions; but as Fort Caswell looked natural and quiet, I decided to venture in and, passing on, came to anchor off the fort wharf. We were immediately interviewed by Capt. E. S. Martin, chief of ordnance, and another officer from the fort, who confirmed my most gloomy apprehensions. A second attack under General Terry and Admiral Porter had been successful, and Fisher and Cape Fear were in the possession of the enemy.

"To instantly depart became an imperious necessity. Gunboats were approaching; Fort Caswell was doomed; the train already laid only awaited the match. In poignant distress I turned from the heart-rending scene, my sorrowing mind foreshadowing the fate of Dixie. The solitary blockader awoke from his lethargy and pursued me furiously. His artillery palled under the reverberation of an explosion that rumbled portentously from wave to wave in melancholy echoes that enunciated far at sea the fate of Caswell.

"My cargo being important, I deemed it my duty to make an effort to enter the harbor of Charleston in order to deliver the much-needed supplies. I had been informed that the blockade of that port was more stringently guarded than ever before. The Owl's speed was now accommodated to the necessary time for arriving off the bar, which was 10 P.M. * * * Seasonably making the passage, nine o'clock found us not far from the mouth of Maffitt's Channel. Anticipating a trying night and the bare possibility of capture, two bags were slung and suspended over the quarter by a stout line. In these bags were placed the government mail not yet delivered, all private correspondence, and my journal, including the cruise of the Florida, besides many other papers. An intelligent quartermaster was ordered to stand by the bags with a hatchet and the moment capture became inevitable to cut adrift and let them sink.

"When on the western end of Rattlesnake Shoal we encountered streaks of mist and fog that enveloped stars and everything for a few moments, then it would become quite clear again. Running cautiously in one of those obscurations, a sudden lift in the haze disclosed that we were about to run into an anchored blockader. We had bare room with a hard-a-port helm to avoid him some fifteen or twenty feet, when their officer on deck called out: 'Heave to, or I'll sink you!' The order was unnoticed, and we received his entire broadside, which cut away turtleback, perforated forecabin, and tore up bulwarks in front of our engine room, wounding twelve men, some severely. The quartermaster stationed by the mail bags was so convinced that we were captured that he

instantly used his hatchet and sent them well moored to the bottom; hence my meager account of the cruise of the Florida. Rockets were fired as we passed swiftly out of his range of sight, and drummond lights lit up the animated surroundings of a swarm of blockaders who commenced an indiscriminate discharge of artillery."

Captain Maffitt then determined to make an effort to enter the port of Galveston, Tex. The date of this attempt is fixed by the following receipt, found among his papers:

"\$222.15.

"Received, Galveston, May 5, 1865, of Mr. C. B. Cook, two hundred and twenty-two and 15-100 (in specie) dollars for duties on clearance of goods imported into the port on steamer Owl.

A. P. LUPKIN,

Surveyor of Port of Galveston."

The following is taken from the *Galveston Daily News* of May 6, 1901: "One fine morning in the spring of 1865 Capt. John Newland Maffitt, who was formerly commander of the famous Confederate steamer Florida, but then commander of the fast steamer Owl, ran successfully through the blockading fleet of sixteen vessels, but grounded on Bird Island shoals, just at the entrance to Galveston Harbor, at a most exposed point within range of the enemy's guns, who were raining shot and shell around the stranded vessel. In the harbor, under the command of Capt. James H. McGarvey, was the Confederate fleet, composed of the gunboats Diana and Bayou and the transports Lucy Gwin, Colonel Steel, Island City, and Lone Star. With a volunteer crew Captain McGarvey went with the Diana to the rescue, arriving quickly on the scene to find the gallant captain and his crew working faithfully to float the vessel, which, with the assistance of the crew of the Diana, was soon done. In the face of great danger Captain Maffitt remained at his post on the bridge of the steamer, calmly directing his men and displaying the greatest calmness and bravery."

Captain Maffitt's sister, Mrs. Henrietta Lamar, of Galveston, Tex., wrote me some years ago in regard to this visit of her brother that all the city had gone up to the housetops in their anxiety to know the fate of the Owl and if possible to signal him, and great was the rejoicing at his successful exit. We next hear of him from Mr. James Sprunt's articles in "Regimental Histories," Volume V., "Blockade-Running": "While we (the Susan Beirne) were repairing at Nassau the Confederate steamer Owl, commanded by Captain Maffitt, appeared in the offing and later ran close past us in the harbor, a shot hole through her funnel, several more in her hull, standing rigging in rags, and other indications of a hot time."

In a letter from Capt. J. Pembroke Jones, C. S. N., formerly of the United States navy, the shipmate and lifelong friend of Captain Maffitt, dated Pasadena, Cal., November 20, 1905, the following appears:

"Do you know that the last order I received in the Confederacy was, early in 1865, to make the best of my way out of the Confederate States, taking with me a James River pilot and a York River pilot and a large sum of money in specie checks, with orders to report to Maffitt, if I could find him, requiring him and me to purchase steamers and load them with the supplies most needed by General Lee's army and bring them in as speedily as possible, running the blockade at any cost, one to take the James River, the other the York River?"

"As all our ports were closed, I started with the two pilots for Texas; but when I reached the Mississippi River I heard

of the surrender of General Lee and the death of Mr. Lincoln. I then ordered the two pilots to return to their homes. I crossed the Mississippi, went up Red River to Shreveport, where I reported to General Magruder, and, finding that the war would not be continued in Texas, I went to Brownsville and crossed the Rio Grande to Matamoros; from there I took steamer to Havana, where I found Maffitt and surprised him with the account of my mission. Maffitt and I went together in the Owl from Havana to Halifax, where I parted from him."

Captain Maffitt writes: "The last order issued by the Navy Department, when all hope for the cause had departed, was for me to deliver the Owl to Frazier, Trenholm & Co. in Liverpool, which I accordingly did."

The proof sheets of the *Nassau Guardian* of September 26, 1863, a copy of which I have, contain the following statement: "The Florida, Capt. J. N. Maffitt, destroyed no less than £9,700,000 worth of Federal property up to the 11th of last May, managing to elude thirteen Federal vessels of war especially sent to cruise in pursuit of her." A partial list of captures is given in the above article.

Captain Maffitt applied for and obtained command of a British merchant steamer, the *Widgeon*, trading between Liverpool, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and other South American ports. He retained this command until March 27, 1867, when by the general amnesty act he was enabled to return home. His friends had urged him to ask for a pardon. This he refused to do. In his sketch of "The Life and Services of Raphael Semmes," published in the *South Atlantic Magazine* in 1877, Captain Maffitt quoted the following sentiment in regard to the action of Semmes, which must also have actuated him:

"What I did I did in honor,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestalled remission."

His confiscated property still remains in the possession of the United States government because of my reverence for his memory and my own sentiments.

The above imperfect sketches were compiled at the urgent request of friends and Daughters of the Confederacy from papers of Captain Maffitt in my possession. Having the key to this knowledge, I feel it my duty to use it for the benefit of all who may be interested, especially in our loved Southland.

The men of the Confederate navy, unlike the army, were sent out as separate units to use their own discretion and depend on their own exertions. They had no means of communicating with each other, no organization for personal affiliation, and after the war they went their separate ways and left the record of their deeds in almost all cases unwritten. Those deeds are a most important part of the history of the Confederacy. The army was clothed, fed, equipped, and in many cases obtained victories by the coöperation of the navy. These men risked their lives not once but many times to obtain needed supplies for the army and, as the last appealing orders of the Secretary of the Confederate Navy plainly show, could not exist without them.

"Honor to whom honor is due." Would it not be a graceful act for the Confederate veterans at their annual Reunions to give some expression to their appreciation of their brethren of the kindred service?

IN THE YEARS 1861-62.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

VOLUME V., "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

Gustavus W. Smith, Major General, C. S. A.—General Smith, in consequence of the wounding of Joseph E. Johnston, was in command of the Army of the Potomac, C. S. A., from 6 P.M. on the 28th of June until 2 P.M. of the following day, when he was relieved by Robert E. Lee. As General Smith did not have much opportunity to show his capacity as a leader, no man can say what might or might not have happened if Lee had not been available. But—General Smith retired to Georgia, where he most ably commanded Joe Brown's "Bold Pikemen" when Mr. Sherman was "marching through Georgia."

Contract to Destroy the Merrimac.—The United States Secretary of War wrote Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., asking him for his terms for a contract to sink the Merrimac or to prevent her leaving Norfolk. But he didn't take either the one or the other.

Mexicans and White Men.—Col William Steele, C. S. A., said: "I am about to leave this territory under circumstances which have caused ill feeling between white men and Mexicans." That colonel knew his business.

"Tarheel" Militia.—Colonel Henningsen, C. S. A., reported that the North Carolina militia would not come out without a requisition from seven magistrates; and the colonel of one of these regiments says, "I ordered a captain to take command of the rear guard, and I took command of the front myself. We retreated to Kinston, arriving there at midnight." I will say that it didn't take quite so many magistrates to move the militia of Georgia.

Proclamation.—General Magruder issued the following: "Comrades, the time of service for which many of you enlisted is about to expire. Your country, invaded by an insolent foe, again demands your help. Your homes are violated, your firesides polluted by the presence of a mercenary enemy or silent in their desolation. Many of your friends are in captivity and exile, our people slain, and the very altars of our religion desolated and profaned. Of what worth is life without liberty, peace at the expense of honor, the world without a home? The long war of the Revolution culminated at length in victorious triumph on these very plains of Yorktown. You breathe the air and tread the soil consecrated by the presence and heroism of our patriotic sires. Shall we, their sons, imitate their example or basely bow the neck to the yoke of oppression? I know your answer. True to the instincts of patriotic devotion, you will not fill a coward's grave. Cowards die a thousand deaths; brave men die but once and conquer, though they die. Soldiers, though reverses and disasters have recently befallen us [Fort Donelson, etc.], let us remember that trust is eternal and that God is just. Then let us take courage. Our enemy, dead to the spirit of liberty, can only fight while their coffers are unexhausted. Commerce is their king. Their god is gold. They glory in their shame. We will yet strike down our ruthless invaders amid the smoking ruins of their cities and, with arms in our hands, dictate terms of peace on their soil." From the way Mr. Sherman did later in the war, I think that he must have read about those "smoking Yankee ruins."

McClellan's Sagacity.—The aforesaid gentleman, after the Williamsburg fight, admitted that they had other battles to

fight before reaching Richmond. You can't fool me; that man was born a soldier.

Magruder's Battle Tactics.—"When any body of our troops, large or small, meets with any body of the enemy, however large, the commanding officer will cause the enemy to be immediately attacked, and the men will attack at once and furiously. This is an order easily understood and will doubtlessly be obeyed with alacrity." I have some doubts as to the alacrity on some occasions, but no doubts whatever that the war song, "I would not live away," should have accompanied the order.

Simple Order.—General Magruder ordered: "When going into battle, officers will call the roll of their companies, and in coming out of action the rolls will be called. Any member of the company absent at the latter call, unless killed or wounded, will be considered as having been derelict to the highest duty and will be punished accordingly." No punishment for absence from first call, but Magruder wasn't Irish for nothing.

Running Some.—Col. Rush C. Hawkins, U. S. A., reports: "It seems that both parties were badly frightened. The enemy ran like quarter horses toward Norfolk, and we as fast as our weary legs would carry us toward Roanoke." "Some flew east, some flew west."

Peculiar Shot.—Capt. J. F. Ritter, U. S. A., reports that in the fight at Glorietta, N. Mex., one of the enemy's pieces was dismounted by a round shot striking it full in the muzzle. The only instance of this on record during the entire war.

Victory or Death.—The Yankees captured at Roanoke Island, N. C., a Confederate flag bearing the motto: "*Aut vincere aut mori.*" This reminds us of the Spanish proverb: "Better a live dog than a dead lion."

Amateur Fighters.—Gen. D. H. Hill reported that during the battle of Seven Pines "the Yankees were too prudent to attack us in position and contented themselves for the rest of the day in a desultory fire of artillery which hurt no one and was attended with the gratifying result of stampeding the amateur fighters and camp plunderers from Richmond." The General will pick on the Yankees, although they had done him a good service.

Effect of Music on Disheartened Men.—General Heintzleman, U. S. A., said at the darkest hour (for his side) of the Williamsburg fight: "The rain, the sight of the wounded, the reinforcement still behind all conspired to depress everybody. No efforts I could make would move the men. I ordered the drums to beat, but they were wet and did not give forth cheerful sounds. I saw some brass instruments and ordered the musicians to play. They struck up a patriotic air, and this inspired new life into all. The men collected and began to cheer. The strains were wafted through the old forest and made themselves heard by our weary troops above the roar of battle and inspired them with fresh vigor to perform new deeds of valor." This bears out the adage that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Confederates in the Seven Days' Battles.—General Kearny, U. S. A., reported: "At 4 P.M. the attack commenced on my line with a determination and vigor and in such masses as I had never witnessed. Our batteries literally swept the open space with the completest execution and, mowing them down by ranks, caused the survivors to momentarily halt; but almost

instantly afterwards an increased force came up, and the wave bore in. These masses coming up with a rapid gun would alone be checked in their career by the gaps of the fallen. Still no retreat, and again a fresh mass would carry on the approaching line still nearer. If there was one man in this attack, there must have been ten thousand; and their loss by artillery, although borne with such fortitude, must have been unusual. It was by scores. With the irresistibility of numbers, on they persisted, and our artillery, destructive as it was, ceased to be a factor." General Morrell, U. S. A., said: "The enemy fought with great obstinacy, but made no impression on our line; yet they continued the struggle till after dark and only relinquished it when their strength was exhausted." Colonel Roberts, U. S. A., reported: "All along our lines fire was opened on him and maintained in a most vigorous manner; nothing could have been better done. The effect upon his ranks was perceptible, and the slope of that hill must have borne testimony to the steadiness and accuracy of our fire. Yet he moved steadily along with a fire that cut down nearly one-fourth of my command until up and on to us, when, unable to resist the mass hurled at them, our line broke and the men commenced a retreat." A splendid tribute from brave men to brave men.

Quick-Firing Guns.—General Trimble, C. S. A., reported that in the battle of Gaines's Mill "our men had been exposed for over two hours to the combined fire of shot, shell, grape, and musketry, to which Yankee ingenuity had added a sort of repeating gun, called a telescopic cannon, discharging sixty balls per minute, and several of these were captured." But this gun was not thought enough of in either army to bother with further.

A Bad Place for Color Bearers.—Maj. Robert Sands, C. S. A., says that in the battle of Malvern Hill six of his men were shot down while carrying the colors and the seventh brought out a portion of the staff only, as the flag had been literally shot to pieces. But she never touched the ground.

Confusion after the Battle of Malvern Hill.—General Trimble said: "The next morning by dawn I went off to ask for orders, when I found the whole army in the utmost disorder, thousands of straggling men asking every passer for their regiments; ambulances, wagons, and artillery obstructing every road; and altogether in a drenching rain presenting a scene of the most woeful and disheartening confusion. This was the first time in the war that this army had been entirely repulsed, and it jarred the troops badly."

Flying Dutchmen.—General McCall, U. S. A., says that in the battle of Gaines's Mill a section of a Dutch battery belonging to Porter was abandoned by its cannoneers, who fled with their horses, breaking through the ranks of the cavalry and causing a temporary confusion. They did this same thing several times.

Didn't Like His Excuses.—A Confederate captain of artillery reported: "I was ordered to report with my battery to General Armistead, which I did. When I arrived the General told me that another captain had already reported with his battery for duty and directed me to ask the next general I came across if I was needed by him. I did this, and while talking with the other one General Armistead's aid came up, stating that the latter had become disgusted with the captain that had beat me to him and had driven him from the field on account of his making so many excuses about getting the battery to the front and desired me to return. The driven man made no report of this occurrence."

Expectations Not Realized.—Capt. Walter Sampson, U. S. A., on the retreat from Gaines's Mill, had been ordered to destroy everything that they were not able to transport, and he says: "This duty was discharged faithfully by the officers and men of my command. They had hardly finished the task before the enemy came bounding into the camp, expecting to find an abundance of stores suited to their taste; but, alas for human expectations! nothing met their view but the burning and charred remains of stores and camp equipage." This reminds us of the Irish Confederate soldier at Chickamauga who told his comrades to charge like hell, as the Yankees had "Chase" in their haversacks.

A Stricken Field.—Fighting Joe Hooker reported: "The loss of the Rebels in this battle was very severe. The field on which we fought was one of unusual extent for the numbers engaged and was almost covered with their dead and dying. From their torches we could see that they were busy all night long searching for their wounded, but up to daylight the following morning there had been no apparent diminution in the heart-rending cries and groans of the wounded. The unbroken, mournful wail of human suffering was all that was heard from Glendale during that long, dismal night." At the field of Malvern Hill, Gen. Jubal Early says: "As soon as it was light enough next morning an appalling spectacle was presented to our view in front. The field for some distance from the enemy's position was literally strewn with the dead and wounded. The parties from both armies in search of comrades gradually approached each other and continued their mournful work without molestation on either side, being apparently appalled for the moment into a cessation from all hostile purposes by the terrible spectacle presented to their view." Who said that "war is hell"?

A Fighting Preacher.—Colonel Starke, C. S. A., reported that "Rev. Nathaniel G. Robinson, formerly a lieutenant, but who was not a candidate for reelection, returned to the regiment and, taking a musket, fought gallantly through the Seven Days' Battles and received a wound in the last fight." Another case of the Church militant.

Hurrah for Georgia!—General McCall, U. S. A., said of the Glendale fight: "Here for a long time the battle raged with great fury. The Georgians rushed with headlong energy against my men, only to be mowed down. It was here my fortune to witness one of the fiercest bayonet fights that perhaps ever occurred on this continent. Bayonet wounds were given and received. I saw skulls crushed by the butts of muskets, and every effort made by either party in this life-or-death struggle proved indeed that here 'Greek had met Greek.'" But Georgia got the decision.

Hardships in 1862.—A Yankee general reported that they had no food but hard bread and coffee. Another said: "A halt was made at night where no water could be obtained to make coffee, and the suffering of the troops was indescribable. I hope that no troops will ever again have to endure the privations we did during the past ten days. All was borne without much murmuring, borne as heroes alone can bear their burdens." This reminds us of the sufferings of our Continental army at Valley Forge during the War of Independence.

Some More Hardships.—General Sykes, U. S. A., brings his report of the Seven Days' Battles to a finish by saying: "No army ever underwent greater hardships in the same length of time than the Army of the Potomac. Seven pitched

battles attest its valor. Hunger, night marches, tropical heat, storm-drenched, weary, and exhausted, they reached their new base uncomplainingly cheerful and still defiant." The Confederates certainly gave them a rough time, but the General could not have heard of Napoleon's famous retreat from Moscow.

Hell Snorters.—A colonel of the South Carolina Volunteer Rifles carried into the Seven Days' Battles, on June 26, 587 men and brought out on July 1 a total of 268. This was an unusually heavy percentage of loss, but from his report you can well understand the reason. He says: "It is gratifying for me to report upon the accurate and deliberate firing of my regiment. There was not a tree on the side where we entered the woods marked by a ball higher than six feet and lower than the knee. The result of our contest with the enemy was 253 regulars and Pennsylvanians and thirty-two New York Zouaves killed on the field and thirty-two wounded prisoners." He had 319 casualties, but accounted for 309 of the enemy; and if it hadn't been for those bullet-marked trees, the entire Yankee army would have been annihilated. Marvelous! marvelous!

General Lee's Fault as a Commander.—General Lee told Magruder: "I must urge you then to press the enemy." He told D. H. Hill: "It will be best for you to avail yourself of French's aid." And again: "I wish you would see what can be done in this way." He always wished, hoped, urged, etc., instead of ordering.

Slaves Taken Better Care of Than Soldiers.—General Magruder wrote the Secretary of War thus: "I have learned that complaints have been made to you of the treatment of slaves employed in this army. It is true that much hardship has been endured by the negroes, but this has been unavoidable, owing to the constant and long-continued wet weather. Every precaution has been adopted to secure their health and safety as far as the circumstances would allow. The soldiers, however, have been more exposed and have suffered far more than the slaves. The latter have always slept under cover and have had fires to make them comfortable, whilst the men have been working in the trenches in mud and water almost knee-deep without shelter, fire, or sufficient food. There has been sickness among the soldiers and the slaves, but far more among the former than the latter." At the very end of the war, when it was decided to add negroes to our army, an officer who was detailed to help raise this force reported that his success was poor, as it actually seemed that the planters preferred to send their wives and daughters to face the enemy than to risk the lives of their slaves.

High-Water Mark at Malvern Hill.—Gen. J. B. Gordon reported: "The Yankee batteries were not taken, but, without detracting anything from the action of other troops, justice to these men compels me to say that the dead of this brigade (3d, 5th, 6th, and 20th Alabama) marked a line nearer the batteries than any other." Gen. S. Garland, Jr., says: "My own brigade (5th, 12th, 13th, 20th, and 23d North Carolina) went up as far as any troops I saw upon the field and behaved as well." Gen. A. R. Wright said: "We determined to remain where we were, now within one hundred yards of the enemy's batteries. My brigade (43d Alabama, 3d, 4th, and 22d Georgia, and 1st Louisiana) held its position under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns." Although the "Records" do not prove it, my uncle, Capt. Charles Spalding Wyllie, of the 1st Georgia Regulars, who participated in this "joy ride," tells me that a dead North Carolinian and Texan were found the next morning where the Yankee guns had been placed.

A STATESMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GERARD, GA.

In an old gazeteer of Georgia, first published in 1829, is this statement: "The distinction into classes of society which obtains in the Northern States is unknown in Georgia; a man in homespun dress is as good as a man in silk or broadcloth. There is a bold independence of character among the poorer classes truly republican and praiseworthy."

From a sociological standpoint, no country ever had a purer civilization, where the aristocrat was truly democratic, a type of citizen to which belonged many statesmen of the old school. One of these was William H. Crawford, whose life and times suggest to any student of history charms of the romantic and thrills of the heroic. What virile men did Georgia and the nation breed in those days! What knightly yet withal what plain and democratic citizens were those ancestors to whom we owe our patriotic allegiance as Americans!

William H. Crawford in birth and breeding represented the aristocracy, a class in Georgia very unlike the luxury-loving Southrons supposed to belong to a slaveholding oligarchy. If there was caste, it was that of education and probity. Honors and fame were worn with no attainment of worldliness and did not lower the standard of unaffected simplicity. Crawford, the leading legislator of his State, Minister to the Court of St. Cloud, Cabinet Minister in a notable administration, Secretary of the Treasury, and candidate for the Presidency, was ever the unchanged and unaffected Georgia gentleman.

In 1791 the first and greatest of Presidents was entertained by Governor Telfair at "The Grove," near Augusta, and a ball was given him at Richmond Academy. The next morning Washington attended the examination of students, and one event marked the occasion worthy of the attention of the President. The very best Presidential timber ever grown on this Southern soil (to which statesmen were once indigenous) stood on the rostrum, one of the young orators of the day. Awkward and unsophisticated, yet handsome, this country boy from a Georgia farm towered above his fellows. His was the fiber that marks a man great. He grew to be a Titan in the forum, a conqueror on any field. Augusta, then Georgia's capital, was shortly to be incorporated as a city and was even then taking on seductive ways of fashion and culture. Here the coming statesman, William H. Crawford, graduated and received the first polish of "society"; here he met the daughter of a Savannah River Valley planter, the sweetheart of his school days and likewise the only love and the wife of his manhood; here he made lasting friendships with men of position and high character; here he entered the political arena, beginning a career which emblazoned his name as the most illustrious in Georgia's ante-bellum history.

So near did Crawford approach the President's chair that, but for a seeming freak of fortune, Augusta might have proudly entertained her foster son as President-elect. It is really interesting to recall how much nearer he went to the goal than did the thrice-uncrowned Mr. Bryan and many other advertised candidates. Unless we turn back the pages of history, we can hardly realize that "the fierce light that beats upon a great name" beat so long and so gloriously upon Crawford's day the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

There is, indeed, a contrast between entertaining celebrities now and in the unostentation of such occasions in Crawford's day. In an old volume of the Southern Literary Messenger is a delightful chronicle of the hospitality of that time

when a hero was guest of honor. We must remember that political parties, as well as manners, have changed beyond recognition; for them to be a "true Republican" was the shibboleth of the Southern politician, the touchstone of loyalty, and a "true Democrat" was simply the plain citizen of our republic. So Crawford was a democratic Republican.

It was said in those days that "virtue, grace, and manners made the man." In the pages of this time-yellowed magazine we find an account of two famous men: Crawford, candidate for the Presidency, entertains Lafayette, who is hero and guest of the nation; place, a farm near Washington City, where Mr. Crawford had retired with his family for the recovery of his health after that sad stroke of paralysis that cost him the Presidency.

Crawford, of Georgia, as country gentleman wished his long-esteemed friend Lafayette to breakfast with him "in a social and domestic manner." The only company invited to meet him at Mr. Crawford's house was a family living on the adjoining farm, intimate friends as well as near neighbors. Judge A—, the comptroller, was to bring Lafayette out in his carriage, while his son and private secretary were to follow in another. When these arrangements were made known by Mr. Crawford to his family, some difficulties were started.

"We have but one parlor, and that we must breakfast in."

"That is of no consequence," replied Mr. Crawford. "The company can sit with me in my chamber until breakfast is ready."

"But it is so small it will not hold half of the company."

"Well, the weather is delightful; they can sit on the piazza or walk about the grounds."

"But, papa," observed one of the daughters, "we have neither our plate nor china here; nothing but our Liverpool set."

"Far more suitable, child, for this house than the china and plate would be."

"But, papa, I do not believe General Lafayette could eat with steel forks."

"True," answered Mr. Crawford. "I do believe you must send to the city for our silver forks. I believe they are indispensable."

"And the silver dishes and waiters, papa?"

"Pshaw!" interrupted her father. "All that would be nonsense."

"But," observed the neighbor lady who happened to be present, "I presume you will send for a French cook."

"Indeed I will do no such thing," said the good lady of the house. "My fine fried chicken and corn bread are better in themselves and will be greater rareties to him than any dishes a French cook could prepare."

Mr. Crawford sat smiling at the prolonged discussion on similar points between the ladies, but settled the matter by saying: "My dear, let the breakfast suit the house; the plainer, the better. Lafayette is coming to visit his old friend, not the Secretary of the Treasury."

And the breakfast was as plain as any American farmer need give, but at the same time as excellent and abundant as any Virginia planter could desire. And every one knows what a Virginia breakfast is, of what a variety of meats (never forgetting fried chicken and ham) and bread and cakes of all kinds that are made of Indian meal. Washington's breakfast at Mount Vernon always consisted of Indian cakes, honey, and tea.

The little company, consisting of Mr. Crawford's family

and that of his neighbor friend, were sitting on the piazza enjoying the morning air when the barouche and four and attendant carriages drove into the grounds.

Mr. Crawford advanced to the steps, with his wife and eight children close around him, and received Lafayette, not as the guest of the nation, but as his own familiar friend. The General threw his arms around Mr. Crawford's neck, pressed him to his bosom, and kissed his cheeks. Mrs. Crawford and the children were then introduced.

The breakfast was served; the company surrounded the hospitable board.

"Now," thought one of the ladies who kept a diary, "now shall I hear conversation worth recording. I shall have an almost sublime, at least an interesting, page to add to my diary."

Well, and what did she hear? Nothing very wise or witty, it must be acknowledged.

"Will you have tea or coffee, General?"

"Tea, madam; tea, if you please. Do you remember, my dear Crawford, what excellent tea we used to get from May? Well, my friend May still lives in Rue de —. I am still his customer."

"Is the old store standing yet?"

"Precisely as you left it. Nowhere do you buy such very good tea."

"Help yourself to some of this butter of my wife's making. You will find it almost as good as that of La Grange."

"Madam's making? It is excellent. At La Grange we have no butter. My daughters always churn the butter every morning at the breakfast table."

"At the breakfast table?"

"Yes, madam, in a beautiful little china churn given them by a friend. It is the fashion of Paris for the ladies every morning to churn their butter at table," etc.

Such was the table talk of a martial hero and statesman of the old time. Surely the world was more "home-bred and social" than now. Crawford at Lafayette's home, La Grange, no doubt wore the same "manners and frock coat" of the "democratic Republican."

The famous "William H." of the Presidential campaign of 1824-25 could not be entertained in Augusta as President-elect. He returned to his Georgia home broken in health, a defeated candidate. At this critical period the chivalry and loyalty of his own people were something to be proud of even to this day. In her reception of this hero of defeat Georgia proclaimed Crawford her great statesman, as great in retirement as in the legislative councils of the nation. He was the toast of public dinners, the guest of honor on every occasion. As President-elect he could not have been more highly complimented by his generous fellow citizens. Augusta, his *Alma Mater*, offered her meed of honors. In the Constitutionalist of December 22, 1825, we find this item, which should be of historic interest to Augustans and banqueters of to-day:

"DINNER TO MR. CRAWFORD.

"At a meeting of citizens of Augusta at the City Hall on Monday, December 19, 1825, for the purpose of considering the propriety of a public dinner, on motion, Mr. Thomas Cumming was called to the chair and Mr. John Bones appointed secretary. It was resolved unanimously that Mr. Cumming, the chairman, W. W. Holt, the mayor, J. Cornick, W. Cumming, R. R. Reid, F. Walker, R. Tubman, J. Grant,

and R. H. Musgrove be a committee to wait on Mr. Crawford and welcome him to the city, etc.

"The dinner was given Wednesday, December 21, at the Planters' Hotel at 3:30 P.M. The following toasts were drunk:

"1. The President of the United States.

"2. The Governor of Georgia.

"3. Our Distinguished Guest. His private virtues endear him to his friends, his talents and public services entitle him to the esteem and gratitude of his country.

"4. Public Education. The system which gives sovereignty to the people should qualify them for its exercise.

"5. The South. May our evils at home never be aggravated by quack philanthropy abroad!

"6. The Congress of Panama. May it form an alliance truly holy for the defense of American liberties!

"7. The Memory of Washington.

"8. The Memory of Commodore MacDonough, a hero whose private virtues add luster to his glorious services.

"9. The Army and Navy of the United States.

"10. Internal Improvement—a Good Thing. May it not be prosecuted to the destruction of internal harmony, a better!

"11. The Union of the States and the States Respectively. There can be no collision when rightly administered.

"12. The Judiciary of the United States.

"13. Our Fair Countrywomen.

"Mr. Crawford gave the following toast: 'George R. Clayton, late Treasurer of Georgia, a virtuous man, an old and faithful servant of the State.'"

Altogether we may commend the above to toastmasters of banquets of to-day. With simple dignity the political integrity of the sovereign State of Georgia was well expressed at the Planters' Hotel dinner to Crawford in 1825.

THE TRICOLOR.

The flag of France is blue and white and red—
Red for the blood her hero sons have shed,
White for the stainless hands they lift on high
To the blue glory of the stainless sky.

Lo, where the Marne, a sluggish serpent, winds,
The happy warriors sleep in quiet trance;
Their pure red blood a chalice cup that binds
All sons of freedom to the flag of France.

Snow-white the wings of avians as they flit,
Daring the foe and tempting circumstance;
Snow-white their pilots' record, too, that knit
All sons of freedom to the flag of France.

One spar of blue, 'mid storm clouds rent in twain,
Is pledged for shrouded sun's rekindling glance;
A pledge, the golden deeds upon the Aisne,
For sons of freedom and the flag of France.

The flag of France is blue and white and red—
Red for the blood her hero sons have shed,
White for the stainless hands they lift on high
To the blue glory of the stainless sky.

—Frances C. Fay, in *New York Times*.



"We think on life's harsh facts and broken dreams,
Its lights and shadows made of hopes and fears,
And feel that death is kinder than he seems
And not the king of tears."

REV. GILBERT T. THOMPSON.

Rev. Gilbert T. Thompson, D.D., died at his home, in Tahlequah, Okla., April 20, 1917, just after he had reached his threescore years and ten. He was born in Bartow County, Ga., in 1847. When the war broke out, he enlisted as a private in the 40th Georgia Infantry at the age of fifteen years, but was not mustered into regular service until he was sixteen years old. He fought in the memorable siege of Vicksburg and was with Joseph E. Johnston as he contended with Sherman in his historical march through Georgia. During this time he was taken prisoner, but was afterwards released and reenlisted in Colonel Baker's regiment, a detachment of Wheeler's Cavalry sent in the rear to cut off Sherman's supplies. He loved the Confederacy and the high ideals for which it stood. Nothing afforded him more pleasure than to help an old comrade and to meet with them around the camp fires of a reunion.

After the war Mr. Thompson joined the Presbyterian Church and through a period of more than forty-five years was a soldier of religion and a champion of better living, preaching acceptably and successfully in several States. In his later years he was one of the most prominent divines in Eastern Oklahoma. When failing health caused him to give up the active work of the ministry some five years ago, he went about doing all the good he could for the poor and afflicted. He was Assistant Chaplain General of the U. C. V. A letter of condolence from Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General, reads thus: "I am pained and yet rejoice in the departure of your dear one and my good helper with the old veterans. His heart was for them day and night. I shall miss him as an assistant, but am glad he is at rest on the other side of the river. What a reunion he is having over there!"

MARTIN H. SHUFORD.

Martin H. Shuford, one of the most beloved and highly esteemed veterans of Gaston County, N. C., died on January 12, 1917. He was one of nine children, six of whom were boys, and four of them enlisted in the Confederate army. Martin Shuford was in Florida when Fort Sumter was taken, and, realizing that there would be war, he returned to his home, in Gaston County, and in April, 1861, enlisted as a private, with his brother, Sidney A. Shuford, as third lieutenant of Company B, which went into camp on the 1st of May. The material for the uniforms of this company was furnished by Hon. Ambrose Castner and was made up by his two daughters and other girls of the neighborhood. This company reached Manassas on the 2d of July, just after that famous

battle, and it was in camp there until the fall of 1861, doing picket service at Arlington Heights. While there Martin Shuford was made orderly sergeant of Company B, 23d North Carolina Volunteers, John F. Hoke, colonel. At Williamsburg this regiment had its first engagement with the Federal army. In the battle of Seven Pines Sidney A. Shuford was killed, and Martin Shuford then commanded the company. The regiment took part in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, held McClellan's army in check at Boonesboro, Md., while Stonewall Jackson captured Harper's Ferry, and in the spring of 1863 it engaged in the battle of Chancellorsville. In the first day's battle at Gettysburg Martin Shuford was wounded and captured. After several weeks in the hospital he was sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained until the 13th of March, 1865, when he was sent South and exchanged at Aiken's Landing, on the James River, near Richmond. He reached his home, in Gaston County, N. C., on the 22d of March, 1865.

CAPT. SUMMERFIELD H. BARTON.

After a short illness, Summerfield H. Barton died at his home, Barton Height, Del Rio, Tex. He was born in Hinds County Miss., October 12, 1839, going to Texas with his parents in 1854. He was a resident of Victoria County when hostilities began in 1861 and immediately took an active part in organizing troops, forming for State service the company known as the Victoria Guards, of which he was elected first lieutenant. He was afterwards transferred to Company A.



CAPT. S. H. BARTON.

6th Regiment of Texas Infantry, with which he went to Arkansas and served in the Texas Division of the Trans-Mississippi Army. In January, 1863, he was with the troops under Gen. Thomas J. Churchill at Arkansas Post, which was assailed and captured by the Federal army and fleet from Vicksburg, and for several months thereafter he was a prisoner of war at Springfield, Ill. He was exchanged at Petersburg, Va., and

served for a time in Virginia; but his health had been wrecked by the suffering and hardships of the Northern prison camp, and he was sent home on sick furlough. Upon his recovery he attempted to go on duty again and was assigned to the commissary service at Houston. Later he was commissioned by Col. John S. Ford to raise a company of cavalry for duty along the Rio Grande, and in command of this organization and of the battalion of which it was a part he continued until the close of the war. In the last battle, Palmetto Ranch, May 13, 1865, he was in command of his battalion on the skirmish line and was slightly wounded. He and a comrade, Ferdinand Gerring, fired the last two shots of the war. On this field Gerring was severely wounded and died in the hospital. To the last Captain Barton was devoted to the cause for which he had fought and is now resting at Victoria, Tex., with his comrades sleeping there.

MALCOLM McNEILL.

Sergt. Malcolm McNeill passed away March 28, 1917, aged seventy, at the home of his son, in Estill, Miss., and was buried in his suit of gray in Elmwood Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn. He was born in Christian County, Ky., and grew up in that State and in Mississippi. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in Forrest's Cavalry, Company L, 18th Mississippi Regiment, and with this command he fought till the close of the war and was then paroled.

Leaving Mississippi soon after the war, he went to Chicago, where he was quite successful in business until the financial depression of 1893-95 caused him to lose all of his previous gains. In 1901 he moved to Georgia, where he remained until failing health caused his retirement from business, and in 1916 he went to the home of his son Tom, who gave his father most loving care until death.

The love of Malcolm McNeill is one of the treasures of my memory. Without fear, he was as loving and tender as a woman. His generosity was without limit. He could not be content unless he was giving to those he loved, and his wife received from him a love that amounted almost to idolatry. As a climax to all of his noble qualities, he was a devoted follower of the Saviour. Brave he was, yet tender; of noble lineage, he was humble; a daring Confederate soldier, he had no hate. True to every trust, loyal to his friends, his was the full measure of manhood. His wife, Mrs. Willie Gilmore McNeill, and five children survive him. I thank God that it was my privilege to be his friend.

[Charles M. Neel, Cornelia, Ga.]

DR. THOMAS D. THOMPSON.

Dr. Thomas D. Thompson, whose death occurred on the 17th of April, at his home, in Nashville, Tenn., was a gallant Confederate soldier. He enlisted in Company H, 11th Tennessee Regiment; and when Colonel Rains was promoted to brigadier general he promoted Dr. Thompson from sergeant major to a position on his staff as lieutenant, which position he held until the battle of Stones River, where General Rains was killed on the field. After that time Dr. Thompson served under General Bate for some time, but left the infantry and joined the cavalry, in which he served with gallantry until the close of the war. From the day of his enlistment his courage and devotion to duty was conspicuous at Stones River and many other bloody fields.

At the close of the war he returned to his home, in Hickman County, Tenn., and studied medicine. In the practice of his profession he showed the same devotion as he did to the Southern cause, and those who came under his care will ever remember him with the same kind feeling as do those who served with him during the trying times of the war. For many years he had been physician for the Confederate Home of Tennessee, near Nashville.

P. N. DILLARD.

P. N. Dillard was born in Tallapoosa County, Ala., April 3, 1843. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Dadeville, Ala., in April, 1862, as a member of Company K, 47th Alabama Regiment. He took part in the battle of Gettysburg, where he was captured and sent to Fort Delaware, where he remained until June, 1865. He removed to Texas in 1875 and died at his home, in Waketon, Denton County, April 9, 1917. He acquitted himself well as a soldier and also as a respected citizen.

OSBORNE WILSON.

Osborne Wilson, one of the oldest citizens of Highland County, Va., died at his home, in Monterey, on the 21st of February, 1917. He was born in that county in 1833, one of a family of seven, who have all passed away except one sister. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Loving, of Bath County, and three daughters.

Mr. Wilson was a veteran of the War between the States,



OSBORNE WILSON.

having seen long and hard service in the cause of the Confederacy. He went out with the very first to respond to their country's call and served during the four years. He was sergeant in Company E, 31st Virginia Regiment; was captured at Five Forks and held in prison at Point Lookout. The diary he kept during this period is a most interesting record.

As master commissioner in the circuit court of Highland County for almost half a cen-

tury, he was a most careful, efficient, and conscientious officer. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church at Monterey, the very pillar of his Church, not only in his home town, but wherever his life was known, which will ever stand out as the embodiment of purity, strength of character, and devotion to duty. He was also Commander of the U. C. V. Camp of Monterey and was an interested participant in the Confederate Reunions. He was buried in his gray uniform, and six of his comrades were the guard of honor to the cemetery where he was laid away to await the last trump.

JOHN WRIGHT.

John Wright was born September 12, 1836, in the county of Washington, Va. His parents were among the first settlers of this section of Virginia, and he held a portion of the old homestead, where he made his home as a farmer, until a few years ago, when he made his home in the town of Damascus. He was never married. He volunteered in May, 1861, in Company C, 37th Virginia Infantry, which was attached to the 2d Brigade of the old Stonewall Division. He was true to the end and was always active in our Camp affairs. At his death he was First Lieutenant Commander of William E. Jones Camp, No. 709, U. C. V. His death occurred on the 5th of February, 1917, at the advanced age of eighty-one years. One by one we are crossing over the river to rest under the shade of the trees with the great commander.

[Thomas W. Colley, Abingdon, Va.]

JOHN M. BRADY CAMP, LOUISVILLE, MISS.

Adj. J. Pink Cagle reports the following losses in the membership of John M. Brady Camp, No. 352, of Louisville, Miss.: G. W. Clark and J. J. Woodward, 13th Mississippi; E. S. Hull, 20th Mississippi; W. H. Boyd, 40th Mississippi; G. Y. Metts, Perrin's Regiment of Cavalry; A. J. Parsons, John Woodward, Joe Harper, J. B. Cask, and Capt. Robert Sanders, 15th Mississippi; Murray McLeod, W. H. Clark, Winston Vowell, and J. H. Hickman, 35th Mississippi; A. H. Forrester, Forrest's Cavalry.

JOHN M. CRITZ.

From the memorial sketch prepared by the committee of Omer R. Weaver Camp, No. 354, U. C. V., of Little Rock, Ark., with George H. Thornburgh as chairman, the following is taken:

"John M. Critz was born at Thompson Station, Tenn., December 18, 1837, and was, therefore, in his eightieth year at his death, which occurred in April, 1917, after an illness of several months.

"Comrade Critz enlisted in the Confederate army in the spring of 1861 at Thompson Station, entering Company G, 2d Tennessee, as a private, and was afterwards transferred to the 11th Tennessee. He served gallantly throughout the war and at its close was paroled with the rank of lieutenant. He removed to Arkansas some thirty years ago and for several years was engaged as a planter. Later he established the grocery house of Critz & Sons in Little Rock, which is now succeeded by Critz Brothers. He retired from active business some five years ago, after having established a reputation as one of the most honorable business men of the city.

"Comrade Critz joined Omer R. Weaver Camp early in its history and was a very faithful member, taking a deep interest in its welfare. He also took much pleasure in attending the Reunions and was frequently a staff officer at these gatherings. The honorary pallbearers at his funeral, all Confederate veterans and members of this Camp, were: Jonathan Kellogg, Commander; J. D. Wood, Theodore Hartman, J. R. Gibbons, J. H. Shoppach, A. D. Snodgrass, and George Thornburgh. His body was laid away in Oakland Cemetery to await the resurrection. Comrade Critz is survived by three sons and a daughter, as well as several grandchildren. In the life of this good man they have a priceless heritage.

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Critz this Camp has lost one of its most faithful members."

JOHN H. CUNNINGHAM.

John H. Cunningham, second son of Isaac and Catherine Cunningham, died on April 18, 1917, at Bloomington, Ill., in his seventy-seventh year. He was born near Moorefield, Hardy County, W. Va., and at the age of thirteen moved with his parents to Illinois. When the War between the States began he left school and, returning to Moorefield, entered the Confederate army as a member of McNeill's Rangers and served until the close of the war. After the war he went back to Illinois and engaged in farming.

In 1887 he was married to Miss Frances M. Harness, of Chillicothe, Ohio, who, with one son and two daughters, survives him.

He received the cross of honor from the Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., of Chicago. He was a gallant soldier and one of that intrepid band of McNeill's Rangers who made the memorable raid into Cumberland, Md., and captured Major Generals Crook and Kelley and, after a race of seventy-five miles in which they were hotly pursued by the enemy, turned over their distinguished prisoners in good order to General Early at Staunton, Va.

"Missouri John," as he was familiarly called, was of a cheerful and sunny disposition, possessing a fund of anecdote and a plentiful supply of wit and humor, and was always an enjoyable companion in camp or on the march. He was esteemed by his comrades in arms as a brave soldier and by a wider circle of friends after the war as an honorable citizen

with many noble qualities of character and appraised by those who knew him best as an earnest and exemplary Christian.

In his last illness, which was short, he was surrounded by his family and many friends, among whom was Mrs. Sallie E. McNeill, the widow of Capt. Jesse C. McNeill. He was buried according to the rites of his Church and with Masonic honors.

[J. W. Duffey, Rockville, Md.]

JESSE G. JONES.

The committee appointed by Sam Lanham Camp, No. 1677, U. C. V., of Knox City, Tex., composed of J. F. Cummins, T. H. Humphrie, M. H. Jamison, reported the following on the death of a faithful member:

"Jesse G. Jones, Adjutant of Sam Lanham Camp, U. C. V., was born February 29, 1842, in Alabama. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Fort Donelson, Tenn., in February, 1862, serving in the 26th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade. He was captured at the fall of Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Douglas Prison, near Chicago, Ill., but made his escape. He was captured four times during the great conflict, but was fortunate each time in making his escape in less than forty-eight hours. Comrade Jones received a bad wound in the elbow in the battle of Murfreesboro, which made his arm stiff for the rest of his life. He was in a number of cavalry fights under General Wheeler around Nashville and surrendered at Danville. He passed away at Knox City April 12, 1917, and was given a military burial by the veterans of Sam Lanham Camp. We feel that his going has deprived us of a congenial spirit and true friend."

M. J. D. WOODS.

M. J. D. Woods, born December 20, 1837, enlisted in Company D, 4th Alabama Regiment, and was mustered into service in March, 1862. This regiment was sent to the Western Army, and Comrade Woods was with his regiment all the time, with the exception of three months, when he was off on detail work. He was a good soldier, ever ready for duty. He served as litter bearer part of the time, being no less faithful there than as a soldier on the firing line. When the war closed he went back home and to work for his family, having little to start with; but he was industrious and made a good living. He was married three times, his first wife being Miss Phillips; his second marriage was to Miss Susie Hopkins; and the third was to Miss Buford, who survives him, as also his twelve children and many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. His home was at Crawford, Ala., where he died on March 5, 1917. He was buried at Union Church, near Upton, Ala., by his brother Masons. He had long been a faithful member of that fraternity and also of the Methodist Church.

JOHN D. FORD.

John D. Ford, who died on February 17, 1917, at his home, in Lincoln Parish, La., had reached the age of ninety years. He served as a member of Company E, 19th Louisiana Regiment, Gibson's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, during the War between the States, and rendered faithful service, being in every engagement of his command. He was laid to rest in the Sibley Cemetery, near his home. He leaves a large number of relatives and comrades. "One by one they are crossing over."

[John W. White.]

MAJ. GEORGE B. GUILD.

On the morning of April 21, 1917, Maj. George B. Guild, one of Tennessee's noblest and most honored sons, a veteran of the Confederate army and of the Spanish-American War, passed to that world where "beyond these voices there is peace." Born April 8, 1834, he had just passed his eighty-third year. Of a distinguished family on his father's and his mother's side, he was true to the fine traditions and ideals of his pioneer forbears. A son of Judge Joseph C. Guild, after a thorough education he graduated in law and entered on the practice with his honored father.

When the War between the States began, he resigned his position as clerk and master of the Chancery Court at Gallatin, Tenn., and joined the Confederate army, being made adjutant of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by his brother-in-law, Col. Baxter Smith. Then through four years, mostly under the knightly Gen. Joe Wheeler, that regiment was constantly in service. In weary marches, in fierce battles, in destructive raids on the enemy it proved its courage and devotion to the cause of the South; and the adjutant was always at his post, the place of duty and danger, until the final surrender of his regiment at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865.

Coming home, he set to work to repair his ruined fortunes. In his native county, Sumner, and in Davidson County, his home for many years, honors were showered upon him. As a member of the Tennessee Legislature, Representative and Senator, as Mayor of Nashville for four years, as President of the Tennessee Board of Pensions, and then as paymaster in the United States army in the Spanish-American War, he was faithful and efficient in every position. For many years he was a ruling elder in the Woodland Street Presbyterian Church of Nashville, an humble, consistent Christian, whose religion controlled his citizenship for the good of the community.

In 1861 he was married to Miss Georgie Thompson, of Gallatin, Tenn., who died in 1913, after a happy married life of more than fifty years. Of the five children born of this marriage, only two survive, George M., of Chattanooga, and Maria, now Mrs. John D. Westbrook, of Norfolk, Va., at whose home he died after a long and painful illness. After his wife's death he made his home with his children.

His funeral service in Nashville was attended by a great company of his old comrades and friends, and he was laid to rest beside the wife of his early and only love. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

[James H. McNeilly.]

HON. JAMES R. BURNETT.

Camp No. 144, U. C. V., of San Antonio, Tex., mourns the death of Judge James R. Burnett, one of its truest and bravest and most faithful members. Judge Burnett died at his home, in Kerrville, near San Antonio, on April 30 and was laid to rest in Glen Rest Cemetery. He is survived by two beloved daughters, Misses Reba and Lynn, and one son, McCollum, of San Antonio.

Judge Burnett was born in Georgia in 1843, and after the death of his parents he went from Rome, Ga., to the West. Early in 1861 he volunteered as a private in Captain Dill's company, 6th Arkansas Regiment, and was soon thereafter elected a lieutenant. Captain Dill was killed at Shiloh, and Lieutenant Burnett was then elected to the captaincy of the company. He afterwards became the adjutant of Burnett's Texas Regiment, commanded by his brother, Col. John H.

Burnett. No braver or truer soldier ever unsheathed a blade than James R. Burnett.

In 1865 he was admitted to the bar at Crockett, Tex., was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Texas in 1868, and was judge of the district court for eight years. While a member of the State Senate, among other important bills he introduced the one establishing the Sam Houston Normal Institute at Huntsville.

Judge Burnett, as few other men in the State of Texas ever did, impressed himself upon the State as an able lawyer, a learned judge, and a wise legislator. He was ever true in his devotion to the South; was a noble, unselfish citizen, greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Thus has one of our fast-diminishing band been summoned to cross over the river and now rests quietly and peacefully beneath the shades of the glory land.

[S. J. Scott.]

J. C. HEARNE, A.M., M.D.

Joseph Carter Hearne was born at Versailles, Ky., March 26, 1851, of English descent, and died in San Diego, Cal., on May 9, 1916. In the fall of 1862 he enlisted with Gen. John H. Morgan as a courier boy and was with him in the battle of Perryville, Ky.

He attended the State University of Missouri and received the A.M. degree with high honors in 1870; was a student at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., receiving the M.D. degree in 1872. After holding the position of resident physician for the city hospital of Philadelphia for three years, he was in private practice at Hannibal, St. Louis, and St. Joseph for eighteen years. In 1881 he was chosen chief surgeon of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company, which position he held for ten years, until he removed to San Diego, Cal., in 1891. In 1883 he was appointed a member of the State Board of Health and was elected its first secretary. He was one of the originators and founders of the Wabash Association of Railroad Surgeons, it being the first association of its kind in the world. Out of this grew the National Association of Railroad Surgeons, of which Dr. Hearne was elected Vice President in 1890 at Buffalo, N. Y. He was district surgeon of the Santa Fe Railway Company since 1892, a member of the National and Pacific Association of Railway Surgeons, a member of the American Medical Public Health Association, a member of the Medical Society of the State of California, a member of the San Diego County Medical Society, ex-President and ex-Vice President of the San Diego County Medical Society, organized, owned, and managed the Hearne Surgical Hospital and Hearne Training School for Nurses, San Diego, Cal., and was chief surgeon of various corporations and railways of San Diego. In 1898 he was appointed regimental surgeon and major to the San Diego Minutemen, N. G. C., U. S. Grant, Jr., commanding.

Having attained the highest standing in his profession, Dr. Hearne was not only widely known as a physician and surgeon, but was noted for his humanity and charity. He ascended to the highest round in the mythical ladder of that ancient order, Free Masonry, having served acceptably as the chief officer of his lodge, chapter, and commandery. The Scottish Rite degrees were conferred upon him by that distinguished Mason, Albert C. Macey. He was a member of the John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1198, U. C. V., at San Diego, Cal.

CAPT. S. H. DENT.

Capt. S. H. Dent, who died at Eufaula, Ala., at the age of eighty-four years, was a native of Maryland, having been born in Charles County October 30, 1833. He was descended from English ancestors; was educated at Charlotte Hall, taught school for some years, then went to Alabama, where he studied law while continuing his teaching; began his practice at Eufaula in 1856. He was married in 1860 to Miss Anna Beall Young, of that city, and established his home there.

He was among the first to enlist for the Confederacy, joining on February 9, 1861, the Eufaula Rifles, which became Company B, of the 1st Alabama Infantry. He was immediately elected first lieutenant and was then detailed as adjutant. Later he served as adjutant general on the staff of Gen. John H. Forney at Pensacola, and when a battery was organized there under Capt. F. H. Robertson, of Texas, he served as its first lieutenant. After participating in its engagements at Pensacola Bay, he went with the battery to Corinth, Miss., and took part in the battle of Shiloh, where he was slightly wounded; he fought in the battle of Farmington and commanded the battery at Bridge Creek, winning the commendation of General Wheeler. He was in the Kentucky campaign in 1862 and took part in the battle of Perryville. Upon his promotion to captain the command was afterwards known as Dent's Battery, was attached to Dea's Brigade, and took an important part in the battle of Chickamauga, its support of Bushrod Johnson's division winning the high praise of General Johnson. Captain Dent continued in command of the battery through subsequent campaigns of the Army of Tennessee, fighting gallantly at Missionary Ridge and through the Georgia campaign—at Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, New Hope Church, Atlanta, and Jonesboro. He was painfully wounded in the battle near Atlanta on July 22 and was again wounded at Nashville. His command was then transferred to Mobile, where he was on duty until the evacuation, and surrendered under Gen. Richard Taylor at Meridian, Miss.

Returning home, Captain Dent became active in politics and was influential in the restoration of white supremacy. He rapidly built up his law practice, from which he retired in 1879 to become President of the Eufaula National Bank. He remained a warm friend of his Confederate comrades and held membership in the Eufaula Camp, U. C. V. He was a member of the Methodist Church. Surviving him are three sons and three daughters.

WILLIAM TINNEY.

William Tinney, who died at his home, in Wilsonville, Ala., on November 30, 1916, was born in Meriwether County, Ga., January 15, 1845. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of seventeen and served nearly four years as a member of Company B, 1st Georgia Cavalry; was wounded in the battle near London, Ky., on the 17th of August, 1862, but returned as soon as able for duty and served until peace was declared. He was married in 1867 to Miss Martha Jane Mashburn, removed to Alabama in 1871, and made his home at Wilsonville, Shelby County. His wife survives him, with five sons and a daughter. He was a Mason for forty years and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was ever a lover of his country and fellow citizens and especially delighted to meet his veteran comrades in reunion.

COL. JAMES A. BROOME.

Col. James A. Broome was born in Lagrange, Ga., on November 27, 1839, and died at his home, in that city, on May 7, 1917. He was a son of Rufus Broome, of North Carolina, who settled at Lagrange in 1832, and a grandson of Burrell Broome, who served in the Revolutionary War. His mother was Nancy W. Pitts, of colonial ancestry.

James A. Broome had finished his education at the Virginia Military Institute, and when hostilities began between the sections he promptly supported the cause of the South, raising a company near Milltown, Ala., of which he was elected captain; this became Company D, of the 14th Alabama Infantry, under command of Col. Thomas J. Judge. The regiment was mustered in at Auburn, Ala., in July, 1861, and in the fall was ordered to Virginia and served continuously in the Army of Northern Virginia. In all of its engagements Captain Broome was a gallant participant and rose in rank to major and then to lieutenant colonel. He passed unscathed through the great battles of Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg; but at the Wilderness, in 1864, while commanding his regiment, he was seriously wounded, a Minié ball crushing his left knee, necessitating amputation. This ended his services as a soldier. He returned home and was paroled at the end of the war at Macon, Ga.

Colonel Broome lived in South Georgia for ten years after the war, removing to Lagrange in 1878. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Ida Cary, and four children. His first wife was Miss Mary G. Robinson, of Blakely, who left one child.

Colonel Broome had been one of the most prominent factors in the business and religious enterprises of Lagrange. He was a devout member of the Methodist Church, in which he served as steward. Honorable in all his dealings, he was held in the highest esteem, and all who knew him honor his memory.

REV. WILLIAM H. BRUTON, D.D.

Comrade William H. Bruton, son of Thomas Pinckney and Martha Bruton, was born December 29, 1840. He married Miss Mollie F. Gill on December 20, 1866; joined the Baptist Church on September 7, 1868; was ordained a minister in September, 1869; died March 11, 1917.

W. H. Bruton joined the Southern Guards at Jackson, Tenn., in May, 1861, as a member of Company H, 6th Tennessee Volunteer Regiment. At the reorganization he was elected orderly sergeant and continued as such until the close of the war. Sergeant Bruton was in all the battles under Gens. A. S. and J. E. Johnston, Bragg, and Hood. He was a fearless, brave, and courageous soldier, always at his post of duty, full of good cheer, and ever kind and courteous to a fallen foe.

The writer of this sketch was the captain of his company and knew him well from his young soldier life until his death. He was always my friend. I loved him and knew his worth both as a soldier, citizen, and minister of the gospel. He received the degree of D.D. and stood high in the councils of his Church.

A great soldier and a good man has gone to his reward. His wife of over fifty years followed him within a few hours, and both were buried in the same grave at Collierville, Tenn.

[Rev. A. B. Jones, Dresden, Tenn.]

JUDGE H. D. D. TWIGGS.

R. H. VANCE.

Judge H. D. D. Twiggs, eminent jurist of the State of Georgia, died suddenly at his home, in Savannah, on the morning of his eightieth birthday, March 25, 1917. The burial was at Augusta, Ga.

Hansford Dade Duncan Twiggs, son of George W. L. and Harriet Duncan Twiggs, was a great-grandson of Maj. Gen. John Twiggs, a Revolutionary soldier, for whom Twiggs County, Ga., was named and who was called the "Savior of Georgia"; he was also a nephew of Maj. Gen. David E. Twiggs. He was born at Barnwell, S. C., and passed his boyhood on the plantation of his father, in Richmond County. Graduating from the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, in 1858, he entered upon the study of law at the University of Pennsylvania, graduated in the law department of the University of Georgia in 1860, and had just begun the practice of his profession when the war came on. He was made a first lieutenant in the 1st Georgia Regiment, and upon its consolidation into the 1st Georgia Regulars he was made first lieutenant of Company G and in the next year was promoted to captain. He served with the regiment in North-eastern Virginia, also being on the staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. He went through the Seven Days' fighting about Richmond, was at Malvern Hill, wounded and captured at Sharpsburg, was paroled, and upon his recovery and exchange he reported to General Beauregard at Charleston and was later assigned to the staff of General Taliaferro at Savannah. He was again wounded in the assault on Battery Wagner. Rejoining his regiment in August, 1863, then on duty in the Southern Coast Department, he remained with it to the close of the war, taking part in the battle of Olustee, Fla., against Sherman before Savannah, and finally in the battle of Averysboro, N. C., where he was made lieutenant colonel, and surrendered with Johnston's army at Greensboro April 26, 1865.

Colonel Twiggs remained on his plantation until January, 1868, when he entered upon the practice of law in Augusta. In 1870 he was made judge of the Superior Court of the Middle District of the State. In 1897 he removed to Savannah. He was a member of the Confederate Association of Savannah.

In May, 1861, Judge Twiggs was united in marriage to Miss Lucie E. Wilkins, of Liberty County. He is survived by a son, David E. Twiggs, of Savannah.

CAPT. SAM STEWARD.

Capt. Sam Steward died at his home, in Van Buren, Ark., May 9, 1917. He was born at Lancaster, Crawford County, Ark., on August 12, 1842, the fourth son of William and Malissa Dickerson Steward. His father, William Steward, a native of New York, served in the War of 1812 under General Scott. Captain Steward enlisted in the Confederate service May 28, 1861, in Company I, 3d Arkansas Infantry. In April, 1862, he assisted in organizing Company A, of Colonel Buster's battalion of Arkansas cavalry, and was chosen lieutenant of this company. In 1863 he was made captain of his company and served in this capacity until the close of the war, surrendering at Camden, Ark., May 28, 1865. Captain Steward participated in the battles of Oak Hill, Elk Horn, Newtonia, Fort Gibson, and Prairie Grove.

In July, 1863, he was married to Elizabeth J. Marshall. His wife, three sons, and a daughter survive him.

R. H. Vance, one of the most prominent merchants and financiers of Memphis, Tenn., died in that city in March, 1917. He was a son of the late Judge John W. Vance, of Hernando, Miss., and was born at Bowling Green, Ky., the family moving to Hernando when he was quite young. He attended the schools of De Soto County, Miss., and as a young man went to Memphis, Tenn., and engaged in business with J. V. Johnston, the partnership extending to death, being broken only by the four years of his service for the Confederacy.

When the War between the States came on, Mr. Vance enlisted in Company I, 29th Mississippi Infantry, was elected fifth sergeant, and was promoted at different times until he attained the rank of first lieutenant. His regiment was a part of Walthall's Brigade and participated in the battles of Chickamauga, New Hope Church, Resaca, Peachtree Creek, Atlanta, Franklin, and in numerous smaller engagements, particularly in the Georgia campaign. He was wounded twice, once at Chattahoochee River in front of Atlanta on July 9, 1864, and again when under General Hood in front of Nashville. He was surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., May 1, 1865, and paroled there. Though he saw much hard service, he came out of the war cheerful, hopeful, and ready for other battles of life.

Returning to Memphis, Mr. Vance resumed business with his comrade and partner, and that association continued until death. He was married to Miss Mary Carroll, daughter of Gen. William H. Carroll, in 1877, and to them were born a son and daughter. His wife and daughter survive him. He was a man of many fine traits, noted for his courtesy and geniality of manner, ever active in business and social affairs of the city, liberal in his charities, and ever interested in the general welfare.

W. G. EDWARDS.

Comrade W. G. Edwards died suddenly in November, 1916, at his home, in Enterprise, Miss., where his life had been spent. He had reached the age of seventy-four years. In May, 1861, he enlisted in Company B, 14th Mississippi Regiment, serving his country gallantly until the battle of Nashville, Tenn., in December, 1864, where he lost his left arm. I had been wounded at Franklin, and we were in the prison hospital at Nashville, which was known as the Zollicoffer Gun Factory. Comrade Edwards had been postmaster at Enterprise for twenty years, holding that office to the time of his death. His wife died many years ago, and he is survived by one son, who is the county attorney for Clarke County, Miss. He numbered his friends by his acquaintances.

JOHN LOUIS BROWN.

John Louis Brown died at his home, in Livingston, Ala., after a long illness, at the age of seventy-four years. He was born at Sumterville, Ala., in 1843. He served throughout the War between the States; was lieutenant in Company D, Jeff Davis Legion. His wife was Miss Rosa Knox, of Talladega, Ala. Comrade Brown was one of nature's noblemen, possessing wide and favorable acquaintance, and no one who knew him could help feeling that in him was the finest element of friendship and personal sympathy. He had borne adversity bravely and enjoyed prosperity quietly. He lived nobly and died peacefully.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

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MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian Flags and Pennants*
MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: The death of Mrs. John P. Hickman occurred after my letter had been forwarded to the VETERAN last month. No words can express the loss to me personally of this beloved friend, while during her years of valuable service she endeared herself to the society at large. I have appointed Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, 3007 Michigan Avenue, West Station, Nashville, Tenn., to fill the place of Director of the Cunningham Memorial made vacant by the death of Mrs. Hickman.

On May 17 at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., I had the honor of attending the unveiling of the Shiloh Confederate monument and of presenting it to the government. Upon this occasion it was my very great pleasure to meet many of our members and to address the assemblage of twelve thousand present. No record of this occasion would be complete without mention of the work and efforts of Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General, and her associates of the Shiloh Monument Committee, which brought this undertaking to such an eminently successful conclusion.

The week of June 3 was devoted to the Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Washington, D. C., during which I was enabled to greet many hundreds of Veterans and Daughters. In addition to attending the majority of the social functions, the opportunity was afforded for a meeting of our Executive Board, the following members being present: Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Mrs. Lutie Hailey Walcott, Mrs. R. E. Little, Mrs. J. Norment Powell, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, and myself. While desiring to leave the office of Historian General vacant until November out of respect to the memory of our beloved Mrs. Rose, we felt compelled to follow By-Law II., Section 1, of our constitution. Five names were placed before us, and Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, 212 Madison Street, Pulaski, Tenn., a cousin of Mrs. Rose and a resident of her birthplace, was elected to serve until November, when the office will be filled by the convention. Resolutions were adopted on the death of Sir Moses Ezekiel, Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. T. J. Latham, and Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, and copies sent to their relatives.

Despite the fact that one thousand dollars has been appropriated from our treasury toward the payment of the memorial windows in the Red Cross Building, seven hundred dollars still remains uncollected, and the Board felt impelled to accept the very generous offer of Mrs. James Henry Parker, President of the New York Division, to lend this sum. When it is taken into consideration that Mrs. Parker, at the Dallas convention volunteered to make up the deficit in the Arlington Monument Fund, I feel it incumbent upon me to denounce the effort to involve us in a two-million-dollar en-

terprise. I am called upon to take this action by an article prominently displayed in the Washington Star of June 5, which reads: "Plan big memorial on Stone Mountain. United Daughters of the Confederacy undertake great task in the vicinity of Atlanta. A stupendous task has been assumed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy," etc. There is no record that at any convention this colossal undertaking has been indorsed by us.

Those who were present during the recent Reunion were forcibly reminded of the fact that our veterans had reached an age limit which called forth our deepest sympathy and most generous support, and I am confident you will agree with me that our united efforts should be devoted to their needs and welfare in lieu of the erection of additional monuments, especially as we have achieved those three great ones—the Jefferson Davis, Arlington, and Shiloh.

Mrs. J. Norment Powell has received hundreds of replies to her letter which was reprinted in the VETERAN for June, and I myself have had many requests for information concerning war relief work. Owing to the fact that my correspondence in connection with the duties of my office is so large, and feeling that I could not, either in justice to myself or my obligations to the Daughters, assume these additional duties, I have appointed Mrs. Powell to attend to all correspondence and answer all questions relating to war relief work about which the Daughters may desire information. If you will address your letters to Mrs. J. Norment Powell, Registrar General, 2149 Florida Avenue, Washington, D. C., I shall greatly appreciate it. On May 29 Mrs. Powell and I had an interview with Miss Mabel Boardman, Chairman of the American Red Cross. Mrs. Powell told Miss Boardman of the volume of her mail in regard to Red Cross work and the many questions asked her about this branch of service which Mrs. Powell did not feel she could answer without permission from the Red Cross. Miss Boardman gladly authorized Mrs. Powell to give such information to Chapters of the U. D. C. as they might need, and she is now prepared to give you any assistance you may desire.

Miss Boardman expressed to me a desire that the Red Cross windows should not be unveiled until the fall, and her reasons were so pertinent that I felt we should conform to her wishes. The room in which the windows are placed is filled with desks, and at each desk is one and sometimes two busy typewriters. All day long these men and women work at tasks to assist in the alleviation of the suffering of the world, and it would be an unpatriotic thing to think of stopping these workers even for one hour that we might conduct the unveiling ceremonies. Miss Boardman gave as an additional reason for the unveiling being postponed that the building will have to be enlarged at once to take care of the immense volume of work made necessary by the war and

that perhaps at the date we might select the windows would be covered with a scaffold impossible to remove. These good points brought out by Miss Boardman and the fact that our window is not yet paid for, while the debt on the window erected to the women of the North is completely wiped out, made me feel that until we can dedicate our memorial to our beloved women as freely as our sisters can theirs we should not enjoy the unveiling ceremonies.

During the Reunion Mrs. Powell entertained the Executive Board and some of the visiting Daughters at a small tea at which Mr. Elliott Wardsworth, of the American Red Cross, made an address upon the work of that society.

For the 19th of June I was invited to attend a meeting of the Woman's Committee of National Defense, which is "charged with the duty of so coördinating and centralizing the work of the woman's organizations throughout the country as to make them efficient in this national crisis," and I shall have something of import to say to you on this subject in my next letter.

Upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia and the Virginia Commission, I attended the unveiling of the Virginia memorial on the battle field of Gettysburg, Pa., on the 8th of June.

Faithfully yours, CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER.

SIR MOSES EZEKIEL.

The Executive Board of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, meeting in Washington, D. C., June 6, 1917, stood with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts, stricken with an emptiness of speech, before the full realization of the loss to the artist world, the greater loss to the Daughters of the Confederacy, in the death of Sir Moses Ezekiel.

Within a few miles, just across the blue Potomac, stands his masterpiece, telling its story of how the South after Appomattox "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks"—"Arlington," whose music in our ears has ever brought memories of Robert E. Lee and the stainless nation, will for all time to come mean also to the Daughters of the Confederacy Sir Moses Ezekiel and his matchless bronze memorial, his South with laurel wreath extended, whose brow the first rays of the rising sun light up with dazzling brilliancy.

He was born in Richmond, Va., October 28, 1844, and died in Rome, Italy, March 27, 1917. And the years between—years when the great master held the chisel in his skillful hand and, sparing not one blow, with not a stroke too many, shaped and fashioned and chiseled until, finished, the marble became "fit for the master's use."

Sir Moses Ezekiel rendered his first service to his country when as a boy of seventeen he served with the V. M. I. cadets and helped make history on the field of New Market. Many honors came to him in later years: knighthood from the Italian government, decorations and medals from kings and princes, and a Confederate veteran's cross of honor given by the Daughters of the Confederacy through a small Virginia Chapter. Do we doubt it was proudly worn?

Col. Hilary Herbert quotes Sir Moses Ezekiel as saying: "I love my art above everything in the world except the land of my birth and my Confederate record."

"Alas! he's cold,
Cold as the marble which his fingers wrought;
Cold but not dead, for each embodied thought

Of his which he from the ideal brought
To live in stone
Assures him immortality of fame."

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General;
ELIZABETH B. BASHINSKY,
Second Vice President General;
LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT,
Corresponding Secretary General;
MRS. EUGENE LITTLE,
Treasurer General;
MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL,
Registrar General;
ELIZABETH T. SELLS,
Custodian Cross of Honor;
MRS. FRANK A. WATKES,
Custodian Flags and Pennants;
MAUDE E. MERCHANT,
Recording Secretary General.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

RESOLUTIONS OFFERED BY THE J. Z. GEORGE CHAPTER AND
ADOPTED BY THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION IN CONVENTION
AT GREENWOOD, MISS., MAY 3, 1917.

Whereas the United States government is at war with a foreign foe and needs the united efforts of all citizens in every part of every State, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of which the Mississippi Division is a component part, feels proud of its descent from patriots, men and women, who gave all they had for the blessed privilege of being governed only by their own consent, the great States' right principle of our government; and whereas these United States have entered this great world war that the peoples of the earth may enjoy the privilege of being governed by their own consent, thus making the world safe for democracy; and whereas we believe it right and just that President Woodrow Wilson should be assured that he has the whole of every part of this country back of him in these days of stress and trial; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., in convention assembled, wishes to go on record as approving the course its country has pursued in staying out of the struggle as long as it consistently could and preserve its ideals of peace and democracy and then enters only to preserve those ideals and rights which our "fathers fought for and which it is our duty to transmit to our children"; that the Mississippi Division wishes President Wilson and all others in authority to know that it stands ready to help with influence and work at any time it is needed; that the Mississippi Division does not think that failure to do a patriot's duty now is worthy of the records made by the fathers and mothers of its members, the men and women of the Confederacy, and therefore urges its members to follow the examples of their fathers and mothers and place themselves and all they have at the service of their country.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to President Wilson, to Our Heritage, to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and to the papers of this State.

VIRGINIA R. PRICE,
President Mississippi Division, U. D. C.;
ALICE LAMKIN,
Recording Secretary Mississippi Division, U. D. C.

THE CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY NELSON WARDER.

The State convention of the California Division at Bakersfield, Cal., May 1-3, was the largest and most enthusiastic convention held for a long time. The Mildred Lee Chapter, No. 1580, the hostess, was the baby of the California Division last year, numbering only twenty-one when inviting the convention to its city. A royal welcome awaited all the Daughters. Colonel Roberts and Mr. Scott, both Confederate veterans, and many of the prominent people of Bakersfield were introduced by Mrs. Schick, President of the Mildred Lee Chapter, at a most beautiful banquet tendered the entire delegation at the Southern Hotel on Tuesday evening. Mrs. C. C. Clay, our dearly beloved President, and Mrs. J. H. Stewart, our First Vice President General, gave brilliant addresses. The responses to the welcomes were given by Mrs. Milton Scott, of Joe Wheeler Chapter, Long Beach, and Mrs. Harry C. Graves, of Southland Chapter, Alhambra. Several very fine musical numbers added to the pleasure of the occasion.

Promptly at 9:30 on Wednesday morning the business session opened, the reports of all Division officers showing a great amount of work accomplished. The Director of Shiloh, Jefferson Davis, and the Memorial Window gave excellent reports, and the Chairman of the Relief Fund reported that several veterans had been aided and some returned to their native States. The educational work showed progress. The young lady holding the State scholarship in the Los Angeles Normal graduated in June, and several applications are on file for the ensuing year. The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter reported its scholarship of \$175 in the University of California filled for the next two years by a young man very deserving and very grateful.

A new Chapter, the S. A. Cunningham, was formed in Oakland, Cal. Each year we have at least one new Chapter. The Trader Fund made a good showing, all Chapters contributing earlier than usual and some doubling their pledges.

The Historian was greatly pleased to report the interest shown this year in the reminiscence contest. Two Chapters turned in one hundred and twelve papers each, at least eight other Chapters sending in smaller numbers. All but three Chapters have now turned in their Chapter history.

The Chapter Presidents' reports were intensely interesting, each showing a marvelous amount of work done during the past year. Several telegrams were read, one especially lovely from our President General, Mrs. Odenheimer.

On Wednesday evening a beautiful reception and ball were given. Bakersfield truly did herself proud. Mrs. Schick announced that on the strength of the convention's coming to this city the Mildred Lee Chapter had doubled its membership, now having forty-two on the roll. A great good was also done the community at large, for now the purposes of our organization are fully understood, and we are not branded as "a people who keep open a wound," etc., but as "sweet gentlewomen working for a noble cause," as one man said to me.

Our memorial service on Wednesday afternoon was most impressive. Besides the usual song and tribute to the veterans by Mrs. Grantland Long, of Los Angeles Chapter, as each Chapter's dear departed ones' names were read, the Chapter President or her representative came forward and placed in a cross of greening carnations in loving memory. A tribute to Mrs. Sidney Van Wyck, of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, was also read. Mrs. Van Wyck was dearly beloved through-

out California, and her many charitable deeds will remain with us as a loving remembrance.

At the meeting on Thursday Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglass, of the Los Angeles Chapter, gave an exceptionally clever paper on "Impressions of General Conventions." The business of the day was completed on schedule time, and the following officers were elected for the coming year: Mrs. Andrew M. Davis, of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, President; Mrs. Herbert Schick, of Mildred Lee Chapter, First Vice President; Mrs. M. J. Steele, of Joe Wheeler Chapter, Second Vice President; Mrs. Ritchie, of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Meyers, of Jefferson Davis Chapter, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Frank Elmer Ross, of J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, reelected Treasurer; Mrs. Charles L. Trabert, of Joseph Le Conte Chapter, reelected Registrar; Miss Callie Duncan, of Los Angeles Chapter, Historian; Mrs. Douglas, of Bay City Chapter, Recorder of Crosses; and Mrs. Anderson, of Joseph Le Conte Chapter, Custodian of Flags.

With many regrets we bade farewell to our retiring President, Mrs. Clay, as we welcomed our new President, Mrs. A. M. Davis, whose very charming personality has already endeared her to her Daughters.

Historical Evening came on Thursday, with Mrs. Herbert C. Warden, retiring Historian, in charge of the program. Besides several musical numbers, there was an interesting address by Hon. E. J. Emmons, an eminent lawyer of Bakersfield, a dialect reading by Mrs. S. A. Pleasants, and our little scholarship girl gave the "Conquered Banner." Mrs. Warden read a paper on "The United Daughters of the Confederacy." Mrs. Louden presented the medal to the Wade Hampton Chapter, Mrs. Burton receiving it. Then Mrs. Clay presented a U. D. C. pin to the Southland Chapter, Mrs. Graves receiving it for Miss Care. These were the two nearly equal contestants. Noting the amount of enthusiasm and interest occasioned by these historical contests, Mrs. Davis offered a medal for next year. After the singing of Southern melodies, ending with the "Star-Spangled Banner," an informal reception was held.

The following morning an automobile ride to the oil fields was given by the Board of Trade and a short trip around Kern County.

With many regrets we bade farewell to our hostesses and friends, to meet in Riverside next year.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

Recently elected officers of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., are as follows:

Honorary Life Presidents, Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, Mobile; Mrs. Ellen Peter Bryce, Tuscaloosa; Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Tuscumbia; Mrs. Clifford Lanier, Montgomery.

President, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, 1800 Eleventh Avenue South, Birmingham.

Vice Presidents, Mrs. E. M. Byrne, Selma; Mrs. J. H. Crenshaw, Montgomery.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. M. E. Curtis, Camden.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. D. M. Lewis, Ensley.

Treasurer, Miss Allie Garner, Ozark.

Historian, Mrs. J. E. Aderhold, Anniston.

Registrar, Mrs. W. A. Beason, Ashville.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Joe McClendon, Dadeville.

Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. C. W. Demgette, Jacksonville.

Chaplain, Mrs. C. W. McMahon, Livingston.

MRS. S. E. F. ROSE.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, Miss., Historian General U. D. C., passed into eternal rest on the night of Sunday, May 6, 1917, at St. Vincent's Hospital, in Birmingham, Ala., where she had been under treatment.

Mrs. Rose was widely known throughout the South as a woman of culture, brilliant intellectual attainment, and most compelling personal charm. She was a writer of ability, having contributed largely to the magazine and journalistic fields, and her book on the Ku-Klux Klan had attracted much favorable comment.

At the General U. D. C. Convention in Dallas, Tex., in November, 1916, she was unanimously elected Historian General, having previously served as Historian of the Mississippi Division and also as its State President, U. D. C. The work which she so lately began with high aspirations for the accomplishment of good to her beloved South will have to be completed by others, but the spirit of consecration and devotion with which it is permeated will be felt wherever that work is known.

Laura Martin Rose was born at Crescent View, near Pulaski, Tenn., the daughter of William and Lizzie Otis Martin and a member of the celebrated Martin-Spofford families, which gave Martin College to Pulaski, as well as other generous gifts. Her father died in her early childhood, her mother following ten years later. Some two years after her marriage to Mr. S. E. F. Rose, a prominent banker of Pulaski, they removed to West Point, Miss., to be near her extensive Mississippi plantation. She is survived by her husband and two manly sons.

Back to the home of her girlhood the final journey was made and the body laid to rest in the Martin-Spofford vault

in Maplewood Cemetery. Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy of Pulaski attended the funeral services in a body, and Mrs. H. L. Quinn, President of the Mississippi Division, and Mrs. A. P. Cottrell went with the family from Mississippi, bearing from the John M. Stone Chapter, of West Point, a handsome Confederate flag and from the Birmingham Chapters a winding sheet for the casket. Many beautiful floral offerings, emphasizing



MRS. S. E. F. ROSE.

the Confederate colors, came from all over the South with their messages of love, remembrance, and appreciation. A telegram of love and sympathy came from the Tennessee Division, in session at Memphis, and this was supplemented by many other expressions on the noble, beautiful life of this notable woman, who represented the very flower of Southern womanhood.

MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN.

Mrs. John P. Hickman, Honorary President General U. D. C., died at her home, in Nashville, Tenn., on May 12, 1917, after a lingering illness.

Mrs. Hickman was born at Franklin, Tenn., daughter of Isaac Litton, who later made his home near Nashville and



MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN.

became prominent in the uplift and growth of the city. During the war, after the Federals had taken possession of the city, Mrs. Litton, to escape taking the oath of allegiance, went farther south with her young family, refugeeing in Atlanta, Ga. Later the two elder daughters, Kate and Mattie, twins, were placed with friends in Columbus, Miss. Doubtless these stirring scenes developed that high spirit of patriotism

which became a dominating characteristic of young Kate Litton. She possessed a sunny disposition, with strong sympathies, and was a social favorite in her young ladyhood.

She was married in 1874 to John P. Hickman, of Nashville, who for many years has been prominently connected with the Confederate interests of the State, serving as Secretary of the Pension Board since it was established, Secretary of Cheatham Bivouac from its organization, also commanding the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., and Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, 1916-17. Mrs. Hickman was also prominently identified with all undertakings in behalf of the Confederate veterans. She was secretary of the woman's organization which helped to procure a Confederate Home for Tennessee and to sustain it, a charter member of the first Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Nashville and of the general organization U. D. C., which had its origin in this city and which she served as Recording Secretary most successfully for eleven years. Her untiring zeal and devotion endeared her to the U. D. C. everywhere, and in all the objects for which the organization was formed she contributed individual, generous service. She was President of the Chapter in Nashville bearing her name from its organization and had been elected to that position for life. At the time of her death she was acting as Director of the Cunningham Memorial Fund that is being raised by the U. D. C., and she was also a member of the Committee on Indorsement of Books. At the U. D. C. convention in Dallas, Tex., in November, 1916, she was made Honorary President General of that body.

Beautiful floral tributes sent from far and near covered the last resting place of this beloved woman. From the Chapters in Nashville came wreaths in Confederate colors, and the offering from Mrs. Hickman's own Chapter was a magnificent floral pall for the casket. A floral Confederate flag came in the name of Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, President General U. D. C., as the tribute from the general organization.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy—My Dear Coworkers: Having been appointed by the Executive Board of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be your Historian General to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, dearly beloved and lamented, I desire to express my deep appreciation of the high honor conferred on me and to pledge my best effort to maintain the standard established by my predecessors in this important office. The work carries with it great responsibility, of which I am deeply sensible, but with unfailing love for the sacred cause and with an abiding faith in the constancy and devotion of my coworkers I have accepted the trust.

We deem it advisable and just to use the fine programs of study for the year as arranged by Mrs. Rose. Copies of the "Historic Yearbook" were sent by her to all Division Historians and no doubt have been placed in the hands of all Chapter Historians. Will you not give earnest study to these programs and each Division vie with the other in the number and preparation of papers reported to your Historian General? Let there be no falling off in this important department of our work, but let each Division enter actively into the contest for the Raines banner. Our dearest aim should be to search out and immortalize the facts and traditions of our beloved Southland and to write her history with truth's unerring finger. To this end let us cherish and put in enduring form every scrap of paper, relic, or printed line for the great historian who will surely come and write truthfully and understandingly of the South.

And let me beg that you give unceasing thought to the work of the Children of the Confederacy. They are our hope to carry on the work when we have passed away, and we should be vigilant in our efforts to interest them and have them rightly instructed in Southern history.

I think all necessary information has been given you in Mrs. Rose's Yearbook, list of references as to books needed and where obtained, all rules governing banner and medal contests, the Raines banner, the Rose loving cup, and the Mildred Rutherford medal contest.

Of great importance was the announcement in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of March, 1917, of two new contests, one being the Youree prize of twenty dollars, offered by Mrs. Peter Youree, of Louisiana, to the Chapter sending the best reminiscences from Confederate veterans and women of the Confederacy. This I consider a most important contest. Too long have we neglected to collect and preserve these reminiscences, and much valuable history has been lost because of this lack on our part. We have also the Andrews medal, given by the author, Matthew Page Andrews, for the most nearly correct answers to the fifty test questions in history. This medal is given as a memorial to his mother, Mrs. Anna Robinson Andrews. Printed lists of these questions and rules of these contests have been sent to all Division Historians, to be sent by them to Chapter Historians. If you have not received yours, write to your Historian, who will furnish you copies.

I shall write you more fully next month, when I shall have gotten the work well in hand. In the meantime I pledge you

my best effort and beg your hearty coöperation and active service in my desire to bring to a successful fulfillment the work so ably begun by Mrs. Rose. You will realize the responsibility and also the difficulty of carrying out successfully the work begun by another, and to this end may I not claim your sympathy and loyal support in a large measure, that we may accomplish work worthy of the great cause to which we are pledged?

Again let me acknowledge my appreciation of the honor conferred by the Executive Board in naming me for this important trust, and I beg to express grateful thanks to the many friends who have written and sent words of confidence and congratulation. My one ambition is to do good, faithful, intelligent work in the office to which you have called me, and I trust I shall not disappoint you.

Hoping this may be a year of great advancement and interest in our historical work, I am, in loving coöperation,

MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL,
Historian General U. D. C.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1917.

TOPICS FOR AUGUST PAPERS: EVENTS OF 1864.

Battle of Ocean Pond, Fla., February 20.

Cavalry fight at Okolona, Miss., February 21.

Battle of the Wilderness, May 5. In what delicate way did the soldiers show their devotion to their great leader, Robert E. Lee, in this battle?

Death of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Yellow Tavern, May 10.

Battles of Spottsylvania Courthouse, May 8, and Drewry's Bluff, Va., May 12 to 16.

Sherman's march, beginning with the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 13.

Battle of Kennesaw Mountain, June 27, and death of Gen. Leonidas Polk, called the "Warrior Bishop."

Battle of New Market, May 17. Of special interest as fought by cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, ages fourteen to seventeen, sometimes called the "Boys' Battle."

Siege of Petersburg and explosion of mine, July 30.

Battle of Tupelo, or Harrisburg, July 13.

Round-table discussion: What was the status of the Southern Confederacy among the foreign nations?

References: "History of the United States," "The South in the Building of a Nation," Volume II.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1917.

What celebrated proclamation was issued after the battle of Antietam?

Did this set the slaves free?

How were the slaves set free?

What States set the slaves free by ratifying the Thirteenth Amendment?

What was this amendment?

How were the slaves treated by their masters?

How did "Ole Miss," as she was lovingly called, treat them?

What was the feeling of the slaves toward her?

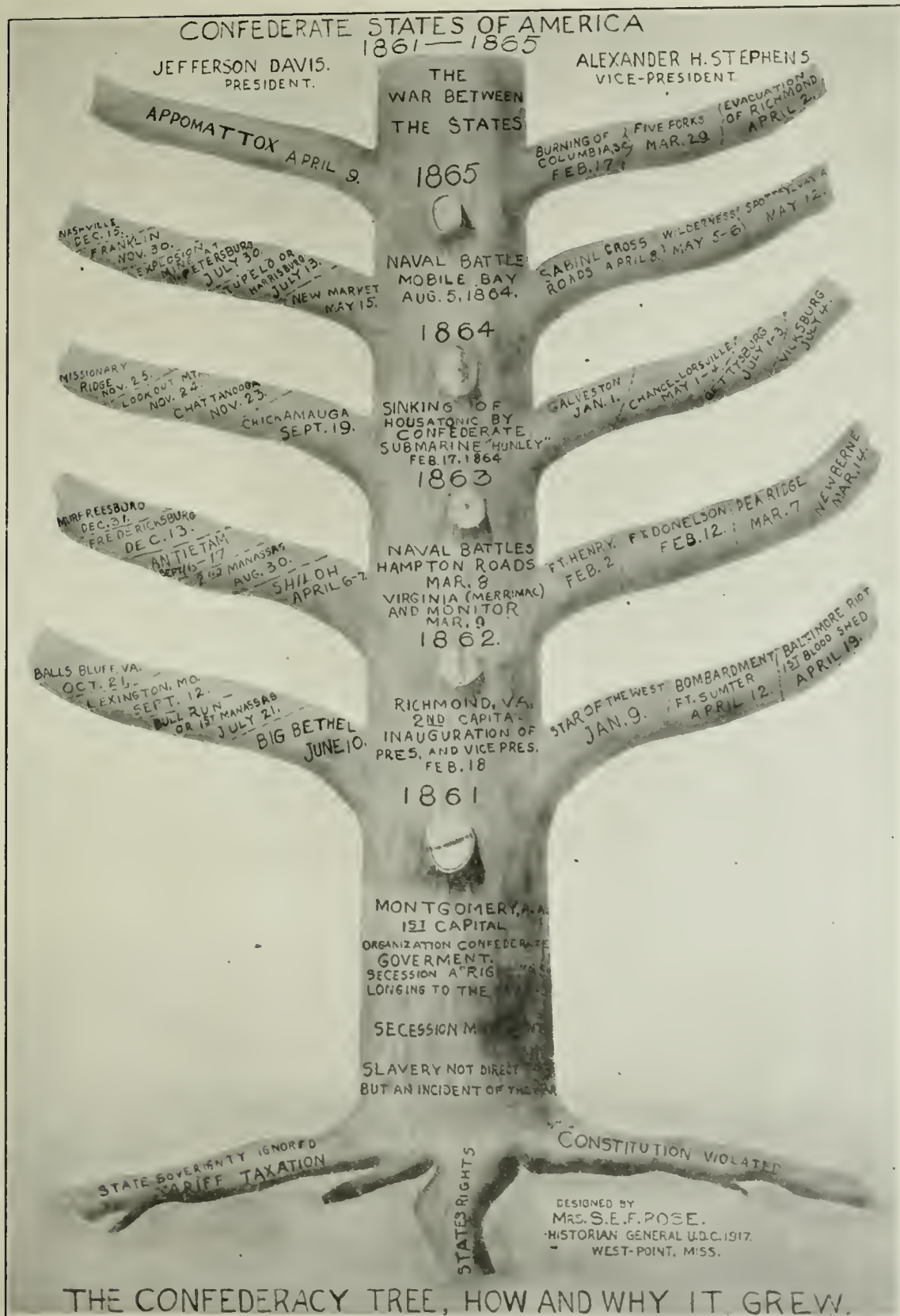
How did the slaves behave during the war?

What battle was fought in Kentucky on October 8, 1862?

"Grandfather's and Grandmother's Stories about Slavery."

Song, "My Old Kentucky Home."

Reference, "Brief History of the United States," Andrews Chapter XII.



Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....President
New Orleans, La.

MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....Treasurer
Seale, Ala.

MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....Recording Secretary
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

MISS MARY A. HALL.....Historian
1105½ Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.

MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....Corresponding Secretary
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.

MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....Poet Laureate
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter

ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch

FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson

GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Winslow

LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins

MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll

MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner

NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones

SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith

TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer

VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

ANNUAL CONVENTION, C. S. M. A.

The eighteenth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was held at Washington, D. C., June 4-7, 1917, official headquarters being at the New Willard. The "Welcome" meeting was a magnificent outpouring of Memorial women, United Daughters of the Confederacy, veterans, and citizens of Washington. The meeting was presided over by Mrs. Robert H. Jones, Vice President for the State of North Carolina, who is residing temporarily in Washington. The opening prayer was offered by Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. McKim. Addresses of welcome were delivered by Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V.; Mr. Ernest Baldwin, Commander in Chief S. C. V.; Mrs. F. P. Odenheimer, President General U. D. C.; and Mrs. Mulcare, President District of Columbia Division, U. D. C. Hon. John N. Tillman, member of Congress from Arkansas, alluded to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association as having been originated in his native town of Fayetteville, Ark., and he thanked the Memorial women for their efforts in behalf of the cotton tax bill.

At the conclusion of the welcome addresses Mrs. Jones handed the gavel to Mrs. W. J. Behan, President General, who made response in a few well-chosen remarks. The meeting was concluded by the appointment of the committees on credentials and resolutions. During the meeting the United States Marine Band played inspiring and patriotic airs. President Wilson had been invited to speak at the welcome meeting, but sent his regrets in the following letter to Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Corresponding Secretary General:

"THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, May 1, 1917.

"My Dear Mrs. Robinson: Allow me to acknowledge with very high appreciation your kind letter of April 28 inviting me to make an address of welcome at the opening meeting of the convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, to be held in Washington on June 4 next. I wish with all my heart that it were possible for me to accede to this request, as my inclination prompts, but I am bound in duty to decline, because I find that even with the utmost concentration upon the duties of the day I have not time enough in the twenty-four hours to perform them properly and that it would be a dereliction on my part to withdraw my attention even for such an object as you suggest.

"With sincere appreciation and regret, cordially and sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON."

Tuesday morning at 10 A.M. a delegation from the C. S. M. A. attended the first session of the United Confederate Veterans, to whom Mrs. Behan was introduced by Col. Hilary

A. Herbert, and she extended a few words of greeting to the veterans in the name of the women of the sixties.

On Tuesday afternoon the first business meeting was held on the mezzanine floor of the New Willard Hotel. After the reports of officers were read, Mrs. Behan called on Mrs. Robert H. Jones to tell of her interview with Miss Mabel Boardman, Secretary of the Red Cross Memorial Society, relative to the chair which the C. S. M. A. will present in due time. It had been the intention of the C. S. M. A. to have the presentation take place during this convention; but after speaking to Miss Boardman and visiting the room where the President's chair is to be placed, it was seen that the plans so arranged could not be carried out, and the dedication of the chair was postponed to a future date. It was most gratifying to learn from the report of the chairman of that committee, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, that the amount needed for the chair was available and that the chair was said to be the handsomest piece of furniture that will be in the Assembly Room.

At the morning session of Wednesday reports of the Associations were read by delegates present, and a very pleasing incident took place in the presentation of a silk flag, the Stars and Bars, to the Association by General Metts, Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., and this beautiful flag was accepted in the name of the C. S. M. A. by its President General.

At two o'clock the memorial service, under the joint auspices of the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A., was held at Arlington Cemetery. The ceremonies were never on a grander scale than on this occasion. After calling the meeting to order, General Harrison turned it over to Rev. Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., and to Mrs. Behan as President of the C. S. M. A. The invocation was offered by Rev. Giles B. Cooke, of Portsmouth, Va., Assistant Chaplain General, who is one of the few surviving members of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff. Following this was the magnificent address by Bishop Collins Denny, of Richmond, Va. After a brief talk, General West, of Atlanta, Ga., introduced the great American sculptor who will carve upon the side of Stone Mountain the history of the Confederacy. Mr. Borglum gave a very interesting description of this work, which will be the grandest memorial in the world. Miss Mary Evans Saunders, of Nashville, Tenn., gave "The Conquered Banner," displaying in a graceful way the Stars and Bars. Brief addresses were also made by Gen. Ell Torrance, Past Commander G. A. R., and Captain Beall, Commander of Washington Camp, No. 171, U. C. V. The reading of the Roll of Honor by Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., and Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary C. S. M. A., was sad evidence that the

ranks of the veteran men and women are growing thinner with each year. As the delegates and friends assembled around the monument a handsome wreath of magnolia leaves brought from New Orleans was placed at its base by Mrs. Behan, and the graves were then decorated with flowers. Taps were sounded by the bugler of the Marine Band, and thus ended one of the most impressive features of the Washington Reunion.

At the following meeting the C. S. M. A. took a firm stand in favor of Red Cross work, each Memorial Association pledging itself to coöperate with the National American Red Cross Society. It was resolved also that the C. S. M. A. would invest in two or more Liberty Bonds, and each of the seventy Associations was urged to buy a bond. The President General, Vice President of North Carolina Mrs. Robert H. Jones, and Miss Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, took part in the parade. The final meeting was held immediately after the parade, when resolutions of thanks were extended to all who had contributed to the success of the Reunion.

Before adjourning, Miss Mary A. Hall, Historian General, in the name of the delegates to the eighteenth annual convention, presented Mrs. Behan with a beautiful gold friendship pin set with amethysts in recognition of her faithful service during these eighteen years. In receiving the gift Mrs. Behan expressed her high appreciation of the thought that prompted the giving. All present joined in singing "God be with you till we meet again," thus closing one of the most enthusiastic and successful conventions ever held.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

BY MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL, PULASKI, TENN.

On the morning of May 1, 1917, there was unveiled in the town of Pulaski, Tenn., a handsome bronze tablet commemorative of the birth and organization of the Ku-Klux Klan in this town. The tablet is placed on the outer wall of the law office once occupied by Judge Thomas M. Jones, a former Confederate Congressman, and bears the following inscription:

"Ku-Klux Klan

Organized in this, the law office of Judge Thomas M. Jones
December 24, 1865.

Names of original organizers: Calvin E. Jones, Frank O. McCord, Richard R. Reed, John B. Kennedy, John C. Lester, James R. Crowe."

The unveiling was under the direction of the local Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and was witnessed by about one thousand people, including the student body of Martin College and of the Pulaski High School. Members of the John A. Woldridge Camp and Bivouac were guests of honor.

The office was beautifully decorated with red and white bunting and Confederate and United States flags. The Sam Davis monument on the public square was also decorated in the Confederate colors and evergreen wreaths.

The program was begun by "Dixie" and "America" sung by the high-school children. Mr. Laps D. McCord, Sr., made a fine address on the origin and purpose of the Ku-Klux Klan. After this the Martin College girls sang "My Old

Kentucky Home" and were followed by the Pulaski Quintet in "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." As the last words were sung Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill drew back the Confederate flag which veiled the tablet. The program was concluded by the singing of "How Firm a Foundation!" by the audience.



TABLET TO THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

The tablet was unveiled by Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill, who stands on the right in this picture. On the left is Mrs. John B. Kennedy, widow of a charter member of the Klan.

In his address Mr. McCord proposed that the town rechristen old Madison Street as "Ku-Klux Avenue." When put to a vote every hand in the large concourse of citizens went up, and "Ku-Klux Avenue" it is. He then proposed that the point of the hill once occupied by the old ruins in which the first "den" of the order was located should be called "Cyclops Hill," and this, too, was voted vociferously. Now, when you come to see us we will take you from "Ku-Klux Place" down "Ku-Klux Avenue" to "Cyclops Hill." But the ghosts are all laid, and a handsome modern home now occupies the site of the old ruins, with a preparatory school for boys near by.

PRAYER OFFERED BY DR. KENNEDY AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TABLET.

O thou God and Father of all, Sovereign of the universe, foreordaining whatsoever comes to pass for thine own glory, ordering the steps of men and determining the destinies of peoples and nations, "doing according to thy will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay thy hand or say unto thee, 'What doest thou?'" we give thee honor and do thee obeisance this day as we stand on ground made historic by thy providences. By thy ordering of events what was once a humble law office has become a historic spot, and to-day we mark it as such.

The inception of a circle (a *kyklos*) of six men for pleasure and pastime, by the extension of its radii and enlargement of its circumference, grew and enlarged to encircle an organized and mobilized army profound in secrecy, startling

in mystery, terrible with banners, and determined for the right.

That which at first was frightful in amusement later became gruesome in resisting oppression and restraining lawlessness for the defense of our homes. In frightful costume the slain of many battle fields apparently arose to the defense of their homes and country; the silent dead lived again, displayed their wounds, and spoke in guttural tones of the grave; the keen thirst of the long-wounded was slaked with marvelous draughts, and men stood aghast. As a result the inflamed intruder and startled observer fled from his nefarious purposes and sought hiding places from these hosts of the grave. Thus out of innocent amusement grew a discovered power of restraint and unforeseen deliverance, an army of defense, a safeguard of virtue, and a victory for the right. Thine be the glory, Almighty God.

In recognition of thy goodness and in appreciation of the service of heroes to-day we place our marker, a merited historic tablet, upon the one, the real, the only birthplace of the Ku-Klux Klan. We do honor to thousands of men who came from dens and caves in the weird mystery of nightfall to the defense of our rights and homes and who, both horse and rider, their mission having been accomplished, disappeared into the unknown as silently and mysteriously as they came. For the racial friendship and the national peace which bless our homes to-day we give thee thanks, thou God of destinies.

Great God, by thy might protect us still. Keep us from bloody entanglement with foreign powers. Speedily bring peace to the world. Bless the youth of our land and of our various schools assembled here. Standing upon the contiguous bases of two historic spots in Pulaski, the death place of Sam Davis, the youthful hero, and the birthplace of the Ku-Klux Klan, may they catch the inspiration of the hour and imbibe the spirit of the men we honor, most of whom are dead, only a few of the Klan being present with us to-day! Give us sons and daughters wedded to liberty, loyal to country, adherents to truth, the soul of honor and devoted to thee. Let thy favor abide with the good women who in these exercises labor to preserve and perpetuate the history of our Southern homes and Southern chivalry. And when heroes and defenders are all dead, when the love and devotion of women shall have grown cold, when the fires of the stars of heaven shall have burned out, be thou our God and Protector still for Jesus' sake. Amen.

PENSIONS ALLOWED BY FLORIDA.

Referring to the article by Capt. P. M. DeLeon on "What the South Is Doing for Her Veterans," appearing in the *VETERAN* for September, 1916, Mrs. Horace Lee Simpson, Vice President C. S. M. A. for Florida, calls attention to an error in the statement that Florida is allowing "\$120 per annum." In 1907 that State raised the allowance to \$150 for veterans, and since 1915 veterans have received \$180 per year and widows \$150.

NEWS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The first new wheat of the season arrived in New York yesterday from Augusta, Ga. It sold for \$4 per bushel, which, of course, was a fancy price. The price of old wheat is \$2 to \$2.65.—*Richmond Dispatch*, June 20, 1867.

THE REUNION IN WASHINGTON.

(Continued from page 300.)

the Hampton Roads Conference and the statement circulated that there Abraham Lincoln had said to Alexander Stephens if he were allowed to write "Union" at the top of the page the commissioners from the South might fill in the remainder of peace terms; and "whereas such a statement is without foundation and is a reflection on President Davis and the commissioners named by him to attend that meeting; and whereas editorial articles in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* for June and July, 1916, and a communication in the same journal of February, 1917, by Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, are a full and absolute refutation of this false and hurtful allegation; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That the Historical Committee be, and it is hereby directed, to take the said papers prepared by the editor of the *VETERAN* and General Carr and to make a full and thorough abstract of the same and file such abstract with the Adjutant General of the Association as a final and complete answer of the South to the slanderous charge above referred to, and the Adjutant General is directed to incorporate the said paper prepared as above set forth in the minutes of the Association and to publish the same in the printed minutes as a part of the proceedings of the Washington Reunion held June 5-7, 1917."

The Historical Committee also reported that it had considered the papers submitted by the Association at the Birmingham Reunion in 1916 in reference to the origin of the Confederate flag, known as the "Stars and Bars"; that in view of the fact that there was no recorded evidence of the origin of said flag except a reference thereto in the proceedings of the Flag Committee in the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Ala., the committee was of the opinion that all papers bearing on said matter should be submitted to a special committee consisting of Gen. Evander Shapard, of Shelbyville, Tenn., Gen. B. W. Greene, of Little Rock, Ark., and Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Richmond, Va., to carefully consider all of said papers and any new evidence obtainable which would throw any light on said subject and report their findings and conclusions to the Association at its annual meeting in 1918.

Gen. John P. Hickman, who was present as a representative of the former committee, reported that, in his judgment, there was no valid objection to the suggestion of the Historical Committee, and thereupon it was ordered that the recommendation of the Historical Committee be adopted and the reference made as suggested:

"Whereas Mrs. John M. Briggs, of Briggsdale, Ohio, for many years, in face of threats and much persecution, yearly scattered flowers over the graves of the two thousand four hundred and sixty Confederate soldiers who died while in military prisons and whose graves were neglected and overgrown with briars, brambles, weeds, and bushes, and who persisted in this beautiful service without outside coöperation or assistance for many years; be it

"*Resolved*, That hereafter in the history of this Association she shall be honored and known as the 'Confederate Angel of Camp Chase.'"

VIRGINIA MEMORIAL AT GETTYSBURG.

Many veterans and other visitors left Washington early on Friday morning to attend the dedication of the Virginia monument on the field of Gettysburg. The ceremonies were opened with prayer by Rev. James Power Smith, of Rich-

mond, last survivor of Stonewall Jackson's staff; and Gov. Henry C. Stuart, of Virginia, delivered the address, formally placing the monument in the keeping of the United States government. It was accepted on behalf of the government by Assistant Secretary of War William M. Ingraham. The veil was drawn by Miss Anne Carter Lee, granddaughter of the great general, and a mighty shout arose as the figure of the Southern chief appeared from beneath the folds of the flag.

The monument is of heroic size and was erected at a cost of \$50,000. A statue of General Lee on Traveler surmounts a base of granite showing a grouping of figures in bronze representing all arms of the Confederate service. Majestic in its simplicity, it needs no inscription to tell to the world what it stands for, and carved upon its granite side is only the one word eloquent—"Lee."

Just before the unveiling the veterans were entertained at dinner in the heavily wooded sections about the field from which they made their memorable charge fifty-four years ago. The strains of "Dixie" and other Southern airs resounded in the silences where once war's funeral knell awakened the echoes.

The battle fields of Virginia and Maryland, easy to reach from Washington, had their quota of visitors, many survivors of the fierce engagements at Manassas, Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, and Charlottesville taking this opportunity to view again the scenes of their participation in bloody strife. At Manassas Mr. George C. Round, who was connected with the Union Signal Corps, gave a special welcome to the visitors.

FOR A TRUE RECORD.

Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier, of New Orleans, calls attention to several errors occurring in the article on the battle of Shiloh appearing in the *VETERAN* for April, page 146, of which he says:

"The field of Shiloh is bounded on the north by Owl Creek and on the south by Lick Creek, not the reverse of this, as given in the April *VETERAN*. The waters of the 'Bloody Pond' (not a small lake) were colored because we went there to wash our wounds, and some bloody horses also went in it to quench their thirst; but its bloody condition was not such as to stop us from satisfying our thirst there also. The 'Hornets' Nest' is not near where General Johnston fell in the peach orchard, but about four-fifths of a mile to the west, where Gen. W. H. F. Wallace fell and where General Prentiss surrendered with about two thousand prisoners. It was so called not so much on account of the great number of dead as of the dogged resistance of Prentiss's men, which, beyond any doubt, saved Grant's army from total annihilation and capture on Sunday. The monument just erected is the fifth and finest placed there by the people of the South. The fourth was erected to the Crescent Regiment by a private of Company B and dedicated on May 30, 1915. It is in the wheat field opposite the guns indicating the spot where the Washington Artillery fought on Monday from 7 A.M. to 3 P.M., when the retreat was ordered.

"I shall refer also to a statement in the *VETERAN* for March concerning the bequest by Dr. Kennedy to the Confederate Home of Florida by saying that Mrs. Mary Linton Surget willed to Camp Nicholls Soldiers' Home, of Louisiana, the sum of \$1,000, and General Beauregard and Comrade Thomas Day bequeathed \$500."

In behalf of the *VETERAN* now it is proper to say that the statements above corrected were taken from previous publications in the *VETERAN* under its late editor.

A NEW BOOK ON THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER. By James Morris Morgan. Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, \$3 net.

It seems incredible that so much could be crowded into one lifetime as is narrated in Col. James Morris Morgan's "Recollections of a Rebel Reefer." Yet there it is in black and white, and who would doubt the word of a sailor? But life was a vivid performance in the days of the sixties, when his adventures began, and that he kept up the habit afterwards was but natural for an adventurous spirit. His narrative adds a very important chapter to our naval history in giving the story of that "lucky little cruiser" the *Georgia*, which was bought and fitted out by Commodore M. F. Maury as his contribution to the Confederate navy, and which did a notable part in destroying commerce upon the high seas until she became unfit for the purposes required.

The great accomplishments of the Confederate navy have never had deserved recognition, but some day perhaps it will be accorded due meed of credit for its service to the Confederacy. "History when truly written," says Colonel Morgan, "will tell how those Southern naval officers went with their men into the forests, cut down trees, and hewed out timbers with which they built gunboats; how these same men went through the country gathering old rails and scrap iron with which they armored those boats and called them ironclads; and, above all, how they fought those makeshift men-of-war after they built them." Was such ever known before or since?

Life for this young midgy was no tame affair, even after there was no Confederacy to fight for. In 1869, with nineteen other ex-Union and Confederate officers, among whom was Gen. W. W. Loring, he was connected with the army of the Khedive in Egypt, and it was there he got his title. Wearying of that existence, in 1872 he returned to South Carolina, then in the throes of reconstruction, entered politics, and did his part in delivering his people from their galling bondage. He was also attached to the United States Senate for some years, then went to Mexico in some mining interests, and some years later we find him serving as consul general to Australasia. In the last chapter he tells of the "birth of a nation"—the Republic of Panama—giving notes from his diary at the time.

So closes this volume of some four hundred and eighty pages. It is truly an interesting story, so charmingly written that there is no tedium in the recital of these life experiences. Romance has its place, and humor abounds. It is indeed a fine example of autobiographical writing.

THE ACTION AT RIVERS CAUSEWAY, JAMES ISLAND, S. C., July 2, 1864.—The undersigned will soon publish under the above title a paper read before the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. He asks surviving participants to send him their own addresses and the addresses of others concerned.

BURT G. WILDER,
Formerly surgeon 55th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry,
93 Waban Hill Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—The report from Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, is that between the dates of May 15 and June 15, 1917, the sum of \$7,082.50 was received for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview.



KUKLOS ADELPHON

To Old Confederate Veterans and Their Sons

Were you in college before the Civil War?
If so, were you a member of or do you know
anything of the old Kuklos Adelphon (or Alpha
Society) and of the Phi Mu Omicron Fraternity,
which were in Southern colleges before the War?
I am working up the history of these societies.
A reply will be appreciated by a son of a Confed-
erate Veteran. Address

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W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent,
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L. G. Perdue, of Lewisburg, Ky.,
wants to hear from some member of
Company I, 18th Tennessee Cavalry,
who remembers J. W. McEwen. He
is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. R. M. Fry, Oklahoma City,
Okla.: "The May copy of the VETERAN
received and very much appreciated.
The picture on the first page is splen-
did, and under it I have written, 'The
Three Greatest Americans.'"

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Mrs. Z. A. Cook, of Arlington, Tex.,
is making application for a pension and
is in need of the testimony of some
comrade to prove her husband's record.
R. (Dick) Cook enlisted in the Con-
federate service at the age of seven-
teen and was a member of Company C,
under Capt. S. A. Easley, Mann's (also
known as Bradford's) Regiment of
Texas Cavalry.

T. B. Patton, of Huntingdon, Pa.,
wishes to obtain the address of Lieut.
W. W. Richardson, of Company C, 2d
Georgia Battalion, or any member of
his family. He is trying to get some
information concerning a sword which
was captured from Capt. H. B. Huff,
of Company D, 184th Pennsylvania
Regiment, at Petersburg, Va., and
turned over to Lieutenant Richardson.

KAPPA ALPHA.—Information wanted.
Former ante-bellum students of the
University of Alabama, Howard Col-
lege, La Grange College of Alabama,
Florence Wesleyan University, and
elsewhere will confer a favor by fur-
nishing information in regard to the
Kappa Alpha (or Kuklos Adelphon)
fraternity, which had Chapters in those
institutions as well as in many other
colleges in the South. The fraternity
died by reason of two exposures of its
secrets, in 1856 and again in 1866. Its
badge was diamond-shaped, a large
circle in the center, and the letter A
in the center of the circle. Names of
members are especially desired. Ad-
dress Leroy S. Boyd, 15 Seventh Street,
N. E., Washington, D. C.

Miss Katherine H. Wooten, of
Washington, D. C., writes: "My father,
P. B. Wooten (called 'Bole'), from
Ringgold, Ga., enlisted as a private in
Company B, Cavalry Battalion, Cobb's
Georgia Legion, August 14, 1861, at
Atlanta. He was transferred on May
30, 1862, to Company G, Cobb's Legion,
and appears on the roll of this company
in October, 1864, when he was 'detached
service ambulance corps brigade.' This
is the last roll of Cobb's Legion on file
in the War Department. Father was
also courier to Gen. P. M. B. Young
through the Virginia campaigns.
Where can the company rolls be found,
and can any veteran tell me when and
where this company was surrendered?
Address me at Library of the Smith-
sonian Institution, Washington, D. C."



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Hoecake, Johnny cake, or pone—
If you kin call dem yoh own.
An' de cookin's rightly done—
Go 'way! 'Tain' no hardship, son!
—Selected.

Mrs. Thomas J. Cartledge, 2141
Dancy Terrace, Jacksonville, Fla., is
trying to get a pension and wants to
hear from some member of Company
C, 51st Georgia Volunteers, to which
her husband belonged. He enlisted
from Blakely, Ga., Early County.

A SERIOUS ERROR.—J. W. Minnich, of
Grand Isle, La., calls attention to the
statement concerning deaths in Rock
Island Prison appearing in the an-
nouncement of the Association of the
Medical Officers of the Army and Navy,
C. S. A., page 240 May VETERAN, of
which he says: "Some years ago I had
occasion to deny the accuracy of those
same figures in the VETERAN, and I am
extremely mortified to see them pub-
lished again. * * * The official day's
report for June 15, 1865, was: Total
received, 12,215; died, 1,063. No mat-
ter what our feelings may have been
nor what we may feel to-day, we should
be just, at least." Contributors cannot
be too careful in this respect.

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TO THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

Thomas Nelson Page's Pen Picture of Yourself, Your Mothers, and Grandmothers

She was like the mother; made in her own image. She held by universal consent the first place in the system, all social life revolving around her. So generally did the life shape itself about the young girl that it was almost as if a bit of the age of chivalry had been blown down the centuries and lodged in the old State. She instinctively adapted herself to it. In fact, she was made for it. She was gently bred. Her people for generations were gentlefolk. She was the incontestable proof of their gentility. In the right of her blood she was exquisite, fine, beautiful; a creature of peach blossom and snow; languid, delicate, saucy; now imperious, now melting, always bewitching.

She was not versed in the ways of the world, but she had no need to be. She was better than that; she was well bred. She had not to learn to be a lady, because she was born one. Generations had given her that by heredity.

She grew up apart from the great world. But ignorance of the world did not make her provincial. Her instinct was an infallible guide. When a child, she had in her sunbonnet and apron met the visitors at the front steps and entertained them in the parlor until her mother was ready to appear. Thus she had grown up to the duties of hostess. Her manners were as perfectly formed as her mother's, with perhaps a shade more self-possession.

Her beauty was a title which gave her a graciousness that well befitted her. She never "came out," because she had never been "in," and the line between girlhood and young ladyhood was never known. She began to have beaux, certainly, before she reached the line, but it did no harm. She would herself long walk "fancy free." A protracted devotion was required of her lovers, and they began early. They were willing to serve long, for she was a prize worth the service.

Her beauty, though it was often dazzling, was not her chief attraction. That was herself, that indefinable charm, the result of many attractions, in combination and perfect harmony, which made her herself. She was delicate, she was dainty, she was sweet. She lived in an atmosphere created for her—the pure, clean, sweet atmosphere of her country home. She made its sunshine.

She was generally a coquette, often an outrageous flirt. It did not imply heartlessness. It was said that the worst flirts made the most devoted wives. It was simply an instinct, an inheritance. It was in the life. Her heart was

tender toward every living thing but her lovers; even to them it was soft in every way but one. Had they had a finger ache, she would have sympathized with them. But in the matter of love she was inexorable, remorseless. She played upon every chord of the heart. Perhaps it was because, when she gave up, the surrender was to be absolute. From the moment of marriage she was the worshiper.

Truly, she was a strange being. In her muslin and lawn; with her delicious, low, slow, musical speech; accustomed to be waited on at every turn, with servants to do her every bidding; unhabituated often even to putting on her dainty slippers or combing her soft hair—she possessed a reserve force which was astounding. She was accustomed to have her wishes obeyed as commands. It did not make her imperious; it simply gave her the habit of control. At

marriage she was prepared to assume the duties of mistress of her establishment, whether it were great or small.

Thus, when the time came, the class at the South which had been deemed the most supine suddenly appeared as the most efficient and the most indomitable. The courage which the men displayed in the battle was wonderful, but it was nothing to what the Southern women exemplified at home. There was, perhaps, not a doubtful woman within the limits of the Confederacy. Whilst their lovers and husbands fought in the field, they performed the harder part of waiting at home. With more than a soldier's courage they bore more than a soldier's hardship. For four long years they listened to the noise of guns, awaiting with blanched faces, but undaunted hearts, the news of battle after battle,

buried their beloved dead with tears, and still amid tears encouraged the survivors to fight on. It was a force which has not been duly estimated. It was in the blood.

She was indeed a strange creature, that delicate, dainty, mischievous, tender, God-fearing, inexplicable Southern girl. With her fine grain, her silken hair, her satiny skin, her musical speech; pleasure-loving, saucy, bewitching—deep down lay the bed-rock foundation of innate virtue, piety, and womanliness, on which were planted all for which human nature can hope and all to which it can aspire. Words fail to convey an idea of what she was; as well try to describe the beauty of the rose or the perfume of the violet. To appreciate her, one must have seen her, have known her, have loved her.



Appeals for sympathy and coöperation in building that wonderful monument to Jackson's followers has been made to the 1,157 Chapters through communications mailed to the Presidents. I know you want to take part with us in this good work. For particulars, write

J. R. DOBYNS, PRESIDENT STONEWALL JACKSON COLLEGE, ABINGDON, VA.

Confederate Veteran.

Col. V. Y. Cook

Dec. 10

VOL. XXV.

AUGUST, 1917

NO. 8



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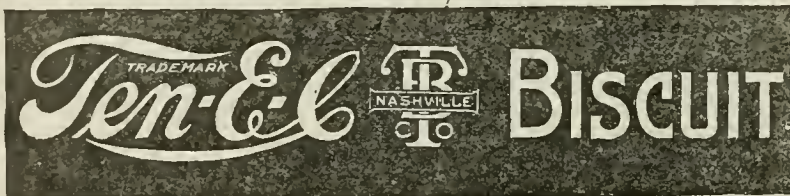
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Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. } VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1917.

No. 8. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

TO MAKE MEN FREE.

He came to make men free! * * * And what is freedom,
liberty? 'Tis this:

The right to life, the right to live the larger life, to miss
Naught of the calling high that yields the best, the finest
thing

That deepest living here and yonder in eternity shall
bring. * * *

He came to make men free! And as he neared the cross he
saw

The consummation from the garden's shadows deep, the end
of law,

The "it-is-finished" hour ahead. * * * "For this, to this,"
he said,

"Came I into the world to die, to make men free to live; the
dead

And shackled world shall rise revived and glorious, and I—
I shall accomplish that for which I came—when I shall
bleed and die."

So in his steps America! This government, conceived and
planned

To give men liberty and light and life and right, their just
demand,

The silent yearning through the years for truth, unwrit, half
known,

For privilege to be and be the best attainable—for this alone
Our land was settled, colonies established, union formed,
and we

Must know this is our mission to the world; for this, to
make men free,

We through the years of training now have come; unto this
hour

Has been our destiny and duty plain. * * * Gethsemane!
We cower

In human weakness for the moment, cry, "Let this cup pass,"
and sweat

Great drops of blood—this nation in its loneliness. * * *
And then

America, serene in resolute, fine sacrifice, arises calm, and
when

The shadow of our cross falls full from Europe's Calvary
we face

America's Golgotha like a Son of Man—by his example, in
his grace,

That we, a nation knowing why we are, for what we have
been called to be,

Lay down our lives in sacrifice, to suffer, die—to "make men
free."

—D. G. Bickers, in Macon Telegraph.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED.

(From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

For the first time since the War between the States the
United States government officially paid a tribute to the mili-
tary genius of noted Confederate war chieftains in naming
four of the training camps, where the selective draft army
and national guardsmen will be prepared for service in
France, for Gens. Robert E. Lee, Joe Wheeler, John B. Gor-
don, and P. G. T. Beauregard. Names of Union generals
and Revolutionary heroes will also designate cantonments and
training camps.

The cantonment at Petersburg, Va., for the Fifth Division
troops, composed of the selective draft recruits from Mary-
land, Virginia, New Jersey, Delaware, and the District of
Columbia, was given the name of "Camp Lee," in honor of
the famed Confederate military chieftain. The camp at At-
lanta, Ga., where the Georgia, Alabama, and Florida troops
will train, was named "Camp Gordon," in honor of that be-
loved Georgia general, John B. Gordon. The National Guard
Camp at Macon, Ga., where the Georgia, Alabama, and Flori-
da guardsmen will train, was given the name of "Camp
Wheeler," in honor of Gen. Joe Wheeler; and the national
guardsmen camp at Alexandria, La., where the Louisiana,
Mississippi, and Arkansas guardsmen will train, will be called
"Camp Beauregard," in honor of the Louisiana military
chieftain of that name.

This is the first time that the American War Department
has officially recognized the Confederate chieftains by using
their names in any capacity.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE SOLDIER.

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England's. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed—
A dust which England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day,
And laughter learnt of friends and gentleness
In hearts at peace under an English heaven.

—Rupert Brooke.

[This young English poet was a sacrifice of the present war in Europe.]

TO FIGHT FOR SOUTHERN PRINCIPLES.

John A. Shishmanian writes from Fresno, Cal.:

"I am waiting for Uncle Sam to summon me to the front 'to make the world safe for democracy,' and while I wait I wonder at the thrill that keeps me eager for that call. For my name is not an Anglo-Saxon name at all. It comes from ancient Armenia, and my childhood days were not spent in the United States of America, but away off on the shores of the Bosphorus, where the Turk held sway.

"Back to that childhood go my thoughts as I wait. Once again I am at my mother's knee in far-off Constantinople. She tells me stirring tales of the sufferings of my father's people—princes of the Caucasian race—in their fight against heathen Mongolian hordes of Turks and the fall of the Armenian capital Ani and the enslavement of a noble race. She tells me how my fearless father sailed the ocean in a bark when a mere boy and let the Turks confiscate his inheritance to become a free citizen of the Blue-Grass State. Then she points to the flag that hangs on the wall of her missionary home among the Turks and calls it 'our flag' and tells me how that flag has protected us from the attacks and massacres of those Turks.

"But my Kentucky mother leans over the Turkish mangal (fireplace) and stirs the embers with the small brass tongs, and a tear falls into the ashes as she takes me tight into her arms and exclaims: 'But O, my boy, there's another flag you must never, never forget. Look, it's the Stars and Bars.' And she draws out the tattered folds from an old chest. 'It's the flag of your Kentucky grandfather. He fought for the right of a sovereign State to make its own laws. It's the flag of Lee and of Jackson and Beauregard. Johnny boy, if Uncle Sam ever calls you to fight, remember that it will only be in the same old cause of your Armenian ancestors and of your Confederate grandfather, who was made a prisoner twice. It's the cause of the Stars and Bars

fought again under the banner of a world's democracy, under our flag, yours and mine, Johnny boy, the Stars and Stripes. And remember, Johnny boy, if ever Uncle Sam calls you, your Southern mother wants you to go.' And Johnny boy is going."

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The President of a U. D. C. Chapter in the North has written for information as to the number of Confederate veterans now living and how many are in dependent condition, and she says: "As a true Daughter of the Confederacy, I am very anxious to be correctly informed on all matters that concern our work. A statement has been made to my Chapter that there are 250,000 men and women of the Confederacy who have not what they need to eat or wear and are not comfortably housed, and this because they were loyal to the South in her time of need."

Much has been said about the needs of the veterans of the South, and without doubt there are many who have been deprived of the comforts of life through the years since the war; but our Southern States are making what provisions are possible to relieve the condition of those most in need, and much relief has come through the efforts of their comrades and the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It would be interesting to know just how many Confederate veterans are now living and what proportion are in need of assistance. As is well known, many of our veterans are the wealthy men of their communities, though a larger number have never accumulated much of this world's goods, and a great many have always been in a more or less dependent condition. It should be the work of each Camp, U. C. V., to secure a list of the veterans in its section of the country, whether they become members or not, and record should also be made as to their condition.

But whether he has accumulated a competency or not, the Confederate veteran is generally a good citizen and has done his duty by his State and country, and in the evening of life he should have a due measure of that comfort which tends to mitigate the ills attendant upon age. The loving ministrations of sons and daughters are of more importance than financial aid for their physical needs. Do they have that?

KILLED IN THE BATTLE OF McDOWELL.—The Highland Chapter, U. D. C., of Monterey, Va., plans to erect a monument or tablet commemorating the battle of McDowell and to put on it the names of all Confederate officers killed in that battle. History claims that sixteen were killed, but the names of only fifteen have been secured, as follows: Capts. Samuel Dawson, William L. Furlow, John McMillan, and James W. Patterson; Lieuts. John K. Goldwire, William A. Massey, William H. Turpin, and James T. Woodward, of the 12th Georgia Regiment; Col. S. P. Gibbons, 10th Virginia Regiment; Capt. William Long, 52d Virginia Regiment; Lieut. William H. Gregory, 23d Virginia Regiment; Lieut. Charles E. Dwyer, 25th Virginia Regiment; Lieuts. S. P. Dye and C. G. Fletcher, 37th Virginia Regiment; Lieut. John A. Carson, 52d Virginia Regiment. Any one who can furnish the name of the missing man will please write to Mrs. J. C. Matheny, Chairman, Monterey, Va.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports that there was received by the Jefferson Davis Home Association from June 15 to July 15 the sum of \$995.40.

A THOUSAND YEARS' RECORD.

There is here shown on a large scale a picture of the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, Ky. It is claimed that the structure will grow at the rate of five feet a day. The preliminary work has been done, the foundation has been laid, and the first fifteen feet of the stone work has been completed. There will be nothing like it in the land.

On the inside of the monument, where there is a space eighteen feet square, will be placed the names of those who make contributions.

The Association distributed several thousand small banks, a picture of which was reproduced in the *VETERAN* for April, page 145. These banks admit only a dime, and fifty of them fill the bank. A great many fathers and mothers and grandparents have filled these banks for their children in order that their names may be placed on the honor roll of this monument, where they will remain for thousands of years. It is a very happy thought that those who assist in building this memorial will have their names perpetuated for ages as

a part of this most magnificent of all Confederate monuments.

If you want your name or that of some relative or friend, child or grandchild written in the shaft, send for a bank to the Jefferson Davis Home Association or to Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., and the bank will be forwarded to you at once; and when you have gotten it filled, send it back, and the name desired will be inscribed.

LYNCH'S BATTERY AT BULL'S GAP.

BY T. H. HIGHTOWER, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

In the *VETERAN* for July Comrade Rhea gives a very good account of the battle of Bull's Gap, which you will kindly allow me to continue a little further in order to make correction as to the battery and its commander. Capt. J. P. Lynch commanded the battery, with William Butler as first lieutenant; Samuel McCampbell, second lieutenant; T. T. Elmore, third lieutenant. Captain Lynch was as brave and loyal a soldier as the Confederacy had, and the honor is due him for the splendid artillery battle that was put on at Bull's Gap.

It was quite early in the morning when we got on the ground. Our captain picked the place for the battery, we unlimbered, and were ready for action. We hurriedly piled rails and logs in front of each gun to protect us from sharpshooters. When daylight came, it seemed that we were fearfully close, right in front of a fort on top of the mountain; but our brave captain liked to get close so he could throw grapeshot and canister. After daylight we did not stand and look at each other long; we went right at it. The Federals had the advantage in position and in guns. Our six pieces of artillery were twelve-pounders, smooth-base brass, while they had steel rifle cannon. Had they been good marksmen, they would have dismounted our guns in a short time; but we made it so hot for them that they did not have time to look over their guns, and we kept it up a fearfully long time. After they ceased firing so rapidly, to our right we could see General Breckinridge, with a squad of men, climbing a rough peak of the mountain where a cannon was giving us lots of trouble. The gun was captured, but they got away with the caisson and limber chest. Though we were keeping them busy in the fort, they turned what guns they could, cannon and small arms, on the place where the gun was captured. But our men were coming down, and every Rebel there set up a yell. If ever six pieces of artillery fired thick and fast, it was our battery. They got back in the bull pen and shut the gate.

But that did not end the fight with the artillery. We were confident we had them whipped, and we were mightily surprised when orders came to us to retreat. Limbering up, we went off the field at breakneck speed, while the Yanks threw shells and yelled and followed after us, but they soon turned back. We took up a new position, but did not fire any more. I suppose

[Continued on page 385.]



THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL AS IT WILL BE WHEN COMPLETED.

ECHOES OF THE REUNION.

Dr. A. W. Littlefield, of Needham, Mass., writes thus of the Reunion in Washington:

"'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.' Never mind if this be the opening line of a certain Northern battle hymn that was set to music glorifying a most detestable ante-bellum episode; the words exactly meet my needs to express my feelings at the Confederate Reunion in Washington. Now, I wish the whole nation could have witnessed all that took place there in the capital of this Federal Union. I never expected to see the blessed sight—that of the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars floating in harmony together. The symbol of Federal Union and the symbol of State autonomy, of central power and of State sovereignty, of the universal and the particular, of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, of national allegiance and local affection—these were there together after but a half century and a little more of the bitter fratricidal strife of the American people. How could anybody of patriotic ardor and historic sensibilities fail to realize the significance of this Reunion? God be praised that such was possible and came to pass! *Te Deum laudamus!*

"The meeting of the Confederate Veterans, the business meeting of the Sons of Veterans, and the grand parade impressed me with ineradicable memories. On the 21st of July, 1861, the battle of Manassas was fought; the Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars were arrayed against each other. On the 5th of June, 1917, fifty-six years later, those two flags at this meeting of the Confederate Veterans in the capital city of the republic floated above the head of the President of the United States for an hour or more as he stood or sat on the platform surrounded and confronted by the men in Confederate gray. A beautiful silken Stars and Stripes was to be presented to the Confederate veterans by the veterans in blue; for a long time it was held by the side of an equally lovely silken Stars and Bars, the latter not the reminder of the 'Lost Cause,' but rather the glorious ensign of reunited and most patriotic brotherhood. And after the presentation of the Federal flag the two standard bearers came to the front of the platform; the dear old man carrying his beloved Stars and Bars kept his standard in line and at equal height with the Stars and Stripes at his side. One even thought that for the moment he a little farther advanced the Confederate emblem and a little higher than the national symbol. Blessed sight to eyes that know how essential it is for the welfare of the American people that the Stars and Bars shall never lose their place in the affections of patriotic hearts nor lose their place beside the Stars and Stripes! And the President of the United States sat beneath the light and love of these reunited banners. One may never forget it. So significant both of the past and the future that is to be!

"Then the meeting of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. I can hardly express my admiration for those sons of the men who fought under Lee. They were doing real men's work—plans for caring for the old veterans, discussions looking to the larger education of Southern men and women, and most deep-laid preparations for the rewriting of history so that the 'truth of history,' especially as it relates to the War between the States and the causes leading to it, might be gathered for the instruction of the youth of the Southland to remotest generations. The admirable and engaging Commander Baldwin presided, and above his head the battle

flag of the Confederacy, guarded on each side by the Stars and Stripes, was the symbol of the Federal reunion of the sections, with no compromise of Southern principles and ideals. For several hours I listened to the proceedings with heart deeply stirred and with the highest admiration of the personnel and plans of these sons of men who fought one of the great conflicts for constitutional liberty. And I had the great good fortune to be present not only as spectator, but also as an honorary member of Commander Baldwin's staff, to which he appointed me immediately after Adjutant Forrest introduced me to him. Think of that, a Massachusetts Confederate! What miracle had taken place to work such a marvel? No miracle whatever, only the beneficence wrought by time bringing brethren into fraternal association instead of keeping them in the attitude of misjudgment and condemnation. I never served in an honorary capacity with more satisfaction in all my life. For I felt it to be not only personally but patriotically good to be with those gray-coated sons of the Southland, than whom no more faithful and devoted and loyal Americans exist to-day in any portion of our broad land. I only wish—what, of course, I couldn't even suggest to my hosts—that I might become an honorary member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. For certainly, though a Northerner, I am sure that no man in the South has a greater love for the principles of constitutional liberty than have I myself, if modestly that may be permitted me to state. The badge of office as a member (honorary) of Commander Baldwin's staff is pinned to a diminutive bale of cotton on my bookcase under the shelter of my stand of Confederate flags, in the center of which is the national flag.

"And that parade on Thursday of the old soldiers of Lee and his commanders! Received, think of it, in the court of honor in front of the White House by the President of the United States, surrounded by high dignitaries of the nation and their guests. Everywhere the Stars and Stripes, and with them everywhere and in equal honor the Stars and Bars, the reunited symbols of nationality and State sovereignty! As never before, and particularly so in the midst of this great war for liberty, did I feel that the principles of the Declaration of Independence were so safely enshrined in all patriotic American hearts. I realized again that the Confederate cause was not 'lost,' but reestablished upon a higher plane than ever before and in the heart of the nation itself. O thou who art the God of our native land, we thank thee.

"For a long time I have been a devoted and patriotic student of these things. The Reunion was the climax of one period of that research and reflection. It came to me again and again that week of marvels, the vital distinction that must always be kept in mind and made the basis for all the political and patriotic activities of the American people—namely, that Federalism is the defense, but not the substance of liberty. Personal freedom, personal self-direction, the voluntary grouping of persons and communities within those natural limitations, territorial and political, in the State, which, with other States of free and independent and sovereign citizens, make up a nation—these constitute the substance of liberty. And what people ever more profoundly emphasized and sacrificed for this principle than the Southern people? They saw and see most clearly that when Federalism oversteps the bounds laid upon it by the necessities of defense Federalism becomes, sooner or later, autocratic imperialism and that liberty is no longer secure or even possible. Toward imperialism was the whole tendency of the

American people before the War between the States, and the danger, of course, is ever present among men, as witness the German Empire to-day and the battle mankind is waging to be relieved from its centralizing and tyrannical autocracy.

"Before 1861 the statesmen and most of the Southern people realized what was happening; that the Federal Union was rapidly becoming (by unconstitutional legislation and other acts of the Federal government) a national imperialism, threatening the destruction of all that the Revolutionary fathers fought for, all that the Declaration of Independence stood for, and all that the makers of the Constitution intended to secure in the great charter that formed the sovereign States into a Federal Union. When the dangerous tendency could no longer be checked by the ballot, the Southern States took up arms against it and did noble battle and valiant for human liberty and constitutional justice. They failed in the war, but not in the defense of the great principles for which they fought. For to-day men see more and more clearly that any centralization of Federal authority, either in America or elsewhere, that oversteps the line is inimical to human welfare. And men understand also that but for Lee and his compeers and the men in gray we would be an autocratic and imperialistic people to whom liberty is neither longer dear nor possible. Everywhere in the South Confederate monuments and memorials attest this truth, and, thank God, everywhere in the South the Confederate colors are openly and deservedly displayed, as they were in Washington over the devoted heads of the old men who came 'up from the South,' not as conquerors, but as victors 'crowned with immortality,' as the brave defenders of and sponsors for those inestimable and imperishable ideals of civil liberty that have come down to us as the precious heritage from our fathers. Thank God that these things are true? The South saved America from becoming an empire—first, republican in form, as was the empire of Augustus; then inevitably autocratic, as was the Roman Empire after Augustus and as is the German Empire in our own day. Such was the service of the gray and the South to American liberty; such the significance, it seems to me, of the Reunion of 1917 in the capital of the republic. Would that all the people could realize its import!

"Victor Hugo in 1849 wrote these words: 'In our ancient Europe England declared to the people: "You are free." France announced to the people: "You are sovereign." Let us now take the third step and all simultaneously—France, England, Germany, Italy, Europe, America—let us proclaim to all the nations: "Ye are brethren." No patriotic sentiment has a deeper place in my soul than such ideals. May they become realized in our time and a part, at least, of the fruits of the brave battle for human welfare fought by the South in 1861-65! A little child who, seeing the flush of dawning day, awakens his mother with the cry, 'Mamma, the sky is awake!' Charles L. H. Wagner has made the inspiration of these lovely lines. Do they not apply to our own times? And did not the ideals of the South and her sufferings have much the same import for the dawning day of true American nationality based, not upon centralized imperialism, but the real liberty of men and of communities, that indestructible State sovereignty created by freemen which ever must provide the substance of all worthy and enduring liberty?

"Out of the mouths of babes come words with wisdom
fraught;

The eyes of a child have seen the light of a dawning
thought;

The sky is awake, awake, and the beams of the rising sun
Reveal on cerulean blue a promised day begun—
A day when the hopes of men have fruited into life,
A day when a brother's hand replaces a stranger's strife,
A day when the tides of youth are impelled by an impulse
strong

To beach on a common shore the wreckages of wrong,
A day when the bonds of race and the blood-marked
bounds of State

Are lost in the heart of God and the love that knows no
hate.

O, the sky is awake, awake! Rejoice, O soul of mine.
And open thine eyes, my heart, and welcome the glad sun-
shine!

The sky is awake, awake. O world, with your burdened
care,

Rejoice with the poet's child o'er your day of promise fair
And awake with the glory of the sky!

"Time and again at the Reunion my thought was this. May I give it as my heartfelt and loving sentiment to my friends of all the patriotic Southland? The Stars and Stripes and the Stars and Bars—long, long together may they wave, the pride of the free and the guide of the brave!"

BATTLES AND LOSSES IN THE WAR.

[The following was taken from an article submitted for publication, and the figures have not been verified.]

The War between the States began on the 12th of April, 1861, at Fort Sumter, South Carolina, and ended at Appomattox Courthouse, Va., on the 9th of April, 1865. Over twenty-two hundred battles were fought in the four years, averaging one battle and a half for every day the war lasted. These statistics as to the battles fought in the various States were compiled by the War Department in 1868 and copied by the New York World as follows: Pennsylvania, 9; Maryland, 30; District of Columbia, 1; Virginia, 529; West Virginia, 80; Georgia, 108; North Carolina, 85; South Carolina, 60; Florida, 32; Alabama, 18; Mississippi, 186; Louisiana, 188; Texas, 14; Arkansas, 167; Tennessee, 298; Kansas, 7; Indian Territory, 17; Kentucky, 138; Ohio, 3; Indiana, 4; Illinois, 1; Missouri, 244. In this report every surrender is counted as an engagement. There were quite a number of heavy skirmishes never reported and quite a number of battles that lasted more than one day. For instance, the siege of Vicksburg lasted forty-eight days and is reported as one battle, the Confederates being under fire every day.

The losses shown by the following aggregate 129,781 on the Confederate side and 179,515 for the Federals: Gettysburg: Federal, 20,001; Confederate, 20,348. Spottsylvania: Federal, 18,396; Confederate, 14,209. Wilderness: Federal, 17,666; Confederate, 7,750. Antietam: Federal, 12,459; Confederate, 9,700. Chancellorsville: Federal, 17,287; Confederate, 12,767. Chickamauga: Federal, 16,176; Confederate, 17,500. Shiloh: Federal, 13,047; Confederate, 10,694. Stone's River: Federal, 13,243; Confederate, 10,266. Petersburg: Federal, 11,386; Confederate, 8,426. Cold Harbor: Federal, 12,737; Confederate, 2,600. Fredericksburg: Federal, 12,655; Confederate, 5,257. Manassas: Federal, 14,462; Confederate, 10,264.

THE RECONSTRUCTION POLICY.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

In an article in the Outlook of December 20, 1916, on "Germany's Offer of Peace" the example of the North in its treatment of the South after the war of 1861-65 is commended to the belligerent nations of Europe when this great war shall end. The writer says: "The North made no attempt to punish the South or even the leaders of the Southern revolt." This statement called forth an indignant protest from a Virginian living in Tennessee, which was published in the Outlook of January 17, 1917, as follows:

"In your issue of December 20 you conclude your article on 'Germany's Offer of Peace' with the following amazing statement: 'The example of the United States may be pointed out as one which worked well and is worth following. The North made no attempt to punish the South or even the leaders of the Southern revolt.'

"I would like to take up this paragraph *seriatim*. You say 'it worked out well.' Have you forgotten the ten ghastly years of reconstruction, the bitter feelings that were aroused in a moment and were allayed only after years, the shameless looting, the holding in bondage far worse than any Belgian deportation of a whole white race, the—but why continue? Surely you must remember something of all that, and if you weren't old enough at the time to remember it take some history and look it up or come down to the South and we will give you evidence. Belgian deportations make you indignant, and of the subjection of millions of your peers for a space of ten years you say the plan 'worked out well.' If reconstruction was the result of the North's 'making no attempt to punish the South,' we Southerners and you Northerners should be devoutly grateful that the North didn't really put its mind on the task.

"Do you really think that the example is worth following? If the Central Powers know anything of our ten years after the Civil War, they will fight to the last man before delivering themselves into the bondage of Hottentots and Kaffirs and Zulus (to continue the parallel). Those ten years are a burning memory to every Southerner and an eternal humiliation to every Northerner except, apparently, yourself.

"And the leaders. Have you forgotten, or rather have you heard, that it was proposed to put General Lee and all other Confederate leaders on trial for their life on the charge of high treason? And that only General Grant's determined stand prevented it? And that President Jefferson Davis lay long months in chains and was tried for high treason and was acquitted; that Horace Greeley went on his bond? Have you forgotten all these things? Because not all Southerners have.

"And because you have many Southern readers you owe yourself, it seems to me, an explanation of this amazing misstatement of historical fact. You have completely destroyed the effect of this article, you have invalidated the editorial articles in this issue, and you have dropped suspicion in our minds as to your mental balance at the time you wrote these lines.

"The writer is a Virginian and as such is not altogether foreign to these things, and he would certainly like to know how the editorial staff of the Outlook interprets post-bellum Southern history."

To this in the same number the editor essays reply. While he agrees with his correspondent's view of reconstruction as "the ten ghastly years," he reaffirms that it was not the

purpose of the reconstruction measures to inflict punishment on the South. He heads his defense of the policy "Not Malice, but False Philosophy," and he lays the blame of those "ghastly years" of ruin and oppression on a mistaken zeal for righteousness rather than on a malicious purpose to humiliate and punish the South. He says that only eight persons were punished, seven for "participation in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and one," Captain Wirz, "for special brutal treatment of prisoners at Andersonville." But he ignores the fact that Mrs. Surratt and Captain Wirz, two innocent persons convicted on suborned testimony, were sentenced to death by a military commission organized to convict. He also passes over the fact that Jefferson Davis was placed in irons by the order of the Assistant Secretary of War. The editor especially declares that Thaddeus Stevens was only actuated by a benevolent desire to "reform Southern society." Yet Elson, partisan historian of the United States, bitter in his misrepresentations of the South, in his "Side Lights of American History" says of Stevens: "He was extremely severe in denunciation, radical and intolerant. He belonged to that class in the North whose attitude toward the South was characterized by bitter personal feeling, who could not forgive a conquered and prostrate foe, but hastened to place the grinding heel upon his neck." (Volume II., page 71.) In his history Elson says: "Congressional reconstruction was thorough, drastic, merciless. The governments (set up in the South) were the most corrupt in the annals of the United States." (Page 799.)

Surely if reconstruction was not designed in malice to humiliate and punish the South, it certainly had that effect.

In support of his position the editor of the Outlook quotes from Carl Schurz, that embodiment of sublimated German-American philosophy, speaking of the course of the North with the South: "There is not a single example of such magnanimity in the history of the world." That is an opinion to be expected from one who fled his own country in 1848 to escape the wrath of an autocratic government against all liberals and yet when he came to this country embraced the very principles of despotic power against which he had contended in his native land. He obtained large political reward for his devotion to coercion and despotism against the South.

We of the South may be excused if we adopt the sentiment of a Yankee soldier to a "Johnnie" in Richmond directly after the surrender. He said: "Come on, Johnnie, let's take a drink together. We are brothers now, you know." Johnnie replied: "If you are a brother of mine, you have had a mighty poor way of showing it for the past four years." Thaddeus and his followers may have been magnanimous with the South, but they had an awful poor way of showing it.

The editor's answer will scarcely soothe his correspondent's wrath or stir the gratitude of the Southern people for the blessings of Reconstruction.

THE LAST RESORT.—If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us.—Patrick Henry.

CIVILIZED (?) WARFARE.

The following letter revives some of the general orders by the Federal army in the sixties of similar spirit to those of the German army now in France and Belgium. The letter comes from Capt. A. Ward Fenton, of Louisville, Ohio, who wrote:

"An old Union soldier (1861-65), a one-time cavalry captain, relegated to the wheel-chair brigade for the last five years, sends his greetings to the editor of a great journal and also to the memory of Mr. Cunningham, who founded it, whom I once met, the occasion being the meeting of the blue and the gray at Gettysburg in 1913. At some later date I may write of this meeting; for the present I will only say that I was much pleased with him, and, in common with his comrades of the South and his Northern friends, I mourned his departure to 'fame's eternal camping ground' soon after.

"Since that reunion I have read every number of the VETERAN. * * * I am sending you inclosed clipping from a New York paper of 1862 which may have some historic interest to you, though it is possible you have access to them in the one hundred and sixteen volumes published by the government as official documents pertaining to the Civil War, Maj. William Stedman, mentioned in the clipping, who executed General Steinwehr's order to arrest citizens to be held as hostages, was later colonel of my regiment, the 6th Ohio Cavalry, and an able and kind colonel he was for his three years' service. I distinctly remember these arrests made at Luray, Va., near where we were camped in July, 1862. Temporarily these citizens were locked up in a corner, under guard, pending their being sent to General Steinwehr's headquarters."

[The old clipping:]

FROM REBELDOM.

REBEL RETALIATION FOR GENERAL POPE'S ORDERS.

Washington, August 8.—The dispatch boat Henry Berdan, under charge of Captain Stevenson, of the Pennsylvania Artillery, arrived here to-night, bringing Adjutant General Thomas.

The Richmond Dispatch of Monday, the 9th, says that a day of retribution is at hand for the outrages which have so long characterized the conduct of the enemy in their prosecution of the war.

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, August 1, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 64.

1. The following orders are published for the information and observance of all concerned:

2. Whereas by a general order dated the 22d of July, 1862, issued by the Secretary of War of the United States under the order of the President of the United States, the military commanders of that government within the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas are directed to seize and use any property, real or personal, belonging to the inhabitants of this Confederacy which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, and no provision is made for any compensation to the owners of private property thus seized and appropriated by the military commands of the enemy.

3. And whereas by General Order No. 11, issued by Major General Pope, commanding the forces of the enemy in

Northern Virginia, it is ordered that all commanders of any army corps, divisions, brigades, and detached commands will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines or within their reach in the rear of their respective commands. Such as are willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and shall furnish sufficient security for its observance will be permitted to remain in their houses and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations; those who refuse shall be conducted south beyond the extreme pickets of the army and be notified that if found again anywhere within our lines or at any place in the rear they will be considered spies and subjected to the extreme rigor of military law. If any person having taken the oath of allegiance as above specified be found to have violated it, he shall be shot and his property seized and applied to the public use.

4. And whereas by an order issued on the 13th of July, 1862, by Brigadier General Steinwehr, Maj. William Stedman, a cavalry officer of this brigade, has been ordered to arrest five of the most prominent citizens of Page County, Va., to be held as hostages and to suffer death in the event of any of the soldiers of said Steinwehr being shot by bushwhackers, by which term are meant the citizens of this Confederacy who have taken up arms to defend their lives and families.

5. And whereas it results from the above orders that some of the military authorities of the United States, not content with the unjust and aggressive warfare hitherto waged with savage cruelty against an unoffending people and exasperated by the failure of their efforts to subjugate them, have now determined to violate all the rules and usages of war and to convert the hostilities, hitherto waged against armed forces, into a campaign of robbery and murder against innocent citizens and peaceful tillers of the soil.

6. And whereas this government, bound by the highest obligations of duty to its citizens, is thus driven to the necessity of adopting such just measures of retribution and retaliation as shall seem adequate to repress and punish these barbarities; and whereas the orders above recited have only been published and made known to this government since the signature of a cartel for the exchange of prisoners of war, which cartel, in so far as it provides for an exchange of prisoners hereafter captured, would never have been signed or agreed to by this government if the intention to change the war into a system of indiscriminate murder and robbery had been made known to it; and whereas a just regard for humanity forbids that the repression of crime which this government is thus compelled to enforce should be unnecessarily extended to retaliation on the enlisted men in the army of the United States who may be unwilling instruments of the savage cruelty of their commanders, so long as there is hope that the excesses of the enemy may be checked or prevented by retribution on the commissioned officers, who have the power to avoid guilty action by refusing service under a government which seeks their aid in the perpetration of such infamous barbarities.

7. Therefore it is ordered that Major General Pope, Brigadier General Steinwehr, and all commissioned officers serving under their respective commands be, and they are hereby expressly and specifically declared to be, not entitled to be considered as soldiers and therefore not entitled to the benefit of the cartel for the parole of future prisoners of war. Ordered further that in the event of the capture of Major General Pope or Brigadier General Steinwehr or of any

commissioned officer serving under them, the captive so taken shall be held in close confinement so long as the orders expressed shall continue in force and unrepealed by the competent military authorities of the United States; and that in the event of the murder of any unarmed citizen or inhabitant of this Confederacy by virtue or under the pretext of any of the orders hereinbefore recited, whether with or without trial, whether under the pretense of such citizen being a spy or hostage or any other pretense, it shall be the duty of the commanding general of the forces of this Confederacy to cause immediately to be hanged out of the commissioned officers, prisoners as aforesaid, a number equal to the number of our own citizens thus murdered by the enemy.

By order of

S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector General.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S LETTER TO GENERAL LEE.

The following is the letter by President Davis to General Lee instructing him to communicate the facts in the above order to the commander in chief of the United States armies:

"RICHMOND, VA., July 31, 1862.

"Sir: On the 22d of this month a cartel for the general exchange of prisoners of war was signed between Maj. Gen. D. H. Hill, in behalf of the Confederate States, and Maj. Gen. John A. Dix, in behalf of the United States. By the terms of this cartel it is stipulated that all prisoners of war hereafter taken shall be discharged on parole until exchanged.

"Scarcely had that cartel been signed when the military authorities of the United States commenced a practice changing the whole character of the war from such as becomes civilized nations into a campaign of indiscriminate robbery and murder.

"The general order issued by the Secretary of War of the United States in the city of Washington on the very day the cartel was signed in Virginia directs the military commanders of the United States to take the private property of our people for the convenience and use of their armies without compensation.

"The general order issued by Major General Pope on the 23d of July, the day after the signing of the cartel, directs the murder of our peaceful inhabitants as spies if found quietly tilling the farms in his rear, even outside of his lines, and one of his brigadier generals, Steinwehr, has seized upon innocent and peaceful inhabitants to be held as hostages, to the end that they may be murdered in cold blood if any of his soldiers are killed by some unknown persons, whom he designates as 'bushwhackers.' Under this state of facts this government has issued the inclosed general order, recognizing General Pope and his commissioned officers to be in the position which they have chosen for themselves, that of robbers and murderers and not that of public enemies entitled, if captured, to be considered as prisoners of war.

"We find ourselves driven by our enemies by steady progress toward a practice which we abhor and which we are vainly struggling to avoid. Some of the military authorities of the United States seem to suppose that better success will attend a savage war in which no quarter is to be given and no age or sex to be spared than has hitherto been secured by such hostilities as are alone recognized to be lawful by civilized men in modern times.

"For the present we renounce our right of retaliation on the innocent and shall continue to treat the private enlisted

soldiers of General Pope's army as prisoners of war; but if, after notice to the government at Washington of our confining repressive measures to the punishment only of commissioned officers who are willing participants in these crimes, these savage practices are continued, we shall reluctantly be forced to the last resort of accepting the war on the terms chosen by our foes until the outraged voice of a common humanity forces a respect for the recognized rules of war.

"While these facts would justify our refusal to execute the generous cartel by which we have consented to liberate an excess of thousands of prisoners held by us beyond the number held by the enemy, a sacred regard to plighted faith, shrinking from the mere semblance of breaking a promise, prevents our resort to this extremity. Nor do we desire to extend to any other forces of the enemy the punishment merited alone by General Pope and the commissioned officers as choose to participate in the execution of his infamous orders.

"You are hereby instructed to communicate to the commander in chief of the United States the contents of this letter and a copy of the inclosed general order, to the end that he may be notified of our intention not to consider any officers hereafter captured from General Pope's army as prisoners of war.

"Very respectfully yours, etc., JEFFERSON DAVIS."

SOME GENERAL ORDERS, U. S. A.

In his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" Mr. Davis says:

"The nature of the atrocities here alluded to may be inferred from the orders of Major General Pope, which are as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
WASHINGTON, July 18, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 5.

"Hereafter, as far as practicable, the troops of this command will subsist upon the country in which their operations are carried on. In all cases supplies for this purpose will be taken by the officers to whose department they properly belong, under the orders of the commanding officer of the troops for which they are intended. Vouchers will be given to the owners, stating on their face they will be payable at the close of the war upon sufficient testimony being furnished that such owners have been loyal citizens of the United States since the date of the vouchers.

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL POPE.
GEORGE D. RUGGLES, Colonel, A. A. G., and Chief of Staff."

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
WASHINGTON, July 18, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 6.

"Hereafter in any operations of the cavalry forces in this command no supply or baggage trains of any description will be used unless so stated especially in the order for the movement. Two days' cooked rations will be carried on the persons of the men, and all villages and neighborhoods through which they pass will be laid under contribution in the manner specified by General Orders No. 5, current series, from these headquarters for the subsistence of men and horses.

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL POPE.
GEORGE D. RUGGLES, Colonel, A. A. G., and Chief of Staff."

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
WASHINGTON, July 18, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 7.

"The people of the Valley of the Shenandoah and throughout the region of operations of this army living along the lines of railroad and telegraph and along routes of travel in the rear of United States forces are notified that they will be held responsible for any injury done the track, line, or road or for any attacks upon the trains or straggling soldiers by bands of guerrillas in their neighborhoods.

* * * Evil-disposed persons in the rear of our armies who do not themselves engage directly in these lawless acts encourage by refusing to interfere or give any information by which such acts can be prevented or the perpetrators punished. Safety of the life and property of all persons living in the rear of our advancing army depends upon the maintenance of peace and quiet among themselves and upon the unmolested movements through their midst of all pertaining to the military service. They are to understand distinctly that the security of travel is their only warrant of personal safety. * * * If a soldier or legitimate follower of the army be fired upon from any house, the house shall be razed to the ground and the inhabitants sent prisoners to the headquarters of this army. If such an outrage occurs at any place distant from the settlements, the people within five miles around shall be held accountable and made to pay an indemnity sufficient for the cause; and any person detected in such outrages, either during the act or time afterwards, shall be shot without awaiting civil process.

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL POPE.
GEORGE D. RUGGLES, *Colonel.*"

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
July 23, 1862.

"GENERAL ORDERS No. 11.

"Commanders of army corps, divisions, brigades, and detached commands will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines or within their reach in the rear of their respective stations. Such as are willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States and will furnish sufficient security for its observance shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations. Those who refuse shall be conducted south beyond the extreme pickets of the army and be notified that if found again anywhere within our lines or at any point in the rear they will be considered spies and subjected to the extreme rigor of the military law.

"By command of MAJOR GENERAL POPE.
GEORGE D. RUGGLES,
Colonel, A. A. G., and Chief of Staff."

Mr. Davis says further:

"In recurring to the letter of Gen. George B. McClellan written at 'Camp near Harrison's Landing, Va., July 7, 1862,' to the President of the United States one must be struck with the strong contrast between the suggestions of General McClellan and the orders of General Pope. The inquiry naturally arises, Was it because of this difference that Pope had been assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia? McClellan wrote:

"This rebellion has assumed the character of a war; as such it should be regarded, and it should be conducted upon the highest principles known to Christian civilization. It should not be a war looking to the subjugation of any State in any event. It should not be a war at all upon population,

but against armed forces and political organizations. Neither confiscation of property, political execution of persons, territorial organization of States, nor forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment.

"In prosecuting the war all private property and unarmed persons should be strictly protected, subject only to the necessity of military operations; all private property taken for military use should be paid or receipted for; pillage and waste should be treated as high crimes; all unnecessary trespass sternly prohibited and offensive demeanor by the military toward citizens promptly rebuked. Military arrests should not be tolerated except in places where active hostilities exist, and oaths not required by enactments constitutionally should be neither demanded nor received."

"Had these views been accepted and the conduct of the government of the United States been in accordance with them, the most shameful chapters in American history could not have been written, and some of the more respectable newspapers of the North would not have had the apprehensions they expressed of the evils which would befall the country when an army habituated to thieving should be disbanded."

THE OLDEST CAVALRY HORSE.

The accompanying picture shows Old Jim, a blooded gray horse that, with his owner, was shot down in a fight between some cavalry from Sherman's army under General Fitzpatrick during a raid on the town of Aiken, S. C., February 12, 1865, and the Confederate force defending the town under command of Gen. Joe Wheeler, in which the latter was successful in defeating the enemy. The owner of the horse, Lieutenant McMahon, of Pigue's command, was from Sevier-



ville, Tenn. He died of his wound in the home of the late John Williams, near whose place he fell, and was buried in the family burial ground on the plantation. The horse was so severely wounded that it was thought best to kill him; but at the earnest request of Mr. Williams his life was spared, and by the tender care of Mr. Williams, to whom he was given, he recovered and afterwards served his new master until he reached the advanced horse age of thirty-seven years. It is believed that he was the oldest and last surviving horse of the Confederate cavalry.

THE MOST FAMOUS REGIMENT.

BY MRS. B. A. C. EMERSON, DENVER, COLO.

In a memorial sermon in 1909 Albert Louis Banks, then pastor of Trinity Methodist Church of Denver, said: "Abraham Lincoln once asked General Scott the question: 'Why is it that you were able to take the city of Mexico in three months with five thousand men and we have been unable to take Richmond with one hundred thousand men?' 'I will tell you,' said General Scott. 'The men who took me into the city of Mexico are the same men who are keeping us out of Richmond now.' No people ever fought harder or struggled more bravely than the soldiers of the South. By the thousand they died in prison rather than give up the cause to which they had sworn allegiance. And it is the glory of our generation that we have grown into an epoch of magnanimity where we recognize, both North and South, that all the soldiers on either side were Americans, and their heroism, whether it won victory or went down to defeat, is in either case a part of the imperishable glory of American arms."

Myron H. Reed says: "We have heard declaimed 'The Charge of the Six Hundred.' It is a brave description of a brave ride. The colonel got his order, gathered the bridle rein, swung himself into the saddle, and said: 'Here goes the last of the Cardigans and £13,000 a year.' When a man is the elder son of a lord and has \$65,000 a year, that means a good deal to lose. In the battle of Gettysburg one company of the 26th North Carolina had every man and officer hit, and the orderly sergeant made out his report with a bullet in each leg. He was no Lord Cardigan, but he had his little home among the pines, and wife and children."

Col. William F. Fox, of Albany, N. Y., in his book, "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," states that the loss of the 26th North Carolina Regiment in the battle of Gettysburg was the greatest in numbers and the greatest in per cent of those taken into action of all the regiments on either side in any one battle in the war. He adds: "I took great pains to verify the loss of the 26th North Carolina at Gettysburg, for I am inclined to believe that in time this regiment will become as well known in history as the Light Brigade at Balaklava."

The superior heroism of the 26th North Carolina was not accidental, but perfectly natural. Three causes can be assigned for their remarkable performances on the field of battle: they were well officered, well drilled, and well born. No better material for soldiers of the highest type could have been found on earth. Several companies of the regiment were from Central Carolina, the historic counties of Chatham, Moore, and Wake, whose ancestors fought the battle of Alamance against the troops of the British Governor Tryon in 1770, five years before the battle of Lexington, fought at Moore's Bridge and Guilford Courthouse. From their youth up they had handled the rifle in hunting the deer and turkey, and, as General Pettigrew said of them, "they shot as if they were shooting at squirrels." Other companies of this noted regiment were from Western Carolina, from the slopes of the Blue Ridge and the beautiful valleys of that region. They were of good ancestry. It was their grandfathers who came down from the mountains under the leadership of Sevier and Campbell and McDowell to turn the tide of victory at King's Mountain in the Revolutionary War, which turn of the tide led up to Yorktown and freedom. They had been accustomed from boyhood to hunt

deer, the bear, and the wolf in the forests above which towered the great Grandfather Mountain. They were inured to hardship, self-reliant, indefatigable, and insensible to danger. Brave by nature and drilled almost to perfection by Lieutenant Colonel Burgwyn, it is easy to see why they were ready to make that matchless charge at Gettysburg.

The regiment bore itself well in many of the great battles of the war, as at Malvern Hill, Bristoe Station, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Petersburg, and on to Appomattox, and it gained the greatest fame at Gettysburg. Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, writes as follows:

"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 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 K. 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 lieutenant colonel. He was then only twenty-six years of age.

"The 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 a 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 battle field the glorious death of a patriot. Brilliant, handsome in person, as brave and heroic as a 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 Honeycutt 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 Honeycutt was shot through the head."

It is evident from these general statements that this battle scene gives an extraordinary exhibition of heroic valor. The execution done upon the brigade of Pettigrew shows that the Federals resisted with the most stubborn courage. One would like to read more of the details of the fight upon which the searchlight of history shines with such brilliancy. Fortunately, Lieut. George C. Underwood ("North Carolina Regiments, 1861-65," Volume II.) has given us the material for a more elaborate description.

It was the morning of the first day of July, 1863. Heth's

Division, of the Army of Northern Virginia, was advancing to "feel the enemy," of whose presence the skirmish of the afternoon before had apprised them. A warning shot from a vidette of Buford's Cavalry on the bridge over Marsh Creek, a little to the west of Gettysburg on the Chambersburg Turnpike, was the opening of the battle of Gettysburg. Archer's and Davis's Brigades, of Heth's Division, advanced upon the enemy; Pettigrew's and Brockenbrough's Brigades were held in reserve. There was heavy fighting between the brigades of Archer and Davis and the enemy they had encountered. Both sides lost many men, and then there was a breathing spell, a getting ready for a more desperate struggle. The 26th North Carolina was formed in line of battle and marched to the summit of the ridge. This ridge ran nearly north and south a little less than a mile west of Gettysburg. The ridge slopes gently eastward two or three hundred yards to a small stream, Willoughby's Run, difficult to pass because of briers, reeds, and underbrush. Thence the ground sloped upward to McPherson's Ridge some two or three hundred yards. This ridge all along the front of the 26th Regiment was wooded at the top, which as a protection for the Federal soldiers, as General Doubleday says in his report, "possessed all the advantages of a redoubt." Here the regiment waited impatiently for a considerable time. Hill was bringing up his corps and placing it in position. The enemy was moving with great rapidity.

"The sun was now high in the heavens," says Lieutenant Underwood. "General Ewell's corps had come up on our left and had engaged the enemy. Never was a grander sight beheld. The lines extended more than a mile, all distinctly visible to us. When the battle waxed hot, now one of the armies would be driven, now the other, while neither seemed to gain any advantage. The roar of artillery, the crack of musketry, and the shouts of the combatants added grandeur and solemnity to the scene. Now the enemy's sharpshooters remind us that we had better cling close to the bosom of old mother earth. We were specially annoyed by a group of them stationed on the top of a large farmhouse to our right. Colonel Burgwyn ordered a man sent forward to take them down, when Lieut. J. A. Lowe, of Company G, volunteered. Creeping along a fence until he got a position from which he could see the men behind the chimney who were shooting at us, he soon silenced them."

On the opposite ridge, in McPherson's Woods, a quarter of a mile away, are men who are waiting to engage the 26th in deadly combat. They are of the best fighting material in the Federal army: Meredith's (Iron) Brigade of Western men, 19th Indiana, 24th Michigan, and 2d, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin Regiments. It was named the "Iron Brigade" by General McClellan for its intrepidity in the battle of South Mountain. In proportion to its numbers it sustained the greatest war loss of any brigade in the Union army. Its loss on this day when it encountered Pettigrew's Brigade was sixty-one per cent. On the left of the Iron Brigade is Biddle's Brigade, with Cooper's Battery, and on its right Stone's Brigade, with Stewart's Battery. A Northern writer says: "There is no doubt more men fell at Stewart's guns than in any other battery in the Union armies." The 26th suffered severely from the guns of both these batteries.

Thus the men of the 26th waited in line of battle for more than an hour. Many words of encouragement were spoken and some jokes indulged in. Religious services were not held, as they should have been, owing to the absence of our chaplains. Our men carefully inspected the enemy and well

knew the desperateness of the charge we were to make. Suddenly there came down the line the long-awaited command, "Attention!" With the greatest promptness the regiment obeyed. All to a man were at once up and ready, every officer at his post; Colonel Burgwyn in the center, Lieutenant Colonel Lane on the right, Major Jones on the left. Our gallant standard bearer, J. B. Mansfield, at once stepped to his position—four paces to the front—and the eight color guards to their proper positions. Company F was on the right and Company E on the left of the colors and Companies A and G near the center. The position of these companies nearest the flag accounts for their disproportionately heavy losses in the battle.

We will go along with Company E to witness the battle, as my husband's brother, Lieut. John R. Emerson, is a member of this company. Looking right and left, you see that the eight hundred men of this regiment form a line nearly a half mile in extent, which is beautifully straight, made up of heroes. At the command, "Forward, march!" every man steps off as willingly and as proudly as if he were on review and not in the very forefront of danger. And not many steps are taken until the enemy opens fire on them, and you observe men falling here and there. Several are killed and wounded; two of Company E have fallen; one of them is dead. The men are keeping step, and the line is as pretty and perfect as a regiment ever made, every man endeavoring to keep dressed on the colors. Look! The brave color bearer, Mansfield, is on his knees and the colors on the ground! Has he stumbled over that rock? No. He is wounded, and Sergt. Hiram Johnson is taking up the colors to bear them onward. It seems that the enemy is firing at the colors, for as the regiment is nearing Willoughby Run—see! Hiram Johnson, too, is wounded, and John Stamper, of the color guards, has the Stars and Bars.

Briers, reeds, and underbrush impede the advance of the regiment at Willoughby Run; and as the enemy's artillery (Cooper's Battery), on the hill to our right, gets an enfilade fire on the regiment thus entangled, our men are suffering a frightful loss. To the right of us and to the left of us men are falling, some killed, more wounded. Private Stamper, with the flag, falls just as he is entering the underbrush. G. W. Kelly, one of the color bearers, raises the fallen banner and moves onward. As he leaps to the farther bank of Willoughby Run, he misses his footing and falls prone on the bank. "Get up, George, and come on," says a comrade. "Can't, Lewis; I'm hit. I believe my leg is broken." "What hit you?" "Piece of shell. There it lies. Give it to me, please. I'm going to take it home for a souvenir. Take the flag, Lewis." And now L. A. Thomas, of Company F, has the colors.

Scores of men are hit while the regiment is crossing the Run and getting into proper position on the other side. Finally the line is straight, and up the hill we go rushing, the men now firing with better execution. Ah! ah! the Rebel yell breaks forth all along the line as the men sweep forward. What a thrill it gives you, and how fearsome its wild and threatening notes! It is never heard to perfection except in a terrific charge like this. Colonel Morrow, of the 24th Michigan, says in his report of the battle, as quoted by Lieutenant Underwood: "They came on yelling like demons."

While the men are yelling and pressing on toward the enemy Private Thomas, carrying the colors, is wounded, and the flag is raised aloft by John Vinson, of Company G.

What heroes these color guards are! For now it appears plain that no one can take the flag without being shot down. Yet no one hesitates when his time comes. We are now drawing near to the enemy. The fighting has become desperate. "The bullets seem to be as thick as hailstones in a storm," says Lieutenant Underwood. We are within twenty paces of the enemy. One line or the other must soon give way. Vinson is wounded. John R. Marley, of Company G, seizes the banner and unfolds it. Almost immediately he is killed. Another one, the last of the color guards, unfurls the flag, an unknown hero. Lieutenant Underwood cannot remember his name. But while he is bearing the standard of the 26th—hurrah! the enemy's line is broken, and they retire through the woods, only to form a new line, however, for they fight well. The fighting is not yet over. At his post on the right of the regiment and ignorant of what is taking place on the left, Lieutenant Colonel Lane hurries to the center. He is met by Colonel Burgwyn, who informs him: "It is all right in the center and on the left; we have broken the first line of the enemy." And the reply comes: "We are in line on the right, Colonel."

At this time the flag has been cut down eight times and more than a third of the regiment killed and wounded. If we look back from this position, we see the litter bearers carrying away the wounded. There are many others lying there whom they do not remove now. They lie very, very still; they are the dead. They can suffer no more; the wounded are suffering; they care for them first.

We are now moving on the enemy's second line, where the fighting is to be deadliest. Suddenly Capt. W. W. McCreery, assistant inspector general of the brigade, rushes forward and bears Colonel Burgwyn a message. "Tell him," says General Pettigrew, "his regiment has covered itself with glory to-day." Our unknown color bearer, whose name Lieutenant Underwood cannot remember, a hero none the less, is shot down. Captain McCreery, who had always contended that the 26th would fight better than any regiment in the brigade, seizes the flag, waves it aloft, and, advancing to the front, is shot through the heart and falls, bathing the flag in his life's blood. Lieut. George Wilcox, of Company H, now dashes forward and, pulling the flag from under the dead hero, advances with it. In a few steps he also falls with two wounds in his body.

We are now close to the enemy; the fighting is fierce, the enemy stubborn. The line hesitates; the crisis is reached; the colors must advance, or we shall be defeated, and the colors are on the ground. Telling Colonel Lane of Pettigrew's message and bidding him tell the men of it for their encouragement, Colonel Burgwyn seizes the flag from the grasp of the gallant Wilcox and advances, giving the order, "Dress on the colors!" Private Frank Honeycutt, of Company B, runs up to Colonel Burgwyn and asks the honor of bearing the flag. As Colonel Burgwyn turns to hand the flag to this brave young soldier the men near him get one more glimpse of that countenance they so much admire. He is handsome; the face is bright; the eyes are deep and wonderful. The fire of combat shines in them and flashes forth in the hour of supreme danger, as 'twas seen in the eyes of Stonewall Jackson and "the gallant Pelham." Had his mother seen him at that moment, she would have been proud of her boy. Had she seen him the next moment, it would have broken her heart. For he is hit by a ball on the left side, which, passing through both lungs, the force of it turns him around, and, falling, he is caught in the folds of the flag

and carries it with him to the ground. The most fitting epitaph for him about to die is, "His men loved him."

Kneeling by his side, Lieutenant Colonel Lane stops for a moment to ask: "My dear Colonel, are you much hurt?" A bowed head and motion to the left side and a pressure of the hand are the only response; but "he looked as pleasant as if victory was on his brow." Reluctantly leaving his dying commander, Lane hastens to the right, meets Captain McLaughlin, of Company K, tells him of Pettigrew's words of praise, but not of his colonel's fall. Giving the order, "Close your men quickly to the left; I am going to give them the bayonet!" he hurries to the left, gives a similar order, and, returning to the center, finds the colors down again. For the daring Honeycutt survives his colonel but a few moments, being shot through the head; and for the thirteenth time the colors are on the ground, with the brave boy private, Franklin Honeycutt, and Colonel Burgwyn lying beside them.

Colonel Lane raises the colors. Lieutenant Blair rushes out and says to him: "Colonel Lane, no man can take those colors and live. You must not die." Lane replies: "It is my time to take them now." Advancing with the flag floating high, he shouts at the top of his voice: "Twenty-Sixth, follow me!" The men answer with a yell and press forward. Several lines of the enemy give way, but a most formidable line yet remains, which seems determined to hold its position. Volleys of musketry are fast thinning out those left of the 26th, and only a thin gray line now remains. To add to the horrors of the scene, the battle smoke has settled down over the combatants, making it almost as dark as night. With a cheer the men obey the command to advance and rush on and up to the summit of the hill. Here the last line of the enemy gives way and sullenly retires from the field, going on through the village of Gettysburg to the heights beyond the cemetery.

Just as the last shots are firing a sergeant in the 24th Michigan, Charles H. McConnell, now of Chicago, attracted by the commanding figure of Colonel Lane carrying the colors, lingers to take a farewell shot, and, resting his gun against a tree, awaits his opportunity. When about thirty steps distant, as Colonel Lane turns to see if his regiment is following him, a ball is fired by this brave and resolute adversary which strikes the Colonel in the back of the neck just below the base of the brain and crashes through his jaw and mouth. For the fourteenth time the colors are down. The red field is won, but at what a cost to the victor as well as to the vanquished!

General Pettigrew wrote to Governor Vance concerning the battle of Gettysburg, saying among other things: "It fell to the lot of the 26th Regiment to charge one of the strongest positions possible. They drove three, and we have every reason to believe five, regiments out of the woods with a gallantry unsurpassed. Their loss has been heavy, very heavy, but the missing are on the battle field and in the hospital."

From the fighting of July 1 the regiment came out with two hundred and sixteen men of eight hundred; on the second day of July the regiment was allowed to rest. On the 3d of July they were in the final and famous charge, generally spoken of as "Pickett's Charge," where they were among those North Carolina troops who were "farthest to the front at Gettysburg," carrying their colors over the stone wall on Cemetery Heights. Going in with two hundred and sixteen men, they came out with ninety. In the two

days of fighting in the battle of Gettysburg their loss of officers and men was eighty-seven per cent.

This, then, is the simple record that makes the 26th North Carolina Regiment so famous. It charged straight at the enemy on the battle field of Gettysburg until eighty-seven per cent of its officers and men were killed or wounded, which means that only thirteen men out of every one hundred were left in line of battle. No American or European regiment has ever surpassed this achievement. Hence this regiment is entitled to hold first rank.

FORT MAHONE AND OTHER STRUGGLES.

BY P. J. RAST, ROSEBUD, TEX.

In Comrade Osborne's report of the "Struggle for Fort Mahone" (page 226 May VETERAN) the 3d Alabama Regiment is credited with participating in the defense. This is an error. The 3d Alabama was having a strenuous time on a different part of the line, fully five hundred yards to the left of Fort Mahone. The Alabamians in Fort Mahone were, no doubt, the 61st Alabama; and the lieutenant colonel, mistaken for Colonel Goodgame, was either Lieutenant Colonel Hill, of the 61st, or Lieutenant Colonel Hobson, commanding the brigade. The description would apply to either. Colonel Goodgame was not with us at any time in the trenches at Petersburg. He was probably in the care of a surgeon, having damages repaired which had been received in a former conflict. Comrade Osborne's statements otherwise are as much in accord with my recollection as could be expected from people viewing the same scenes from different points, especially as the view was obstructed by traverses and other obstacles. Much of the fighting at Petersburg was done by small units acting on their own initiative. Developments were so sudden and rapid that to await general directions would have invited disaster, therefore each small body met the conditions. The collapse seven days later prevented official reports, so very little is or ever will be known of the many conflicts around Petersburg, unless the participants report what came under their observation. I shall emulate Comrade Osborne and report what transpired on the left of Battle's Brigade.

The brigade formation was, from right to left, 61st, 12th, 5th, 6th, 3d, the 61st connecting with the left of the North Carolina brigade (Lewis), the 3d connecting with the right of Cook's Georgia Brigade. Our early slumbers were disturbed by the thunder of "Fort Damnation," and the capture of the picket line called the men to the breastworks, where we spent the night awaiting an attack that might come at any moment.

Our picket line was a mud wall several hundred yards in front of the works. The picket posts, about fifty yards apart, were each encircled by a mud wall and covered with a tent-fly, with a gangway for ingress and egress. Each post was occupied by three men, one always on the lookout, and the others always awake with guns in hand. It required half of the brigade (less the sharpshooters who did breastwork duty) to man the line. Nearly half of the brigade was captured on the picket line. One of the pickets told me that the line was captured from the rear. By some means a body of the enemy gained the rear and marched from post to post, capturing in detail the men whose attention was drawn from the point of danger by the firing in front. The 12th Alabama was ordered to retake the line. This order was foolish,

as the undertaking was impracticable if the enemy wanted to hold the line. Its effect was to decimate the ranks of that regiment, create a vacuum in line to be filled by further attenuating a line already stretched to the breaking point, and lose the services of the regiment at the crucial moment. As this folly was not confined to Battle's Brigade, the presumption is that the order came from some one distant from the scene of action and ignorant of the situation.

The enemy charged the 5th Alabama before daylight. The attacking column, probably extending beyond the right of that regiment, carried the position, killing and capturing most of the men. The odds were at least ten to one and probably much greater. The moment of attack was well chosen, and the charge was well executed. Thirty minutes later daylight would have enabled our troops on the right and left to deliver a diagonal fire. The 5th, commanded by Capt. Tom Riley, made a gallant but short-lived resistance. The 6th Alabama, next on the left, retired, its position seeming to be untenable. With the enemy in the works on its flank, expecting an attack in front and apprehending a movement in its rear, the alternative seemed to be a capture or a quick get-away. Some of the men ran down the line to inform Captain Robinson, who commanded the 3d Alabama, that a prompt retreat was necessary to avoid capture. This seemed to be correct, but it was imperative that the enemy should be held back until the disposition of other troops could be made to meet the altered conditions. It was necessary to either sacrifice the 3d Alabama or jeopardize the left wing of the army.

Robinson was the man for such an emergency. Under ordinary circumstances he was inconspicuous and less impressive than men of larger build and louder voices; but when conditions were such that brave men might be pardoned for losing their heads, his brain would get in its best work. He moved rapidly to meet the enemy and formed behind a traverse near where the center of the 6th Alabama had been, but discovered that a ten-inch columbiad on our second line could enfilade this traverse; so he presented it as a "Greek horse" to the enemy and fell back to the next traverse. The columbiad, however, failed to cooperate, supposed to be out of ammunition. The regiment had not entirely passed behind the second traverse when the enemy reached the one vacated and moved rapidly around through the narrow defile between the breastworks and traverse. Three men came into view in rapid succession, and the crack of as many guns in as rapid succession temporarily checked the movement. If the others had not hesitated, they would have found a few men with empty guns easy victims, and the fight would have been across and around the same traverse; but the halt gave time for reloading, and subsequent dashes were made with less spirit, and the attempt to rush was soon abandoned.

In the meanwhile the men climbed up the side of the traverse and formed behind the mounds over bombproofs and went to work with a determination that is seldom equaled and could not be surpassed. The enemy displayed a courage that was admirable and aimed with an accuracy that was distressing; but they were against men who had handled guns from childhood and whose nerves had been trained in many ordeals, and this was an offset to the disparity in numbers. A soldier in action has no idea of the flight of time; but the conflict raged with unabated fury until our ammunition was nearly exhausted, when the enemy began to be cautious. Then they committed the blunder of lowering their heads below the traverse and allowing their guns to show above it.

The movement of a gun gave notice that a head would appear, which immediately became a target. We were now master of the situation, but our ammunition was practically exhausted. Two men had been sent for ammunition, but had not returned. Captain Robinson decided to withdraw the regiment and left Lieut. Ed Taylor with six men to hold the position. The few remaining cartridges were distributed to the six, which gave about half a dozen to each man. Taylor held the position until the ammunition was entirely exhausted, which was a considerable while, as the cautious enemy gave targets at long intervals.

We then retired in the direction of Cook's Brigade, but we had been too busily engaged to know what had taken place around us. The traverses obstructed the view. Cook might have been withdrawn and his position occupied by the enemy. Taylor decided to go to a mortar fort on our second line and sent me to ascertain if held by friend or foe. Finding Huger's Battery in possession, I made the signal, and the others started for the fort. J. W. Norwood fell mortally wounded at the start. Lieutenant Taylor fell within twenty yards of the fort with his thigh fractured and was later shot through the body. Sid Character reached the fort. The others escaped by another route.

Our proximity to the enemy in the breastworks had no doubt been a handicap to the mortar battery; but now that we were out of their way, they could drop the shells where most needed, and this they continued to do until nearly dark. There were a dozen or more infantry in the fort, disorganized and unknown to me, that at the suggestion of the commander of the fort fired an occasional volley, which probably created the impression that the fort was supported.

The enemy made no further attempt at aggressive work, but kept up a scattering fire, which increased as darkness approached and continued to make a noise and waste ammunition after we had passed beyond the reach of their guns. As it was evident that we would retreat as soon as darkness came, we had no further use for the breastworks. The sacrifice of men in an attempt to recover them would have been imbecility, even if our force had been sufficient for the purpose.

In this affair we had a few scalps grazed, but no wounded that required surgical attention. Of those killed, I remember Capt. Wat Phelan, Lieuts. Dan Wheeler and Ed Taylor, Ensign Dink Taylor, Sergeant Sharp, Alfonso Meadows, J. W. Norwood, and Tom McDonald. They were men of the highest type and soldiers that classed with the bravest and best.

THE GUNBOAT ASSOCIATION.—The women of Mobile, Ala., and also at Eutaw formed the Gunboat Association to raise funds to build a gunboat for home protection. In Eutaw the young women who raised funds were Miss Bettie Croom, Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Caroline Hatch. It must have been that gunboat I saw launched here at Montgomery. I remember nothing of its history, yet I recall the crowd and seeing it slide into the river. It is related of a brave daughter of Alabama, Mrs. Holland, that she and her husband, Col. I. Holland, were on board the sloop State, running the blockade, when captured by the Mohawk. An attempt was made to take down the Confederate flag. She seized it, wrapped it around her body, and defied them to touch it. Those tenderly reared women rendered even menial service and all in their power, so it was most fitting that the Confederate Congress should recognize it.—*Mrs. Mary Phelan Watt.*

THE TRIBUTE OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE, POET LAUREATE U. C. V.,
FOR THE REUNION IN WASHINGTON, 1917.

Out of the mists and the storms of years,
Out of the glory of triumph and tears,
Out of the ashes of hope and of fears,
The Old South still leads on.

She is bringing to-day what her hands have wrought,
What her mother's heart at her knee has taught,
Her treasure of time that her blood has bought,
To lay at the nation's feet.

Not the tattered things which she waves to-day,
Not the Stars and Bars she has laid away,
Nor the bended forms in their coats of gray,
Her wondrous pledge to the past,

But the spirit that stirs through the dust of the grave
Wherever the flags of the Union wave;
The valor the God of her heroes gave
To freedom and liberty.

She comes with the cry that led her on
When freedom and liberty first were born,
And the name of her peerless Washington—
The rugged strength of his days.

She has kept unmixed through her years of pain
America's blood in its purest strain;
As she gave to the past, she gives again
For the glory of her land.

With a patriot's faith in the days to be,
She is pressing the seal of destiny;
With the fame of her Jackson and her Lee—
The heritage of her sons.

And she sees in her ruddy boy to-day
In his khaki coat her lad in gray,
And back of the drums her heartstrings play
When the bugles shout and call.

But her mother love is not dismayed;
She has laid her treasure unafraid
On the shrine where the sad-eyed Lincoln prayed
That the Union might not break.

How they troop, that host that can never die!
A nation's heroes passing by;
The spirits that brook nor earth nor sky,
For the deathless dead have heard.

They are marching out with a shadowy lance
With the sons of sons to the fields of France,
And they stand at the guns while the bullets glance
Where England fights to win.

O hallowed earth of the brave and the free!
O pledges of life and of liberty!
They are keeping the tryst on the land and the sea
Of a nation forever one.

A YEAR WITH FORREST.

ADDRESS BY REV. W. H. WHITSITT, D.D., BEFORE R. E. LEE CAMP,
CONFEDERATE VETERANS, OF RICHMOND, VA.

I joined the army at Winchester, Tenn., the latter part of April, 1862. Having taken my only sister to school at that place in the autumn of 1861, after the battle of Shiloh I decided to visit her; so about the middle of April I went to Murfreesboro, where the Federal lines were established. I stopped with Prof. George W. Jarman, who the next morning took me to a lonely spot on the bank of Stone's River, where I took off my boots and small clothes and waded the stream. Replacing them on the farther shore, I waved mute thanks and farewells to my guide and friend and took my way on foot to Winchester, avoiding the turnpikes and traversing the entire distance of sixty miles by dirt roads.

I met at Winchester the cavalry battalion of Col. James W. Starnes, which had just come over from Chattanooga on a scouting expedition, and found a vacant saddle in Company F of this command. Company F had been raised in the beginning by Starnes, who commanded it until he was promoted to the office of lieutenant colonel and put in charge of the battalion, when he was succeeded in office by Captain McLemore. The men were recruited in the vicinity of Franklin, eighteen miles south of Nashville, where I was brought up, and I had been acquainted with a number of them in their homes. It was a choice body of troopers, most of them coming from families of wealth, position, and culture. It would have been difficult to have selected in either army a company possessing nobler blood and truer breeding than Company F.

Not long after my connection with it the period of one year for which the battalion originally enlisted ran out, and they enlisted again for three years, or during the war, and were then reorganized as a regiment, Starnes being chosen as full colonel. The following notice of Colonel Starnes is selected from many others found in the biography of General Forrest by Dr. Wyeth: "This man was James W. Starnes, who signally distinguished himself on that occasion and had won the lasting regard and friendship of Forrest, a friendship which endured until at Tullahoma in 1863 the leaden messenger of death brought to an untimely end a career full of the promise of great deeds in war. A new regiment was now organized, with Starnes as colonel, and took its place with Forrest as the 4th Tennessee Cavalry. It was destined to become famous and to sustain throughout the war the reputation it was soon to win west of the Tennessee, ending its career in a blaze of glory in a brilliant charge at Bentonville, N. C., in the last pitched battle of the Civil War."

This estimate of the importance and services of the regiment is not overdrawn. The 4th Tennessee Cavalry was the finest fighting machine I ever saw on horseback.

Our armament at the outset was something pitiful to behold. Nearly the entire command were provided with muzzle-loading, double-barreled shotguns. There were scarcely thirty long-range rifles in the regiment. The shotguns were fowling pieces that had been contributed by gentlemen in the practice of hunting birds and other game. They were loaded with buckshot and at short range constituted a most effective weapon, but at a distance of two hundred yards they were worse than useless.

This weapon imposed a peculiar sort of tactics upon the Southern cavalry during the first year of the war. Fighting

on foot, which subsequently became almost universal in the cavalry service, was rare at this time. It was the custom during the first year to charge up to a point within twenty yards of the enemy's line and to deliver the two loads of buckshot. Then those who were fortunate enough to own pistols went to work with these, while the others would load their pieces for two rounds more. But matters hardly ever got to that point. The enemy were generally thrown into disorder by the first two rounds of buckshot. It was a favorite expedient to march all night and at the earliest dawn of day to line up before a camp of infantry and deliver a couple of charges of buckshot into the tents before anybody could wake up. But if the camp was large, the men on the opposite side of it would grasp their long-range guns and drive off the cavalry without much trouble. Indeed, it was a part of the game to run away when the long-range guns were brought into full operation.

The month of June, 1862, was a gloomy period, but the operations of Jackson in the Valley of Virginia and of Lee and Jackson in the Seven Days' battles around Richmond gave sensible relief. The whole State of Tennessee had previously been imperiled. It seemed difficult to prevent the capture of Chattanooga and even of Knoxville, but shortly afterwards the whole scene had changed. Kirby Smith was preparing to invade Kentucky, and the regiment of Colonel Starnes was moved up to the vicinity of Cumberland Gap, where they scouted the adjacent country in Tennessee and Virginia. At the opportune moment, when roasting ears were in season, we entered Kentucky at Big Creek Gap and marched upon Richmond. Our regiment was placed in a brigade commanded by Colonel Scott, of Scott's Louisiana Cavalry, and took an active part in the battle of Richmond. When the defeat of the enemy's infantry appeared to be certain, we were sent to take a position on the turnpike leading from Richmond to Lexington, along which we found the enemy retreating in much confusion. They commonly surrendered without parley; but on passing through a dense cornfield just before we reached the main road we encountered a party who made resistance and shot through the neck my messmate and close friend, Private James Powell, killing him on the spot. The weather was intensely warm; but we were not allowed to cease pursuit until we had taken Lexington, Frankfort, Shelbyville, and were in the neighborhood of Louisville. The soldiers were hopeful and contented as long as they were kept engaged. But after the earliest spurt of energy General Smith seemed to require a season of rest. We did not understand all the details, but we felt that there was need of more activity. Finally it was announced that General Buell had entered Louisville without a pitched battle with Bragg.

It was a special mercy for us that General Buell was not more vigorous and successful in the military art. If he had been a genuine soldier, we might have had some trouble getting out of Kentucky; but after delivering battle at Perryville we got off very light and made good our escape to Tennessee. Our brigade did not arrive in time to share in the conflict at Perryville; but we covered the retreat for a day or two, and then our regiment was ordered to report to General Forrest at Murfreesboro, the bulk of the army having traveled by way of Cumberland Gap to Knoxville, thence by rail to Chattanooga and Murfreesboro.

When we found General Forrest, he had a handful of raw troops with which he was trying to take Nashville, then held by a garrison of ten thousand infantry commanded by Gen-

eral Negley. I first saw him about the 1st of November, 1862, when I was ordered to report at headquarters for service as a guide, and I rode with him all day between the Nolensville and Granny White Pikes. It was my first experience of the grave responsibility of acting as guide for a considerable body of troops. General Negley was short of provisions and on that day had led a large force out the Franklin Pike as far as Brentwood to replenish his depleted stores. On this day I got my first conceptions of the *gaudium certaminis*. It was in Forrest a genuine and extraordinary passion. The whole tone and frame of the man were transformed; his appearance and even his voice were changed. It was a singular exaltation, which, however, appeared to leave him in absolute control of his faculties. He was never more sane nor more cool nor more terrible than in the moment of doubtful issue.

We camped that night at Nolensville, twelve miles away, and were in the saddle almost daily for a week entertaining the garrison at Nashville and trying to worry them into submission before relief might appear. We had lost our shotguns in Kentucky and were now armed with Enfield rifles, and henceforth fought chiefly as infantry. Forrest always liked to charge on horseback, but he had an unerring judgment in selecting the psychological moment for such an entertainment. He always sent one of his trustiest officers to assail the enemy in the rear, and at the earliest signs of disorder in their ranks he was glad to ride amongst them. He had likely never studied any maxims of war, but he seemed as if by instinct to understand the value of sending a force to the rear and adopted that method even in his initial fight at Sacramento, Ky. In the fight at Murfreesboro, in July, 1862, he had also adopted the policy of beating the enemy in detail. He was swift in movement, fierce in assault, and persistent in pursuit. He had not obtained these secrets from Caesar's commentaries; they must have come to him by instinct. He was a born soldier, not made. If by any possibility he could have succeeded Albert Sidney Johnson at Shiloh, the war in the West might have run a different course. But the government at Richmond never took him seriously until it was too late, and one of the greatest natural masters of the military art was buffeted by outrageous fortune almost to the wrecking of his career and to the entire destruction of his country's hopes. He was no bully nor barbarian, but a gentleman of such admirable presence that he would be observed among a thousand. But when the passion of battle was upon him, he was the most inspiring figure in the army. In religion he was deeply devoted to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and a regular attendant, but I am not sure that he was a communicant. His veneration of his mother's religion and his wife's religion was beautiful to witness, and the Rev. Herschel S. Porter, pastor of the Cumberland Church in Memphis, was his standard of excellence in pulpit performance.

In the opening skirmish at Nashville I found Capt. Samuel L. Freeman, who had been one of my teachers at Mill Creek Academy, on my mother's farm, and later at Mount Juliet Academy, near Lebanon. Just prior to the war he had entered upon the practice of the law in Nashville. In the autumn of 1861 Freeman raised a company of artillery and on departing for the camps intrusted to me his law library, with the request that I should keep it safe till he returned to claim it. About noon the General rode up to Freeman's Battery, which at the moment was engaged in a lively duel with Negley's Artillery, and there I greeted my beloved

master, six feet in height, a type of friendly dignity, shy, womanly modesty, reposeful courage—every inch a soldier.

In due time we were recalled from Nashville to Murfreesboro, whence we were ordered to Columbia, in Maury County, where Gen. Earl Van Dorn was placed in command of us. Toward the middle of December we set out for the Tennessee River, and, crossing it at Clifton, we commenced operations in West Tennessee with the purpose of crippling Grant, who was then pressing against Vicksburg, and also to prevent him from sending help to Rosecrans at Stone's River. We had less than two thousand troopers and Captain Freeman's battery of artillery. I was never sensible of the perils of that expedition until I read an account of it in Dr. Wyeth's history of Forrest. We crossed about the 16th of December, and immediately all the great resources of the enemy were brought to bear to capture us. The first town we struck was Lexington, where we captured Colonel Ingersoll, of Illinois; but he had not then become famous, and we made nothing of him. We made a feint against Jackson and after driving the enemy within his intrenchments worked upon the railroads and burned many bridges to the north—south of the town. We captured Humboldt, Trenton, Union City, and other places of smaller note. But the problem of recrossing the Tennessee River was ever before us. It was patrolled by gunboats, but Forrest had sunk his two small ferryboats in a secluded spot where no gunboat could find them and had left a guard to watch them. On the 27th of December we became aware that forces were converging from every direction to assault us. There were two brigades of infantry close at hand, numbering in all about five thousand men, and the country swarmed with cavalry, but these did not count for much. The Northern generals still proceeded on the sleepy idea that it is the main function of cavalry to serve as eyes and ears for infantry. Forrest had gotten beyond that standpoint long before, and no cavalry trained upon the ancient maxims was able to stand against us.

Instead of moving immediately back to Clifton, raising the sunken ferryboats, and recrossing the Tennessee, Forrest, holding a position between these two infantry brigades, concluded to attack and capture one of them before the other could come up in his rear and take them home with him as prisoners of war. It was a daring conception, but he considered that he was equal to it, notwithstanding the fact that Gen. G. M. Dodge, with two other full brigades of infantry and some cavalry, was taking position between him and Clifton. We attacked Dunham's Brigade at Parker's Crossroads by sunrise of December 31, 1862, hoping to beat and crush it before any of Fuller's Brigade might arrive on the ground. We had done the work for Dunham by twelve o'clock, but Fuller just then closed in on our rear. In thirty minutes the surrender would have been completed, but in that nick of time Fuller charged us and compelled us to retreat without the prisoners who were rightfully our own.

By daylight next morning our advance had reached the river. The two ferryboats were raised from the bottom and brought over to the west side, and the work of recrossing was begun. It was completed without incident the following morning, and we made our most respectful salutations when the enemy arrived an hour later and began to shell the woods on our side. What Jackson accomplished in the Valley of Virginia was hardly more masterful than the skill of Forrest in extricating his small force from this most perilous situation.

Early in February, 1863, General Wheeler, who was in command of the entire cavalry service of Bragg's army, led a force to attack Fort Donelson and was defeated. The weather was intensely cold, and the enemy was admirably intrenched. Forrest formally protested, but the attack was made in spite of him. There was a bloody slaughter, in which our regiment suffered greatly, and Forrest notified Wheeler that he would be in his coffin before he should ever fight again under his command. Forrest understood better than Wheeler when to risk a desperate encounter. On March 5, 1863, we fought the battle of Thompson's Station under the command of Gen. Earl Van Dorn and captured the entire force of the enemy's infantry, a fine brigade under Colonel Coburn, of Indiana; but Van Dorn permitted two regiments of cavalry and a battery of artillery to escape. Forrest got in the rear and rendered the escape of the infantry impossible. It was here that we captured Maj. W. R. Shafter; but as he had not yet been to Cuba, we heard little of him. In one of the engagements of this day Capt. J. R. Dysart, of Company D, who was standing in a position just above me on the uneven ground, was shot through the head and fell over upon me with a severe crash. I thought for an instant that I myself had been killed.

On the 24th of March, 1863, we left Spring Hill, midway between Franklin and Columbia, and daylight next morning found us at Brentwood, midway between Franklin and Nashville, where we captured and brought away about eight hundred prisoners. This was a perilous expedition, as Nashville, the base of supplies of the Federal army, and Franklin also were held by a large force. On our retreat we had gotten across the last pike by which we could be attacked from Nashville and, considering ourselves at last somewhat secure, had halted for dinner. While we were thus engaged Gen. Green Clay Smith, who had been sent down from Franklin to pursue us, rushed upon our rear guard and occasioned some confusion. Forrest soon got a regiment in line, and just then Starnes, who was returning from a scouting expedition down the Hillsboro Pike toward Nashville, fell upon the flank of the enemy. Observing the confusion occasioned by that incident, Forrest instantly led a charge against the enemy and easily shook them off. It was the common verdict that General Smith displayed little stomach for fight. If Forrest had been in his position, he would have fought the Confederates every foot of the journey to Harpeth River. That stream was in league against us, being swollen by the freshets of springtime; and if Smith had shown any vigor, he would have given us much annoyance.

On the 10th of April, under Van Dorn's command, a reconnaissance was made in force from Spring Hill against Franklin, with the hope of relieving the pressure upon Bragg at Tullahoma. By an unaccountable oversight the enemy's cavalry were permitted to assail our column on the right flank as we were marching down the turnpike toward Franklin. It was the brigade of General Stanley, which was striving to get in our rear. The first we saw of them the 4th United States Regulars were charging down the hill along the base of which we were marching. They struck Freeman's Battery, and before a single piece could be brought into action it had been captured. Many of the men escaped, but Captain Freeman was taken. We quickly rallied and recovered the guns and prisoners, but in the *mêlée* Captain Freeman was killed. The piece with which he had been slain was held so close to his face that the skin about the eyes was deeply burned with powder. Some of his fellow prisoners reported

that he had offered no resistance; but our pursuit was so rapid that he could not keep up with his captors, and rather than give him up they concluded to take his life. He was the idol of the brigade, and it was hard to forgive the gentlemen of the 4th Regulars. Possibly the deed was done by no rightful authority; it may have been the conceit of some irresponsible private soldier.

The next day was Sunday, and I officiated at Freeman's funeral. General Forrest stood at the side of the grave, his tall form bent and swayed by his grief. It was a sight to remember always, the sternest soldier of the army bathed in womanly tears and trembling like an aspen with his pain. The whole army sympathized in the mighty sorrow.

On the 23d of April, 1863, we were ordered from Columbia to Courtland, Ala., and at Town Creek, not far away, we found our old adversary, Gen. G. M. Dodge, again with a large force of infantry and cavalry. Their purpose was to afford a proper send-off to the expedition of Col. A. D. Streight, who had a commission to visit Bragg's rear and do all the damage he might find possible in Georgia and elsewhere. General Dodge pressed us sorely all day of the 27th and also the 28th, but at midnight of the 28th a messenger appeared in our camp near Courtland to announce that a body of about twenty-five cavalry had passed through Mount Hope at dusk and had taken the road to Moulton. It was then "Boots and saddles!" and at 1 A.M. of the 29th, the same hour at which Streight quitted Moulton, Forrest set out to pursue him.

The troops of Colonel Streight were brave and formidable. They were select and seasoned infantry from Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois, who had been mounted on mules especially for this expedition. In action they always dismounted, just as we did, and they were practiced and patient fighters. During the forenoon of the 29th we reached Moulton and followed the enemy to Day's Gap, a distance of seventeen miles, where we found him in camp a little after midnight. It was suspected that with all his excellencies as a commander Colonel Streight was too slow of motion for the business he had in hand. He had been three and a half days on the march when we struck him and had traversed a distance of only sixty-five miles. What was the use of mounting his command if they were to be marched at the rate of infantry? If he had moved forty miles a day during these three days and kept up that pace, he could have reached Rome and Atlanta in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He must have considered that he was on a May-day frolic; he seemed to be trying to coddle the negroes. After we had come up with him he moved at the rate of fifty miles a day and threw in some fighting besides.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 30th of April Forrest prepared to engage Streight in his camp upon Sand Mountain. Our regiment, which for this expedition was commanded by Captain McLemore, was sent with Biffle's 9th Tennessee to climb the mountain by another gap and gain the enemy's rear. Forrest hoped to hold him with a portion of Roddy's Brigade until we might catch him in that trap. But the engagement at Day's Gap was too brief for our purpose. Streight evidently apprehended the nature of our game and slipped out of the trap.

When Forrest found us in the road on Sand Mountain, he sent General Roddy and his brigade back to the Tennessee River to observe the movements of General Dodge, and, with the two Tennessee regiments mentioned and his escort and a section of Ferrell's Battery, he closely followed the enemy,

although our number was less than half of theirs. They had whipped Roddy in the initial encounter on the morning of the 29th and captured two of the guns of Morton, who commanded after the death of Freeman. But we forced Colonel Streight to deliver battle again about sunset, and when it was concluded the two pieces were left spiked on the field. This was the first night battle I had witnessed. The pine trees were very tall, the darkness of their shade was intense, the mountain where the enemy was posted was steep, and as we charged again and again under Forrest's own lead it was a grand spectacle. It seemed that the fires which blazed from their muskets were almost long enough to reach our faces. There was one advantage in being below them: they often fired above our heads in the darkness.

This battle closed about 9 P.M., and shortly afterwards the moon rose in great splendor. It seemed to have been sent for our special behoof. I have said there is no reason to suppose that the old man had read Cæsar's commentaries either in English or in Latin, but he followed the tactics of Cæsar as if by instinct. His military lore in this emergency was expressed in the following command: "Shoot at everything blue and keep up the scare." To execute this order he compelled us to hang upon the very heels of the enemy all the way. There was constant peril of ambushade, but we waited for the moon to rise before pressing close upon the enemy after nightfall. By daylight we generally kept in sight and were able to see them and almost always to open the fighting when they attempted to surprise us.

About eleven o'clock they laid the first ambushade, but Forrest contrived to discover it in advance and, instead of walking into it, caused us to dismount and get into line and crawl up close to the enemy's position. It would have made too much noise to have brought up a piece of artillery by horse power, so soldiers were harnessed to it and dragged it to a point within two hundred yards of the enemy's line. When the proper moment arrived, he ordered the cannon to open and the cavalry likewise, so that we surprised the enemy instead of them surprising us. I walked along the line where they had been formed and found it littered from end to end with small bits of paper. It looked as if every man in their column must have employed the leisure afforded by that stop to tear up all the private letters found upon his person. It was clear that their alarm had become serious and would help us much if we could keep it up.

At two o'clock the next morning, when most of our command had fallen asleep on horseback, we were ambushaded at the ford of a difficult mountain stream and caused some losses, especially among the animals. We in our turn were thrown into a degree of confusion here, but they were too much frightened to press their advantage. Indeed, most of those who fired upon us were drawn up on the other side of the stream. A small detachment lay in the undergrowth at the foot of a steep causeway upon which we were marching down to the river, but they ran away as soon as they had discharged their pieces. Wyeth declares that this ambushade at two o'clock on the morning of May 1 was "practically a repetition" of the one attempted at eleven o'clock. It was a more serious affair; and after crossing the river, a branch of the Black Warrior, the General permitted us to get down and sleep from 3 to 5 A.M.

Colonel Streight seemed to have no proper ideas of what a cavalry soldier can endure. Possibly his men, having been only recently promoted to saddle, were galled and wearied by the novelty of the exercise. He was taking his ease as

if no enemy were near when we found him at Blountsville next morning, May 2. We immediately put his column in motion and kept it on the run to the Black Warrior, where he was compelled to fight us to obtain a crossing. Here we were allowed a rest from 6 P.M. until the moon arose about eleven, while two companies of Biddle's 9th Tennessee were detailed to hang upon the enemy's rear throughout the night. We were summoned at the appointed moment and moved forward to find Colonel Streight next morning at Wilber's Creek, where Biddle's detail was relieved, and Forrest again took the chase in hand. About 11 A.M. of May 3 we came in sight of Black Creek Bridge and perceived that it was on fire, which indicated that the enemy were all on the other side. They marched away after a brief season, assured of a respite of half a day before we should be able to cross the creek and catch up with them again; but Miss Emma Sanson piloted the General to a ford, and we were soon across the deep and swollen stream. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we struck Colonel Streight in Gadsden, four miles away on the banks of the Coosa River. Why should he be sauntering at Gadsden during those precious hours? It seemed as if he had made up his mind to fail. He ought not to have failed. He recruited his horses almost every mile. It was a common thing to find standing in the highways the wagons and carriages of citizens from which he had removed the horses, leaving his exhausted mules in the place of them. Our horses were falling out constantly, and we had no means whatever of renewing the supply.

At Gadsden Forrest took a picked company of about two hundred of his best mounted troopers and followed the retreating enemy, fighting him every step of the way to Turkey Town, where, after nightfall, Streight planned an ambushade; but, as usual, Forrest saw his game and got the best of it. In the encounter that was occasioned by the Confederate flank movement the Federal Colonel Hathaway, with many others, was killed, and immediately all the hopes of Streight seemed to be crushed. When we caught up with Forrest about nine o'clock, I learned that Hartwell Hunt, one of my dearest friends, had been killed in the skirmish, and the rest of the night was filled with grief.

During the half hour he remained in Gadsden Forrest had procured a courier to go on horseback by a route on the opposite side of the Coosa River and advise the city of Rome of its peril. Col. John H. Wisdom was the man who rendered that service, but he was not a member of our command. At Turkey Town Streight also dispatched a force of two hundred picked men to go forward and capture the city, which was about sixty miles distant; but Colonel Wisdom outrode them and saved the day. The bottom was carefully removed from the bridge that led across the river, the State militia was under arms, and Rome was rescued from peril. When Streight's advance guard arrived, they were beaten off with small exertion, and the doom of his expedition was sealed.

We rested at Turkey Town until the moon had risen, receiving strict orders to be mounted and on the road at midnight. There was a disturbance when the General rode up and found us in line at the edge of the road; but our colonel settled it by claiming a difference of two minutes in watches, during which time we wheeled into column on the road and resumed the march. Pursuing the enemy with renewed vigor, we found that he had burned the bridge by which he had only recently crossed Chattanooga River. Though the stream was swollen, we were ordered to plunge in, and we got

across by swimming a few yards in the middle of it. There was a deal of trouble about the cannon, but they were finally pulled across, while the ammunition was transferred by means of canoes that the citizens provided.

Before ten o'clock in the morning we bore down upon the enemy's camp, and, finding him unprepared for battle, General Forrest sent Captain Pointer with a flag of truce to demand his surrender. Colonel Streight replied that he would be glad to meet General Forrest and discuss the question with him. When that message was delivered, Forrest remarked: "If he ever talks to me, then I've got him." The old man had large experience and skill in such emergencies, and before noon the surrender had been accomplished. The place was crowded with undergrowth, and Streight proposed to march down the road until they should find an open field suitable for the business of laying down his arms. Forrest gave assent, and in a few minutes we were in the road, which shortly became a lane with immense fields of growing cotton on each side. That was the longest lane I ever traveled. It may have been a mile, but it seemed ten miles in length. Streight had about fourteen hundred and fifty men, and we had about four hundred and seventy-five in line. We were drawn up on both sides of them, and every man of them carried a loaded rifle and some likewise loaded pistols. If they had concluded to renew the struggle, it is difficult to understand how any of us could have escaped alive. Forrest galloped up and down the column and busily gave orders to couriers to ride to the rear and order imaginary regiments and imaginary batteries to stop and feed their animals and men. But the regiments of Starnes and Biffle and Ferrell's Battery, which had been depleted to skeleton proportions, were the only available troops within a hundred miles.

Finally the lane came to an end, and there was a field of broom sedge on the right-hand side. Colonel Streight led the way, and his troops were shortly formed in line. Then at the word of command they dismounted, stacked arms, remounted, and rode away. There was an inexpressible sense of relief when they had parted company with their arms and ammunition; but we did not venture to suggest the fewness of our numbers until we had delivered them safely to the keeping of the guards whom the government had dispatched to Rome to receive them.

Our victory was embittered by a message that Stonewall Jackson had been wounded in a battle in Virginia, which was announced shortly after we reached Rome. I can never forget the sorrow and foreboding it produced. On the way back to Columbia, Tenn., a messenger arrived bringing tidings of the death of Gen. Earl Van Dorn, and Forrest was ordered shortly afterwards to take his place in command of the cavalry on the left wing of Bragg's army.

The retreat of Bragg from Shelbyville began late in June, 1863, and the duty of covering his rear was assigned to Wheeler and Forrest. At Tullahoma on the last day of the month the advance of Rosecrans's army began to press against our brigade, now commanded by Col. J. W. Starnes, of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and in the encounter this great soldier was fatally wounded by a sharpshooter. His loss was deeply deplored, and his name is revered by all who appreciate courage and capacity.

The alleged inefficiency of the general in command had become more glaringly apparent during the retreat from Shelbyville, and especially in the maneuvers that preceded the struggle at Chickamauga. Forrest, who enjoyed opportunities to observe every failure at close range, was fully con-

vinced that the situation could not be improved as long as Bragg should be retained. The fighting at Chickamauga was more trying than the average. We always dismounted and acted as infantry, but here we were in the same line with our veteran Confederate infantry regiments. We held a portion of the front line all the morning of the 19th of September and found the enemy duly stubborn. Wyeth affirms that it was 1:30 P.M. when Cheatham's Division relieved us and pressed on toward Chattanooga. I always supposed it was 4 P.M. when Cheatham appeared. At any rate, the day was very long indeed.

When Cheatham took our place and went in, I must concede that the music became more lively than any we had made. We immediately got on our horses to take position on his flank and keep it from being turned. There was a short pause as the column was going into line, and half a dozen of us, standing with our horses' heads together, were listening to the tremendous din, when a grapeshot that had passed through almost a mile of undergrowth struck Coleman, of Company F, in the stomach. He fell from his horse and was dead in three minutes.

Severe as the battle of the 19th had been, that of the 20th was still more trying. We were in line with the troops of Gen. John C. Breckinridge on the right wing, and I have a distinct recollection of the appearance of that officer as he rode along just behind our column shortly after daylight. The action did not begin till 9:30 A.M., but we had been ready since 6:30. When it finally opened, we played the part of infantry again and kept up with the advance of Breckinridge, but that was not very great. We were face to face with General Thomas, a foeman worthy of our steel, who contested every inch of the ground. My impression is that this was the loudest noise and the longest day of my life, and the night which followed it was also memorable for its discomforts.

On Monday morning, September 21, Forrest pursued the enemy almost into Chattanooga and found him apparently engaged in evacuating the town. If General Bragg had pressed forward before noon of that day, there might have been a great victory. Forrest claimed that when he went in person to inform General Bragg of the importance of immediate action he caught him asleep, and that after he got him awake Bragg objected that his army had no supplies. When Forrest suggested that there were abundant supplies in Chattanooga, no reply was made, and he turned from the commanding general in unconcealed disgust.

The friction had become so decided that it was now impossible for the two officers to cooperate harmoniously, and on the 28th of September Bragg issued an order for him to turn over his command to General Wheeler. He obeyed without delay. There was no sign of discontent or mutiny. No farewells were spoken to his companions in arms. He passed our camp at the head of his escort as if employed on customary occasions. We were not informed of the action that had been taken until he was on his way to West Tennessee to found his fortunes anew and rise to the dignity of lieutenant general of the Confederate States army.

So long as we followed Forrest we enjoyed the respect of the army. If we passed a regiment of infantry, they would heap the customary contempt upon us; but when it was suggested that we belonged to Forrest's people, they changed tune, and they fraternized with us as real soldiers, worthy companions in arms. They inquired about our battles and our leader and wondered at his genius and success. We

were heroes even to the infantry. But when Wheeler took command of us, all of that was changed. The infantry could not be appeased, and it was vain to reply. General Wheeler was a brave and honorable man, but nobody ever accused him of genius. Forrest was an extraordinary genius. He developed a new use for cavalry; that was his specific contribution to the art of war. But all the other maxims of the great masters came to him by nature. He was equally at home in infantry, cavalry, and artillery. By the readiness of his initiative he kept the whole campaign before his eye and could strike a blow at a distance of a hundred miles before anybody dreamed it was conceivable. He could discern the exigencies of the field of battle swiftly and surely. He had the sanest initiative I ever observed, not blind, not foolhardy; balanced, when retreat was essential he could perform it with more dispatch and repose than anybody. It was hard to find a soldier with intellect so strong and fertile and safe, whose will was so healthy and prompt and resistless, whose organization was so much of the hair-trigger variety, whose military education and military maxims were so admirable. If he could have commanded the Western Army after Shiloh—but I will not indulge vain regrets.

In a letter to the Cincinnati Inquirer George Alfred Townsend recites an interview he held with Lee at Appomattox C. H., in which he inquired: "General Lee, who is the greatest general now under your command?" Lee replied with grave deliberation: "A man I never saw, sir. His name is Forrest."

I am no military critic, but my affection inclines me to say that the War between the States developed three incomparable geniuses for war, all on the Southern side—Lee, Jackson, and Forrest.

When I first met General Forrest, he was already a famous man. He was in command of troops raised in Middle Tennessee, some 1,800 men, almost all of them raw recruits. Colonel Starnes's regiment, the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, had seen much service; four companies of Russell's 4th Alabama were also trained men. The others were newly enlisted—Dibrell's 8th Tennessee, Biffle's 9th Tennessee, and Freeman's Battery. These made up the famous Forrest Brigade.

General Forrest was a man of remarkable appearance, over six feet tall, somewhat muscular in build, powerful and graceful, giving an impression of solidity and completeness; while neatly dressed and groomed, he apparently took no thought of dress or accouterments and was altogether devoid of personal vanity.



"If you want to have
a good time give the
Cavalry" *(JWW)*

WHEN TEXAS SECEDED.

BY CAPT. J. T. HUNTER, OAKWOOD, TEX.

After the first guns were fired at Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, April 12, 1861, and the world was notified that the War between the States was on, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men and convened Congress in special session to supply all the money and meet every demand to crush "the rebellion." The answer of the Governors of the Southern States which up to this time had not seceded is interesting reading.

On the 2d of February, 1861, the Secession Convention of Texas assembled at Austin and passed an ordinance that closed with these words: "We, the delegates of the people of Texas in convention assembled, have passed an ordinance dissolving all political connection with the government of the United States of America and the people thereof and confidently appeal to the intelligence and patriotism of the free-men of Texas to ratify the same at the ballot box on the 23d of the present month." The convention adjourned to reassemble on March 2, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Texas independence. When the vote was counted, about three and a half to one had voted secession; wherefore the President of the Convention, Oram M. Roberts, proclaimed Texas out of the Union. A committee of thirteen was sent to notify Governor Houston that by a majority vote of her people Texas was again a free, sovereign, and independent State.

By this time all men, from youth to old age, were in a perfect maelstrom of excitement. Volunteer companies were everywhere being organized, anxious to go to the seat of active operations for fear the grand, decisive battle would be fought and they and their State get none of the glory which they firmly believed must come to our arms when the contest was on. I well remember how great was the excitement in my old town of Huntsville and how often at night youths, students from the college, stood on the courthouse steps and harangued the people, inciting them to greater enthusiasm and desire to go to the front. But as our new government was too poor to furnish arms and ammunition, they were forced to await the call of the Secretary of War, Louis P. Walker, of Alabama.

Governor Houston refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate government. He was opposed to secession and believed we should claim and fight for our rights in the Union, and I have not a doubt now that he was right. He was deposed, and Lieut. Gov. Ed Clark took his place as Governor.

When Secretary Walker consented to accept three thousand Texans in the Virginia army, Governor Clark, in order to give the more populous counties representation, laid off the State into districts and subdistricts. Each subdistrict comprised three counties, which were to furnish one hundred men and four officers. I was honored by the Governor with the appointment of A. D. C. to organize a company in Montgomery, Grimes, and Walker Counties.

The anxiety to enlist was so great that I could have gotten the full company in my own county of Walker; but feeling that this would be doing injustice to the other counties, I went to them first. In Anderson, Grimes County, I appointed Thomas M. Owens to take the names of those who wanted to join us. I then went to Montgomery, and there I met Capt. P. P. Porter, who had started to raise a company and had twenty-five names enrolled. He joined me with the understanding that I would use my influence to

make him captain of the company. I enlisted the rest of the company in Huntsville and selected Prairie Plains (more generally known as Red Top) as the most central point and May 7, 1861, as the date to organize.

In the organization P. P. Porter became captain. I was made first lieutenant; Thomas M. Owen, second lieutenant; and Benton Randolph, of Huntsville, third lieutenant.

After remaining in camp at Red Top two or three days, we moved three miles west to the edge of Roan's Prairie, where we had a beautiful grove for shade, a fine well of water, and the open prairie for drill purposes. As the company was composed of men from three counties, of course they had to be tried out to see which county had the champion athletes; so we had running, jumping, wrestling, boxing, and many different games. We had horse races also. Marion Brown, from Huntsville, proved the champion foot racer (the gallant boy was killed by my side in the first day's battle at Chickamauga), and my horse, Cland Duval, maintained the reputation of the "Irish Dragoon" and beat everything he was pitted against.

After remaining at this camp two weeks, we were disbanded, much to the dissatisfaction of the men, who daily had anticipated orders to start for Virginia; but our young government was still too poor to furnish arms to equip the men. We remained inactive until about the 1st of August, and during this time we lost some of our men, who, growing impatient over the delay, joined other companies. We then received orders to mobilize at Fern Springs, seven miles north of Anderson, and three companies united there—Capt. Mike Powell's, from Walker and San Jacinto Counties; Captain Huchison's, from Grimes; and Capt. P. P. Porter's (to which I belonged), from Montgomery, Grimes, and Walker. We were having a "big," enjoyable time there. A number of young lawyers organized a debating society, and a "kangaroo" court was in session every night, as well as every other amusement that could be thought of among two hundred and seventy-five wild young Texans. But this lasted only about ten days, when an order was received designating the companies that were to go to Virginia and instructing them to proceed to Harrisburg.

Now, I cannot find language sufficiently expressive to give even an idea of the disappointment and wrath of the men of my company when that list was read out and our company was not on it. However, after considerable confusion, we counseled among ourselves and concluded that, as our company was the first to report to the adjutant general, there must be a mistake, and we determined to investigate. We marched to Brenham, forty miles, the nearest point to a railroad and the only one being operated in the State. There was also a stage line from this point to Austin; so Captain Porter went to Austin, and when he called on Governor Clark and made known his business the Governor had an examination made and said: "Certainly, your company was first reported and ought to have headed the list."

On Captain Porter's return I took the train for Houston to make arrangements for transportation to Harrisburg and for a supply of commissaries. At Harrisburg nearly all the companies that afterwards composed the 4th and 5th Regiments were in camp and were sworn in as Confederate soldiers. After being there about two weeks, we were marched to Houston and loaded on platform cars on an old short road running to Liberty, and amidst a heavy downpour of rain we started to Virginia and the war under very unfavorable circumstances, but happy. Our railroad soon gave out;

we disembarked and took it on foot to New Iberia, La. The rain continued to fall every day and night, with very few exceptions; the country is low and flat, and the men were wading and frequently swimming. We had to send ahead to find high ground to camp on. At New Iberia we embarked on a steamer which carried us down Bayou Teche to its junction with the Sabine River and up the Sabine to Neblitt's Bluff. Here we camped a few days, waiting for transportation to carry our baggage.

Now, you may think that because we were soldiers we had no baggage, but you are mistaken; we had all sorts of baggage. Some had bedding, even feather pillows, and all had valises or trunks. The more unfortunate had trunks, and I was of this number. We all expected to dress up when we got to Richmond, and we all had money, more or less, principally less. I remember I had a ten-dollar pair of boots made just before leaving Texas and expected to wear them in New Orleans; but Jim Sharp, of our company, beat me to them, and in order to get them on he split the leg four inches at the top and the instep about the same length; so I lost my boots, and Jim lost his reputation in the company. He was killed in the trenches at Petersburg. We thought of the baggage we started with as a big joke when we got to be real, sure-enough soldiers.

From Neblitt's Bluff we marched to Brashear City, from which place we went by rail to New Orleans. On arriving we were quartered in a warehouse and remained there two days and were then loaded into stock cars and off to Virginia. All along the route at all depots there were throngs of people, the ladies waving handkerchiefs and girls throwing bouquets to the boys. A young man of our company, Ras Cartwright, was a splendid specimen of physical manhood, six feet six inches tall, perfectly erect, and of dignified appearance. When we stopped at some of the depots, the boys would put the captain's sword on Ras and march around, calling him captain, and enjoy the people's admiration of the company's fine captain. At a little depot eight miles from Holly Springs, Miss., a number of the boys were out on the platform, with Ras playing captain, when the whistle sounded "All aboard." All ran to get in, but they had to climb in at the end of the car, and Ras was the last to go. He was very active and thought to put his hands on the bulkheads of the two cars, spring up, and catch the door; but when he made his spring the hilt of the sword went under the car and threw him back, the wheels passing over both of his legs. We left a trained nurse with him, and the good people did all they could, but he died that night. His mother was a widow and gave us three boys. The youngest was killed at the Wilderness. The other, Lemuel, was the last man wounded in my company in a fight just before our surrender at Appomattox, losing his arm. We arrived in Richmond on September 16, 1861.

My company received recruits at different times until we had the names of one hundred and forty-five on our roll. Many of these were early discharged for sickness, physical disability, wounds, etc.; but of those who remained sixty-seven were killed in action, and many others died from wounds, and when the final act came at Appomattox I surrendered myself, one lieutenant, and seven men. I still take pride in remembering that I had the honor of commanding this gallant body of gentlemen soldiers; for they were gentlemen as well as brave soldiers, who, with their associates of Hood's Texas Brigade, were not surpassed, if equaled, by any soldiers of General Lee's army.

1865—APRIL NINTH—1917.

BY A. W. LITTLEFIELD.

"The last resort of Christian men"—
Of war thus spake to generous youth
The leader great and citizen
Of their fair land of might and truth.

He sheathed his sword in loyalty
To duty's call to cease the strife,
His genius waged for liberty
And treasures of the Southern life.

"Except a corn of wheat shall fall
And die, it must abide alone";
The soldier, freed from battle thrall,
Ascended to the scholar's throne.

He taught his comrades to forsake
The ways of desolating war,
Besought youth nobler paths to take
And all save brother deeds abhor.

The battle o'er, the good fight fought,
E'er strength had waned and labor done
His Southland he had safely brought
To peace and union, glory won.

So white the memory of his name
Both South and North acclaim him great.
Attained he unto deathless fame
Among the truest of the State.

Sleep on, thou soldier-scholar pure!
Unconquered victor, thou didst win
The crown that ever shall endure
And triumph over mortal sin.

We, North and South, a wreath do lay
Of honor, reverence, and love.
The Christ light of eternal day
Doth guide thee to thy rest above.

Sweet peace, good will to all brave men!
May thy high precept be our guide!
And though the sword be drawn again,
May love forevermore betide!

THE BATTLE OF SABINE PASS.

[The heroic defense of Sabine Pass on September 8, 1863, is a story that never grows old. John A. Drummond, one of the survivors, has written his account of it most interestingly. His memory is clear and comprehensive. Mr. Drummond is now about seventy-two years of age and resides at Port Barre, La.]

At the time of the battle at Sabine Pass I was nineteen years old and was a member of Company F, 1st Texas Heavy Artillery, known as the "Davis Guards," and participated in every engagement in which my company took part during the war.

The following are the names of those actively participating in the defense of the fort: Lieut. Richard W. Dowling; Lieut.

N. H. Smith, civil engineer (volunteer); Dr. George H. Bailey; enlisted men, Patrick Abbott, Michael Carr, Abner R. Carter, Patrick Clair, James Corcoran, Hugh Deagan, Michael Delaney, Thomas Dougherty, John A. Drummond, Daniel Donovan, Michael Eagan, David Fitzgerald (now at U. C. V. Home, Austin), Patrick Fitzgerald, James Fleming, John Flood, William Gleason, John Hassett, James Higgins, Timothy Hurley, John Hennesy, Thomas Haggerty, William Livingston Jeet, Patrick Malone, Thomas McKernon, John McKeever, Alex McCabe, Timothy McDonough, Patrick McGrath, John McNeilis, Daniel McMurray, Michael Monaghan, Peter O'Hara, Edward Pritchard, Maurice Powers, Charles Rheins, Patrick Sullivan, Mathe Walsh, Jack W. White, John Wesley.

The armament of the fort consisted of two thirty-two pounders, which were condemned guns that had been thrown out of the government service before the war (they had been captured during the year 1862 by the Federals, the trunnions cut off, and spiked; the Confederates had sent these two guns to Houston, where large iron bands were cast around them and trunnions attached to the bands), two thirty-two-pound brass howitzers, and two twenty-four pounders.

When the fight was over, the ammunition was nearly exhausted, only about forty charges of powder being left in the fort.

Capt. F. H. Odum was in command of the post at Sabine Pass, the fort being a mile and a half below the town.

On September 7, 1863, the day before the battle, some sails were sighted at sea approaching the harbor, and others later hove in sight and congregated off the bar. By evening twenty-three vessels had arrived, twelve of which were armed, the rest being transports and supply ships. On this day Captain Odum sent a dispatch to Beaumont, to be telegraphed from there to Houston, calling on Gen. J. Bankhead Magruder for reinforcements. A reply was received on the 8th stating that there was no force available that could arrive on time and leaving the situation in his hands to act at his discretion, either to fight it out or to fall back to Johnson's Bayou and hold the enemy in check until troops could arrive to support him.

As by this time twelve armed vessels were inside the harbor in front of the fort, Captain Odum thought it would be best to spike the guns and fall back to the town and sent an order to that effect to Lieutenant Dowling. Upon its receipt he called upon me to get the men in line, which I did. He then read the order which Captain Odum had given. Murmuring arose among the men, and "No, no" passed along the line. The remark was heard: "We will stay by the fort until she goes down; and if she goes down, we will go with her."

This seemed to have puzzled Dowling as to what he should do, but he never spoke one word. He pulled his memorandum book from his pocket and wrote to Captain Odum as follows: "The men are refusing to leave the fort. What shall I do?"

He turned to me, being the youngest in the squad, saying: "Will you deliver that to Captain Odum?"

I took the note and started on the run back to the town, delivered it, and received his reply, as follows: "Hold the fort at all hazards."

Having received the answer, I started for the fort. At this time the steamer Uncle Ben left the dock and ran down the shore in the direction of the fort. As she passed me and gained a position in range of the fleet, they opened fire. Most

of the shells flew over and burst all around me. Having learned to course a shell in the air, when they came in too direct a line I would fall and wait for them to explode, then rise and continue to run toward the fort.

The Uncle Ben returned to her dock; and I went in and delivered Captain Odlum's answer to Dowling, which, upon being read to the men, was received with cheers. Just at this time a courier arrived on horseback carrying a small Confederate flag, which was very acceptable, as we had no emblem within the fortification. Dowling received the flag and, waving it over his head while the boys cheered, sprang upon the parapet and shoved the staff with all his force into the sand bank. Bowing his head and waving his hand, he said: "Dick Dowling is a dead man before that flag shall come down!"

After this, half an hour elapsed before there was any movement of the fleet. It then began to move in a circle; and the gunboat Sachem drew out, followed by the Arizona, and came up to the Louisiana side of the pass. All ships were by this time delivering their fire upon the fort as rapidly as possible. As the range of our guns was short and our supply of ammunition low, all we could do was to lay close to the sand bank and shelter ourselves as best we could. At intervals some one had to take a shovel and clear the sand, which exploding shells had thrown up around the guns, out of the way.

This had continued for some time, when Lieutenant Smith estimated the distance of the ships as twelve hundred yards, at which distance our guns would do execution. Dowling then gave the command: "Every man to his post!" And then followed the order: "Commence firing!"

After the second or third round from our guns a white streak of steam shot directly up over the Sachem, one of our shots having passed through her steam chest. That fixed her. A white flag was raised immediately. We then paid our respects to the Arizona, which was following her, and it took her very little time to show the white flag.

As the white flag went up on the Arizona the flagship Clifton left the circle and steamed rapidly up the channel on the Texas side in an effort to pass the fort and get in our rear. Luckily we had one man, James Corcoran, who had the forethought on the day before to remove a stake marking the point of a reef three hundred yards below the fort. At this point the Clifton went hard aground, right in front of our guns, receiving a murderous fire. She also received shots through her engine room, disabling her machinery. Escaping steam demoralized her men, and they began to jump overboard. About seventy-five of them landed on the beach in front of the fort.

Dowling thought they would probably charge, as they had retained their arms. We had only two spare men to handle muskets, so he had two charged with grape and canister and trained on them. This they interpreted very quickly, and every man of them dropped his weapon and threw up his hands. Dowling called a squad of men from a gun and said: "Follow me." They went on the double-quick and, surrounding the prisoners, marched them into the fort.

At this the commander of the Clifton called for a surgeon, and a like call came from the Sachem. Dr. George H. Bailey, our post surgeon, was at the time commanding a couple of guns, as his professional services had not been needed. Going aboard the Clifton, he gave what immediate relief he could and then went to the Sachem.

The Arizona was drifting down the channel; and as we

had no means of knowing the conditions aboard her and no boats with which to investigate, she continued out to sea and was later reported as having sunk, the crew having been taken off by the other ships.

The steamboat Florildo arrived from Beaumont at the opening of the engagement with Wilson's Battery on board; but on account of the boat's not being a fighting vessel, it was stopped three miles above the fort and remained there until the surrender of the ships. They then came down and removed the prisoners from the Clifton.

The steamer Uncle Ben removed the prisoners from the Sachem, making about three hundred and fifty that were taken up to the town. There Dr. Bailey continued his work of relief to the wounded.

Captain Keith's squad of men on the Uncle Ben and Captain Daley's squad of independent cavalry, comprising a total of about fifty men, did not come down from Sabine to support the fort.

During the engagement Captain Odlum, accompanied by Dr. Murray, arrived at the fort to assist in the defense; but they were advised by Dowling to return to the town and save what they could, as at that time it looked as if the fort would fall.

From the time the engagement opened until the surrender of the flagship Clifton every fighting ship was in action. After its surrender the others ceased firing and made out to sea.

Immediately after this reinforcements began to arrive until about three or four thousand men, including Commander J. Bankhead Magruder, were on the scene. He assembled the troops on parade and, forming a hollow square, marched Dowling and his squad into the center and made a speech complimenting them on their achievement.

The report published by Lieut. Henry C. Dane in the New York Herald many years ago gives some interesting facts concerning the Federal side of the engagement. He was on detached service as a member of the signal corps aboard the Sachem. Following is an extract from this report: "The commander of the fort was a modest, retiring, boyish-looking Irish lad nineteen years of age. [Correct age given by Mr. Drummond as about twenty-eight years.] I could not refrain from laughing in his face when introduced to me as Lieut. Dick Dowling, who is in command of the fort. 'And are you the Shanghaiian who did all the mischief?' I asked. 'How many men and guns did you have?' 'We had four thirty-two pounders, two twenty-four pounders, and forty-three men,' was his reply, made with a blush. 'And do you realize what you have done, sir?' I asked. 'No,' he said frankly; 'I don't understand it at all.' 'Well, sir, you and your forty-three men in your miserable mud fort in the rushes have captured two Yankee gunboats carrying fourteen guns, a good number of prisoners, many stands of small arms, and plenty of ammunition—and all that you have done with six popguns and two smart "quakers." And that is not the worst of your hoyish trick. You have sent three Yankee gunboats, six thousand troops, and a general out to sea in the dark. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir.' 'What was the matter with you fellows, anyway?' he asked. 'Why didn't you come up and take us, as we expected you would?' 'I am very sorry, sir, that you have been so sadly disappointed; but, truly, I am unable to inform you why you have been treated so discourteously and in so emphatic a manner. My impression is that it was owing to a sudden attack of homesickness.'"

GEN. D. H. HILL: A CHARACTER STUDY.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

Daniel Harvey Hill was born in York District, S. C., July 12, 1821. Robert E. Lee at the time of Hill's birth was in his fifteenth year and was at school in Alexandria, whither his father had removed from Stratford when Robert was but four years of age. Jackson was yet in the future, his advent into the world dating from January, 1824. Monroe was President, and the "era of good feeling" in the sphere of national life and development was exercising its beneficent influence as these two Titans of the coming heroic age entered upon the first stage of that drama which in the one instance reached its final scene at Chancellorsville, while in the other it attained its close amid the congenial associations and tranquil memories linked with early days when hope was in her youth and no malignant star had yet darkened the horizon.

In 1821 the isolation characteristic of Southern life had not yet advanced essentially beyond the conditions which prevailed at the end of the Revolutionary period, when Cornwallis surrendered his army at Yorktown (October 19, 1781) not far from the point occupied by Hill's command eighty years later—that is, June, 1861. Railways were merely thought of as a possible development of the time to be, and remote interior regions were still impenetrable to the methods of navigation which were assured by the genius of Fulton. Of the early youth, the childhood of our hero, we have no minute or circumstantial description. The sweetness and light of a golden age probably rested upon it, unmarked by notable incident or thrilling episode, moving on from point to point until the lad broadened into manhood and the grapple with the world was fairly before him. Nor have we a detailed narrative of his scholastic experience during the period which preceded his admission to the United States Military Academy in 1838, when a youth of hardly seventeen. His preliminary training was probably received in the typical classical academy, the characteristic educational agency of the day, that died with the passing of our distinctive civilization in 1865. Here was nursed in solitude the intellectual life of the ancient South, her masters of assemblies, oracles of senates, princes of jurisprudence, leaders of hosts, and lords of material achievement. Under these humble auspices were quickened into vigorous activity the boundless potentialities imminent in the embryonic intellects of Washington, Jefferson, Calhoun, Lee, and Hill.

In the paternal line, Daniel Harvey Hill sprang from that this hour in Ulster resisting "unto the uttermost" the at-robust and uncompromising Scotch-Irish race which is at tempt to annihilate its local liberties and efface its political autonomy. His grandfather, William Hill, was a gallant champion of the ancestral principle during the war of the American Revolution, so that it may be asserted, not as an inference, but as a historical result, that the teachings and the doctrines which determined the attitude of the South in 1861 were hereditary or inherent in the blood of the Hills. Logical conviction and transmission blended into a harmony. In common with Washington, Lee, and Jackson, it was the fate of Hill to lose his father at an early age. Solomon Hill died in 1825, when his son had hardly emerged from the state of infancy.

In reference to his maternal ancestry, the hero of our story was equally rich in the inheritance of rare moral and intellectual gifts. His mother was Nancy Cabeen, daughter

of one of Sumter's soldiers, who was pronounced by his chief "the bravest man in his legion." The Cabeen family was of Scottish origin, and the mother of D. H. Hill was endowed with marked force of character, both in the moral and the intellectual sphere. The devotion to literary culture, inherent in the Scottish race, revealed its power in Nancy Cabeen. The standard English classics of the eighteenth century, such as Thomson and Pope, she had thoroughly assimilated, and she could repeat the noblest creations of these masters of a former age with critical accuracy. Her husband's estate having been involved by obligations incurred in the capacity of surety for friends, she declared that no reproach should rest upon his memory, took charge of the administration, and canceled nearly all the obligations which had been assumed. Sprung from warlike and martial lineage, Hill might well have heard in his youthful period and under the guidance of his mother, charged with heroic spirit as a typical woman of the South, "Sumter's bugle blast reëcho from the haunted past."

Upon entering the Academy, July 1, 1838, Young Hill, then sixteen years and eleven months of age, had among his classmates and "chums" such lights of the slowly gathering conflict as Longstreet (familiarily known as "Old Pete"), A. P. Stewart, R. H. Anderson, and Van Dorn, together with Sykes, Rosecrans, Pope, and Reynolds, most of whom were honorably and one infamously associated with the struggle for the preservation of the Union. Maj. Richard Delafield was superintendent at the time. In the class next in order to that of Hill we find the names of U. S. Grant, George B. McClellan, and Samuel G. French, a man of Northern birth and training, who cast in his lot with the South and attained honorable rank in her service. The defenses of Petersburg, which were an essential element in adding a year of life to the Confederacy, were principally constructed under their direction, the line having been traced or marked out by the two former cadet contemporaries during the summer of 1862 in the interval between the retreat of McClellan from Malvern Hill and the advance of Hill's command into Maryland.

We have no minute or detailed account of the young South Carolinian during his four years at West Point. There is reason to suspect that he did not find the prescribed curriculum either congenial or inspiring in any marked or decisive measure. The rigid mathematical requirements which constituted the vital breath of the daily instruction had no masterful charm for him who in ripper years won and retained rank as a foremost expositor and teacher of the abstract conceptions and far-ranging generalizations implicit in the science to which his professional life was largely a consecration. In a class numbering fifty-six he ranked at graduation, in June, 1842, twenty-eighth in the general order of merit. In engineering he stood thirty-ninth; in infantry tactics, nineteenth; in artillery, twenty-eighth; in ethics, nineteenth. A. P. Stewart was twelfth in the general order of merit; John Pope, seventeenth; James Longstreet, fifty-fourth; Gustavus W. Smith, eighth; Earl Van Dorn, fifty-second; Lafayette McLaws, forty-eighth; Richard H. Anderson, fortieth; William S. Rosecrans, fifth; and among those who won fame in ripper years his academic record alone is prophetic of achievement or suggestive of renown in the profession to which he devoted himself, in common with those who were to be Hill's colleagues, as well as his antagonists, in the great war drama then waiting for the fullness of time. During his final, or graduating, year Hill received

37 demerits; Longstreet, 102; Rosecrans, 19; A. P. Stewart, 78.

The scrutinizing reader cannot fail to discern that from this early, or formative, period of Hill's intellectual development his affinities and tendencies revealed themselves rather in the direction of the spiritual and philosophical phases of the prescribed curriculum than toward those which sustained a specific, if not exclusive, relation to his military or professional career. The term "ethics," as interpreted by the Military Academy, was vague and comprehensive in range, embracing all the forms of aesthetic, civic, and moral culture recognized or provided for in the course of instruction which prevailed at West Point. In this sphere we find Hill ranking nineteenth, while in engineering, with the varied and exact mathematical training implied in its pursuit, he is rated as thirty-ninth in a class of fifty-six. In grappling with the obstacles that confronted him in the mathematical field it is by no means impossible that they were to be attributed in a large measure to his imperfect elementary training. Of Jackson we know this to be true.

While I was preparing to enter the University of Virginia Major Hill wrote to my father that "in all his experience as a teacher he had never met with six boys who thoroughly understood the fundamental rules of arithmetic." This frank and unreserved acknowledgment may convey in its language the painful echoes of his own youthful struggle in this department. Yet at the time to which I refer (1860) he had conquered nature, triumphed over the adverse conditions of his early years, and attained rank among the foremost of mathematical teachers. During my cadet days at the North Carolina Military Institute, Charlotte, he remarked to me as I was deploring my own mathematical inaptitude: "I have been fighting nature all my life." His stream of intellectual tendency ran vigorously in the direction of the humanities, the great spiritual forces embodied in literary and historic culture.

Graduating in 1842, by the coming of the Mexican War (1846) Hill had attained the rank of second lieutenant. In the war with Mexico he rose to the height of the occasion and was speedily recognized as one of the most brilliant of the younger circle associated with the army of invasion. In almost every engagement he was in the foremost of the strife—in the campaigns of Scott, as in those of Taylor, at Chapultepec, at Cherubusco, but more than these at Contreras, in which last Lee and Beauregard bore a distinct and perilous part in assuring the marked success attained by Scott. Promotion rapidly followed promotion. He became first lieutenant, captain, and major by brevet, a distinction rarely accorded, and in this instance bestowed upon only five brother officers, one of them Thomas J. Jackson. Nor was the foe with whom they strove illustrated in the degenerate race whose normal state is anarchy and chaos. Grant in his "Memoirs" affirms with sententious brevity: "No men ever stood up better than those Mexicans."

With the return of peace Hill bore his "blushing honors thick upon him." His native State bestowed a sword on the youthful but rising hero, and the way to fame in the sphere of arms seemed thoroughly assured. A new element and a new inspiration had by this time entered into his life. The sad mechanic exercise, the dreary routine of post or camp, had no special charm for a nature to which the service of Minerva was more congenial than that of Mars. In any event, the quest of science and of literature would have been more in accord with his temperament than the pursuit of

arms; but the new star which had risen on his path maintained her ascendancy, and he resigned his commission as major in the army of the United States in 1849.

In November, 1848, Major Hill was married to Miss Isabella Morrison, daughter of Rev. Dr. Robert H. Morrison, of North Carolina. Dr. Morrison may justly assume rank among the foremost names in the Presbyterian Church of his day. He was the vital force to which the origin of Davidson College, that nursery of the Presbyterian prophets, is to be attributed (1837), being its first executive, or president. His own scholastic training was received at the University of North Carolina, he graduating in the same class (1818) with Bishop W. M. Green, of Mississippi, and James K. Polk, President of the United States during the war with Mexico, in which Hill first felt the shock of arms and perhaps first divined the illusive nature of worldly glory.

Mrs. Hill, in the maternal line, was descended from the Graham family of North Carolina, a race associated with heroic emprise and patriotic achievement from the Revolutionary era to the later times which form part of our strange, eventful history. Her uncle, William A. Graham, stands in the foremost files of Southern statesmanship in the field of local, as well as national, distinction. When Secretary of the Navy in Fillmore's cabinet, as soon as nominated for Vice President upon the same ticket with Gen. Winfield Scott, he resigned his official dignity (June, 1852), relinquishing the one position and failing to secure the other as the result of Scott's disastrous defeat in November of this year. The Perry Expedition to Japan in November, 1852, in large measure owes its inception and its assured success, ripe in rich issues to our contemporary civilization, to the clear scientific vision and prophetic statesmanship of William A. Graham. Mrs. Hill was born at Fayetteville during the years that her father was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in the town, a period extending from 1822 to 1825 or 1826; the record is incomplete, portions of it having been lost or destroyed. Dr. Morrison attained the patriarchal age of ninety-one, passing into rest in the same year with his son-in-law, D. H. Hill—that is, in 1889. About nine years later than the time at which Major Hill was married to Miss Isabel Morrison, in November, 1848, another wedding occurred in the Morrison home. Maj. T. J. Jackson, then associated with the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, was wedded to a younger daughter of the house in July, 1857, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Drury Lacey, D.D., President of Davidson College.

With the beginning of the scholastic year, 1849, we find Major Hill professor of mathematics in Washington College, Lexington, Va. Rev. Dr. George Junkin, of Pennsylvania, whose daughter was the first wife of Major Jackson, was President of the institution. He cast in his lot with the North and returned with one of his daughters to Philadelphia upon the coming of the conflict, in April, 1861.

THE OLD NORTH STATE.—We should not forget that the fires of patriotism, of defiance to British authority, and of independence burned brightly in North Carolina long before Lexington or Concord or Bunker Hill, and that the last legislature of this State to recognize royal authority was that of March, 1774. Upon this soil in North Carolina the first battle against unjust taxation and other British oppression was fought in the colonial era, the first Declaration of Independence was issued.—*Gen. H. Van Ness Boynton, of Massachusetts.*

IN THE YEAR 1862.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA., FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

The Tragedy of Malvern Hill.—J. B. Gordon says: "Never was the courage of troops more severely tried and heroically exhibited than in this battle. The canister and musketry mowed down my ranks so rapidly that it became impossible to advance without support. A brigade sent forward to reinforce us failed to reach my line." S. Garland, Jr., reports: "It is not my desire to indulge in criticism or crimination. It is enough to say that there was somehow a want of concert and coöperation in the whole affair that made a successful attack improbable, and the consequent disorder and straggling of our troops was most lamentable." General Semmes tells us: "For half an hour every possible effort was made to re-form and again advance to the charge; but owing to the small numbers, the horror of coming in deadly conflict with our own troops, and the terrible and incessant cross-fire of artillery and musketry, although there was no terror manifested, no demoralization apparent, the effort was unavailing." General Mahone states: "Utter darkness now covered the scene, and the tragedy closed, leaving General Wright and myself with the shattered remnants of our brigades in possession of the ground." General Wright stated: "Several of my command were killed by our own friends who had come up on our left and who commenced firing long before they came within range of the enemy. This firing upon us made our position peculiarly hazardous; but I determined to maintain it at any cost as long as a man was left to fire a gun. The fire was terrific beyond anything I had ever witnessed; indeed, the hideous shrieking of shells, the whizzing of bullets, and the loud and incessant roar of artillery and small arms were enough to make the stoutest heart quail." Gen. D. H. Hill says: "One of the Yankee flanks was protected by Turkey Creek and the other by gunboats, and an examination now satisfied me that an attack could not but be hazardous to our arms. Instead of ordering up one or two hundred pieces of artillery to play on the Yankees, a single battery was sent up and knocked to pieces in a few minutes. One or two others shared the same fate of being beat in detail. We advanced alone; neither Whiting, on the left, nor Magruder, on the right, moved forward an inch. The division fought heroically and well, but fought in vain. Toombs's (Georgia) Brigade went in handsomely, but soon retreated in disorder; Ripley's Brigade was also streaming to the rear; Ransom's Brigade came up to my support and became mixed up with a mass of troops, suffering heavily and effecting little. The battle of Malvern Hill might have been a complete and glorious success had not our artillery and infantry been fought piecemeal." As Mr. Mac had already decided on his masterly change of base, this affair was worse than useless.

No Doubt about It.—Gen. D. H. Hill reported: "The Yankees have landed in force. Our pickets have been driven back more than a mile. A force is out to check the advance, and if they come nearer we will be constrained to whip them." And they did.

Hidebound about Orders.—Of the battle of Malvern Hill General Magruder reported: "I sent an order to General Ransom to advance, to which he replied that all orders coming to him must come through his division commander, General Huger. I sent several officers successively urging him to advance in support of those who by this time were hotly engaged; but this gallant officer felt himself constrained to

obey his instructions and withheld the desired support." One of the various reasons for the tragedy.

Gen. W. H. Pendleton.—General Pendleton was an Episcopal clergyman who laid down the prayer book, took up arms when Virginia seceded, and manfully did his best for four years to uphold the Confederacy. However, his report of the part taken by the artillery (of which he was chief) in the attack on Yankee shipping at night near Coggins Point, Va., proves that he had not altogether forgotten his ministrations: "To be compelled, resisting outrage, to meet our fellow men in deadly shock cannot but be under any circumstances painful to a Christian mind. Especially is the trial grievous when we must be slain by or slay those who so lately were our countrymen, but who, having trampled upon our rights, now seek to desolate our homes, appropriate our soil, kill off our young men, degrade our women, and subdue us into abject submission to their will because we claim under our own government exemption from their insults and control. And it is still more distressing to find requisite toward contributing to avert the ruin threatened by malignant millions, thus to send the sleeping, however unprepared, to their great account. But painful as it is, just to snatch life from an assassin whose arm is uplifted against our best-beloved, most sacred is the duty. As such was this attack made, the issue being committed to unerring wisdom. Such considerations imparted a mournful solemnity to the scene, when sudden flashes through thick darkness and multiplied reverberations, startling profound stillness, constituted elements of grandness rarely combined." I shall add that, as far as results were concerned, this midnight affair was a flash in the pan.

Consequence of Facing to the Rear.—A Michigan colonel, in his report of the battle of Gaines's Mill, in which affair he was captured, said: "The enemy were close upon us in overwhelming numbers. I therefore faced my regiment to the rear, still intending to fall back fighting; but I had no sooner given the command to march than all started in double-quick, leaving me at once in the rear and regardless of my command to halt." Good work! Those Michiganders had probably heard of Libby Prison.

Stonewall Jackson's Way.—Practically every report made by Jackson ended thus: "Undying gratitude is due to God for this great victory." He was a firm believer in the Almighty and discipline.

Reason for Retreating.—General Couch, U. S. A., says of Malvern Hill: "Both armies retreated; the one because it was beaten, the other because it was a part of the plans of our general." True, but the plan was made by Lee and not McClellan.

Run Over by Jackson's Men.—A Federal major said of the Gaines's Mill fight: "I now supposed the enemy would abandon the field for the night, but such did not prove to be their design; for, forming in three lines, they made a final and desperate effort to break through our lines, and they were successful, but not until our weary men were trampled upon by the hordes of Jackson's army." Jackson's men had had considerable marching just previous to this campaign, and in consequence their feet hadn't shrunk any.

Running Extraordinary.—A Union lieutenant colonel says of Gaines's Mill: "The enemy had turned our entire line of battle, and the center was falling back, when the commanding officer of the 44th New York with the left wing of the regiment commenced to retreat and at length to fly toward the Chickahominy." This was the lieutenant colonel's own

regiment, and from what he says this left wing only lacked a few feathers to do as he said.

Showing Them How to Do It.—General Trimble says of the battle of Gaines's Mill: "I decided to enlarge the front of attack and led these regiments across the road. Here we met two regiments retiring from the field in confusion, who cried out: 'You need not go in; we are whipped; you can't do anything.' Some of our men said: 'Get out of our way; we will show you how to do it.'" And they did.

The Man in the Ranks.—Colonel Marshall, 1st South Carolina, in his report of the Peninsular Campaign, said: "To the gallant privates, who each personally distinguished himself for coolness and bravery during the bloody battles, the country owes a debt of gratitude. It is the private who has to bear the heat and burden of the days, and his name should be placed high in the niche of fame, and they are all entitled to the highest reward of a grateful country." And this on \$13 per month Confederate currency.

Wanted to Dine in Richmond.—Gen. D. H. Hill said on April 15: "Would it not be better to let our railroads in North Carolina be cut, our cities in South Carolina and Georgia captured, and have the whole Southern army thrown here and crush McClellan? By attempting to hold so many points we have been beaten in detail and are losing all we have been trying to hold. We are no match for the Yankees at an artillery play with our wretched ordnance, poor in quality and feeble in quantity. We must fight on the field and trust to the bayonet. If we had one hundred thousand men here, we could march out of the trenches and capture McClellan, unless he has a swift horse. He has been anxious to dine in Richmond, and we would be glad to send him up with an escort." The General was certainly correct as to our having too many irons in the fire.

Grapeshot.—On July 26 a confidential agent wrote Secretary Seward, U. S. A.: "A second Merrimac, more formidable than the first, has just been completed at Richmond and is daily expected to come out and clear the James River. She is said to be of smaller dimensions than the original and of lighter draft. Her armament is to consist of eight guns of the most formidable construction, and it is reported that a secret channel is open for her through the blockade, which can be closed at pleasure. A peculiar kind of shot has been cast expressly for her, and, as I have said, she is daily expected to come out. This information was brought by a very intelligent Irishman." Wonderful! I don't mean the Irishman.

Proclamation.—James Longstreet, major general C. S. A., issued the following: "Soldiers, you have marched out to fight the battles of your country, and by those battles you must be rescued from the shame of slavery. Your foes have declared their purpose of bringing you to beggary and avarice; their natural characteristics incite them to redoubled efforts for the conquest of the South in order that they may seize your sunny fields and happy homes. Already has the hatred of one of their great leaders (Hunter, the Hun) attempted to make the negro your equal by declaring his freedom. They care not for the blood of babes nor carnage of innocent women which servile insurrection thus stirred up may bring upon their heads. Worse than this, the North has sent forth another infamous chief ("Beast" Butler), encouraging the lust of his hirelings to the dishonor and violation of those Southern women who have so untiringly labored to clothe our soldiers in the field and nursed our sick and wounded. If ever

men were called upon to defend the beloved daughters of their country, that now is their duty. Stand well to your duty, and when these clouds break away, as they surely will, the bright sunlight of peace falling upon our free, virtuous, and happy land will be sufficient reward for the sacrifices which we are now called on to make." Longstreet was as good a fighter (if his heart was in it) as an orator; and although he has been severely criticized for the part he took in the Gettysburg fight, we forget it when we hear him tell Lee at Appomattox that if Grant did not give the very best of terms to come back and we would fight it out.

Doubts as to Holding Richmond.—On March 28 General Lee advised the Secretary of War not to move any more public property to Richmond. On May 10 the Secretary of War instructed the adjutant general to pack his papers in boxes for ready removal. "Not," as he says, "on account of bad news from the army, but mainly for prudence," as he had every reason to think that the city could be successfully defended. On May 13 General Lee informed General Johnston that in the event of Richmond falling into the enemy's hands depots had been formed for provisions in Charlotte, Danville, and Atlanta. On May 28 Secretary Randolph told the chiefs of bureaus: "Should our army, contrary to reasonable expectations, be forced to abandon Richmond, the notice of the movement may not be sufficient to enable us to remove our archives. It has been determined, therefore, to place such of them as are not indispensable for daily use on one of the lines of public conveyance in order that their removal may be effected without difficulty." So you see that Mac had them guessing.

Loring's Irish Brigade.—Colonel Foster, U. S. A., says of the Kernstown fight: "Here it was that the 13th Indiana went in with a yell and drove from the field a whole brigade, which proved to be Loring's celebrated Irish brigade of the provisional army of the Confederacy." As this "brigade" was the 1st Virginia Battalion, consisting of one hundred and eighty-seven officers and men, it certainly was celebrated to be called a brigade.

Life Saved by a New Testament.—A captain of the above "brigade," J. P. Thom, reports that in this same fight his life was undoubtedly saved by a small copy of the New Testament in his shirt pocket, which stopped a ball that otherwise would have pierced him through. A pack of cards would have had the same effect; but if any one's life was saved that way, it was not reported.

Extraordinary Hailstones.—General Fremont, U. S. A., says that on June 2 a terrible storm of thunder and hail passed over, and the "stones were as big as hen's eggs." Some hail, but Jackson made them see all kinds of things in those days.

Intercepting Jackson.—General McDowell, of Bull Run fame, wrote Secretary Stanton on June 2 (the day of the hailstorm): "Shields has his whole division on the March to try to intercept Jackson." And he did, as General Fremont reported on the 9th: "I am informed that Jackson attacked Shields this morning and, after a severe engagement, drove him down the river and is now in pursuit." Of this interception Jackson reported: "God has blessed our arms with brilliant success."

Killed Near His Own Home.—Gen. Charles Winder, C. S. A., said that in the Winchester fight Lieutenant Barton, of his command, "was mortally wounded within sight of his own home, containing all most dear to him, for which he was so manfully and courageously fighting." His people had the comfort of burying him, at any rate.

THE LAST ROLL

"Far away! It falls between
What is to-day and what has been;
But ah! what is meets what is not
In every hour and every spot
Where lips breathe on, 'I have forgot.'"

ADAM T. SWISHER.

At his home, in Marshall, Saline County, Mo., Adam T. Swisher died January 5, 1917, after a year's illness. He was born in Berkeley County, Va., October 13, 1838, and went with his parents to Saline County, Mo., in 1857. At the outbreak of the war he joined the forces of the South in Missouri and served as a member of Company K, Shank's Regiment, with the troops commanded by Marmaduke, Shelby, and Price. After the war he made his home at Marshall, engaging in the occupation of contractor and builder until 1902, when he was elected recorder of deeds of Saline County and held that office until 1911. In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Catherine Hedges, who died in 1912. He is survived by three sons and three daughters.

The following resolution was adopted by the Gen. John S. Marmaduke Camp, No. 554, U. C. V., of Marshall, Mo.:

"Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Swisher this Camp has lost one of its most faithful and devoted members. His long and active service, so zealously given in behalf of the cause which he so much loved, was an inspiration to each of us in the work. His true, manly character and unflinching integrity were an honor to the mother State of Virginia, that gave him birth, and a credit to his adopted State. He was an active member of Capt. John S. Marmaduke's company during the war and rendered the best of services. Our community has suffered a great loss in his death, and his memory will ever be cherished by us with the highest respect. The type of character of which he was an example constitutes the best element of our country. His name was a synonym for honesty and integrity, and his devotion to his family and loved ones and his loyalty to his friends and neighbors constitute a tribute of the highest honor.

GEORGE HAHN, *Commander*;
R. D. JOHNSON, *Adjutant*."

R. A. PRESTON.

R. A. Preston, a son of Dr. A. R. Preston, was born and reared in the town of Abingdon, Va. He was one of the first to volunteer in 1861, and as a member of the noted Company K, 37th Virginia Infantry, he was one of Jackson's "foot cavalry." He was a loyal and true soldier to the end and a true and loyal member of the Presbyterian Church. He departed this life December 5, 1916, in the Abingdon Hospital, at the age of seventy-four years. His widow, one son, and two daughters survive him.

[Thomas W. Colley, Abingdon, Va.]

HARTWELL K. JONES.

Hartwell King Jones died at his residence, in Gonzales, Tex., November 1, 1916. He was born at Decatur, Ala., on February 18, 1840, the third son of Tignal and Susan King Jones. His ancestors were of the noble colonial stock of North Carolina who helped to make the history of that patriotic and attractive period and contributed greatly to the glories of the Revolutionary times. He went to Texas with his parents when quite young and settled with them in Jackson County, where he remained until he matriculated at the University of Mississippi, located at Oxford, Miss., where he was pursuing his studies at the commencement of the War between the States in 1861. He then returned to Texas and in April, 1862, enlisted as a volunteer in Company K, 24th Texas Regiment of Dismounted Cavalry, C. S. A., afterwards attached to Granbury's Brigade, Pat Cleburne's division, Army of Tennessee. Fighting under the command of these heroic leaders, he was engaged in many hard-fought battles, was wounded four times, and was twice captured. As a prisoner of war he was first held at Camp Chase, Ohio, and afterwards for five months at Chattanooga, Tenn. In spite of these detentions, he was rapidly promoted for gallant services, first to third lieutenant, then captain, and later as adjutant general of Granbury's Brigade. In spite of his wounds, he remained with his command until the final surrender under Gen. J. E. Johnston in North Carolina April 26, 1865.

On October 29, 1867, Comrade Jones was united in marriage to Miss Mary F. Braches, the only child of Charles Braches, of Gonzales County, Tex. His great love for the South and her history, coupled with a reverent affection for her traditions, and his love for his comrades in gray who fought in the struggle with him were some of his chief traits of character, and he contributed generously from his



HARTWELL K. JONES.

ample means to perpetuate his ideals of Southern heroism and patriotism. He was in every way a true son of the South. In recognition of his services as a soldier and as a testimonial of his worth as a citizen the Sons of Confederates of Gonzales named their Camp for him.

Comrade Jones left to mourn his death numerous relatives, besides his stricken wife and only child, Mrs. J. B. Kennard, both of whom reside in Gonzales, Tex.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT GASTONIA, N. C.

List of deaths occurring among the veterans of Gastonia, N. C., since May 10, 1916, as reported by Mrs. Thomas W. Wilson for the Gastonia Chapter, U. D. C.:

Alfred Ferguson, —; M. H. Shuford, Company B, 23d North Carolina Regiment; R. A. Caldwell, Company K, 17th South Carolina Regiment; Peyton Currence, —; R. L. Smith, —; W. N. Abernethy, Company H, 18th South Carolina Regiment; John P. Brymer, Company E, 11th North Carolina Regiment; D. A. Lineberger, Company B, 28th North Carolina Regiment; W. L. Brown, Company C, 55th North Carolina Regiment; Daniel Eaker, Company E, 34th North Carolina Regiment; W. A. Farris, Company C, 2d Battalion; D. M. Hartzoe, Company B, 23d North Carolina Regiment; Henry H. Hannon, Company H, 37th North Carolina Regiment; J. R. Honeycutt, Company H, 42d North Carolina Regiment; J. R. Hawkins, Company H, 28th North Carolina Regiment; G. W. Lackey, Company G, 71st North Carolina Regiment; Thomas Lindsey, Company F, 60th North Carolina Regiment; L. W. Livingston, Company A, 39th North Carolina Regiment; H. T. Martin, Company B, 72d North Carolina Regiment; R. W. Nantz, Company C, 10th Artillery; John Smith, Company F, 5th North Carolina Regiment; Robert L. Smith, Company H, 37th North Carolina Regiment; J. T. Wiley, Company A, 6th North Carolina Regiment; Peyton Currence, Company H, 18th South Carolina Regiment; J. R. Holland, Company H, 49th North Carolina Regiment; Ransom's Brigade; J. T. Skidmore, Company M, 16th Regiment; John Edwards, Company C, 71st North Carolina Regiment; J. P. Stowe, —; R. M. Gaston, —.

CAPT. CORNELIUS P. ROSS.

Capt. C. P. Ross, prominent in the affairs of Parkersburg, W. Va., for many years, died there on October 1, 1916. Born in the year 1842 in the Valley of Virginia, he grew to manhood there; and at the outbreak of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate army, joining Lowrey's Battery, of King's Battalion, serving under Generals Early and Wise. The battery was in many of the famous engagements of the war and was recognized as one of the effective organizations in the field.

Shortly after the war Captain Ross went to Hood County, and for a number of years he was prominent in business and politics at Waverly. He then went to Parkersburg and entered the hardware business, in which he engaged for several years, and was later in the same business at Williamstown, until his health failed, when he sold out and removed to Jacksonville, Fla. His chivalrous, courteous disposition brought him the respect of all who knew him. He was a charter member of Camp Jenkins, U. C. V., and a member of St. Paul's M. E. Church, South.

Captain Ross was twice married, his first wife being a Miss Harness, and his second marriage was to Miss Bernice Davis, of Parkersburg, who survives him.

JOHN E. BOULDIN.

John E. Bouldin died in Maysville, Ky., on May 29, 1917, in his seventy-second year. He was a native of Charlotte County, Va., but had lived for many years in Mason County, Ky. As a boy of seventeen he joined Company B, 14th Virginia Cavalry, McCausland's command, and saw eighteen months of hard service, taking part in many hard-fought battles and in the end surrendering with General Lee at Appomattox Courthouse. In the battle of Five Forks he had one horse killed under him and another wounded. His captain said of him: "There was no more gallant soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia; and had the war lasted a little longer, his promotion would have been certain." And his fellow soldiers said: "In every charge that gray horse of John Bouldin's could be seen several lengths ahead of everybody else and the boy cheering wildly." He wrote for the *VETERAN* a graphic description of "Our Last Charge," which appeared in the December number for 1914. This took place near Appomattox C. H. just a few hours before the surrender and was consequently the last charge of the War between the States. There are many stories told of his intrepid fearlessness as scout and vidette, as well as on the field of battle. Just after that "last charge" he captured single-handed four Yankee prisoners and "double-quickened" them half a mile to the corral in the village of Appomattox.

John Bouldin was a model son and a surpassingly kind and generous brother. As husband and father, where could his equal be found? His whole heart was in the Southern cause, and he loved it to the end of his life. He was a member of the U. C. V. Camp at Maysville, Ky., and attended the Reunions with enthusiastic enjoyment. He was generous and kind, genial and cheerful, and numbered his friends by scores; and at his death there was many a throb of pain in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

[M. B. W., Hopewell, Va.]

HENRY C. CUNNINGHAM.

Henry C. Cunningham, senior member of the law firm of Lawton & Cunningham and one of the best-known men in Savannah, La., died at his home, in that city, on May 9, 1917, at the age of seventy-five years. He was born in Savannah on April 5, 1842. His father was Dr. Alexander Cunningham, a native of Wilkes County, and his mother was Anna Frances Mayhew. When sixteen years old he entered South Carolina College, now the University of South Carolina, and was graduated with the class of 1861. His school days were barely over when the call to arms came.

Young Cunningham entered the Confederate ranks as a private, and after a year in the army, following a competitive examination, he was appointed first lieutenant of artillery and assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. William B. Taliaferro, who was stationed in Savannah. He went to Charleston later and served with the army there until the evacuation. He was subsequently on the staff of Gen. Stephen Elliott and served throughout the Carolina campaign. He was in the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville and at the close of the conflict was paroled at Greensboro.

Mr. Cunningham returned to Savannah after the war and entered the service of the Central of Georgia Railway as clerk. His rise was rapid until he was made treasurer of the company. The practice of law interesting him, he began its study and was admitted to the Savannah bar in 1872. After some years of practice, in 1881 he joined forces with

Gen. A. R. Lawton and his son, and when General Lawton was appointed Minister to Austria by President Cleveland Mr. Cunningham became senior member of the firm.

In December, 1867, he was married to Virginia Waldburg Wayne, daughter of Dr. Richard Wayne, of Savannah. His second wife was Miss Nora Lawton, daughter of General Lawton, whom he married in 1886.

DR. H. McS. GAMBLE.

Dr. H. McS. Gamble was born at Moorefield, W. Va., October 25, 1838, and died at the same place on March 27, 1917. He graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1861, just at the time when our land was plunged in the horrors of war. He reached home, in Moorefield, just before the marching orders for the local military and at once enlisted as a private in the Hardy Blues. In the battle of Rich Mountain, in Western Virginia, the whole company was captured and sent home on parole. In April, 1862, he was appointed by President Davis as a surgeon in the Confederate army and held this commission until the close of the struggle.

In June, 1863, during Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania and while serving as surgeon of the 25th Virginia Infantry, he was commissioned by General Lee to take charge of the hospitals at Chambersburg; and upon the retreat from Pennsylvania he was taken by the Federal authorities and imprisoned at Fort Delaware in violation of all the rules of warfare. After being released he served as surgeon of one of the Louisiana regiments for a time and then passed to the West, where he became a surgeon under General Morgan and was with him during his famous raid across Ohio and Indiana in 1864. After the defeat and capture of Morgan, he was again sent to Virginia and from that time to the end served his country faithfully as a surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia.

In addition to his professional knowledge, his general education was of a high order. As a linguist he was master of the French, German, and Latin languages and could read Greek, Italian, and Spanish, and years ago the University of West Virginia bestowed upon him the high honorary degree of Ph.D.

CHARLES F. BAKER.

Charles F. Baker, a well-known cotton factor of Augusta, Ga., died at his home, in that city, on June 26, 1916. He was born in Newton County, Ga., October 9, 1847, attended the Military Academy at Marietta, and saw several months of active service in the trenches around Atlanta in the battalion of Georgia cadets, which was a part of Hood's army there. In 1864 he was transferred to the topographical corps of the Army of Tennessee, with which he worked until the close of the war. Much work in map-making was done by this corps in the engineer's office at Macon, Ga., and one of these maps, drawn by Mr. Baker, was published in the *VETERAN* for February, 1913.

After the war closed, Mr. Baker became a civil engineer and as division engineer assisted in building some important railroads through the Gulf States. In later life, and until the time of his death, he was a prominent member of the Augusta Cotton Exchange and of the Richmond County Board of Education.

T. J. BURTON.

T. J. Burton was born in Kemper County, Miss., March 15, 1847. He volunteered in the Confederate army in November, 1863; but the Federals had captured Meridian, and he did not get away from home until February, 1864. His father took him fifty miles on horseback to join Captain Cunningham's company (B), under Colonel McKelvin, of the 24th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Division, Army of Tennessee. He took part in the battles from Dalton to Jones-



T. J. BURTON.

boro and was sent to the hospital from Rome; was discharged from the hospital in December, 1864, and sent to Corinth, Miss.; he was again taken sick and sent to Lauderdale Springs. After the battles of Franklin and Nashville, his company was reorganized and was ordered to North Carolina in February, 1865, being surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., in May, 1865. His parole, signed by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, was highly prized.

Comrade Burton made his home at Auvergne, Ark. He is survived by his wife, four sons, and one daughter, all married. The boys are substantial business men of Jackson County, highly respected; the daughter lives at Paragould, Ark., while one son is on the plantation with his mother.

Comrade Burton was a member of the U. C. V. Camp at Newport, Ark., and always ready to help his less fortunate comrades. He was greatly beloved wherever known, and he will be greatly missed in his community, for he was ever active in its works of charity and for the general good. He was a member of the Christian Church for twenty years and was also a prominent Odd Fellow. There was no braver or better soldier than T. J. Burton.

JOHN JACOB OGDEN.

John J. Ogden, one of the most highly respected citizens of Parkersburg, W. Va., died at his home there on June 8, 1917. For a number of years, together with his faithful and loving wife, he had attended the U. C. V. Reunions, and it was a bitter disappointment that he was not able to meet his comrades at Washington this year.

Comrade Ogden was born February 4, 1845, near Middleway, Jefferson County, Va. (now W. Va.). At the age of sixteen he enlisted as a private in Company D (Captain Kearney), 12th Virginia Regiment, Rosser's Brigade, A. N. V. He took part in the battles of Romney, Petersburg, Five Forks, and High Bridge and was surrendered at Appomattox in April, 1865.

PATRICK BUTTIMER.

On February 27, 1917, Patrick Buttmer died at Savannah, Ga. He entered the service of the Confederacy in 1861 as a private in Company F, 1st Georgia Regulars, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C.

CHARLES DUCLoux.

Born in Lausanne, Switzerland, March 7, 1863.

Died in Knoxville, Tenn., July 1, 1917.

"Then said the king to Ittai the Gittite, Wherefore goest thou also with us? Return to thy place, * * * for thou art a stranger, and also an exile. * * * And Ittai answered the king, and said, As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."

Comrade Ducloux reached this country in 1855. When the war cloud burst, he might well have said that the quarrel was none of his. But, like that other foreigner just mentioned, he was made of different stuff. He definitely made up his mind as to the side on which right and justice lay, espoused its cause, and never once looked back. There never was bitterness or malice, but from that time until the day of his death the Confederate cause had no more ardent admirer or loyal supporter. In 1862 he enlisted in the 3d Confederate Engineers (Company A) and thereafter had his full share in whatever was done or suffered by that splendid regiment. The loyalty and the zeal with which as an ex-Confederate he served his Camp were pointedly set forth in the official announcement of his death made by the Commander of Fred Ault Camp, No. 5, U. C. V. These had full parallels all through his life as a soldier. The announcement was as follows:

"A week ago to-day our Camp received a blow from which it cannot rally. On that day died Charles Ducloux, our comrade and for many years just ended the honored Adjutant of this Camp. Before we leave this hall we shall, of course, elect another to take his place. But whoever he may be, he can never do the part by us that Comrade Ducloux has done through all these years. A man who always did his part as efficiently, as honestly, and as loyally as this man did could never lack the satisfaction of knowing in his own heart that that part was well done. But I am glad that he also had something that we could give—the satisfaction of knowing from the Camp itself and through words of no uncertain sound that we saw and appreciated what he did for us and what he was as a man. You will remember that one day some years ago the Camp took advantage of his absence to say something behind his back by a formal resolution. I cannot without referring to the minutes give the exact wording of that resolution; but we have not forgotten the idea. We expressed our appreciation of the man and of what he was constantly doing for us. And we expressed serious doubts as to whether, in all the long list of Confederate Camps, another Adjutant could be found who had done by his Camp so good a part as Comrade Ducloux had done by us. And now I feel sure that I express the opinion of us all when I repeat that, though we may put another in his place, we cannot fill that place."

[The VETERAN joins in the tribute to this faithful friend.]



CHARLES DUCLoux.

DR. THOMAS B. YANCEY.

Dr. Thomas B. Yancey, who died in Memphis, Tenn., May 30, 1917, was for four years a Confederate soldier. Enlisting in 1861 at the age of seventeen as a private, he became later an officer on the staff, first of Gen. Preston Smith and later of Gen. A. J. Vaughn, with the rank of first lieutenant. In later years he was prominent in the U. C. V. organization. He ranked as captain on the staff of Gen. A. J. Vaughn,



DR. THOMAS B. YANCEY.

Commander of the Tennessee Division, as lieutenant colonel on the staff of Gen. George W. Gordon, and later as colonel on the staff of Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the organization.

Dr. Yancey was born at La Grange, Tenn. He was the son of Alexander L. Yancey and Elizabeth Bragg Yancey. His mother was a sister of Gen. Braxton Bragg, of the Confederate army, and

of Hon. Thomas Bragg, one-time Governor of North Carolina and United States Senator from that State. His enlistment in the Confederate service was in the 13th Tennessee Infantry, from the southern portion of Fayette County, Tenn. He had only two furloughs during the entire war. A sore foot gave him a few days at home shortly after the battle of Belmont, and a wound received in the fighting around Atlanta gave him a somewhat longer respite. He escaped the Hood raid into Tennessee because of the latter furlough, but rejoined the army soon afterwards. Excepting the battles of Franklin and Nashville, he was in all of the hard fighting of the Western Army from Shiloh to Johnston's surrender.

Dr. Yancey's life following the war was spent mostly in Somerville, Tenn. He was married there in 1870 to Miss Narcissa Warren, who, with six children, survives him. He was mayor of Somerville during the dreadful yellow fever epidemic of 1878 and remained heroically at his post during all the perils of the scourge, attending actively to the wants of the stricken people. He, Mrs. Yancey, and two children suffered attacks of the fever, but all recovered.

At one time Dr. Yancey represented Fayette County in the Tennessee Legislature. In 1885 he was appointed by President Cleveland United States marshal for West Tennessee and served in that office four years. Subsequently he was for twelve years county court clerk of Fayette County.

Dr. Yancey had lived of late years alternately in Memphis and Tampa, Fla., mostly in the latter city. He had come recently from Tampa to Memphis at the time of his death, which came suddenly from cerebral hemorrhage. His last words were: "I will not get to go to the Reunion this year."

Dr. Yancey was a man of exceptionally strong character and unflinching courage. He had a large acquaintance and many strong friends and was possessed in a marked degree of the delicate sense of honor, deference for women, and the cultivated manners of the Southern gentleman of the old school.

THOMAS HAYWARD RANDOLPH.

Thomas Hayward Randolph, who died at Tallahassee, Fla., on November 16, 1916, was born in Leon County, that State, on June 6, 1845, and enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, serving as a member of Company D, 2d Florida Cavalry, under Capt. D. B. Maxwell. He served throughout the war and then returned to his native county to take up the duties and burdens of reconstruction. On the battle field and in private life he was always a man. Brave, courteous, and considerate, his life was a shining example to those around him. As Commander of Lamar Camp, U. C. V., of Tallahassee, he was held in loving esteem by his associates and respected by all who knew him.

For him the muffled drum has beat its last tattoo; his arms are forever stacked on the battle field of life; and while he has gone to that reward which awaits all good men and true, his going left sadness in the hearts of his old comrades left behind.

"Be it resolved by Thompson B. Lamar Camp, No. 161, U. C. V., that in the death of Commander Randolph we mourn the loss of a man whose place cannot be filled, a man whose high and noble life inspired us all to higher and better things, whose character as a soldier and a citizen left nothing to be desired. He was a good soldier and a good citizen. What more could be said?"

"We mourn him as the Commander of this Camp, as a comrade in arms, as a good citizen and a good neighbor, and await with fortitude the time when we will answer our games with him at the final roll call in the great beyond."

T. M. KELLY.—A friend writes from Marlow, Okla., of the death there of T. M. Kelly, who was one of Morgan's raiders and a loyal Confederate to the last. He is survived by two sons.

DR. B. M. CROMWELL.

On April 30, at his residence, in Eckhart Mines, Md., Dr. Benjamin Mellichamp Cromwell answered the last roll call and went to join the silent hosts. That he had been a soldier, none who saw him, stalwart and erect, riding his horse on the mountainous roads of Western Maryland, could doubt, and a soldier he was to the last. But few of those with whom he lived knew of the heroic work of his hands among the sick and wounded on battle field, in hospital, and in prison during those four terrible years of war.

Born in New Orleans on September 22, 1835, Dr. Cromwell was a Southern man by birth, education, and conviction. His early youth and young manhood were spent in Georgia and South Carolina. Thus he grew up with an abiding love for the South and her traditions and an unshakable belief in the justice of her cause.

Leaving the University of Virginia in 1853, he entered the University of Medicine of New York, from which he graduated with honor in 1857. He then returned to Georgia and practiced medicine at Albany until the beginning of the war. He served as a private in the Albany Guards, a part of the 4th Georgia Regiment, until promoted to assistant surgeon in October, 1861. The following May he was made full surgeon of a brigade, with the rank of major, and assigned to the 3d Louisiana Battalion. He was under Stonewall Jackson until that great general's death and was then to the end under Gen. R. E. Lee. Thus privileged to observe both of these great chieftains at close range, he possessed and cherished many personal reminiscences of them.

After being paroled Dr. Cromwell returned to Georgia and

resumed the practice of medicine. He went to Virginia in 1866 and was married to Miss Louise Carter Burwell, daughter of Lewis Carter Burwell, of "The Grove," in Winchester. Early in 1882 he became the resident physician of the Consolidated Coal Company, at Eckhart Mines, Md., and for thirty-five years practiced among the miners, respected and beloved by all who knew him. He continued his practice at the age of eighty-one years, until within a few months of his death. Courteous in speech and manner, gentle in thought, he was a fine type of the old Southern gentleman.

THOMAS QUARTERMAN FLEMING.

T. Q. Fleming was born in Walthourville, Liberty County, Ga., July 4, 1841, and died at Jesup, Ga., February 8, 1917. He was a member of the Liberty Independent Troop, the oldest cavalry company in the South. He volunteered with his company for six months in the beginning of the War between the States and afterwards reënlisted for the war. He belonged to the color guard of his regiment, the 5th Georgia Cavalry, commanded by that gallant West Pointer, Col. (afterwards Brig. Gen.) Robert H. Anderson. In brigade formation he was always with the color guard and rescued his colors at Brier Creek, Ga., after Sergeant Walthour fell and was run over by a heavy charge of cavalry. When that great Texan, Gen. Felix H. Robertson, commanded the brigade, he guarded his colors every day in Wheeler's great raid behind Sherman in the summer of 1864.



THOMAS Q. FLEMING AND GRANDSON.

Thomas Fleming surrendered with his troop that last day in North Carolina, having served his country faithfully for four long years. He married Miss Eulalie Cay, who survives him and lives in Tampa, Fla., with her son Charlie and her daughter, Mrs. Willie Bailey. The eldest son, Lawrence, is lieutenant colonel of the 5th United States Cavalry. Of the others, Ernest lives in Jesup, Ga., T. Q., Jr., and a daughter, Mrs. Joseph W. Bennet, live in Brunswick, Ga., and Stetson lives in Florala, Ala. His grandson, Joe Bennet, Jr., the boy in the picture, is now a lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps.

Mr. Fleming was uniformly successful in business life and left many friends to mourn his death.

[Raymond Cay, Asheville, N. C.]

E. B. TATE.

As an all-wise and overruling Providence has seen fit to remove from us our soldier friend, E. B. Tate, it gives me pleasure, mingled with feelings of pride in his life work and feelings of sadness and sorrow at his departure, to pay to his memory a little tribute. Let me say just here that I feel it especially due his family, his friends, and his country at this opportune time to publish to the world his record as a brave Confederate soldier while the dark cloud of war hangs so threateningly over our country. Maybe it will tend to warm the blood of patriotism that seems cold in the hearts of our young men, so they will rush to the front in defense of our God-given land. Knowing Mr. Tate as I did, I feel safe in saying that he made duty his guiding star through life, and of how well he performed it his life work tells the story.

When the war broke out E. B. Tate joined one of the first companies that left our county. His company went to Atlanta in July, 1861, and was mustered in, soon thereafter going to Virginia and being put in Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps; and shortly they were in the front of the fight, enduring all the hardships of soldier life. Mr. Tate was in the battle of Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Second Battle of Manassas, Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Gettysburg, and numerous smaller engagements. About the first of September his command was sent south, and he was shot through the left lung in the battle of Chickamauga and thought to have been mortally wounded. After much suffering he was partially restored to health, but was never able to do active service on the field.

In all of these engagements he was at his post of duty and never failed or faltered in response to every call or command. I think it can be truly said of Mr. Tate that no braver or more gallant soldier ever donned a uniform.

He was made Commander of McIntosh Camp, United Confederate Veterans, of Elberton, Ga., when first organized and held it till his death. In April, 1911, he was appointed major on the staff of Maj. Gen. T. H. Martin, commanding the Georgia Division, U. C. V.

I deem that this little tribute would be incomplete without a brief record of his life as a civilian. Mr. Tate was a man of fair education, and after the war the same characteristics that made him a good soldier ever attended him as a citizen worthy to imitate. He was honest to the core, faithful and true to every trust committed to him. Soon after the war he was elected several times as ordinary. He found the office in a very disordered condition, but soon brought order out of chaos, as was shown by the commendations of many grand juries in their presentments. He was for a



E. B. TATE.

number of years county commissioner, and how well he performed the duties of that office our magnificent courthouse and many good roads attest. He was instrumental in the adoption of the stock law, which has been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to our county, and I feel that all of our people could truthfully proclaim: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; we will ever honor thy memory."

Mr. Tate was twice happily and congenially married. His first wife was Miss Ella Matthews, of Elberton; his second wife was Miss Mattie Wright, of Wilkes County. He was a kind and affectionate husband and father. Never very demonstrative in words, he was a great thinker and kept his thoughts in action. He was a great believer in the adage that "actions speak louder than words." He was a fine business man and accumulated the reward of honest toil, judgment, and economy. He died possessed of a handsome estate. He passed away January 25, 1917, honored and respected by all who knew him. He leaves a wife three children to mourn their loss—Messrs. O. E. and Wright Tate, of Elberton, and Mrs. J. A. Horton, of Belton, S. C.

I am glad to state that his children are traveling in the footsteps of their honored parents.

[J. L. Heard, Elberton, Ga.]

REV. ROBERT M. DAVIS.

Rev. Robert M. Davis died on the 20th of June, 1917, at his home, in Byhalia, Miss., where he had lived for many years. He was born in Carroll County, Tenn., in 1839, son of Macklin F. and Josephine Covington Davis. When Robert was three years old his parents removed to Carroll County, Miss., but at last settled permanently in Calhoun County, where the boy received his education. In 1860 he married Miss Marguerite Thomas, of Big Creek, and reared a daughter. In March, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company F, 29th Mississippi Regiment. Later he was made sergeant of his company and as such served most capably. He was a fine soldier on the fighting line, and in camp his ready humor ever cheered the despondent. He served from the time of his enlistment to the surrender, ever ready and willing to do his duty.

Comrade Davis professed religion while in the army in



REV. R. M. DAVIS.

1863 and on his return home joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In 1867 he was licensed to preach and soon after joined the North Mississippi Conference, devoting the last fifty years of his life to the ministry. By many he was considered the most intellectual as well as the profoundest thinker of that Conference. He taught religion from a practical standpoint, was a fine judge of human nature, and his teaching was from a natural as well

as a spiritual point. Always pleasant and cheerful through his old age, he delighted in making people feel his cheerful

[Continued on page 384.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*

Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal.....*First Vice President General*
 MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Second Vice President General*
 MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo.....*Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
 MRS. LUTIE HALEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*
 MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor.*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
 MRS. S. E. F. ROSE, West Point, Miss.....*Historian General*
 MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn.....*Registrar General*
 MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va., *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: Get back of Herbert Hoover! The Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Philippines, who has recently returned from the French battle front, writes: "I came over on the boat with Herbert Hoover, and I should like to say to America that whatever Hoover tells the country to do the country should do without question and without delay. He is the one great food expert of the world at the present time. He has studied the problem as few men have ever studied it. He has worked out tremendous plans of organization in his work in Belgium. He knows the food problem as no one else knows it; and he is, besides, a man of rare gifts and rare consecration—a wonderful man."

On June 19 I attended a meeting called by the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense. The session lasted from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon and was attended by the presidents of the prominent national organizations of women from all parts of the United States. In my address I suggested that a vital part of woman's war work will be the care of children whose mothers have taken the places of men. In the area of conflict millions of women are so employed, and already has this begun to be the case here. Many women who cannot leave their own homes can care for children whose mothers are so employed. A woman in Boston has already agreed thus to care for ten children daily as long as the war lasts. The whole question of the care of these children—nourishing them, keeping them off the streets, seeing that they attend school, etc.—is of the most vital importance to the nation, for upon the welfare of the children of this generation depends the welfare of the men and women of the next. This is a solemn fact for us to realize and a responsibility we dare not shirk.

At this meeting it was decided that the National Council of Women should turn over to the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense all data in connection with the recent tabulation of woman power available for war service. This committee will act as a clearing house for women's activities; and the organizations represented, most of them nation-wide in scope, will seek to coöperate with the Woman's Committee of the Council. The efforts of every woman in the nation are required for this work. Some there are who can perform service only in their homes, and others will render it through organizations of which they are members; but the largest results will be achieved through coöperation with the two government agencies, the American Red Cross and the Council of National Defense. There is no question of "federating" with these agencies; coöperation is all that is sought. To do less would be an act of disloyalty to the nation in its hour of peril. No individual, no association can stand aloof while the country needs aid. It has been said that "women are stanch supporters of a cause that they have

taken up as their own. That in itself is commendable. But what is deplorable is that, in the interest of their own organization, they lose sight of the larger duty. They must learn to subordinate the glory of their own group to the State. It is not a matter of shedding their individuality, but of forgetting for a while the spirit of competition. It is a question, not of what each unit can do, but what the women as a whole can do."

I have been appointed to serve during the war on the Advisory Committee of the Woman's National Liberty Loan Committee (Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo, Chairman), whose object is to popularize the Liberty Loan.

July 10 was designated by Mr. Herbert Hoover, Food Administrator, for the registration of the District of Columbia housewives in an enrollment to pledge them to the elimination of household waste, as well as the conservation of food-stuffs; and on that evening, under the same auspices, meetings in twenty-seven schoolhouses were addressed on that subject by speakers of national repute. I was assigned to speak at the Technical High School; and among other things I urged the more extensive use of corn bread instead of wheat and the discontinuance of the use of all veal and lamb, which latter was suggested to me by the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gaylor, Bishop of Tennessee. I urged the audience also to seek the coöperation of their cooks in the conservation of butter and all fats, sugar, eggs, flour, and milk, as they are so essentially necessary to the welfare of children and soldiers.

July 11 I represented you at an all-day conference of one of the most representative groups of high officials of the patriotic societies of the nation ever brought together, which was called by Mr. Herbert Hoover for the purpose of adding a powerful impetus to the food conservation movement and at which the following resolutions were adopted:

"1. That we as individuals bind ourselves to carry out in our own households the recommendations of the United States Food Administrator and in particular to make through the most convenient channels a weekly report of what we are actually doing.

"2. That each of us in his representative capacity pledge the approval and coöperation of his organization and recommend specific action by such organization with a view to the enrollment of its membership and such other persons as it can readily reach without duplication of effort as active agents in coöperation with the United States Food Administrator and to the making by each member of the weekly reports of individual progress in conserving food and eliminating waste and such other measures as the Food Administrator may from time to time recommend."

It is with regret that I have not facilities to call detailed attention to the mass of important literature that should be disseminated throughout our organization at this time. The

circulars of May 5 and May 23 of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, 1814 N Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., the Home Economic Letters No. 19 to 25, inclusive, of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, the Weekly News Letters of the Department of Agriculture, especially No. 38, of April 25, and No. 45, of June 13, and Farmers' Bulletin No. 839, "Home Canning," No. 841, "Drying Fruits and Vegetables at Home," and No. 256, "Preparations of Vegetables for the Table," should be read by every member, and especially by every Division and Chapter President.

While I have personally entered heart and soul into the service of our country and placed our society in the foreground of the patriotic associations whose chief aim now is their country's good, I am by no means unmindful of the consecrated efforts put forth by our members individually. Only lack of details has prevented me from recording them. The New York Chapter has reported to me the gift to the Red Cross of an ambulance which was equipped by the James Henry Parker Chapter of New York.

By chance I learned that our Second Vice President General, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, had raised six hundred dollars for the Red Cross at the little town of Brundidge, Ala. On May 26, Memorial Day, she delivered an address on "The Confederate Soldier in Peace and War" at Prattville, Ala.; May 10, Patriotic Day, on "The U. D. C. as a Patriotic Organization," at Troy, Ala.; May 13, before the Conecuh County High School, on "Preparation for Life"; June 25, on "The Red Cross," at Brundidge, Ala.; June 26, on "The Red Cross," at Goshen, Ala.; June 29, on "Jesus, Being Thirty Years Old, Began to Teach," before the State Normal School, Troy, Ala.; and July 1, on "The Red Cross," at Springfield, Ala. On May 1 she represented the President General at the opening night of the Alabama Division, U. D. C. Convention, at Selma, Ala.; and on June 28 she organized a Red Cross Auxiliary at Brundidge, Ala.

I hope to be able to announce the completion of the Red Cross window and Arlington Monument Funds next month, and I again urge that all pledges be redeemed in the meantime. We should now also turn our thoughts to our convention in Chattanooga, Tenn., November 14.

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General U. D. C.

MRS. JOHN M'INTOSH KELL.

Julia Blanche Kell, daughter of the late Nathan Campbell Monroe and wife of the late John McIntosh Kell, executive officer of the famous Confederate steamers Sumter and Alabama, was born in Vineville, Ga., January 31, 1836, and died at Sunnyside, Ga., June 14, 1917.

The closing of a perfect life was the allotment of this sainted soul which has entered Paradise. Born in the cultured surroundings of the Old South and possessing grace and womanly charm, she won and held a hero's heart for many years of happy married life. This union was blessed with sons and daughters, to whom she gave lavishly of her rich intelligence, womanly poise, and loyal devotion to principle. Gentle yet unafraid, there was a melody in her heart and sympathy on her lips which had its warmest welcome and will make its longest stay in the hearts of those to whom her life will ever remain a hallowed memory.

St. George's Episcopal Church, of Griffin, Ga., which she helped to build and whose faith she cherished, the home in

which she lived, the love of friends, and the devotion to her family will ever remain a blessing to those who follow after and leave the warm imprint of her lofty soul on the uplift of life's standard.

Possessing literary attainments of a high order, her soul would speak at times in a language exquisitely wrought and full of intellectual strength; but the fulfillment of duty as Christian, wife, mother, friend will be measured by the far-reaching results of her life work which "has found its anchorage above the stars."

Mrs. Kell was Honorary President General U. D. C. and valued this well-deserved compliment. Her interest in the dear Daughters and in their efforts to preserve the history and memories so dear to Southern hearts was keen and unwavering.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The California Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has made a wonderful return for the Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview, having already sent in more than five hundred dollars, with more to follow.

Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Oakland, Cal., has shown herself to be the most energetic and enthusiastic of the workers for this great structure. In proportion to membership, California will take very high rank among the Divisions in aiding in this work.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY BATTLE EAKINS.

The Antlers Chapter reports success in getting the Confederate memorial bill passed, which authorizes a commission to locate the burial places of Confederate soldiers who were killed in battle in Oklahoma, the intention being to mark them and preserve them from desecration. This Chapter has given a cross of honor to nearly every soldier in the county, has one of the largest monuments in the State, and has an honor roll with the name of every young man who enlisted from Pushmataha County. Chapter meetings are held in a beautiful room in the Masonic Temple, given by the Masons. A medal has been awarded for the best essay on Oklahoma's part in the War between the States.

Every member has promised to knit socks and wristlets for the American army this summer. The widows of the Confederacy in the town will instruct and assist in this patriotic work.

The State convention of the Oklahoma Division met in Chickasha July 9-12. The fact that the next Reunion of Confederate Veterans meets in Tulsa will no doubt arouse enthusiasm throughout the Division.

THE PHILADELPHIA CHAPTER.

REPORTED BY MRS. GEORGE F. BROWN, PRESS COMMITTEE.

At the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter held May 21 the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. William Douglas Mason; Vice Presidents, Mrs. George C. Davies and Mrs. John Cook Hirst; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Harvey D. Best; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. Wilbur Smith; Treasurer, Mrs. Cortlandt E. Jones; Registrar, Mrs. Herbert T. Hartman; Historian, Mrs. Louis Lewis; Recorder Crosses of Honor, Mrs. Frank Rupert.

THE BOSTON CHAPTER.

BY MRS. R. H. CHESLEY, PRESIDENT, BOSTON, MASS.

In May the Boston Chapter had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Mildred Rutherford, former Historian General. It was our privilege to introduce Miss Rutherford to a Boston audience of one thousand people, to whom she presented "The South of Yesterday" in such a natural, convincing, and charming way that for two hours she held them spellbound.

Miss Rutherford was something new to Boston. When she appeared in her old-fashioned costume, hoop skirt and long curls, she was greeted with a storm of applause. After her first word the audience was with her, and her tactful presentation of many historical facts about the South made the people all want to meet her. So she held an informal reception after her talk. An interesting incident of this reception was the meeting with a blue-uniformed veteran, who said: "Miss Rutherford, I belong to the G. A. R. and fought against you; but to-night 'I have hit your trail,' and here are my wife and daughter."

During the past winter our Chapter has made donations to needy veterans, to the Home for Aged Women in Richmond, Va., to the relief fund, to the Jefferson Davis Memorial, and to other worthy causes. One of our members gave half a scholarship in the State Normal College at Athens, Ga.

The Chapter had the pleasure of bestowing a cross of honor upon Lieut. S. B. Rollins, C. S. A., the father of our beloved Chapter Treasurer, Mrs. R. D. Collier.

We hope to be represented at the annual convention this fall. Through the summer our members will work for the Red Cross. We are glad that our hearts are big enough to do more loving service for our country while we still work for the cause for which the U. D. C. stands.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. GLASSELL FITZHUGH, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

Albemarle Chapter, No. 1, continues busy caring for the veterans. In January a luncheon was given them; and on May 30 very impressive memorial exercises were held, with Dr. Henry Battle as orator.

The Mason-Gordon Juniors are very active. From a silver tea last month they realized quite a nice sum, to be used for the education of the little son of a veteran.

The annual meeting of the Diana Mills Chapter was held in the hospitable home of Mrs. C. E. Steger, Recording Secretary, on May 18. The meeting was called to order by the President, Miss Janie Williams. "Dixie" was sung, and the roll was called, each member answering by giving a quotation from some Southern author. After the annual reports were read, the following were elected as officers for the coming year: President, Miss Janie Williams; Vice Presidents, Mrs. M. L. A. Moseley, Mrs. H. C. Patteson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Steger, with Mrs. M. E. Norvell as assistant; Treasurer, Mrs. C. S. Norvell; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. William Williams, Jr.; Registrar, Miss Ella J. Patteson; Historian, Miss Mary L. Patteson; Director of Junior Chapter, Miss Annie F. Patteson; Chapter Correspondent, Miss Pauline Patteson. Letters of thanks were read from two Daughters to whom the Chapter had presented chairs—an invalid's chair to one and to the other a Morris chair. The Chapter held its annual reunion for Confederate veterans at Centenary on June 30.

At a meeting of the Executive Board of the Virginia Di-

vision, U. D. C., the following resolutions were ordered to be spread upon the records, testifying respect to the memory of the late Sir Moses Ezekiel and appreciation of his services:

"Resolved, That during the War between the States Moses Ezekiel as a New Market cadet served his country faithfully; was twice wounded in battle.

"That, though in the pursuance of his art, he later became an expatriate, yet he ever cherished warm affection for his mother State, from loyalty to which no honor conferred by foreign nation could tempt or swerve him. He remained a Virginian to the end of his life.

"That the Virginia Division feels that a tribute of gratitude is due this great artist for the number and value of his works contributed to his native land. The Confederate monument at Arlington, upon the sculpturing of which he concentrated his artistic taste and embodied his patriotism and affection, alone will ever serve to proclaim his high merit.

"That it is the sense of this Division that Confederate veterans, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Virginia, and the world of art all sustain an irreparable loss in the death of Sir Moses Ezekiel.

"That these resolutions be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, in the Times-Dispatch, and a copy be sent to his family.

VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Ruth H. Early."

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH, EDITOR, NEW ORLEANS.

If any one doubts the loyalty and patriotism of the Daughters of the Confederacy to the United States of America, it would be well to take a view of our cozy rooms supplied with every convenience necessary to carry on the great work we are now engaged in as a unit to the National Red Cross Association.

When the Red Cross first sounded a call for assistance almost a year ago, the War Relief Camp of the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., organized in July, 1916, to work for the soldiers who were called to the border, tendered its services through Miss Lise Allain, its chairman. Immediately these services were accepted, the D. H. Holmes Company, New Orleans, fitted up a large room with all the necessary ma-



BUSY WORKERS OF THE WAR RELIEF CAMP, NEW ORLEANS.

chinery to carry on this great work, and, in addition, offered the services of a full working force to the Relief Camp. This generous offer was gratefully accepted, and since that time pajamas, bed shirts, wraps, sheets, and pillow slips for wounded and sick soldiers and surgeons' caps and hoods have been made. When the call for Red Cross flags was issued, this Relief Camp made fourteen dozen flags in three days.

This camp contributed \$25 to the Red Cross; Mrs. Peter Youree, of Shreveport, First Vice President Louisiana Division, \$50; Mrs. Walter Torian, Lafayette, \$5; the members of the Gen. Dick Taylor Chapter of Grand Cane, \$20.

By the plan formulated for the work of the war relief camps every U. D. C. Chapter is to pay one dollar for each member who wishes to join the National Red Cross with the right to wear the national button. There are no dues to the Louisiana Division. If there is no branch nearer than New Orleans, this relief camp will gladly send the work to any Chapter, U. D. C. The New Orleans Chapter will not get the credit for work done outside of headquarters, the credit going to the Division.

Owing to a pressure of work as Custodian of the Confederate Home, Miss Allain was compelled to resign. She was succeeded by Mrs. L. F. Hadden. The other officers are: Mrs. M. M. Bannerman, State President *ex officio*; Mrs. Charles Granger, Vice Chairman; Miss D. Gautreaux, Secretary; Mrs. C. Childress, Treasurer; Mrs. Longmire, Chairman Press Committee; Mrs. Vaught, Chairman Ways and Means Committee.

The New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, U. D. C., observed its twenty-first birthday at Camp Nicholls, the Confederate Home, on Bayou St. John, on the 10th of July. Khaki-clad soldiers and veterans in gray gave a coloring and unique effect to the scene under the wide-spreading oak trees of the beautiful garden that surrounds the Home. Company D, of the 1st Louisiana Regiment, assisted the Daughters in receiving and entertaining the numerous guests assembled on the lawn to witness the drills and other features of a beautifully arranged program. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Chairman of the Arrangement Committee, made an address, in which she referred to the work of the women of the South during the dark days of the Confederacy, many who served then being again members of their country's war relief camps. She hoped that all the supplies made would not be needed, but they would be ready for any requirement. American flags mingled with the Confederate colors, making the scene one of great beauty.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

The June meeting of the Joseph E. Johnston Chapter of Athens, Ala., closed with an impressive tribute to the memory of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, late Historian General, and of Mrs. John P. Hickman, Honorary President General.

Tennessee gave time to the cause which they served with conspicuous fidelity and ability. The clear call of each and that of Mrs. J. T. Latham, of Memphis, another honored Daughter of the Confederacy, came in such close succession as to seem to be an echo of the other. As the ever-lengthening finger of God's sunlight writes "Resurgam" above their dust, the autograph of a bowed sisterhood is inscribed on its records of love and gratitude to these comrades in the foremost triumph of the century for what has been called the "Lost Cause."

MRS. AURORA P. McCLELLAN,

MISS MARY E. MASON,

Committee on Resolutions.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MRS. NETTIE STORY MILLER, FOREST.

The twenty-first annual convention of the Mississippi Division convened in Greenwood on Tuesday evening, May 1, with Mrs. W. M. Whittington, President of the J. Z. George Chapter, the hostess Chapter, presiding.

Addresses of welcome were delivered on the part of the city, the J. Z. George Chapter, U. D. C., the Hugh H. Reynolds Camp, U. C. V., and the Mildred Humphreys Camp, S. C. V. Some of Greenwood's beautiful vocal and musical talent made the evening one long to be remembered.

Mrs. Whittington introduced Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, of Carrollton, President of the Mississippi Division, who thanked the different organizations for the glad and happy welcome to the "Queen City of the Delta." At the conclusion of her response she was presented by Mrs. Lloyd Magruder, in behalf of the Mississippi Division, with a beautiful sterling silver vase, engraved as follows: "In Loving Appreciation and Remembrance." Magnificent carnations from the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, as a token of love and loyalty, were given to Mrs. Price. And again she was presented with a beautiful string of pearls from the H. D. Money Chapter, her home Chapter. Mrs. Price was deeply affected by these tokens of love and admiration, and in a voice broken with tears of appreciation she extended her thanks.

In a charming manner Mrs. Price presented to the audience the two living Mississippi women who have headed the general organization, Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson and Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, stating that a few other States have as many former Presidents, but none could show the brains and beauty that Mississippi could in that list. The presentation of each Division officer followed.

At the business sessions, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, matters of great importance to the organization were ably discussed by the many distinguished members of the order. Pledges to the maintenance and educational funds and the Beauregard Memorial were splendid contributions. Great good has been accomplished for the order, and the Daughters feel that they have much for which to be thankful in the perpetuation of their work.

A beautiful and touching service was held Wednesday evening when an appreciative audience shared the tender sentiments expressed in every feature of the well-arranged program for the memorial service for the Confederate veterans and Daughters who have passed across the great river during the past twelve months. A distinctive feature of the program was the memorial to our veterans by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough. Mrs. Magruder followed with a memorial to the Daughters of the Division, in which she paid loving tribute to the members who had "crossed the bar" during the past year. The placing of flowers by the Presidents or representatives of the various Chapters in memory of their beloved dead was a beautiful part of the evening's exercises, as was the concluding number, "Face to Face," sung by Mrs. Lawrence Olsen, of Oxford.

Historical Evening, with its sentiment, songs, and oratory, was most enjoyable. Mrs. Mary I. Goodwin, Division Historian, presided with grace and ability. She presented the prize essay medal to Miss Mimms, of Utica. Mrs. Carrie Willing Ramsey presented the historian prize to the Mildred Maury Humphreys Chapter, of Itta Bena. Beauvoir Chapter, of Gulfport, was the winner of the beautiful loving cup

presented by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough for the best collection of reminiscences.

The social events of the convention were numerous and beautiful. A lovely tea was given on Wednesday afternoon at the palatial suburban home of Mrs. Dan Jones. On Thursday evening a brilliant dinner party was given by Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough at her home, on Riverside Drive, honoring Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, to the Division officers and many friends. On Friday Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson was a charming hostess to the members of the convention. Then, again, were the officers of the Division, with the two ex-President Generals, honored on Friday evening by Mrs. T. B. Holloman, Jr., at a beautiful dinner at her home, in Itta Bena.

The following officers were elected to serve the Division for the coming year: Honorary President, Mrs. Sarah Dabney Eggleston, of Raymond; Honorary Vice President, Mrs. Mary R. Wallace; President, Mrs. H. L. Quin, of West Point; First Vice President, Mrs. J. C. Johnson, of Friar Point; Second Vice President, Mrs. H. F. Simrall, of Columbus; Recording Secretary, Miss Alice Lamkin, of McComb; Treasurer, Mrs. Cora Mitchell Dubose, of Charleston; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. J. Dukeminier, of West Point; Registrar, Mrs. Lloyd Magruder, of Starkville; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. R. L. Patrick, of Laurel; Director of the Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. Emma McGregor, of Hattiesburg; Historian, Mrs. N. D. Goodwin, of Gulfport; Organizer, Mrs. J. T. Burney, of Waynesboro; Editor of official organ, Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, of Forest; Associate Editor, Mrs. T. B. Holloman, Jr., of Itta Bena.

THE TEXAS DIVISION.

BY EDITH E. T. LESSING, EDITOR, WACO.

At its last State convention the Texas Division reelected all the officers of the past year—a fine, energetic corps of officers. The President, Mrs. Eleanor O. Spencer, has issued a call to the Chapters of her Division to offer their services to the government for Red Cross work or anything else that will be of assistance. Of course they will respond. No Southern woman in time of war ever failed to stand behind the man at the guns.

A room in the building that was formerly the Land Office at Austin has been given to the Texas Division by the State as a place for keeping their relics and preserving records of historical value. This has given the Division great satisfaction, as such a place was greatly needed.

Sad news comes from the State Home of our veterans. The old heroes are no longer crossing over to the beautiful far country in single file, but by battalions. Many who have fought a good fight with illness and adversity through the long years to make their own livelihood are giving up the battle and going to the Home—to die. It makes us sorrowfully thankful to know that they have every comfort and care in those last days, with the tender sympathy of those who know and appreciate their worth.

A new Chapter of U. D. C. has recently been organized at Robinsonville, one of those small towns that accomplish great things. In Victoria the U. D. C. Chapter boasts of a large contingent of Children of the Confederacy, who bring their young enthusiasm to the programs and honor days. There is no fear for the life of an organization when it finds a home in the hearts of the children.

ADDITIONAL BOOKS PRESENTED TO THE CONFEDERATE LIBRARY.

REPORTED BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.

Sent by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.: "Confederate Military History," twelve volumes; "Narrative of Military Operations," Joseph E. Johnston; "The Scout," C. W. Tyler; "Two Years on the Alabama," Sinclair; "Story of Camp Chase," Knauss; "Two Wars: An Autobiography," French; "Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," Field.

Sent by Ulrich B. Phillips: "Correspondence of Robert Toombs," "Alexander H. Stephens and Howell Cobb," "History of Transportation in the Eastern Cotton Belt," "The Life of Robert Toombs," "Georgia and State Rights."

Sent by Jefferson Hayes Davis: "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," Mrs. Varina Jefferson Davis.

"War Time Sketches," Adelaide Stuart Dimitry.

"The Life and Services of John Newland Maffitt," Emma Martin Maffitt.

"Goldenrod and Cypress," Loula Kendall Rogers.

"Early History of Huntsville, Ala.," Edward C. Betts.

"New Orleans and the Pleasant Ways of St. Medard," Grace King.

"John Camp," Elizabeth Wilson Purnell.

"Georgia, Land and People," Mitchell.

"Stories from Land of Sunshine" and "An American History," Eleanor Riggs.

"Virginia," Edwin Alderman.

"The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army," E. K. Trader.

"U. D. C. Catechism," Mrs. C. Stone.

"Sunset Vale," Mrs. Susan W. T. Price.

"A Little Treatise of Southern Civilization," Helen Gray.

"Reminiscences of the Civil War," Stephens.

"Memorial of Hon. Howell Cobb," Boykin.

"Longstreet at High Tide," Helen D. Longstreet.

"The Child's World." Three volumes. Presented by M. Rutherford.

"Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision," Ewing.

"War Poets of the South," Charles W. Hubner.

"Williamsburg, the Old Colonial Capital," Lyon G. Tyler.

"The Indispensable Book" and "Historical Addresses," Walter W. Moore.

"Memories" and "Seed Sown in the Colony of Georgia," Charles Spalding Wyly.

"Brief History of the United States," "Poems of James Ryder Randall," and "The Dixie Book of Days," Matthew Page Andrews.

"The Causes of Secession," J. J. McSwain.

"The Beginner's History of Our Country," Estill; "The Student's History of Our Country," Hall, Smither, and Ousley. Southern Publishing Company, Dallas, Tex.

ADDRESSES AND REVIEWS.

"The Origin and Growth of the Southern Black Belt," "Slavery in Virginia," "Georgia Local Archives," "The Archives of Georgia," "The Slavery Issue in Federal Politics," "Racial Problems in the South," "The Economic and Political Essays of the Ante-Bellum South," "The Western and Atlantic Railroad," "The Slave Labor Problem in the Charleston District," "Slaveholding in the Cotton Belt," "The Southern Whigs," "Historical Notes of Milledgeville, Ga.," "The Literary Movement for Secession," "The South Carolina Federalists."

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the U. D. C.—My Dear Coworkers: It is with sincere appreciation than I pen this my second letter to you as your Historian General. I came to this work a stranger to many of you, and you not only "took me in," but with outstretched hand and loving greeting you have made me understand that there are no strangers in the ranks of the Daughters of the Confederacy. From all sources have come messages of loyal support and earnest helpfulness, and I beg to express grateful thanks and promise to give the best of my time and ability to the duties of this important office. I trust I shall meet many of you at the convention in Chattanooga and express "by word of mouth" the appreciation I am unable to write. It is my desire to have each Division Historian present at the convention and to make a brief talk on "Historical Evening," giving an outline of the work of her Division during the year. In that way we can exchange ideas and adopt methods which seem best, and the general convention can have a better conception of the scope and accomplishment of our work along historical lines.

I regret exceedingly that I have been unable to meet your requests for the Historical Yearbook and the printed lists of "Fifty Test Questions in History," with rules governing contests; but the son of our former Historian General has written me that the number authorized by the general organization had been exhausted before her death, and no others are available. The rules governing the contest for the Raines banner, the Rose loving cup, and the Mildred Rutherford historical medal were announced in Mrs. Rose's Historical Yearbook and will be unchanged. The rules governing the Youree prize contest and the Anna Robinson Andrews medal were given in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for March, 1917; and the "Fifty Test Questions," for which the Anna Robinson Andrews medal was offered, will be found on the Historian's page of the VETERAN for April, 1917. Rules governing these later contests are also unchanged, except that the time in which papers and essays must be in the hand of the Historian General is extended from August 1 to September 1, 1917. During the two months of critical illness in which Mrs. Rose could not give the work personal supervision and the month following her death before a successor could be named, the work of necessity lagged, and I deem it but fair and just to all contestants to grant this extension of time.

Let me urge that all Daughters of the Confederacy take and read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It is the organ through which we can communicate with one another, and it is essential that we read it each month if we are to keep informed along all lines of our work.

A little more than three months remain to us in which to labor before we meet in general convention. Let us be earnest and vigilant and active in our endeavor to make this the banner year of our organization along historical lines. Heart and soul I am in the work, and the joy of serving is equaled only by my love for the cause and for my coworkers.

Faithfully yours, MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL,
PULASKI, TENN.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1917.

TOPICS FOR SEPTEMBER PAPERS: EVENTS OF 1864.

September 10: Founder's Day.
September 27: Raphael Semmes's Day.
What of the Confederate navy at the beginning of the war?
Character sketch of Raphael Semmes, admiral, C. S. N.
Tell of his vessels, the Sumter and Alabama.
Battle of Atlanta, July 28, 1864.
Chambersburg, Pa., burned July 30.
Fall of Atlanta, September 2.
Price's invasion of Missouri, September 24 to October 28.
Burning of Atlanta, November 15.
Battle of Franklin, called "the bloody battle," November 30, and death of Gen. Pat Cleburne.
Battle of Nashville, December 14.
Savannah evacuated, December 28.
Describe the naval battle of Mobile.
Character sketch of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury and his services as a naval officer.
Sinking of the Confederate cruiser Florida, October 6.
Tell of the Confederate ram Arkansas and its brave captain, Isaac N. Brown, of Mississippi.
Round-table discussion: How did necessity prove the mother of invention with the Confederates? What was the career of the Hunley, the Confederate submarine?
For references in regard to Confederate navy, see "Confederate Military History," Volume XII.; the Hunley, "Brief History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XII.

C. OF. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1917.

September 10: Founder's Day.
September 27: Raphael Semmes's Day.
Who was the founder of the U. D. C.?
Character sketch of Raphael Semmes, admiral, C. S. N.

EVENTS OF 1863.

What of Streight's raid into Georgia?
What brave girl piloted General Forrest to the ford?
Did General Forrest overtake Streight?
Where and when was the battle of Chancellorsville fought, and what great general died there?
What can you tell of the siege of Vicksburg?
When and where was the battle of Gettysburg fought?
Tell of Pickett's famous charge; also tell of Barksdale, of Mississippi, in that battle.
What of the great battle of Chickamauga?
"Grandfather's Stories" about these battles.
Song, "Dixie by the Band."
Reference: "Brief History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XII.

"PASS IT ON."—Mrs. C. W. Waring, of Little Rock, Ark., writes: "In a recent number of the VETERAN there is an article by Mrs. Newman entitled 'Lest We Forget.' It impressed me deeply, for our dear veterans are leaving us fast, and if we do not act quickly our opportunity to give them sunshine will have passed. Along this line we have a most beautiful example in our U. D. C. President of this city, Mrs. Frank Tillar, who opens her handsome home to the veterans quite often and never tires of trying to throw rays of sunshine across their path. 'Pass it on,' for so many, like myself, do not realize that now is our opportunity."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....	President
New Orleans, La.	
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....	Treasurer
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MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	Recording Secretary
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113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.	
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VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
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Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

PATRIOTIC WORK OF THE C. S. M. A.

WYTHEVILLE, VA., June 30, 1917.

My Dear Memorial Women: To those who attended the convention at Washington, D. C., I can only say: "Was it not grand?" Are you not glad that you lived to see the day when the men and the women of the South were received with such unbounded enthusiasm and made to feel at home in the capital of this our reunited country? To our fellow workers who were not present we say: "Sorry you were not with us; you missed one of the greatest Reunions ever held."

Owing to the uncertainty as to whether the Reunion would be called off or not, the number of delegates to the C. S. M. A. convention was not so large as usual, but those who did attend were very faithful in the performance of their duties. Aside from routine business, reading of annual reports of officers and associations, the thought most uppermost in the minds of all was, How can we serve our country best in this her hour of need? All were unanimous in their desire to work for the Red Cross. The question was, How can we make our services most effective? Resolutions were adopted urging Memorial Associations to organize and offer their services to the Red Cross Society. Miss Ezekiel, President of the Hebrew Ladies' Memorial Association of Richmond, Va., was made chairman of the Red Cross Committee. Each Association is expected to report monthly to Miss Ezekiel as to the class of work being done, the number of articles made, and also to describe work being done in the line of surgical dressings and where such articles were sent. These monthly reports will be filed by Miss Ezekiel for her report at the next convention.

Another important resolution, which was carried unanimously, was on the purchase of one or two liberty bonds. The C. S. M. A. now has to its credit about two hundred and fifty copies of the "History of the Memorial Associations of the South." It was resolved that these histories, now stored and not doing good to any person, should be sold at one dollar, delivered, and the proceeds devoted to the purchase of liberty bonds.

My dear coworkers, let us be alive to the importance of this patriotic work. By a little extra effort or a small sacrifice on the part of each we can accomplish this act of patriotism and write the name of our glorious old Association on the roll of honor and help the United States government. Come, let us be up and doing. Send in your orders for the history, which should be in every Southern home, school, and library. There are only two hundred and fifty to be sold; they should be quickly taken up by the seventy Memorial Associations. Do not delay in sending your order. First come, first served.

In conclusion, I beg to call the attention of every Memorial woman to the very important lessons to be learned from Mr. Hoover's articles published in our newspapers. He not only urges economy in every form, but dwells with emphasis upon the great American fault of wastefulness. Let us endeavor to avoid waste, remembering the old adage, "Waste not, want not." We are facing a great crisis, and it is the duty of every woman "to do her bit." There are many ways in which we can serve our country, one of which is to economize and save so as to be prepared for any emergency that this world war may thrust upon us. Read and act on the following hints from Mr. Hoover:

"Purchase wisely. Lose nothing for lack of proper care. Serve no more than hunger demands. Serve again the unused portion. Preserve in time of plenty against lean months ahead. Save wheat for France and England by eating more corn bread, because they do not bake at home, and corn bread is unknown. These are some of the means of saving the waste and winning the war.

"Will you join in the good work of saving more food for the women and children of Belgium, the orphans of France, the men in the trenches who are fighting our battles, and for the people of the United States?

"The women have never failed to answer such a call as comes to them now. The saving of food is within their sphere. Without food conservation we cannot win the war. The women who conserve the food supply of America and her allies render service to their country and to all humanity as well.

"Let us make it the purpose and the motto of every household in America to save the waste and win the war."

Women of the sixties, look back upon the heroic sacrifices made by you during the four years from 1861 to 1865. Again you are called on to do your bit for humanity's sake, for justice and freedom, and I know you will respond promptly and cheerfully.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. W. J. BEHAN,
President General.

The waiting nations hold their breath

To catch the dreadful battle cry,
And in the silence as of death

The fateful hours go softly by.
O hear thy people where they pray
And shrive our souls before the fray!

—Danske Dandridge.

A BOY IN CAMP AND BATTLE.

BY JOHN W. BREWER, BANGS, TEX.

During the month of February, 1862, the Rev. Mr. Hampton, a Methodist minister, observing that a good many middle-aged men and a few young ones had been left in the vicinity of Pittsboro, Calhoun County, Miss., called for the organization of a company. Notwithstanding the reports of death and bloodshed in the battles which had already been fought, these men and boys bade farewell to their wives, mothers, and other loved ones and joined a party of more than a hundred gathered at Pittsboro for organization.

My father had died in 1859; and my mother was left with four sons, three younger than myself. Added to this bereavement was the death of a son in November of the same year. I was born in January, 1847, in Monroe County, Miss., some twelve miles from Aberdeen, and was just a fifteen-year-old schoolboy when my bereaved mother stood before me and, looking tenderly into my eyes, said: "Son, you are the oldest boy left to me. How we will get along, I don't know; but the war is going to last until you will have to go, and I don't want you to be forced out. Your father's friends and neighbors are going out in Brother Hampton's company, and I would much rather that you go with those you know."



JOHN W. BREWER.

I was eager then to go to war. Homesick feelings would creek over me once in a while, especially when some one said, "Ah! boy, you may never see your mother again"; but when Prof. Tom Patterson would play that old, cheering march and the drum was heard, I felt that I was certainly sufficient for the occasion. But I found later that there were many occasions for which I was not, and really did not want to be, sufficient.

At last we met in the town of Pittsboro; and Rev. Mr. Hampton was elected captain of our company, Tom Patterson first lieutenant, Mr. Province second lieutenant, and one of the greatest men that ever wore a sword was unanimously elected our colonel, that noble Walthall, who took charge of the 29th Mississippi Infantry. Captain Hampton's company, known as Company E, reported at Grenada, Miss.; and after being fully organized, we drilled for six weeks during March and April, 1862. With many others, I took the measles and was sent to the hospital, a sad and lonely place to me; but my cousin, John Malone, also had the measles, and his father came forty miles after him. I returned with them and thus got to see my mother again. She was a first-class nurse, and I soon recovered.

In the meantime my command had removed to Tupelo, and while I was convalescing at home I received a letter from Lieutenant Patterson telling us to come back. So John Malone, Tom and Bob Gable, and I again said good-by to our loved ones and marched sixty miles to the town of Okolona.

From there our passage was on top of a long freight train. The roadbed had been neglected, and the train rocked and pitched, smoke and cinders flying everywhere. All this, with the fact that I had never before ridden on a train, made the trip very tiresome and exciting. So I was in no condition to stand guard when we arrived at Tupelo, where we were met by the boys of the new 29th Mississippi Regiment, all jovial in camp.

Soon after I had drawn a pair of mulatto brogan shoes the order came to cook three days' rations, which meant a three-day march of fifty miles to drive the Yankees out of Ripley. This we did without any fight; but those punishing, case-hardened shoes took the bottoms off of my feet. O how I did suffer on the march to Saltillo! As it was then July, the weather was hot, dry, and dusty, and many of the middle-aged men died from the effects of the one-hundred-mile march.

At Saltillo we camped several days, and our colonels and generals—Brantley, Bragg, Chalmers, and Walthall—drilled us every day. Soon the order came to board another freight train; and those old, filthy, hot box cars were disagreeable. When the train pulled into Tupelo on our way to Mobile, Ala., we were greeted by several old gray-haired men, who had their wagons around the depot loaded with cakes, pies, fried chicken, apples, peaches, etc., which the good women at home had sent us. These goodies were poured into the old box cars, and on we went to Mobile.

We crossed Mobile Bay, and at our landing there stood another old freight train, seemingly a mile long. After going a considerable distance on this into the wilderness of long-leaved pine, the train became uncoupled about middle way, and the engineer proceeded half a mile or more before he could stop the engine and back up. However, we reached Montgomery, Ala., without any further mishap, and then went to Tiner Station, Tenn., at which place I was left in a camp hospital for treatment, as I was bordering on a serious illness. The camp was disagreeable, because there were so many diseased soldiers left out in the woods for whom the doctors could do but little. Instead of improving, my condition grew worse. I had chills and fever; but, fortunately, I was finally sent to Chattanooga, where I got some quinine, and was then sent to the convalescent camp.

When my command came in from Knoxville, Tenn., and camped at the depot, I spent most of the night with them; but when they were ordered to Murfreesboro the next morning, I was not well enough to go with them. At the same time my uncle Dan Brewer's command, the 42d Mississippi, was ordered away, so I was again left alone among strangers. However, just about this time it was reported that the Federal army was marching on to Chattanooga, and this created much excitement. All the convalescents were ordered in line, and we were rushed down to the river in the night and experienced great difficulty in crossing over in the old dilapidated ferryboats. We were on a forced march all that night and the next day, but met no Yankees and had no fighting to do, yet our forces died by the wagon load. For some purpose I was spared and got back to Chattanooga, where gray-haired Dr. Anthony got me a discharge. I drew forty dollars and a few clothes and boarded the train to see my mother once more.

Atlanta was my first stop on the way home, and while leisurely walking about the large car shed there I met a young soldier who had been sick and was hardly able to walk. When he became exhausted we sat down on one of the rail-

ings under the big shed. No sooner had we done this than an engine came puffing in on the same track, and it seemed for a time that we would be crushed to atoms beneath the great engine, being too weak to move. Realizing that something must be done, and that quickly, I summoned what strength I could command and dragged my comrade off the track just in time to save his life.

Not far from Kingston the engine and three coaches ran off the track; but no one was hurt very much, as the train was running very slowly. I passed Montgomery and Mobile without any further mishaps and reached Okolona, from which place I began my journey of sixty miles, which I walked in a little more than two days, reaching home about the 20th of December, 1862. The winter was very pleasantly spent at Erin, Miss., with my kinspeople and some pretty girls; and when spring came, I had fully regained my health.

In the spring of 1863 a Captain Nutt came into our neighborhood making up a cavalry company; and though I had a legal discharge, I again enlisted and went into the 15th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Colonel White, under Gen. N. B. Forrest. During that year we roamed over Northern Mississippi and into Alabama, across the Blue Mountains and Coosa River, then back to Tupelo, where we had a fight with Mr. Rosecrans, who soon disappeared. Following this, I was detailed to help take care of the wounded, and I shall never forget the sufferings of the men on both sides. During the month of July, 1863, the weather was very hot, and how the flies did swarm!

Following this, we fell back to Egypt Station, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and fed on roasting ears. Forrest next made a raid on Memphis, Tenn., then went to Oxford, Miss., skirmishing here and there. In November, 1864, we moved from Iuka, Miss., to Spring Hill, Tenn., where we skirmished one miserable day. At dusk we fell back to our horses and tried to sleep. Early the next morning we saddled up and were soon on our way to Franklin; and shortly after reaching there we were ordered to halt, right dress, and number off, one, two, three, and four, the fourth man taking the four horses to the rear. I was No. 4; but one of my home boys dismounted before the order was given, took my horse by the bridle, and said: "John, I can't go." Having no fear, I took my gun and marched to the front. Colonel White ordered us to charge the enemy, and as we charged our ranks were literally mowed down by the bullets and shells, which came thick and fast. Comrade Butler, close to my right, was shot dead, and many others fell to rise no more. But still we went on and on until we were close up to the Federal breastworks. The battle raged furiously until after midnight; but at dawn the next day there were no living Yankees in Franklin except those we had captured, for they had moved on to Nashville.

I wanted to see how the enemy's line of breastworks was fortified; and as none of the boys would go with me, I went alone. Walking up the line a hundred yards or more, I found nothing but dead men and horses everywhere. Lying behind the four-foot wall built of whole trees and dirt were many strong-looking, blue-clad fellows who had been shot in the head.

I had to hurry on to get my horse and overtake the boys who had left me, as we were ordered on to Nashville. The great city seemed to beckon us, but not so. We were allowed to view the promised land no more; for the Federals had been given all the time they needed to multiply, and they drove us back across the swollen river on the old dilapidated pontoons. What a scene of mired-up wagons and teams!

SEEKS COMRADES IN ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

BY W. G. PICKETT, RAVENDEN, ARK.

In the latter part of October, 1864, I was marched out of the Federal prison at Louisville, Ky., with about one hundred and thirty other prisoners of war, and marched across the Ohio River to Jeffersonville, Ind., under negro guard, and there entrained for Camp Chase, at Columbus, Ohio, as we were told. Leaving Jeffersonville about sunset, we were loaded in box cars and a squad of negro guards put in each car. After it became dark, I began cutting a hole in the car, working at the end over the drawhead, and before we reached Seymour, Ind., an opening had been made and nine men had gone out of it and jumped off the train. One man got a bad fall, but the rest of us waited until the train slowed up some.

Eight of us got together that night and traveled a southwest course until daylight, when we went into bivouac in a woody pasture, remaining there all day with nothing to eat except a few Yankee hard-tacks and some apples. We could not get to a creek for water without being seen, so we spent the day without drinking. After dark we prepared to march; but two of the boys separated from us, while the remaining six moved out together. However, we were forced from hunger and exhaustion to turn in before midnight. Early the next morning we held council and decided to go in two squads of three each. The two comrades who went with me were Lem P. Ogden and William T. Lawrence, both of the 7th Kentucky Regiment. We reached home in about eight days, having walked half of every night. I learned that Lem Ogden died in Texas some years ago, and the last I heard of Bill Lawrence he was living near Water Valley, Ky. If there are any others living of the nine who escaped, I should be more than pleased to hear from them. I can show the same old knife used to cut through the car.

BUSINESS IN THE SOUTH.

According to the Department of Commerce, the business of the South is steadily growing in the manufacture of cotton.

For the month of January, 1917, the South used one hundred thousand more bales of cotton than the rest of the entire United States.

For the six months ending January 31 the South used five hundred and five thousand more bales than the rest of the Union. The other States have five and a half million more spindles than the South, which shows that Southern spindles are larger and of a more improved type, allowing a much larger capacity. The reason of this is that New England, realizing that her cotton mill industry is on the wane, if not doomed, will not put money in improved machinery, while the South increased her spindles nearly one million the past year.

In our neighboring city of Columbus alone there are seventeen mills employing over nine thousand operatives. Things are coming our way.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

REV. ROBERT M. DAVIS.

[Continued from page 375.]

nature. I knew him for about seventy years. We were schoolmates from childhood to young manhood, enlisted in the same company, and were messmates during the war, and in all our long acquaintance I never saw him otherwise than cheerful. His was a model manhood, most worthy of emulation.

[R. N. Provine, Big Creek, Miss.]

N. B. FORREST, S. C. V.: AN APPRECIATION.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE, MD.

I should like to write a word of appreciation of the untiring, unselfish, and patriotic efforts of Nathan Bedford Forrest, Adjutant General of the Sons of Veterans, who is working to "right the wrongs of history."

With the approval of Commander in Chief Baldwin and other officers of the S. C. V., he has been planning the formation of a Historical Committee, which shall be composed of the Sons of Confederate Veterans working in harmonious consultation with an equal number of Northern men for the common purpose of rectifying historical error. Can anything be better than such a scheme where all concerned are conscientiously and earnestly striving for the truth?

At present this committee consists of Alexander Lee Tinsley (Chairman), N. B. Forrest, James Mann, and J. Carter Walker, together with liberal-minded Northerners with hearts and souls worthy of that splendid type of New Englander, the late Charles Francis Adams.

The Northerners who have agreed to serve in this patriotic work are: James A. Smith, of Iowa, lecturer and author; A. W. Littlefield, of Massachusetts, lecturer, poet, and author; and Francis Trevelyan Miller, of New York, author, editor, and historian.

Julian Street was asked to serve on this committee, but was compelled to decline on account of stress of work. Mr. Street recently wrote to the New York Globe objecting to the playing of "Marching through Georgia" on account of its sectional significance and the memories it brought up of that part of Sherman's army which so disgraced American arms. His suggestion was taken up by Miss Caroline Harding, a Northern woman, who went to the bandmasters in New York City and asked them not to play anything so offensive to many of her fellow Americans. In addition, Miss Harding has, according to Mr. Street, "gone after Sousa and the theater orchestra leaders."

If there is any Son of a Confederate Veteran whose work may in any way compare with that of the Daughters of the Confederacy, that Son is Nathan Bedford Forrest, grandson of the "wizard" commander of the Confederate cavalry in the West.

LYNCH'S BATTERY AT BULL'S GAP.

[Continued from page 345.]

the retreat was in order to try to draw them out of their works, but they preferred to stay in. That ended our part in the battle for that day.

We cooked some rations and after dark got orders to move and make as little noise as possible and to keep the teams at the same gait uphill and down. We crossed the mountain at an old country mill road, so rough and steep that we had to tie our prolonge ropes to the guns to keep them from running over the horses. When we got down the mountain, we were in the rear of Bull's Gap, the fight was on, and the Federals flying. We never got close enough for another shot.

The six pieces of artillery were fine guns, steel-rifled. They were given to our battery, and we used them. Two of our men were wounded. Lieutenant Elmore was struck on the leg below the knee, making a very painful wound, while Sergt. John Pryor was put out of action for quite a while by a ball from a shrapnel, which struck him on the stomach.

I have written this that our brave captain, J. P. Lynch, might have the honor due him, although he has been dead many years. W. Z. Massengill, of Union City, Tenn., and I are the only members of the battery now living, so far as I know. If there are others living, I should be glad to hear from them.

ANOTHER CONTRAST.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

In the May number of the VETERAN Rev. James H. McNeilly, of Nashville, gave an excerpt from the Boston Transcript which contrasted the barbarism of the German soldier with the humanity of the American soldier, using as an example of the humanity of the American soldier the conduct of General Lee's army toward noncombatants while in the State of Pennsylvania in 1863. No private property was taken but for the actual needs of the army, no residences or mills were wantonly burned, and the citizens were permitted to pursue their daily vocations without molestation.

Now, while speaking at Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y., on the same subject on the 4th of July, 1917, Ex-President Roosevelt said: "Contrast the brutality shown toward women and children on the Lusitania and scores of other ships by the officially directed German submarines with the Alabama's actions fifty years ago. Semmes never destroyed a vessel without providing for the safety of the passengers and crew. He turned his own officers out of their cabins to put in them the women and children of his foes, and once when he had seven hundred prisoners and a prize he allowed them to go in freedom on the vessel rather than send them to a near-by port where there was yellow fever."

Reference to this statement of truth and history is highly gratifying to the people of the South, especially as it comes from the high authority it does, and the only regret is that the editors and orators of the North are unable to refer to such acts of humanity displayed by the Federal soldiery during the Civil War.

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"SERVICE AFLOAT."—Any one having a copy of Admiral Semmes's book, "Service Afloat," to be disposed of will confer a favor by writing to the VETERAN, giving condition and price asked.

W. G. Brashear, of Lawrence, Tenn., belonged to Company D, 32d Tennessee Infantry, and served under Captain Davenport and Col. Ed C. Cook. He is in need of a pension and would be glad to hear from any surviving member of his company.

A NEW JOURNAL.—The American Collector will soon be published by A. A. Leve, of Syracuse, N. Y., which will interest the collector of Confederate items as well as books, coins, stamps, autographs, portraits, money, documents, medals, Indian relics, etc.

CAMP STILL ACTIVE.—Secretary J. M. Adams, of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1055, U. C. V., of Monroe, Ga., reports that the Camp is in good shape, with about fifty members on the roll, which is one-fourth of the original membership. The meetings are on the first Tuesday of every month, with about twenty members present, and thus is the spirit of love and comradeship kept up among them. Very few of them are under seventy years of age now.

HISTORICAL RECORDS.—Mrs. Flora E. Stevens and Mrs. Virginia Burns Black, of Kansas City, Mo., who are collecting historical data concerning Missouri and Kansas, would be glad to learn the names of any women who were sentenced as military convicts to the penitentiary at Jefferson City for being Confederate sympathizers and accounts of their experiences there. The penitentiary kept no records of such women convicts, though many served terms as such and were treated as regular convicts. Address Mrs. Flora Stevens, 2824 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo.

AN INQUIRY.—At the Confederate hospital near Petersburg, Va., in 1862-63 died a young Georgian, Henry Meriwether, belonging to the staff of Gen. Edward L. Thomas. Leaving his father's (Judge Thomas M. Meriwether) home at Oxford, Ga., at the age of sixteen years, he served in the Army of Northern Virginia for two years, until stricken with pneumonia and typhoid fever. During his illness at the hospital he was kindly ministered to by Mrs. Samuel Blount, of Petersburg. If any of this family or other residents of the place have any memories or mementos of this young soldier, I should greatly appreciate hearing from them through the VETERAN.

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Dr. C. Sherwood Co., 368 Church St., Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. L. J. Williams, Box 192, New Willard, Tex., is trying to secure a pension and would appreciate hearing from some comrade who can testify to the record of her husband, G. C. Williams (known as Gid or Gideon). Mr. Williams enlisted at the age of seventeen from Pickensville, Ala., and served throughout the war. He was captured at Richmond, Va.

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JUNIOR SONS OF AMERICA.

Mr. H. J. Steger, 1408 Grand Avenue, Box 255, Asbury Park, N. J., sends the following: "In 1854 there was a Camp of the Junior Sons of America chartered at Nashville, Tenn., to the following-named persons as charter applicants: R. B. Tarpley, James H. Steel, James M. Reed, William Steel, William R. Reed, C. Mitchell, John H. Frith, William M. Gray, George Waddle, William J. Thomas, William Pickett, and William R. Miller. None of these was then over twenty-one years of age and therefore at this date would be past seventy. I am anxious to get the names of any who may be survivors, to open correspondence with them as to their recollection of the above."

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Dr. J. A. D. Hite, 949 Russell St., Nashville, Tenn., Dear Doctor: I am now through with the treatment which you have given me for **morphine** addiction, and it has been so extremely satisfactory that I feel I ought to give you a statement of the facts. As you know, I have been a professional nurse, have witnessed and helped to nurse a good many cases, and have myself been previously treated. In no former treatment, however, have I been cured of the desire for the drug; now for the first time I can truthfully say I have no such desire whatever. There are many respects in which your treatment is the superior of any known to me. I will mention two that ought to suffice: **It is the best, and it is the easiest.** That is a sentence which surely the world ought to know. Thanking both you and your family for the kindness and sympathy extended me while in your Home Sanitarium and wishing you continued success, I am very truly yours.

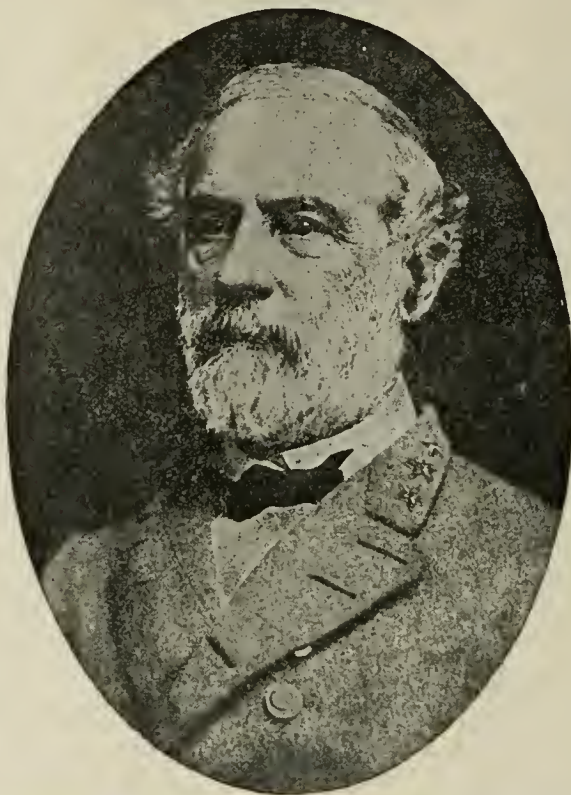
The above letter can be seen on file at Hite Home Sanitarium. Do you need treatment? If so, you will always be glad if you come to us. Now is a good time, as we have had several cured ones to go out in the last few days. Two left well and happy yesterday. Write or call. Phone W. 230.

Mrs. J. H. Jarvis, No. 5 Brunel Street, Waycross, Ga., wants to communicate with some one who remembers her husband, Capt. James H. Jar-

vis, who was a native of Rockbridge County, Va., and served under Gen. Mike Harman in the quartermaster's department, C. S. A.

Handsome Photogravure of General R. E. Lee

Rarely has been seen a more pleasing likeness of the great Confederate commander than is shown in the photogravure here offered. His daughter, Miss Mary Custis Lee, says it is the best full-face likeness of him. The picture is slightly larger than the print



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Many inquiries have come for a large picture of the only President of the Confederacy for presentation to schools and for Camps and Chapter rooms. Nothing could be more suitable than the large half-tone engraving now offered by the VETERAN at one dollar, postpaid. This picture, in size some 13 by 15½ inches, shows Mr. Davis as he was just before taking on the responsibilities of his office, when in the fullness of his manly beauty, the face serene but strong. Order from

The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran

Col V V Cook
Dec 14

VOL. XXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1917

NO. 9



BETWEEN THE LINES.

This picture very strikingly portrays a scene that will be quite familiar to survivors of both armies in the War between the States. During the lulls in fighting, when the lines were close together, it often happened that "Johnny Reb" and "Billy Yank" would find a convenient meeting place for the exchange of social pleasantries as well as the more substantial things. Note the little piles of coffee and tobacco as the valuable prizes in this game.

(For description of this series of pictures see page 434.)

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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1917.

No. 9.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

ELECTION OF DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS, U. C. V.

In the report of the Washington Reunion, appearing in the *VETERAN* for July, reference was made to one of the last acts of the convention as a movement "to amend the constitution so that only the States composing a department could vote on its Commander." A late communication from Dr. Hampden Osborne, of Columbus, Miss., gives the origin of that movement. He says: "The constitution is indefinite on the point of electing Department Commanders; and, seeing the inequity of the ruling of our Commander in Chief in the past, I personally requested Gen. E. T. Sykes, Past Adjutant General of the Army of Tennessee Department, to draft an amendment which would make it clear that only the Camps constituting a Department could vote for its Commander. This proposed amendment was, therefore, presented at the regular reunion of the Mississippi Division in November, 1916, and adopted unanimously. A copy of this resolution was sent to Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General U. C. V., who mailed copies to the various Divisions, as required. In the last half hour of the convention in Washington the amendment was duly and constitutionally presented and unanimously adopted, and therefore the various Departments will hereafter elect their own Commanders."

THE RESOLUTION.

"To make plain the meaning of Section 6, Article 7, of the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans as to the election of officers named therein and to avoid confusion incident to the present phraseology—

"Be it resolved, That it is the sense of the veterans of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., assembled in its twenty-sixth annual reunion, that Section 6, Article 7, of the constitution of our Federation should be, and we recommend the same, amended at the general Reunion in Washington City next May to read as follows:

"Section 6, General, Department, Division, and Brigade Generals and Major Generals shall be elected by ballot, the several Lieutenant Generals, Major Generals, and Brigadier Generals to be balloted for only by the veterans of their respective commands. They shall be installed in office at

the session when elected or at the option of the meeting or convention so electing them."

"Referred to the Committee on Resolutions and by them recommended to pass.

"Upon reading same, the convention adopted it unanimously."

THE BLUE AND GRAY AT VICKSBURG.

The national memorial reunion and peace jubilee to be held at the Vicksburg National Military Park, Vicksburg, Miss., October 16-19, 1917, will be of special interest to many veterans of both armies who have been looking forward to that meeting for several years. Through the National Association of Vicksburg Veterans, F. A. Roziene, of Chicago, President, information is being sent out as to the preparations that have been made for the entertainment of those in attendance on the exercises of that occasion. The United States government has granted an appropriation of \$150,000 to be used for preparing a suitable camp for the comfort and sustenance of the veterans of the sixties of both armies, and all such veterans are cordially invited to attend as guests of the government.

Some of the Northwestern States have made liberal appropriations to pay the expenses of their veterans, both of the blue and gray, to and from this reunion, and it is expected that fully ten thousand veterans will be in attendance.

REUNION OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

The annual reunion of the Mississippi Division will be held at Vicksburg on October 15 and 16. After adjournment, the veterans in attendance will take part in the reunion of the blue and the gray, which begins on the 16th.

Following the election of Gen. C. B. Vance to command the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., at the Washington Reunion, Commander in Chief Harrison appointed G. W. Price to succeed him as Commander of the Mississippi Division.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.—The article by Lloyd T. Everett, on page 405, is published under copyright.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

"No chance! There is always chance for the brave
Who valiantly stand to the fight,
And triumph shall light 'en the gloom of the grave
For the hero who dies for the right!"

[These lines were copied from an old album inscribed by prisoners of war, and, as indorsing the sentiment, under them appeared the name of "Col. B. H. Jones, Johnson's Island, January, 1865," one of that valiant band who endured the privations and bitter cold of that prison, faithful to the end.]

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

The Literary Digest of July 17, 1917, contains an extract from an article in the Minneapolis Tribune, a Northern paper, by Mr. William J. Palm on the song "Marching through Georgia," which he calls a "hymn of hate," and he asks if it isn't "about time this stirring old song had a decent burial so deep that there could be no hope of a resurrection":

"Rally round the Flag, Boys," he grants, had a mission. 'It was a battle cry, inspiring the nation in its darkest hour.' But 'Marching through Georgia,' it is pointed out, was written after the war was over and, according to Mr. Palm, should 'never have been written at all, as its only mission was to "wave the bloody shirt." Mr. Palm is not sparing of disapproval.

"It is in its essence a hymn of hate, celebrating a march whose results were like hell, as Sherman told the mayor of Atlanta, who protested against the burning of his city. Sixty-five thousand men marched from burning Atlanta three hundred miles "to the sea," leaving behind a blackened desert waste. It was a grim military movement; as such it succeeded and no doubt materially hastened the ending of the war. But the war is over; the issues of the war are stilled and settled forever. Those who aforesaid were bitterly estranged are now our friends, our staunch defenders. * * * We should seek by every possible means to help bring peace and good will among men; to heal and bind up old wounds instead of ruthlessly tearing them open afresh.

"The "hymn of hate" ought not to be played or sung now, when the stirring up of the spirit of sectionalism is a sin, a shame, a crime against the nation. There is no North, no South, simply the United States, one and inseparable. Instead of a "hymn of hate," we should sing "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

"If I were President, I would suggest a censorship of patriotic (?) music and ask that every copy of "Marching through Georgia" be put in pigeonholes and left there until the angel Gabriel sees fit to call them forth. Personally, I have enough confidence in Gabriel to believe the "hymn of hate" would never have a resurrection."

We would suggest the elimination of that other "hymn of hate," "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on," to which General Sherman's soldiers marched through Georgia. John Brown was the avatar of concentrated abolition hatred against the South.

If his soul is still marching on, then alas for the hope of real brotherhood between the North and South!

J. H. McNEILLY.

RESOLUTION AGAINST "HATE SONG."—The following resolution was presented to the convention of the Children of the Confederacy in session at Macon, Ga., during July by Miss Bell Nichols, of Atlanta:

"Resolved, That the Children of the Confederacy of Georgia, in convention here assembled, do protest against the use of the so-called 'hate song,' 'Marching through Georgia,' and urge its suppression and elimination in all schools and on all public occasions."

PATRIOTISM OF THE AMERICAN COLONY IN BRAZIL.

The VETERAN is in receipt of a letter from a member of the American colony in Brazil which shows their loyalty to this country in its time of stress. It will be remembered that after the close of the War between the States a number of Southern men who had fought for the Confederacy moved their families to South America and established this colony in Brazil rather than live under a government which they felt would not respect their rights. The letter is from Dr. Cicero Jones, son of one of the original members, and he writes from Villa Americana, State of Sao Paulo, Brazil, S. A., on June 23 as follows:

"It may be of interest to some to learn that the week following the declaration of war between the United States and Germany the boys of the American colony, some thirty-odd, met in my office at this place and through me sent to our consul the following resolution:

"We, the undersigned sons and grandsons of Confederate veterans, most respectfully offer through our consul in Sao Paulo our services to the American government, to be used as it may see fit during the war between the United States and Germany, promising the same loyalty to the Stars and Stripes that our fathers gave to the Stars and Bars."

It was signed by all present. The first to sign was Joseph E. Whitaker, Confederate veteran, eighty-one years old, who was a lieutenant in Walthall's Brigade of Mississippians; and his two sons and grandson signed. Among others were: Oscar Pyles, George Darvil, Frank Hawthorn, Edgar, Julian, and Leroy McFadden, Rev. Mr. Maxwell (independent missionary), Edward Carlton, Ernest and Lee Rowe Lock, Henry and Joseph Whitaker, Cicero Jones and his sons, Robert, Yancey, Carroll, and George.

"We are now awaiting the order of the United States," adds Dr. Jones.

HISTORICAL COLLECTION.—Miss Lillian Shepherd, of Baltimore, Md., daughter of Dr. Henry E. Shepherd, is interested in making a collection of historical papers, autograph letters, prints, and other things of interest connected with the years of 1861-65. Files of newspapers or single copies are wanted. There are many things of the kind that have gone and are still going to waste, and those who have such materials and cannot well preserve them are asked to communicate with Miss Shepherd at once, giving list of things offered, prices, etc. Address her at 1707 North Calvert Street, Baltimore.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$8,732.30 for the Jefferson Davis Memorial from July 15 to August 15, 1917.

THE SOUTH IN SUMMER TIME.

You know, I'm glad I live in Dixie Land,
Especially along in August, when the merc'ry and
Some other things are at their height;
Way down here in this glowing, sunny clime
There never is in hottest spells of summer time
A sweltering night.

Up North, out West, and even in the East
The heat's terrific, fearful, dang'rous, deadly, or at least
The papers all report it so;
But down in Dixie under smiling skies
There never comes a day or night but that a breeze will rise
And gently blow.

Now, honest, have you ever heard of one
Prostration or a death due to the blazing Southern sun,
When in the North there'll daily be
Fatalities by scores? * * * So, if you please,
I'll stick under the pines, palmettos, other Southern trees—
The South for me!

—D. G. Bickers, in *Macon Telegraph*.

THE SOUTH'S RICH FUTURE.

After the Civil War ended, the Southern States remained for twenty years the poorhouse of America. Since then they have progressed, and now they are likely to become the richest portion of the United States, as far as the production of real wealth is concerned. After this war broke out in 1914, their prospects were clouded by the fall in the price of cotton and the stagnation of their industries. To-day they are richer than ever, and the world is more dependent upon the South for cotton than ever before. At the same time the South has become less dependent upon its cotton and is learning to diversify its crops so that its people will not have to buy food in other parts of the United States.

Owing to lack of potash for fertilizing the soil and to the scarcity of labor, high prices for cotton have not unduly stimulated its planting, and at the present trade estimates of the probable crop do not much exceed 11,000,000 bales, which will bring about \$1,400,000,000 for the lint cotton and about \$330,000,000 for the cotton seed.

The South no longer sells all excess cotton and burns its seed. The oil mills, feed mills, and by-product factories in the South practically doubled the original value of the cotton seed, as expressed in their sales of finished products. Cotton mills in the South are consuming about 4,000,000 bales of lint cotton, which in the form of yarn and cloth adds \$520,000,000 more to the value of the cotton crop within the States in which it is produced. As the South now sells its cotton crop, including seed, largely in a raw state and partly in manufactured products, it probably will receive a total of \$2,600,000,000 for the single crop, raised principally in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, and Oklahoma.

Southern planters who raise the bulk of the crop are strong enough financially to hold it for a good price. The current price of about twenty-five cents a pound is beyond the wildest dreams they entertained a few years ago; but if their cotton is worth that in time of war, it will be worth still more if peace should come suddenly. The cotton seed, once regarded as worthless, now is worth more than the entire crop of cotton was thirty years ago. Southern cotton mills are mak-

ing large profits and declaring extra dividends while accumulating surpluses to tide them over dull years.

Iron, steel, and coal, now produced largely in the South, are now selling at prices that have advanced relatively more than cotton and are yielding large fortunes to the producers. More than half of the petroleum of the United States now comes from wells in the South. Zinc- and sulphur-mining and fruit-growing are equally profitable. The shock which the South received in the fall of 1914 has become a blessing. All classes of the people are saving money as they never did before and are investing it in local enterprises and public improvements which will insure large production and active trade in years to come.

The South has learned not to wait and depend entirely upon cotton. If it sticks to this wise policy, the people will cease to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the textile manufacturers of Europe.—*New York Commercial*.

LOUISIANA MONUMENT AT VICKSBURG.

The monument in the Vicksburg Military Park to the Louisiana commands in Johnston's army bears the following inscription:

Louisiana, Johnston's army, Breckinridge's Division.
Washington Artillery, 5th Company, Capt. C. H. Slocumb.
Adams's Brigade, Brig. Gen. D. W. Adams.
Thirteenth and 20th Infantry, Col. Augustus Reichard.
Sixteenth and 25th Infantry, Col. D. Gober.
Nineteenth Infantry, Col. Wesley P. Winans.
Fourteenth Battalion of Sharpshooters, Maj. J. E. Austin.
French's Division.
Fenner's Battery, Capt. C. E. Fenner.
Maxey's Brigade, Lieut. Col. William F. Pennington.
Fourth Infantry, Col. S. E. Hunter.
Thirtieth Infantry, Lieut. Col. Thomas Shields.
Loring's Division, Buford's Brigade.
Twelfth Infantry, Col. Thomas M. Scott.
Point Coupee Artillery, Capt. A. Bouchaud.
Walker's Division, Wilson's Brigade.
Fourth Battalion, Lieut. Col. J. McEnery.
Cavalry Division, First Brigade, Lieut. Col. Nathaniel M. Martin.

Independent Company, Capt. Junius Y. Webb.
Reserve Artillery.
Durrive's Battery, Capt. Edward Durrive, Jr.
Twelfth Infantry engaged Champion's Hill.
May 16, 1863. Killed, 5; wounded, 34; total, 39.

A MEMORIAL CAMP.—The Confederate veterans of Fort Worth, Tex., are planning to establish a Camp on the shore of Lake Worth to be known as "Camp Robert E. Lee," which shall serve as a perpetual monument to the memory of the men who fought in the War between the States. This memorial was proposed by Capt. George B. Holland, and it is planned to have the Camp under the direction and supervision of the sons and daughters of Confederate veterans, so that its maintenance in future years will be assured.

COMMEMORATING BATTLE OF McDOWELL.—The bronze tablet commemorating the battle of McDowell, Va., will be unveiled on the battle ground September 17, 1917. All veterans will be welcomed and given their dinner, a card to the chairman insuring each one a ticket. Contributions to our fund will be greatly appreciated.

MRS. J. C. MATHENY, *Chairman, Monterey, Va.*

SURRENDER OF COBB'S LEGION.

A recent inquiry in the *VETERAN* was for the date and place of the surrender of Cobb's Georgia Legion, Company C. This brought a number of responses, but not the information sought, and the inquirer again writes: "Can't you start a campaign while so many of the veterans are still living to have a complete roster of every company filed at each State Capitol and, if possible, also in Washington? There is no better time than now to do this, and, judging from my own experience in tracing the date of this surrender even while so many veterans are living, it will be quite impossible to do this after the veterans have passed away. I venture to suggest that each veteran living would be interested in seeing that the roster of his own company was as complete as possible, and the record would be invaluable. How can we ask justice of the future historian if we ourselves do not supply him with the truth? I should be glad to feel that I had even a small part in the compiling of such records."

The *VETERAN* has long stressed the importance of securing such records by each State and urged that appropriations be secured for such purpose. North Carolina and Mississippi have done this of late years; Tennessee has some incomplete records, but data on other States is not available. This should be taken up by the State Divisions, U. C. V., at once, for those who could give valuable assistance in such work are passing out rapidly. It is a wrong to the memory of those who fought and died that their service is not on record and a shame to us that we have so neglected this work. Some one should bring this up at the coming State reunions, U. C. V. Who will do it?

AFTER MANY YEARS.

The following is from Maj. G. H. Bemis, "son of a Yankee veteran," who writes from Memphis, Tenn.: "More than fifty years ago my father was a company commandant of the 78th and 102d New York Volunteers, under General Green, corps commander, and General Sherman. He went with Sherman to the sea and thus crossed the State of Georgia. During that famous march my father's regiment had a skirmish (nowadays it would be called a great battle) with a Georgia regiment, and fate decreed that the colonel of that brave band should become a prisoner of war at the hands of my father, Lieut. George Bemis. At that time it was the custom to take the belongings of prisoners, and my father followed the custom; but he always wanted to return a certain article taken from this Colonel Ford. Now, he has answered the sound of taps and cannot fulfill this desire; therefore I, his son, am making a final effort to carry out his wish. I shall be more than pleased to return this article (a beautiful one and kept intact all these years) to Colonel Ford or, if he has passed beyond, to his son or daughter, upon unquestioned proof of relationship. I am making this effort through the *VETERAN* with the hope that the owner can be found."

The official list of officers of the Confederate army gives the name of Francis M. Ford, lieutenant colonel 18th Georgia Infantry, and of Martin J. Ford, lieutenant colonel 1st Georgia Volunteers. Doubtless there are some survivors of those commands who will see this and can give information of the family of the "Colonel Ford" whose command had the brush with Sherman's army on that never-to-be-forgotten march to the sea. Major Bemis may be addressed at 1014 New York Street, Memphis, Tenn.

PENSIONS ALLOWED BY OKLAHOMA.

BY WILLIAM D. MATTHEWS, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

The Confederate pension law for the State of Oklahoma went into effect July 1, 1915, and up to July 1, 1917, there had been three thousand four hundred and ninety-two applications for pensions. Since the law went into effect there have been one hundred and forty-four deaths of Confederate veterans, thirty-four deaths of Confederate widows that were on the pension roll, and twenty-four deaths among applicants to whom a pension had not been granted.

The last legislature of the State raised the appropriation from \$48,000 a year to \$150,000. The State Pension Board at its last meeting, July 3, added nine hundred more names to the pension roll and increased the pensions from \$7.50 a quarter to \$15, making a total of \$60 a year.

The Board of Pension Commissioners consists of W. D. Matthews, State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, Chairman, now commanding First Brigade, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.; W. L. Alexander, State Treasurer; Gen. D. M. Hailey, Commander of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.; Gen. Thomas D. Bard, Commander of Cherokee Brigade; and Gen. T. D. Turner, of Oklahoma City.

The last legislature created what is known as a Confederate Memorial Commission, whose duty it is to locate and mark the burial place of every Confederate soldier who was killed in battle or who was wounded or died during the four years of the war, and appropriated \$1,500 for this purpose, this Memorial Commission to be appointed by the Governor.

WHO CAPTURED GENERAL PRINCE?

George C. Pile writes from Bristol, Tenn.: "Replying to Mr. Patten's last letter in his claim of having captured General Prince in the battle of Cedar Run, I shall give only a brief review of his claims in his communications. In the September (1916) *VETERAN* he speaks of a straw stack which shielded the Union men. In a letter to me, dated September

27, he writes that the General came from behind some brush within sixty or eighty yards of us. In his last letter to the *VETERAN* (March, 1917) he quotes General Prince's report of his capture, in which that officer claims he was captured in a dense cornfield; and he then dismisses the whole affair by stating: 'General Prince's statement of itself should be sufficient.' It is hard for me to see how the General could be in so many different

Halt Sir! What are you running for?



"My God General. hits because I cant fly."

places at the same time. I have not seen a description, account, or report to cause me to change from the position I took in my claim for this capture, as made in the *VETERAN* for January, 1917. I have in my possession affidavits that have not been published and which will be furnished on demand.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE, MD.

Few have the power of presenting political issues so that they may be seen and understood by others with ease and clearness. One of these was Judge Daniel B. Lucas.

It is a remarkable coincidence that I should read in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for August the issues of the war of secession as correctly stated by Rev. A. W. Littlefield, of Massachusetts, and then fall upon the same thought in the same hour expressed almost in the same way in a reprint in the South Atlantic Quarterly of Judge Lucas's article on "The Death of Stonewall Jackson," which first appeared in the Southern Metropolis in 1869. Although not always evident in his perhaps more hurried writings, the gift of clear expression was ever at least potential with Judge Lucas. I should like to see the VETERAN republish these extracts from Judge Lucas's article, particularly as so many false analogies have recently been made between the arrogant aggressions of the Prussian autocracy and the defensive warfare of the Southern Confederacy. Readers of the VETERAN should clip these passages and file them along with the above-mentioned expressions of Dr. Littlefield, the lecturer, student, and poet of Massachusetts.

With regard to the cause of the war of secession, Judge Lucas wrote in part:

"We are told by the politicians that the South appealed to war, and the issue has been decided against her, and therefore she must bury the dead issue. Now, I know of no proposition more at variance with the truth in its premises or more illogical in its conclusion. The South did not appeal to war; the North appealed to war and the South to God. War has decided the issue in one way; God perhaps in another. One war bears the same relation to the contest for a principle that one battle does to a war; and the First Manassas no more decided the struggle against the North than has the first war decided the principle of self-government, for which she contended, against the South. I do not say that the principle must of necessity be submitted to the arbitrament of another war, although many indications point in that direction; nor if a second war should occur do I maintain that it must necessarily be upon the same theater or between the same parties; but what I do say is that the question once submitted is still pending before the tribunal of high heaven, and in the end the judgment must be in favor of the right, and therefore the principle of self-government must in the end triumph. * * *

"Let it not be supposed that I am ignorant that the war was not waged on account of slavery. The true issue is eliminated by simply placing in juxtaposition two historical utterances. Said Mr. Lincoln in his first inaugural: 'We do not fight to abolish slavery, but to restore the Union.' Said Jefferson Davis to the semiofficial commission who sounded him as to the amicable adjustment of the controversy: 'We do not fight for slavery, but for independence.' Here, then, was the issue: the right of each State to govern itself. Jackson thought Virginia had this right, and in vindication of the justice of his view it would only be necessary to place side by side two other historical documents: the one the ratification by the people of Virginia of the Constitution of the United States on the 25th of June, 1788, and the other the repeal and abrogation of the same act by the ordinance of April 17, 1861; the one the delegation of specific powers by an admitted sovereign and such only as a sovereign could

delegate, and the other the resumption of those powers in the case contemplated and provided for by the very act of delegation. If these passages from history do not make a platform broad and strong enough to support a man who believed himself right, then Jackson must fall. The intelligence of this present time has decided in his favor, and there is little danger of this verdict's being set aside in the future. Rather shall it be confirmed by posterity and ratified by history; so that Jackson shall not only be spoken of always, but shall be always well spoken of, his name itself a benediction throughout all ages."

THE IRON BRIGADE AT GETTYSBURG.

The following interesting letter from J. A. Watrous, lieutenant colonel U. S. A., retired, and a former adjutant general of the "Iron Brigade," was sent to Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson after reading her tribute to "The Most Famous Regiment" in the VETERAN for August:

"I was a member of the Iron Brigade to which you referred on several occasions. It is a long time since I have read anything pertaining to that or any other war that so deeply interested me. In the first place, your article is admirably written, and it is a timely article. We are hearing these days of destructive battles, but we are hearing of no battles where there is greater bravery shown than during those three days at Gettysburg. Men stood up like men and fought each other at close range, not for a few minutes, but for hours. I want to thank you for thinking to write the article and the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for printing it.

"I have just one criticism to make. You say the 26th North Carolina drove three, and 'we have every reason to believe five, regiments out of the woods' with a gallantry unsurpassed. I dislike to spoil that picture, but the truth of history demands it. The 26th North Carolina drove one regiment out of the woods, and that was the 24th Michigan, which belonged to the Iron Brigade, and it was the 24th Michigan that the 26th North Carolina fought and charged that day, and it fought that one regiment only. The North Carolina regiment fared better that day than the 24th Michigan did. Nine of its color bearers were shot down, when its colonel, Henry A. Morrow, who has three sons—a colonel and two lieutenant colonels—in the regular army at this time, seized the colors and himself was wounded and made a prisoner. That night, when the roll was called, there were ninety-six of the 24th Michigan's eight hundred that entered the battle, or about the number that were left to tell the story in the gallant 26th North Carolina after Pickett's charge. The 2d and 7th Wisconsin fought close together, and among their trophies that day was Archer's Brigade, which they captured, together with its commander.

"The 6th Wisconsin (the one to which I belonged for four years) was loaned temporarily to the 2d brigade, of Wadsworth's Division. The 6th Wisconsin made the charge on the railroad cut, some distance to the right of McPherson's Woods as you come from Gettysburg, and captured the 2d Mississippi; so you will see that the brigade was divided up and assigned to important duties and that they performed them pretty well, while leaving the 24th Michigan to give the 26th North Carolina all it wanted to do on that terribly hot day of July 1, 1863.

"Every member of the Iron Brigade is proud to have belonged to that organization, and I must confess that after reading your intensely interesting chapter I am prouder than

ever that I belonged to a brigade which had in it such a regiment as the 24th Michigan. I think it perfectly safe to say that no two other regiments among thousands of regiments in that war ever fought more bravely than our 24th and your 26th and with more dreadful results to each other."

To the above Colonel Watrous makes this addition in writing to the VETERAN: "I should have added in my letter to Mrs. Emerson another interesting fact. She mentions Sergt. Charles H. McConnell. He became a man of large wealth and matured a plan for the erection of a notable monument on the field of the first day's battle at Gettysburg. The center of the monument was to be for the Iron Brigade, the right for the 24th Michigan, and the left for the 26th North Carolina. He postponed action and later told me that he would make provision for that monument in his will. Whether he did or not, I am not informed. He died a few months ago, a brave soldier and a good citizen. He was very fond of the 26th North Carolina, and I think once he went South to attend a reunion of that regiment. At all events, we of the Iron Brigade met a number of the North Carolina regiment at the great reunion at Gettysburg in our tent provided by Major McConnell."

THE FIRST ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

BY RICHARD MASON, CAMDEN, ARK.

In searching for historical lore concerning the exploration of the Ouachita River and the first settlement at Camden, a highly picturesque story of the voyage of Fernando De Soto down the Ouachita was brought to light. The journey was made during the winter and spring of 1542, a century and a half before the first French settlement on Arkansas soil at Arkansas Post.

The history of De Soto's wanderings purports to have been written by a Portuguese gentleman of Elvas, who accompanied De Soto in the hope of meeting with adventure and finding gold. It was published in Spain in 1557, fifteen years after De Soto's death. The first English translation was made in 1609, and the volume was reprinted by the Hakluyt Society of London in 1851.

De Soto landed on the coast of Florida in 1539. He made his way through the unexplored country to the Mississippi, reaching the bluffs on the eastern side (presumably near the site of the present city of Memphis) about June, 1541. Though he is popularly supposed to be the first white man to look on the great river, he was preceded by another Spaniard, Alonzo de Pineda, who sighted the river in 1519. But De Soto is entitled to the credit of having made the first exploration of any part of the Mississippi. And he and his band of followers were undoubtedly the first Europeans to set foot on the soil of Arkansas.

When we look back on this hardy adventurer through the glamour that the centuries throw around him, we are apt to lose sight of the fact that he made his perilous journey with no thought of expanding the empire of Spain, but with the burning hope of finding in the wonderful new country vast quantities of yellow gold. His first historian, however, never lets us forget that De Soto had sold his estates in Spain and had armed and equipped a troop of some eight hundred men for the journey under the conviction that he would find unlimited treasure in the New World.

During the two-year march from the coast of Florida to the Mississippi De Soto had waged many battles with the Indians; but gradually he came to learn that he could make

better progress by means of fair-dealing. He found that barter was far ahead of battle as an aid to forward progress and that beads brought him far more information than bullets. As a consequence of this knowledge he was quick to make friends with the Indians near the Mississippi. Learning from them of the hot springs and salt licks to be found to the west, and thinking that gold was sure to be found in the mountains that produced the wonderful boiling springs, he engaged Indian guides to take him to the springs. They led him to the famous Arkansas Hot Springs.

The springs were all that the Indians claimed for them. The salt licks, the historian tells us, furnished the first salt that the Christians had tasted in many months. But De Soto cared nothing for the beauties of nature that surrounded him; nor did he find interest in the stories of wonderful cures that the Indians laid to the bubbling waters. The two years spent in the lowlands had undermined his stalwart strength. He did not meet with a cure from the waters of the springs. He had been disappointed in his long search for gold. He sought now only an easy pathway to the sea.

The Indians living around Tanico (as they called the hot springs) told De Soto of the river which rises in the mountains west of the springs. They assured him that this river joined the great Father of Waters after flowing through the lands of the Ouachitas. Relying on their statements, rather than take the overland trip back to the Mississippi, where he knew no gold was to be found, De Soto embarked with his men for a journey down the Ouachita.

From December until June, 1542, was spent in making the trip down the Ouachita and Black Rivers to the Red and thence to the Mississippi. The company, though now but one-third as large as when De Soto landed in Florida, was a large one to feed in the wilderness through which they passed. Frequent stops had to be made to kill game for food. Explorations were made all along the way, still in hopes of finding the precious metal. Silver ornaments worn by Indians gave rise to the belief that a silver mine existed near the river, and a search was made for it. But De Soto had lost heart in the work. He was sick in body and sore in mind and was unable to instill hope in the hearts of his company. His men had grown discontented and surly.

There is a legend in South Arkansas that De Soto found a tribe of the Ouachita Indians living on the bluffs and highlands where the city of Camden is now situated. The Indians had selected this site for a permanent encampment on account of its strategic advantages over the land and the stream.

The Ouachitas were a friendly and generous race of Indians. They were of a high type of civilization and had arts and crafts little short of more enlightened races. Traces of them remain in the Indian names to be found in the land which was their home; for illustration, the word "Ouachita" (signifying "rippling waters"), which is found as the name of the river, of a county and a chain of mountains in Arkansas, and of a parish in Louisiana. Unfortunately, this race of Indians was one of the first to disappear before the advance of the white man. They have been extinct for a century.

Early in the spring De Soto set out to continue his trip down the river. Though he had rested for a time with the friendly Ouachitas, while his men laid in supplies and sought for a silver mine which the Indians had discovered but would not reveal to the white men, his fever continued to bear him down. It was a trip filled with peril and hardship. Men perished by the score.

(Concluded on page 434.)

MEMORIAL DAY AT ARLINGTON.

Extracts from the speech by Gen. Bennett H. Young at the memorial services at Arlington on June 3, 1917:

"At this hour, at this place, on this occasion profound and tenderest memories are awakened in every soldier heart. We celebrate on this day the birth of Jefferson Davis, who was born one hundred and nine years ago in the little village of Fairview, Todd County, Ky. Had those ancient astrologers been present who used the stars and planets as the quantities by which they figured and forecast the destinies of men, they would have observed unusual and extraordinary combinations of those heavenly factors, and in their records they would have made note of a grand, heroic, wonderful future of the child at that hour ushered into a world of stern conflict and great achievement.

"We are here to honor our Confederate dead, who gave their lives for one of the noblest principles that ever moved human hearts, nerved human arms, or stirred human souls—the precious doctrine of self-government. We have come to commune with the spirits of our departed heroes and to send messages of love and tenderness to them in the land where immortals dwell and on this Sabbath afternoon assure them that their sacrifices and their courage have not been forgotten, but have and ever will be treasured by the men and women of the South as a most priceless treasure.

"Again 'we summon our deathless dead out of their silent graves' and speak to them of the world's appreciation of their valor and loyalty to truth and bid them be assured that they did not die in vain and have left behind them a record for the highest and noblest qualities of a superb and chivalrous manhood which, if equaled, will never be surpassed. Our blessed republic is now engaged in the greatest of all wars. The human imagination cannot yet grasp the figures that will estimate and calculate the losses of this stupendous conflict. We know full well that the American nation will measure up to the most exalted and exacting demands of humanity and liberty, and with full reliance on God and right we shall with fullest hope and without a single fear abide the hour when the world will witness the complete triumph of the principles of a people's government and a true democracy. There can be no reasonable criticism of these Memorial Days. They are connected with memories dearer to us than life itself. No foeman now need frown, for those we honor have been dead more than half a century, and tears and prayers are the only crowns with which we wreath them now.

"At these graves, representing part of the immortal host that made Confederate fame eternal, we renew our allegiance to the glorious past. A thrill of pride moves every impulse of our manhood as we proclaim to the world that there are more monuments built to commemorate Confederate history than have ever been erected to any other cause, civil, religious, or political. Out of the ruins of our nation's hopes and life we come with untarnished name, unsullied honor, unhumiliated pride, and unbroken spirit. We had two ambitions, to retrieve the fortunes of our broken Southland and to monumentalize its history and thus transmit its records to subsequent generations. We have endeavored to preserve the name and fame of our land sacred with our comrades' blood and drenched with Southern women's tears. We have cast up hundreds of heaps of stone to mark the things that ought to be remembered with pride and have these almost countless monuments point with fingers to a sky starred with Southern virtues.

"This superb result has been largely accomplished by the Daughters of the Confederacy. They stretched out their hands to do this great thing. They have done it, and the South places an amaranthine crown upon the snowy brows of the daughters of Dixie who, through half a century, have stood unalterably firm and loyal to this glorious resolve. We are at the foot and in the shadow of the Confederate Arlington Monument, designed by the genius and carved by the hand of that illustrious Southern soldier, Sir Moses Ezekiel. It is claimed to be the largest bronze casting in the world, and over the Confederate dust, sleeping about its base, we claim that the richest of war's spoils, 'the ashes of the brave,' are resting in peace and glory."

At the conclusion of his address General Young turned to President Wilson, who was present on the platform, and said:

"It is generally understood, Mr. President, that you are not a great seeker after advice; but I hope you will pardon the liberty an old Confederate takes with you on this occasion while we are under the spirit and influence of our beloved dead who rest in Arlington in the shadow of the largest bronze memorial in the world.

"You have tried the draft now from 21 to 30. This shows that our nation is engaged in one of the most gigantic contests of the ages. If this doesn't result satisfactorily, try a draft from 30 to 40. If that should not meet national demands and national expectations, then would I suggest that you try a draft from 70 to 80, and I may confidently state that you will get some really very great soldiers. You will find men in these limits who were at Gettysburg and wrote on the pitiless rocks with their blood the story of American manhood. You will find men who witnessed the awful destruction and desolation at Spottsylvania C. H. and Cold Harbor. You will find men who in the really first great battle of the American war at Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston died amid the stunted oaks of that fateful field, warred with a courage and determination that has no superior in the annals of any conflict of the world. You will find men who, amid the dreadful decimation at Chickamauga, the field of blood, demonstrated that the Anglo-Saxon, in the defense of principles, is without fear. You will find men who were at Murfreesboro, where the best of American blood flowed in such profusion as to startle mankind. These soldiers who passed through these scenes, which illustrated the highest types of human heroism and valor, will be ready, if need be, to follow the Stars and Stripes on the plains of Belgium and the valleys of France, where they will contend for liberty and for humanity as they did for what they believed to be right in the great struggle of 1861-65."

Noblest of martyrs in a glorious fight!

Ye died to save the cause of Truth and Right;
And though your banner beams no more on high,
Not vainly did it wave or did ye die!

No blood for freedom shed is spent in vain;
It is as fertile as the summer rain;
And the last tribute of heroic breath
Is always conqueror over Wrong and Death.

The grand procession of avenging years
Has turned to triumph all our bitter tears,
And the cause lost by battle's stern behest
Is won by Justice and by Heaven blest.

—James R. Randall.

WHY DID THE CONFEDERATE STATES FIGHT?

BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Probably there is no aspect of the war for Southern independence that has been so persistently, not to say maliciously, misrepresented as the motive and purpose of the Southern States in withdrawing from the Union and in defending their action with the sword. These misrepresentations have been industriously propagated from the close of the war to the present day in elaborate histories, in school-books, in magazines and newspapers, by essays, speeches, and sermons. The press, the platform, and the pulpit have been abundantly used to assert that the action of the South was a "wicked and causeless rebellion." All this with a view to lead our own people of the coming generations to think that their fathers were moved by ambition, prejudice, greed, and a spirit of tyranny over a helpless race to precipitate a war against "the best government the world ever saw." It seems to me that a brief statement of the actual issues involved in that war will vindicate the righteousness of the Southern people in seeking to establish an independent government.

1. The South fought for the sacredness of constitutional guarantees, that they might not be treated as "a scrap of paper" to be set aside by the interest or the sentiment of any section of the Union. The Constitution was the compact, or bond, of union to which the States agreed in forming the republic. It defined clearly the rights granted to the Federal government, and all other rights of sovereignty were reserved to the States. The South insisted on a strict construction of the Constitution and the limitation of the general government to the powers granted in that instrument. By a theory of implied powers invented by the Federalists the sphere of the general government could be, and was, indefinitely extended. The South held that a persistent and determined violation of the Constitution released her from the compact, and in this she was sustained by Daniel Webster, the great Northern expounder of the Constitution. The attempt of Mr. Lincoln's apologists, some of them Confederate soldiers, to justify his open, confessed, and egregious violations of the Constitution by the assertion that he did it to preserve the Union seems to me silly, as it declares that he destroyed the bond of union to hold the Union together. He overthrew the Constitution that he might under its forms establish a different government, a consolidated nation, rather than a federated republic. The South fought for the form of government established by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and their compatriots.

2. The South fought for the right of a State, as a member of the Federal compact, to be the ultimate judge of the violations of the compact and of the mode and measure of redress, and this involved the right of withdrawal from the Union when the State should consider that the best or the only remedy against invasion of her rights. This right has been asserted over and over again by New England statesmen and legislatures in 1803, 1814, and 1845. And Mr. Lincoln in the thirtieth Congress, of which he was a member, asserted the same doctrine in vigorous terms. The South exercised this right only after a political party became dominant in the North whose leaders had denounced the Union under the Constitution as "a covenant with death and a league with hell," a party which had passed in many Northern States personal liberty bills directly annulling the Constitution and had denied the rights of the South in the territories that

were largely won by her blood and statesmanship. When that party had elected a President pledged to carry out its policies, then she withdrew from the Union and resisted to the death Mr. Lincoln's effort to coerce her into submission to these wrongs. Even Mr. Lincoln confessed that he had no right "to reduce the seceding States to obedience by conquest."

3. The South fought to free herself from a commercial tyranny which used the general government to give special privileges to the Northern and Eastern sections by levying high tariffs on those things which she had to buy abroad, thus exacting heavy tribute for the benefit of "infant industries" that never seemed to grow to maturity. And rivers and harbors of the Northern States, with their extensive opportunities for graft, were improved at immense expense to the comparative neglect of the Mississippi River and the magnificent harbor of Norfolk and other Southern points. The South fought for a government that gave equal opportunities to all the States and sections and special privileges to none.

4. The South fought to free herself from outside interference and fanatical intermeddling with her domestic institutions—the right to manage her own internal affairs in her own way. She had inherited a system of domestic slavery forced upon her originally by the rapacity of England and by the activities of New England slave traders. She had taken the victims of this rapacity, black savages from Africa, and in two centuries had given them a measure of Christianity and civilization, had made them the best-cared-for and most contented body of laborers in the world. Then in New England and other Northern States was organized a propaganda whose object was to free the negroes even at the price of destroying the Union and arousing the slaves to the butchery of their masters' families. This ruthless purpose showed its real spirit in the John Brown raid of 1859, when a noted thief and murderer tried to arouse the slaves to insurrection and was backed by influential leaders of the abolition propaganda. When he received the just punishment of his deeds, he was canonized by large numbers of Northern people as a martyr, and his statue represents the State of Kansas in the National Hall of Fame. When this abolition fury gained control of a great political party and elected the President of the United States, it was plain that interference and efforts to destroy the kindly relations of the white and black races would continue. It was time for the Southern States to withdraw and defend their homes and their most sacred rights at any cost.

5. Again, the South fought for the political and social supremacy of the white race. It is charged with tiresome iteration that she fought to maintain slavery, "to rivet the chains on a helpless race." The charge comes with poor grace from a people who got rid of slavery because it was unprofitable to them by selling their slaves to the South.

Still our war did have to do with one of the most delicate and difficult questions that ever can confront a free people. How shall two races as widely different in physical, mental, and moral characteristics as the Anglo-Saxon and the African live together in peace and harmony? Only some form of subjection of one or the other race is possible, unless resort is had to miscegenation, social intermingling, and intermarriage, an idea repulsive to a normal Anglo-Saxon. Where it has been tried it has resulted in a degenerate race. And while the Southern people were willing to do all they could

to elevate the negro and ultimately to emancipate him, yet with fierce determination they assert the supremacy of the white race in political and social life. The defense of the South against the false and fanatical theories of equality and liberty has been called "a slaveholder's war," though not one family in thirty in the South owned slaves. Yet every Confederate soldier, however poor in worldly goods, cherished in every fiber of his nature this sense of race superiority as his patent of nobility, and instinctively he felt that he was fighting to maintain that superiority against a party intent on making the negro his equal. He cared nothing for slavery, but he fought for his own race standing.

Of course we know that there was a very large element in the North that was thoroughly opposed to the theories, purposes, and methods of the party which forced the war upon the South; but they were held in subjection by the unscrupulous use of force and falsehood as to the purpose of the war. Our contention is that the South was justified in her heroic defense of the principles of constitutional liberty. And that we were right in interpreting the motives and aims of the party of which Mr. Lincoln was the leader is clearly shown by the Reconstruction measures which followed the victory of the North. These measures, the shame of all good men in the North, were the logical outcome of the policy of the abolitionized Republican party in waging the war, for the effort of the Reconstruction leaders was for a mighty centralized government at Washington, with absolute control of the Southern States as conquered provinces and ultimately of all the States, the central government to determine what rights might be given to the State, the right of unlimited taxation either directly or by tariff exactions, and the supremacy of the negro in politics and in social life. Negro judges, negro legislatures, negro and white social intermingling were no accident; they were the logical result of abolition sentiment and legislation.

Against these things the South had to fight or be traitor to her traditions, to her blood, and to the true principles of civil and religious liberty. She fought "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people might not perish from the earth." And her defeat leaves it still in doubt whether the present régime of the trust or the labor union is to prevail over liberty, equality, and fraternity. The South is proud of her record. Though defeated, she fought to the death for liberty, justice, and truth.

Let me add a word to express my thanks and obligations to a little volume on the "Causes That Led to the War between the States," written for the Daughters of the Confederacy by J. O. McGehee, a veteran of the Army of Northern Virginia, published by A. B. Caldwell Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga., in 1915. It is a wonderfully clear and comprehensive statement of the Southern cause.

SPEECH ON THE FOOTE RESOLUTION, DELIVERED JANUARY 25, 1830, BY ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.—Thus it will be seen that the South Carolina doctrine is the Republican doctrine of 1798; that it was first promulgated by the fathers of the faith; that it was maintained by Virginia and Kentucky in the worst of times; that it constituted the very pivot on which the political revolution of that day turned; that it embraces the very principles the truth of which at that time saved the Constitution at its last gasp and which New England statesmen were not unwilling to adopt when they believed themselves to be the victims of unconstitutional legislation.

WOUNDED AT SHARPSBURG.

BY THE LATE E. E. STICKLEY, OF WOODSTOCK, VA.

On September 16, 1862, after the capture of General Miles, with his eleven thousand troops and all their arms and equipments, whom we had surrounded and cooped up in Harper's Ferry, Va., General Jackson moved his corps several miles up the Potomac River with a view to going into bivouac for the night. After halting and stacking arms, the men were ordered to cook several days' rations preparatory to invading Maryland. The fires were made and the pots had begun to boil when, to the surprise of all, suddenly and unexpectedly the long roll beat, and the whole of Jackson's army fell into line. The command was given, and the march began toward Shepherdstown. Just below the town the troops waded the river and went up through Sharpsburg, Md., before sundown, moving rapidly on to the field that afterwards became the battle ground.

I was then acting aid-de-camp on the staff of the old Stonewall Brigade. Riding through Sharpsburg, I obtained leave of Colonel Grigsby, the ranking officer commanding the brigade, to go to a house near by for water and food. After going there I began to feel wretchedly faint of heart, for it seemed to me that the coming battle meant my certain death. I got some water and a few tomatoes, but could not eat them; and it was only by a supreme effort that I conquered my fear and reported to our commanding officer in the line of march.

We moved forward and took position on the field, with the right of our brigade resting near the Hagerstown Road, leading across the Antietam and facing the creek. We were ordered to rest in line, and did so all the evening of September 16. We placed our sharpshooters in our front; and often in the night there was considerable shooting, which indicated that the battle might begin at any time. Our troops lay on their arms all night.

About eleven o'clock Colonel Grigsby, speaking to me and to Cox, our orderly, and one of the bravest boys I never knew, said: "Boys, no fight to-night. You can lie down here and get some sleep." We prepared at once to do so.

I had a pair of new buckskin gloves and some new clothes. We each got a stone for a pillow and laid it down. I put both of my gloves on the stone and spread a blanket over them. Tying our horses to our feet, as was the custom in an emergency, we lay down, with another blanket to cover us, and slept the sleep of the just. About three o'clock sharpshooting became fierce and active, seeming to point to immediate action. We arose at the touch of Colonel Grigsby, who had stood by the side of his horse all night. After untying our horses, which had been asleep too, and packing up the blankets, I started to pick up my gloves; but the right-hand glove was gone, and I never saw it again. Daylight was now coming on; and Colonel Grigsby told me to go along the line, awaken the boys, and tell them to put on fresh caps, as it was clear that we must get ready for battle.

Soon after sunup the fearful battle began to rage. We first moved our artillery (Poague's Battery) to the front of our line to open the ball, and did so with good effect, exchanging a few rounds and then retiring behind the line. The spectacle now presented was one of splendor and magnificence. As the enemy advanced we beheld one of the most brilliant displays of troops we had ever seen. The Federals in apparent double battle line were moving toward us at charge bayonets, common time, and the sunbeams falling on their well-polished guns and bayonets gave a glamour and a show at once fearful and entrancing.

About this time the Rochester Artillery, Colonel Reynolds commanding, stationed diagonally across Antietam Creek from us, opened a terrific fire, fixing their aim on the center of our brigade, where they could see the staff horses. I was then in the act of mounting my horse, a fine animal I had captured at Harper's Ferry. The first shell fell about one hundred and fifty yards behind our line, the second about seventy-five yards in the rear of the line, doing no damage. The third shell struck and killed my horse and, bursting, blew him to pieces, knocked me down, of course, and tore off my right arm, except for enough flesh to hold its weight. Seeing my horse about to fall on me, I jumped up and went straight to the brigade line of battle, where I was caught by two of our men and thus prevented from falling. I was saturated with blood, my right side from the blood of my own person and my left from the blood of my horse. Now, it was clear why I had lost my glove: I had no right hand on which to wear it. Was this a presentiment?

Just before this serious happening the command came to the troops all along our line: "Forward! Charge bayonets! Common time! March!" The command was obeyed cheerfully and with vigor, the men charging and firing as they went. But at a short distance they were halted by the powerful battle lines in front. They met at reasonably close range, and a battle royal was on, which continued through most of the day of September 17, 1862. At night our brigade was still holding its position stubbornly and persistently, and so we remained.

Colonel Grigsby detailed two men to take me to the rear, and we started down east along the battle line. They first put me on a horse, holding me, but I became so very sick from wounds that I had to be taken off. Not only was my arm gone, but there was a severe wound in my right side, much flesh torn off, a rib broken, and one lung bruised. I then walked along, supported by the men, until we came to a furnished house on the field of battle which had just been vacated. I was laid on the floor of the parlor; and two of our army surgeons came into the room and began to tie up my arteries to stop the bleeding, which possibly saved my life. Before they got through, however, several shells struck the house, and they left me alone. Then a loitering soldier, dodging the battle, came to the door. He knew me and asked what he could do for me. I told him to get me some water. He could find none, but took me down toward the field hospital at Sharpsburg. On the way we met our brigade ambulance train in charge of Captain Burdette, of Staunton, Va., who dashed up to me in haste and cried out: "Great God, Stickley! Is that you?" He dismounted and came to me, and I fell into his arms and knew no more until I found myself in the hospital yard on the ground among thousands of shrieking, groaning, and dying soldiers.

After regaining consciousness I was ministered unto for hours by my good friend Riddlemoser, our medicine dispenser, of Staunton, and by 3 P.M. reaction was brought about by stimulants. I was carried to the operating table; and our brigade surgeons, Drs. Sawyer and Black (God bless them and their memory!) did efficient work and probably saved my life.

The battle continued all day. It was fought at great odds, more than two to our one, and with varied success. But we held our ground all that evening, night, and next day, ready to renew the battle. The Federals did not venture to attack General Lee again that day. After waiting a time, our army returned to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

We had engaged in battle that day about 41,000 troops. The Federals were about 87,000 of all arms. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was about 9,500 men, while the Federal loss was about 12,400 men, as shown by the records in Henderson's "Life of Jackson."

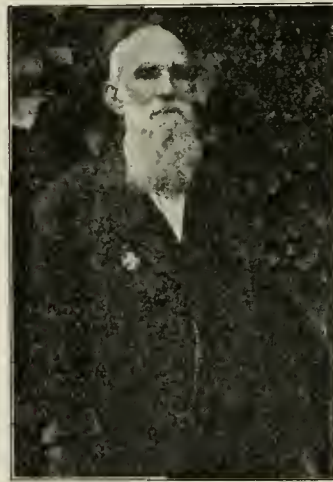
After leaving the hospital that night, crossing the river in an ambulance, we were first taken into Shepherdstown and thence to Winchester, where I was kindly cared for by good friends and my father and mother and then taken home to recover.

While traveling one day I met a nephew of the lady who owned the house on the battle field, who told me that an arm was found under the table in their parlor when they returned after the battle and that they had it buried in a corner of their garden.

Sharpsburg was a great battle. It is spoken of as the bloodiest battle of the war. Our troops did some of their best fighting and sustained their hard-earned reputation. However, I learned that at one time our brigade was driven back near the Dunkard church a short distance, but soon rallied and moved forward some hundred feet beyond its original position and held it to the end.

[A report of this battle by H. J. Williams, major commanding the 5th Virginia Infantry, is quoted in the "War Records" as follows: "Lieut. James M. Garnett and Orderlies Cox and Stickley, the latter of whom was severely wounded early in the day, rendered indispensable services to Colonel Grigsby throughout the whole trying time."]

Appropriately given here are some extracts from a tribute by Judge George L. Christian to the gallant young officer, Ezra Eugene Stickley. He was born near Strasburg, Va.,



E. E. STICKLEY.

on August 30, 1839, both his parents being descendants of that sturdy stock which first settled in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. He received his early educational training in the "old field schools" of Virginia, where were laid the intellectual foundations of some of Virginia's greatest jurists, scholars, and statesmen. He subsequently attended Winchester Academy, and when the War between the States began he was a student at Bethany College, near Wheeling, W. Va.; and

though the influences and surroundings of that section were generally hostile to the cause of the Confederacy, no sooner had Virginia taken her stand with her sister Southern States than he enlisted as a private in the Marion Rifles, of the 5th Virginia Infantry, a part of the Stonewall Brigade. It was while serving as a courier for General Jackson in the bloody battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, that he received the wound which incapacitated him for further military service; but it did not in any degree abate his love for the cause and the comrades with whom he had dared and done so much in its defense. And one of the most cherished pleas-

ures of his subsequent life was to meet and greet these comrades in annual reunion.

When his wound had sufficiently healed, he entered the law school of Washington College; but in the fall of 1864 he matriculated at the University of Virginia as a law student in the little "mutilated class" under that famous teacher John B. Minor, from which class came some of the ablest and most distinguished lawyers and men of their day. He graduated therefrom in 1866 with the degree of B.L. and practiced successfully for nearly half a century, until his death, on November 11, 1915. His home was at Woodstock, Va., for nearly that length of time.

Mr. Stickley was an earnest Christian, an elder in the Christian Church for thirty-seven years. His most striking characteristics were fidelity to duty and loyalty to principle and to his friends. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Sophie Helm, of Loudon County, Va., and his second marriage was to Miss Mary B. Cutler, of Louisa, Va. She survives him, with their six sons and a son and daughter of the first marriage. His home was a type of the true Christian abode and fragrant with the charms and harmonies of love and virtue.

WASHINGTON'S VISION AT VALLEY FORGE.

[The following is an account of a vision which came to Washington at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777, as given by Anthony Wayne, an intelligent and reputable soldier, who was there with the great leader and whose statement is well authenticated. It was sent the VETERAN some years ago by H. H. Wagner, of Montague, Tex., who wrote that he had read it more than forty years before, when but a small boy, but it made a deep impression on him. It is a fact that it was published before the War between the States, and it is reprinted now simply as one of the curious flights of imagination.]

When the bold action of our Congress in asserting the independence of the colonies became known in the Old World, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels whom the British general would soon tame into submission. Undoubtedly we prepared to make good what we had said, the keen encounter came, and the world knows its result.

One day I remember well, at the darkest period, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, resolving to pass there the winter of 1777. The chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees; and though the sky was cloudless and the sun was shining brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly the whole afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed his face to be a shade paler than usual and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance.

Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the officer of the day, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington gazed upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command and said:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind or what, but this afternoon when I was sitting at this table engaged in preparing a dispatch something seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and even a

fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor save a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading through me. I would have risen, but her strange gaze riveted on me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself became paralyzed; a new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitor. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed to become full of sensations and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarefy the mysterious visitor, herself more airy and yet more distinct to my eyes than before.

"I now began to feel as one dying, or, rather, to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompanied dissolution. I did not think nor reason nor move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly at my companion. Presently I heard a voice saying: 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' At the same time my visitor extended her arm and forefinger eastward. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold after fold. This gradually disappeared, and I looked upon a strange scene. Behold! before me lay spread out on a vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and tossing the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the republic,' said the mysterious voice, 'look and learn.' At the same moment I beheld a dark, shadowy form, like an angel in mid-air, between Europe and America, dipping water out of the ocean in the hollows of each hand and sprinkling some upon America with the right and some with his left upon Europe. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary and then moved westward until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed through it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people. A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it out as before; the dark cloud was drawn back to the ocean, into whose waves it sank from view.

"A third time I heard the voice saying: 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' I cast my eyes upon America and beheld towns, villages, and cities spring up one after another until the whole land was dotted with them. Again I heard the voice say: 'Son of the republic, the middle of a century cometh. Look and learn.' At this the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-formed specter approaching our country. It flitted lowly and heavily over every village and town, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves into battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking I saw a bright angel, on which was traced the word 'Union,' bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation and said: 'Remember, ye are brethren.' Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became once more united around the old standard, and again I heard the voice saying, 'Son of the republic, look and learn,' and I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America increase in numbers till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven or the sands on the seashore.

"And again I heard the voice saying: 'Son of the republic, look and learn; the end of a century cometh.' At this the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth and blew

three distinct blasts and, taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa. Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of these countries arose thick black clouds, and they were joined into one, and throughout this mass gleamed a dark red light by which I saw legions of armed men who, moving with the cloud, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was enveloped in the cloud, and I dimly saw the vast armies devastate the whole country and pillage and burn the villages, town, and cities which I beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of the cannons and the clashing of swords and cries of the millions of mortals, I again heard the voice saying, 'Son of the republic, look and learn,' and the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet to his mouth and blew a long and fearful blast. Instantly a light, as if of a thousand suns, shone from above me and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead was written the word 'Union' and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other descend from heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who, I perceived, were well-nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage, again closed up the broken ranks and renewed the battle. And again amid the fearful noise of the conflict I heard the voice saying: 'Son of the republic, look and learn.' As the voice ceased the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I saw villages, towns, and cities springing up where they had been before; while the bright angel planted the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them and cried with a loud voice, 'While the stars remain and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the republic last'; and taking from his brow, which blazed, the word 'Union,' he placed it upon the standard, while the people kneeled down and said, 'Amen.'

"The scene immediately began to fade and dissolve, and at last I saw nothing but the rising, curling vapor."

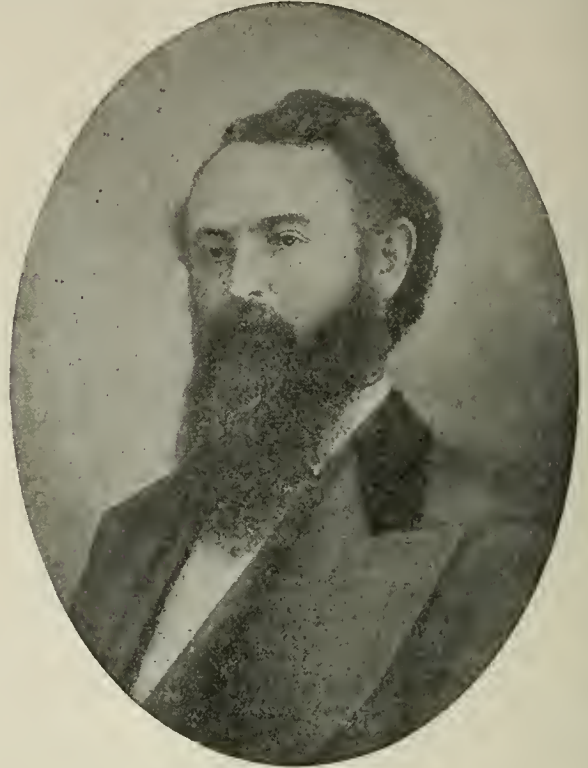
GEN. JAMES F. FAGAN.

BY C. W. WALKER, FAYETTEVILLE, ARK.

Fifty-two years have passed since the Southern soldiers, overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, laid down their arms and returned to their homes to enter upon the peaceful pursuits of life. Among the many gallant defenders of the Southern cause in the Trans-Mississippi Department, none was more conspicuous for daring and heroic courage than James F. Fagan. He combined the dash of John Morgan with the dauntless courage of Pat Cleburne. Coming up from the ranks, his promotion was rapid—captain of a company, colonel of the 1st Arkansas Regiment, brigadier general of infantry, and then major general of cavalry. Never was promotion more rapid or more meritorious. I first saw General Fagan while encamped near Van Buren, Ark., in December, 1862. Brooks's Regiment (34th Arkansas Infantry), of which I was a member, that of Hawthorn's 6th Arkansas, King's 35th Arkansas, and Pleasants's 29th Arkansas Infantry were organized into a brigade, of which General Fagan was the beloved leader.

Crossing the Arkansas River at Van Buren on the 4th of December, 1862, we took up our line of march northward under the leadership of Gen. T. C. Hindman. At Oliver's

Store, on Lee's Creek, we received our battle flags and forty rounds of ammunition to the man, then went on to Prairie Grove, ten miles southwest of Fayetteville. At 11:30 A.M. on Sunday, December 7, 1862, we engaged General Herron, who was on his march westward to reinforce General Blunt,



GEN. JAMES F. FAGAN.

who was encamped at Cane Hill, eighteen miles southwest of Fayetteville. General Fagan, with his brigade alone, successfully met General Herron's division and repelled most gallantly every onslaught of the enemy, bivouacking on the field at the close of the battle. For five hours the battle raged under storm of shot and shell. In this battle General Fagan was conspicuous for his gallantry. The other battles in which he participated were Marks's Mill, on the Saline River, where he captured two regiments that were conveying a train of two hundred wagons loaded with provisions intended for General Steele, who a few days before was encamped at Camden. Here was a clean sweep, every man being captured and every wagon taken. Other battles in which General Fagan was engaged were: Helena, on the 4th of July, 1863; Ironton, Mo., in September, 1863; Jefferson City, Mo.; Little Blue, near Lexington, Mo.; Westport, now a part of Kansas City; and Newtonia, Mo., which was the last battle fought on General Price's raid through Missouri. To speak in detail of the many battles in which General Fagan took so conspicuous a part would extend this paper beyond the limits intended.

It was my great pleasure, accompanied by my daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wickersham, to visit the beautiful home of the widow of General Fagan in Oakland, Cal. The sight of a splendid portrait of the General and also the sword which he so gallantly bore through the entire war suggested the writing of this memorial sketch, which, notwithstanding its imperfection, I hope may find a place in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

THE BATTLE OF HELENA, ARK.

One of the prominent events in General Fagan's distinguished career is appropriately given here, this having been furnished the VETERAN some years ago. This leading event was the battle of Helena, Ark., fought July 4, 1863, which was one of the most desperate fields of the war. "It is believed," says our correspondent, "that this estimate of the battle is fully warranted from the character of the defenses encountered, the incidents of the engagement, and the nature of the ground fought over, as set forth in the General's official report. An extract is also given from the official report of Lieutenant General Holmes, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department at the time of the engagement, and a communication of Federal Commander Prentiss as to the valuable assistance of the gunboat Tyler, a formidable support of which the Confederates knew nothing. They fought rifle pits, fortifications, and forts, but did not know that they were also contending against a part of Porter's Mississippi Squadron."

The disposition for the attack was according to the following order:

GENERAL HOLMES'S ORDER FOR ATTACK ON HELENA.

"July 4, 1863.

"The attack on Helena will be made to-morrow morning at daylight, as follows:

"1. Major General Price, in command of McRae's and Parson's Brigade, will proceed by the best route, assume position, assault, and take Graveyard Hill at daylight.

"2. Brigadier General Walker, with his cavalry brigade, will in like manner proceed to the Sterling road, where he will hold himself in position to resist any troops that may approach Rightor's Hill; and when that position is captured, he will enter the town and act against the enemy as circumstances may justify.

"3. Brigadier General Fagan will proceed by the best route, assume position, and take the battery on Hindman's Hill at daylight.

"4. Brigadier General Marmaduke will proceed with his command by the best route, assume position, and take Rightor's Hill at daylight."



This picture shows the widow of General Fagan in the garden of her California home, and by her stands C. W. Walker holding the sword of his old commander.

Following is an extract from the official report of Lieut. Gen. T. H. Holmes, commander Trans-Mississippi Department, from "Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," Series I., Volume XXII., Part I.:

"The assault on the first line of rifle pits in front of Hindman Hill was made at a few minutes after daylight. General Fagan, at the head of his brigade, charged gallantly over four lines under a deadly fire from the rifle pits and guns on his front and a most disastrous enfilading fire from Graveyard Hill previous to the attack of General Price. Having driven the enemy from and carried the fifth and last line of rifle pits, the brave men who had followed him thus far, overcome by sheer exhaustion resulting from the inordinate exertion of their difficult charges and the intense heat of the day, were unable to proceed farther. A charge upon the fort was, nevertheless, attempted and failed. The brigade, therefore, took shelter behind the inner line of breastworks, anxiously awaiting assistance. The assistance never arrived.

"Major General Price did not make his attack until after sunrise and more than an hour after the time named in the order. In explanation of this delay, his report states that, finding when he had gotten within a mile and a half of the position he had been ordered to take that his division would arrive on the ground prematurely, he ordered a halt and resumed his march at dawn of day."

REPORT OF GEN. JAMES F. FAGAN.

"HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, CAMP AT SEARCY, ARK.,

July 21, 1863.

"Major: I have the honor to report as follows in regard to the part taken by my brigade in the attack on Helena upon the 4th inst.

"On the evening of the 3d inst. at dark I ordered Col. W. H. Brooks, with his regiment, one section of Etters's Battery of Light Artillery, commanded by Lieut. John C. Arnett, and three companies of cavalry commanded by Captain Benson, to move to the front in support of the cavalry, then within three miles of the town of Helena. About eleven o'clock at night, with the three remaining regiments, commanded respectively by Colonels King, Hawthorn, and Bell, and Blocker's Battery of Light Artillery, commanded by Capt. W. D. Blocker, I moved forward on the road to Helena. On joining Colonel Brooks where the old hill road leaves the Little Rock road, I ordered him to advance at once with his command on the latter road, to attack and engage the attention of the enemy south of the town, and hold his forces in the river pit on the river. At the same time I ordered Colonel Hawthorn, whose regiment was in advance, to lead the brigade forward on the hill road. This was promptly complied with, and the brigade moved on without interruption until within a mile of the waterworks of the enemy. At this point the road was completely filled with felled timber, the largest forest growth intermingling and overlapping its whole length, while on each side precipitous and impassable ravines were found running even to the very intrenchments of the enemy. It was utterly impossible to move my artillery or ammunition train along this road. The obstacles were so great, indeed, that I was under the necessity of directing every officer of my command to dismount and proceed on foot, a dire necessity which subsequent events gave me occasion seriously to deplore. After crawling through the interstices of the closely fitting limbs and boughs and climbing over the thickly matted timber for one mile, my line of skirmishers, who had been ordered by me not to fire, came within sight of the enemy. I

went to the front and could plainly see that the enemy was on the alert, evidently expecting and awaiting an attack.

"The order of the lieutenant general commanding was to assault the fortifications with the several attacking columns at daylight on the morning of the 4th. Not having been apprised of the obstructions on the road, I had made no arrangements to remove them. The limited time till daylight would not allow of any attempt even to take my artillery along. It was ordered to remain on the road, where the obstructions were first met with.

"To conform to orders, it was necessary for me to move with the utmost celerity. Freeing myself of everything but my column of infantry, I pushed forward with all the haste in my power. At daylight I reached and attacked the enemy in his works. Colonel Hawthorn, being in advance, was hurried rapidly into line on the right of the road which led directly up to the fort on Hindman's Hill. He at once engaged the enemy, who occupied their extreme or outer line of rifle pits. Bell's Regiment emerged next from the confused mass of felled timber and, coming up, was also double-quickened into line on the left of the road, engaging as they came into position the intrenched forces of the enemy over against them. King's Regiment brought up the rear. He rapidly threw his men into position and was ordered by me immediately to the support of Colonel Hawthorn.

"My entire force was now engaged. The assault on the rifle pits was made from both the right and the left of the road. Never did men behave with greater steadiness and gallantry than did the troops of those three regiments. Over the heavy timber, the deep gorges, and the precipitous banks they moved. Over opposite to them ran the long line of fortifications, toward which they moved with eager, anxious steps. Cowering behind their strong works, the enemy beheld the advance with consternation. Still on they moved unhesitatingly amid the leaden rain and iron hail. The gorge is passed, the ascent of the steep declivity is nearly gained, and the red line of rifle pits looms up clearly amid the uncertain light and haze of dawn. With a shout of triumph they rush toward it, and the enemy are driven pell-mell from one row of rifle pits to another.

"Up to this time there had been no attack at any other point. Daybreak had come and gone, and still the guns of my brigade and those of the enemy were the only ones that interrupted the stillness of the morning. Owing to this, my brigade was exposed to a constant and galling enfilading fire from the works on Graveyard Hill. This exposure, combined with the close and constant fire in our front, was most trying to the men. Their numbers were being rapidly decimated not only by the fire of the enemy, but by extreme exhaustion occasioned by their scaling the steepest of hills, made almost impassable by the quantities of timber cut down, which was of itself an almost insurmountable barrier to our advance.

"We reached and took possession of their four tiers of rifle pits. Now it was that the column commanded by Major General Price (Parsons's and McRae's Brigades) charged the works on Graveyard Hill, gallantly driving the enemy before them and taking possession of the fortifications and artillery. There remained yet one row of intrenchments between my brigade and the fort on Hindman's Hill. I ordered a charge. My men, though thoroughly exhausted and worn, answered with a shout and sprang forward most gallantly. This being the inner and last line of works between us and the enemy, it of course was defended with great stubbornness. It was of no avail. My men sprang forward bravely and defiantly

and after a severe contest succeeded in driving out the enemy, who fled, crowding back into the frowning fort and under cover of its heavy guns.

"The fort yet remained to be taken. Of all the many obstacles and threatening fortifications that opposed our advance that morning, there remained only the fort. All other obstacles, natural and artificial, had been overcome. Rugged and almost impassable ravines, the steepest and most broken hillsides, abatis, and line after line of breastworks had been passed and left behind. Before us there remained only the fort and the plain on which it was built. Notwithstanding the reduced condition of my command and the exhaustion of those yet remaining, I ordered a charge upon the fort. My colonels, King, Hawthorn, and Bell, did all in their power to encourage the men to the attack. The effort was made, but the prostrate condition of my command prevented success; and after losing in the attempt several gallant officers and many brave men, I formed again in the rear of the inner line of rifle pits, while the guns of the fort continued to pour forth a furious fire.

"It was now verging on eleven o'clock in the day. More than three hours before the guns on Graveyard Hill had been taken by our friends, and there seemed no obstacle in the way of their victorious march. Eagerly did we look to see their column coming to our aid, at first with the most undoubting hope and confidence, but less confidently as hour after hour went on and still they made not their appearance. Time wore on; the pleasant morning deepened into the sultriest and hottest of days. The thinned ranks of my regiments became thinner and thinner each moment. The guns of the enemy (not more than 100 or 150 yards distant) were telling sadly against us, while the heat, the want of water, and the toil were no mean auxiliaries. Still the brave men left stood manfully up to the discharge of their duty.

"At this time written orders were received from Lieutenant General Holmes directing that I withdraw my troops from the field and fall back to Allan Polk's, six miles in the rear. We retired from the field and fell back slowly to that point.

"I have, Major, the honor to be, with much respect, your obedient servant, JAMES R. FAGAN, *Brigadier General.*"

MAJ. W. B. BLAIR, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

GUNBOAT IN BATTLE OF HELENA.

"HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT OF EASTERN ARKANSAS,
HELENA, ARK., July 9, 1863.

"*Rear Admiral David D. Porter, Commanding Mississippi Squadron—Admiral:* I take pleasure in transmitting to you my testimony concerning the valuable assistance rendered me during the battle at this place on the 4th inst. by Lieutenant Commander James M. Pritchett, of the gunboat Tyler. I assure you, sir, that he not only acquitted himself with honor and distinction during the engagement proper, but with a zeal and patience as rare as they are commendable. When informed of the probability of an attack upon this place, he lost no time and spared no labor to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the surrounding country; and I attribute not a little of our success in the last battle to his full knowledge of the situation and his skill in adapting the means within his command to the end to be obtained. Nor can I refrain from mentioning that after the engagement, and while we were expecting a renewal of the attack, Commander Pritchett, commanding a division of your fleet, was unusually efficient in procuring timely reinforcements.

"Your obedient servant, B. M. PRENTISS, *Major General.*"

DAVIS, LINCOLN, AND THE KAISER.

SOME COMPARISONS COMPARED.

BY LLOYD T. EVERETT, BALLSTON, VA.

Following are some extracts from "Abraham Lincoln and the Issues of the World War," an article in the Saturday Evening Post of May 5, 1917, written by Mr. George Wharton Pepper, a prominent lawyer of the North (reproduced here in numbered paragraphs for convenience; italics added for the purpose of the present article):

1. "In the Gettysburg speech Lincoln expressed our idea of popular government in words that may become immortal. Every school child can now speak glibly about 'government of the people, by the people, and for the people.' Possibly the words are so familiar that we forget to consider their meaning." In a free, popular government the people "have grown into an *association* for the establishment of justice, for the securing of common rights, and for the promotion of general welfare. * * * All powers not granted [to the people's "servants," "the legislators and the executive"] belong to the people."

2. "Lincoln regarded the Civil War as a test. It was, in his opinion, to determine not merely whether this nation, but whether any nation similarly conceived, could long endure. The contending parties, indeed, were both true Americans." This "was because the real issue in the Civil War was whether a government of *associated individuals* is strong enough to hold together in an internal crisis. If a popular government formed under such favorable conditions as our could not survive an acute internal difference of opinion between two *groups of citizens*, then democracy as a permanent form of government was doomed. Lincoln was right. The very conception of government by the people was on trial."

3. "At the bottom of the long-standing trouble between Austria and Serbia were the Austrian determination to force the imperial idea of government upon Serbia and the Serbian determination to resist it. No God-fearing man will justify the murder of the Austrian archduke. Neither will he approve the terrible international crime which Austria thereupon committed, pleading the assassination as an excuse. Austria's famous ultimatum to Serbia bore all the earmarks of a sham proposal. * * * Serbia's reply was pacific in the extreme. All the demands were conceded except the impossible two, and even as to these there was a qualified acceptance, coupled with an offer to refer the matter either to the Hague Tribunal or to the Great Powers. * * * No fair-minded man can read the diplomatic record without concluding that the Kaiser's government deliberately and successfully blocked England's earnest effort at conciliation and did so in order that the Austrian Emperor might impose on Serbia *the shackles of government from the top*."

4. "*An Ateful Responsibility*."—After certain conciliatory steps by both Austria and Russia, "peace prospects for a moment seemed bright. But the German Kaiser addressed to Russia a peremptory demand to stop the mobilization at once, though only by means of it had Austria been induced to pause in her insane course. The Czar's reply was conciliatory; the Kaiser's rejoinder was fiery and insolent. Russia failing to halt at the point of the pistol, Germany immediately declared war, first on Russia and then on Russia's ally, France. * * * The triumph of Russia and her allies in the war will be a notable triumph for government by the

people. * * * If the State is conceived of as the foundation of rights and its interests are regarded as paramount to those of the subject, it is only a short step to the conclusion that the State is not bound by the moral principles which are binding upon individuals. If there were a definite moral code for nations, the coexistence of two standards of conduct would be at least perplexing. But as *there is, in fact, only one standard* in the world, the refusal of a government to conform to that one standard makes of the nation an outlaw."

5. "The point to which such a State will go in violating moral principles may depend entirely upon what the ruler regards as the State's self-interest. What that self-interest is conceived at any time to be depends in turn upon the prevailing view of *national destiny*. * * * We know to-day what infinite suffering has resulted from the Kaiser's violation of Belgian neutrality. We realize how utterly impossible it will always be for Germany to make adequate amends for unspeakable loss. As one tragic event has succeeded another—rape following robbery and murder giving place to the torture of slavery—the words of the German Chancellor have burned themselves deeper and deeper into the consciousness of the rest of the world. 'We are now in a state of necessity,' said he; and he might have added: 'And our necessitous condition is the direct result of our own wrong.' What he actually proclaimed to the Reichstag was far different. 'Necessity,' he whined, 'knows no law.'"

6. "International law would have been violated by the invasion of neutral Belgium even if there had been no express guaranty by treaty that Germany would respect that neutrality. But there was such a treaty; so that the invasion violated also the obligation of a most solemn contract. * * * There was, therefore, no possible excuse for what was done except the self-interest of the German State."

7. "The issue must not be obscured by insisting that in the course of the war cruelties have been practiced by other nations as well. It is inevitable that this should be so. But the things that individuals or nations do under provocation and in violation of their own standards are not to be compared with the outworkings of an immoral system in which these things have an avowed and legitimate place. Such is the issue between government from the top and government by the people." The people of Germany "have been trained in the most insidious ways to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think and to conceive of national self-interest as of more concern than the moral law."

In the great world war "America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles which gave her birth and happiness and the peace she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

Mr. Pepper's argument is, in brief, first, that in the war of 1861 the very conception of government by the people was on trial and would have gone to everlasting smash if the Confederacy had succeeded in maintaining its independence, and this notwithstanding that both of the contending parties "were true Americans" (how this could be is not so clear); secondly, that nations, more particularly as concerns the great war of 1914, are bound by the same moral code which governs individuals.

It seems unfortunate at this time of common endeavor by South and North in the war with Germany that such an article should be written virtually identifying Lincoln's government of 1861 with the allies of 1914 as the army of liberty and by the same token equally identifying the Confederate States with Germany and her allies as the foes of that

liberty. But such an article *has* been written and published widely. So let us now proceed critically to examine the thesis it embodies. Let us paraphrase the above extracts so as to apply throughout to the facts and conditions of the war of 1861 and see how the logical application of Mr. Pepper's second contention affects the soundness of his first.

1. Every school child, adopting Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, can now speak glibly of "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." But the true meaning of this phrase is not so easily grasped and retained, especially as applied to a "confederated republic," as Washington termed the United States under the Constitution of 1789. These several States—*i. e.*, the people or peoples constituting them—after separate origins and long-continued careers as separate colonies and commonwealths, grew into an association, confederation, or league in order, as expressed in the preamble, "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to the people of that generation and to their "posterity."

All powers not granted to the newly formed central government, the creation, agent, and servant of these several States or peoples, necessarily belonged to these several free, creating States; were, moreover, expressly reserved by the tenth amendment to the Federal Constitution "to the States respectively, or to the people"—*i. e.*, to the States respectively or to the people *thereof*, as must needs be from the historical nature of the case and as appears from the pertinent documents and debates of those times and as is declared by the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Murphy vs. Ramsey* (114 "United States Reports," 44).

2. The crisis of 1861 was a test. It was to determine whether institutional liberty was to be allowed *peaceably* to proceed in the way pointed out in the Declaration of Independence, where it is declared that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed" and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of its true end of securing the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness "it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute a new government" to proceed under these sublime principles of the Declaration of Independence, as supplemented by the written, contractual guarantees of the Constitution of 1789, or whether the North would follow the example of George III. and by force of arms attempt to deny these "unalienable rights" to the peoples of the Southern States.

Stated in somewhat different words, the real issue of the war of 1861 was whether a government of associated States was strong enough in self-control on the part of a sectional majority then for the moment in power to abide by the principles of 1776 and by the written conditions and guarantees of the constitutional compact and to let the aggrieved minority of the States separate in peace, like Abraham from Lot of old, when they could no longer dwell together in amity. If so, a great step forward, proclaimed in 1776 and reaffirmed in 1789, would be vindicated; if not, we would be back on pre-Revolutionary ground, when only bloody revolution was looked to as the means of redress for an oppressed people. The very conception of true, progressive, peace-loving democracy was on trial.

3. At the bottom of the long-standing trouble between the Northern and the Southern groups of States were the North's determination to force upon the South sectionalistic legis-

lation (centering about a so-called "protective" tariff and the exclusion of the negro, *slave or free*, from the new Western territories) and the South's determination to resist it. No God-fearing man will justify the cold-blooded assassination of Lincoln; neither should he approve the hostile and ruthless course toward the South which served as the excuse for the murder, a deliberate course of invasion, devastation, and conquest waged upon the Southern peoples despite their pleas for peace, a course which invited the penalty pronounced in the Bible (Matthew xxvi. 52) against those who take the sword.

The Washington government's negotiations with the Confederate commissioners preceding the bombardment of Fort Sumter bore all the earmarks of trickery. "The crooked paths of diplomacy," wrote President Davis to Congress, "can scarcely furnish an example so wanting in courtesy, in candor, and in directness as was the course of the United States government toward our commissioners in Washington." (See the facts discussed at length, with verbatim communications to and from Secretary Seward, "Messages and Papers of the Confederacy," Volume I., pages 82-98; also "Official Records of the War," Series 4, Volume I., page 256, and Series 1, Volume LIII., page 161, and A. H. Stephens's "History of the United States," pages 607-609, and Appendix N.)

The Southern Confederacy's position was pacific in the extreme. "We protest solemnly in the face of mankind," Mr. Davis wrote in his message of April 29, 1861, to Congress, "that we desire peace at any sacrifice save that of honor and independence. We seek no conquest, no aggrandizement, no concession of any kind from the States with which we were lately confederated. All we ask is to be let alone; those who never held power over us shall not now attempt our subjugation by arms." In the winter of 1860-61 Southern leaders in the Congress of the United States, Mr. Davis and Mr. Toombs among the number, advocated a constitutional amendment validating the "Missouri Compromise" line, excluding negro slavery from the common territories north of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes north latitude, by which the Northwest would have been left for unrestricted Northern expansion and the Southwest for Southern expansion, to the real benefit of both sections and races. And the plea of the South in the peace congress of the States, which was assembled that winter at Virginia's call, was concession and conciliation.

No fair-minded man can read the diplomatic and official record of those proceedings, especially those centering about the Confederate commission to Washington, without concluding that the Lincoln administration deliberately and successfully blocked the South's earnest efforts at conciliation and did so in order that the South might be driven to some overt act, such as the bombardment of Fort Sumter, which would inflame the still reluctant North into supporting a program of invasion and conquest and the imposition upon free and sovereign States and peoples of the shackles of government from the top.

4. Mr. Justice Campbell, of the Supreme Court of the United States, wrote to Mr. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, under date of April 13, 1861: "I think no candid man who will read over what I have written and consider for a moment what is going on at Sumter but will agree that the equivocating conduct of the Lincoln administration is the proximate cause of the great calamity."

The Southern States in withdrawing from the old partner-

ship of States had acted only after careful deliberation by the peoples of the several States, each State for itself, and under explicit directions from the people to their servants, the proper public officials of the respective States. The Lincoln administration replied first by the maneuvers above noted relative to Fort Sumter, then by calling for troops to invade the South. Several months later, when war was already actually begun, Congress was assembled. No sovereign conventions of the people were called in the North, as was done in the South by a sort of popular referendum, to pass upon the immediate crisis precipitated upon the country, analogous to those conventions which acted upon the Federal Constitution of 1789 and accepted it, each convention for its own particular State. Those leaders of Lincoln's party, having already taken the awful responsibility in fomenting the "free-soil" and "anti-slavery" agitation of flouting the solemn warnings of Washington and Jefferson against "geographical discriminations"—i. e., aggressive sectionalism—as inimical to continued union, now assumed the further responsibility of rebuffing the advances of the South in the peace congress and then actually inaugurating war by action of the executive department of the government alone.

The triumph of the Confederate States would have been a notable triumph for government by the people and for peaceable adjustment of grave international or intersectional disputes. Negro slavery, for which South and North were alike responsible, eventually would have gone and with little or no bloodshed. The United States would have been no more destroyed than was the British Empire by the independence of the revolted colonies; and in the one case, as in the other, the portion remaining under the old government would have been actually stronger from the true democratic standpoint by reason of the lesson learned of the vital necessity of protecting the rights of a minority section. Appomattox put back the hand of progress fully half a century on the dial plate of political liberty, and the self-governing rights of smaller States or nations (real minority protection) awaited its formal recognition by the allies in the war of 1914.

If the State, simple or confederated, is conceived of as the foundation of rights and its interests are regarded as paramount to those of the constituent units, be those units individuals or commonwealths, it is only a short step to the conclusion that that State is not bound by the moral principles which are binding upon individuals.

5. The point to which such a State or nation will go in violating moral principles may depend entirely upon what the rulers at the moment in power regard as the self-interest of the State. What that self-interest is conceived at any time to be depends in turn upon the prevailing view of *national destiny*.

We know to-day what infinite suffering resulted from the Northern invasion of the seceded States. We realize how utterly impossible it always is for the ruthless invader and conqueror to make adequate amends for unspeakable loss. As we view one tragic event that succeeded another—rape following robbery and murder accompanied by devastation and political slavery—we are forcibly reminded that all this is excusable only on the specious plea of self-interest and "necessity" or military need.

6. Interstate comity and broad humanity would have been violated by the invasion and coercion of the peace-pleading Southern States even if there had been no express guaranty by treaty, Constitution, or other formal compact for the

observance of the freedom and sovereignty of those commonwealths. But there was such an express guaranty. At least three of the States—Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island—in ratifying the Federal Constitution formally reserved the right of secession or of "resumption" of the delegated powers. Nor did the Constitution declare that the Union thereunder should be "perpetual," as had the old Articles of Confederation (in their title and also in Article 13) regarding the old Union, from which "perpetual Union" each of the States ratifying the new Constitution of 1789 thereupon seceded or withdrew. Moreover, a proposal to embody in the Constitution a power to coerce a recalcitrant State was opposed in the constitutional convention of 1787 on the ground that this would mean war, and the proposal was voted down. The late Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, a veteran of the Northern armies of 1861-65, has remarked that for the first forty or fifty years or so after the adoption of the Federal Constitution the ultimate right of secession "in case of a final, unavoidable issue" was generally recognized in the North and the South alike.

Now, among individuals it is, of course, elementary law and morals that a settled construction of a contract (let alone an express condition by some of the parties embodying that construction) at the time the contract is made cannot rightfully be changed thereafter when the changing interests of one or some of the parties invite such a change against the interests of others of the parties to such contract. And Mr. Pepper says that the same code of morals binds individuals and nations alike. Again, in law and in morals a contract violated in a vital particular by one or more of the parties to it is no longer binding upon the other party or parties.

We have seen that the compact, or contract, of union between the States in 1789 was entered into in order "to establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, * * * promote the general welfare." In 1860, by a strictly sectional vote, an administration was elected which was pledged to keep the Southerners, with their negroes, out of the common territories won by the common blood and treasure of South and North alike; and many prominent supporters of this new, now victorious political party had openly sympathized with John Brown in his recent efforts to incite a servile insurrection in the South, thus threatening deliberate and wholesale rapine and devastation. Surely for the South under such an administration and such a party the constitutional contract was violated in most vital and essential particulars and no longer made for justice or for the South's domestic tranquillity or her general welfare.

In the face, then, of these plain, stubborn, indisputable facts of record, and in view of that rule of legal and moral conduct which is equally binding upon individuals and upon nations, there was no possible excuse for what was then perpetrated—the invasion, devastation, and conquest of the Southern States—except the *self-interest of the invaders*, real or imagined; "a process of natural evolution," Charles Francis Adams calls it in his very interesting address to the University of South Carolina, and this is only another way of saying "manifest destiny."

7. The issue must not be obscured by insisting that in the course of the war of 1861-65 cruelties were practiced on both sides. It is inevitable that this should be so. But the things which individuals or even nations do under provocation and in violation of their own standards are not to be compared with the outworkings of a ruthless system founded upon

"manifest destiny" and logically buttressed by "military necessity." Such in the last analysis is the difference between a centralized government from the top and decentralized government by the people under written constitutions or charters of government. When seeking for historical comparisons from American annals to shame German barbarities in the war of 1914. Northern papers turned to Lee in Pennsylvania and Semmes on the sea; not to Butler in New Orleans with his unspeakable Order No. 28; not to Sheridan with his torch in the Shenandoah Valley nor to Sherman with his torch in Atlanta and Columbia and his deliberate depopulation of Atlanta; not to Halleck in his official suggestion that Charleston be razed and sown with salt; not even to the policy adopted by Lincoln's administration by which medicine itself was made contraband of war against the beleaguered South, thus condemning to wasting disease and lingering death not only countless sick or wounded soldiers, including Northern captives in Confederate prisons, but also many women and little children among those "enemies" which Scripture commands that we feed and minister unto in their distress.

Such was the natural result of training in the most insidious ways the great people of a great section of country to conceive of a supposed sectional and national self-interest as of more concern than the faithful observance of weighty contractual obligations and the solemn warnings of the Revolutionary and constitutional fathers.

As remarked above, it is regrettable that such issues as these should be thrust upon us in the midst of the common struggle of South and North against a European foe. But when the situation is thus taken advantage of to draw an attempted parallel by which the invading hosts of the sixties are made to stand for the cause and underlying principles of our present allies, and the invaded South of the sixties is made to represent our ruthless enemy of to-day, we of the South must insist on being heard in a solemn appeal to the record. God helping us, we can do no other.

IN FRONT OF FORT STEADMAN, 1865.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

This great fort occupied a prominent place on Grant's line in front of Petersburg, almost directly opposite the Crater, the scene of the dreadful fighting the previous summer. General Lee had held the ground on that side of the railroad a long time against very many assaults made in vain by the enemy, in which they had lost heavily on each occasion; but to shorten his line or for some other advantage he had constructed a new line on the south side of the road. This line curved gradually until it crossed the railroad track and extended on to the Appomattox River below the town of Petersburg. These works were constructed and defended by Gen. Archibald Gracie's Alabama brigade until we were shifted from our winter quarters on Hatcher's Run, where we fought several engagements after coming here from the valley in December. We found the breastworks well constructed and in the rear of them bombproofs of every conceivable design.

The writer of this and two or three others selected for their new quarters one of these underground rat holes, which was so deep that we were safe from the incessant fall of mortar shells, which grew in intensity soon after we came and never ceased day or night until we evacuated the place on

the evening of April 2. The breastworks were about six feet high, behind which was a raised platform covered with split pine poles, so that the men had a dry place to stand on in any kind of weather. At prominent points heavy square headblocks of oak had been placed on the works, with a hole mortised through them, and a piece of sheet iron about one inch thick, in which was a small hole about an inch in diameter, was tacked over the hole in the block on the side toward the enemy to protect the man who stood there to observe any movement made by our neighbors over the way, for this was a favorite target for the heavy line of riflemen in their redoubts only about fifty yards away. At one of these headblocks the previous summer the brave General Gracie was killed by a solid shot from the fort, some seventy-five yards away. In front of our works, about forty feet, was an abatis made of pine logs fastened together at the ends with telegraph wire. Through these logs holes two or three inches in diameter were bored, and wooden arms were inserted, so as to make it a very difficult obstruction to pass through.

We (Gen. John B. Gordon's brigade) had been at this place about a week, when the orderly sergeant came to me at night and said that our company was called on to furnish a man to reinforce our thin line of skirmishers, who held the rifle pits every night, and asked me if I would volunteer, as he did not want to detail a man. Feeling certain that he would send me anyway, I offered my services and was told to report for duty the next evening at dusk. Knowing the extreme danger to which these men were exposed in getting to their pits, I went to a little fellow named Perkins and told him I had joined his battalion and would go out that evening with him, as he knew how to do. He said: "All right. Have your gun loaded and a fresh cap on it and meet me at that headblock yonder at dusk this evening."

Now, the pickets in the rifle pits in front of the fort and only a short way off knew that our pickets went out at that hour and came back into the works at dawn the next morning, and they were always ready to greet us with a shower of balls as we mounted the parapet.

At the appointed time I started to our meeting place and saw Perkins coming from his company. When we stepped upon the platform behind the works, he looked me in the face a moment and asked if my gun was loaded and capped. I told him it was, and he then said: "Are you ready?" I replied: "I am." At this we threw our guns up and sprang to the parapet amid a shower of balls that cut the dirt all about our feet, but did us no harm. Pointing hurriedly to the right, he said, "There's your hole," and darted off to the left. Now, I did know about that abatis out there, but did not know how to get through it, and in doing so the arms of the thing went under my straps and held me out there while the balls whizzed about my head until I could release myself. When I had done so, I lost no time in getting to my pit and into it. I plunged, not suspecting that it was not all right. In this I was sadly mistaken, for it was full of half-frozen mud, which smelt as if a dead man had been there for some time. In this miserable hole I had to sit and shiver until midnight, when I was relieved by a comrade who brought a plank which extended from one end of the pit to the other and afforded a dry seat above the mud and water.

Our orders were to fire at the enemy about every fifteen minutes. Lieutenant Gwynn, our commander, came around occasionally during the night, tapped each one of us on the back with his sword, and warned us not to go to sleep, as

he was afraid the officer of the day might come on his round and find one of us asleep. Being worried with this fear—for he loved every one of us, and I might say we entertained the same feeling for him—he came around one night about a week after I became a member of his battalion and said: "Boys, I am afraid some of you will be caught sleeping on post by the officer of the day. I want you to fire oftener, about every five minutes." This we did and even more, and it was the beginning of our tribulation. The enemy somehow found out that our brigade had taken the place of Gracie's Alabamians, and the racket we made along our front had created in their minds the idea that we were about to rush on and over them and take the fort. A panic resulted among them. They rushed to the fort, and everything there was noise and confusion for a short time, when suddenly the mortars boomed, and the fort was in a blaze of light; the heavens were lit up with the ascending mortar shells rising skyward, while the rifle cannon sent their solid shot toward us. And now the shells, with their long tails of fire, began to descend, striking the ground and exploding around us, tearing holes in the earth big enough to bury a horse in and filling the air with all sorts of discordant sounds, while the irregular explosions illuminated the scene.

The dreadful noise and confusion was so unexpected and the danger so great that I did not know what to do, but I expected every moment to be torn into pieces by the monster shells dropping and exploding about me. There I sat wondering what to do. In the blinding flashes I looked to the right to see if Perkins was still alive and to the left for Peters. There was no need to try to reach them with my voice in that pandemonium, so I settled down to my fate. Finally the thought came to my mind to leave my post, take the zigzag connecting the pits and leading into the works, and if any of our men were still alive to confer with them as to what should be done. With this resolution, I struck out in a trot; but when I came to the first sudden turn in the ditch a shell failed to explode at the right time to show me my way, and I fell and rolled outside into the open, where I was exposed to the rifle fire from the fort. But I rolled back and continued my journey and found Peters's pit empty. Continuing on a little farther, I struck my shin so hard against the barrel of an army rifle lying across the ditch that I fell forward on Peters. He was leaning back in a sitting posture and crying like a child. After I had rubbed my leg until the pain was somewhat lessened, I asked him what we should do. He said we all would be killed that night, and I must say that this was a reasonable conclusion. This man was a brave soldier, but he had lost all hope and had sat down here to die. Somehow his presence reassured me, and I suggested that we follow the zigzag into the works, for surely we would not be punished for leaving our pits under the circumstances, and see if there were any of our comrades still alive. When we entered the works, we found the soldiers all under arms and sitting or standing around ready for any emergency. Just as we got in a shell struck one of them, crushing his leg. Moving farther on, I found my own regiment and company. To my surprise, there were only a few casualties.

The next day this bombardment slackened somewhat, but we were never allowed another quiet moment from that day until our brigade marched out of the works at nightfall on the 2d of April. Deserters from Grant's army were coming in every night, sometimes by the hundreds. A few nights after I was put on the picket line I thought I heard a slight

noise out in front in the darkness, and the next moment some one said in a low whisper, "Don't shoot; I am coming in," and a big Yank, with all his equipment, piled into my pit, begging me at the same time to warn the next man not to fire, as others were coming. So I told Perkins what to expect, and in a minute seven great, strapping fellows piled in on him. This frightened him, and he shouted out to me: "There are seven of them. What shall I do with them?" I told him to send them back to the breastworks, and this he did. These "bounty jumpers," as they were called, were paid for their equipment by the Confederate authorities and sent through the lines somewhere to repeat the same thing again whenever opportunity offered and receive the thousand-dollar bounty. They were unprincipled men and not very dangerous enemies.

Being exempt from all-day duty, I decided one Sunday morning to take a stroll down our works to the left. Shells were falling as usual, but I was used to them and did not care much for them, though I always took the precaution to cast an eye above for these screeching monsters. I had just reached Company A of our regiment, now reduced to Sergeant McLemore, one other man, and a sixteen-year-old boy. The three were sitting inside a low bombproof made of heavy timbers which were covered with dirt about ten feet deep. Looking upward, I saw a shell descending apparently on my head. I had no time to decide what to do, but ran around in a circle, expecting to be torn into a thousand pieces. However, instead of dropping on me, it fell on McLemore's bombproof and tore it all to pieces, scattering the heavy timbers and dirt in every direction. The men inside were all mixed up in the dirt and flying timbers. We had not recovered from this catastrophe when some one in the debris began to cry most pitifully for help. The men came running out of their holes from every side, and, lifting the timbers up, they found the boy under them, but not seriously hurt. It looked like a miracle that they were not all three killed. I now decided that I did not care to inspect the works any farther and returned to my own underground retreat, congratulating myself on my good fortune in not being killed.

Our rations while holding these works consisted of a piece of corn bread about three inches square, weighing not more than one-third of a pound, and about two or three ounces of bacon, which we usually ate raw, lest in cooking it we might lose some of it. There was never a time when we were not hungry. We were greatly annoyed at night by rats running over us. These pests were almost as large as squirrels and were always ready to pounce down on our meager rations if any chance offered. The safest bombproofs were those dugouts underground, but water always percolated through the covering of earth and rendered our stay in them very disagreeable.

• THE NATION'S PRAYER.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands—
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

GETTYSBURG AND THE BATTLE.

BY W. A. JOHNSON, LIEUTENANT COMPANY D, 2D S. C. V.

Nazareth of old, an out-of-the-way place, with no hope of immortality as esteemed by the great of that day, became as widely known and the most highly cherished of its contemporaries. Here was born a Man, or, better, a revelation, which is accepted as the light of our present civilization. In the case of Nazareth we find that which was least esteemed raised to the height of great importance. In this case we find that there is no such thing as insignificance. The revelation is that all great things are simply masses of small things, so called, working together and that greatness and glory are the result of the combined effort of the multitude, for without the multitude there would be no city, no nation, no "Sermon on the Mount."

The village of Gettysburg, hidden in a range of little hills, was about as obscure as Nazareth once was. It was scarcely noted above a whisper in the great concert of human activity; but divinity makes no distinction in its creation, for on its annual visitation it seeks out all things and bestows its bounties upon all alike and according to their needs. To Gettysburg it came in the spring and the summer time of 1863 and spread a carpet of living green thickly set with colors of many hues. It reared the grain of golden crowns and tinted the fruit with red, purple, yellow, black, and green, and peace and prosperity reveled on the hillsides and in the valleys.

Close by, on Cemetery Ridge, was the city of the silent ones, where a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day, where tears have watered the soil and dew-drops, like diamonds, cluster on grass and shrub, and the One of Nazareth keeps the gate. Rising above all is Round Top, the silent watcher over the surrounding hills and valleys.

This was the condition at Gettysburg when, on the first day of July, 1863, the armies of the blue and the gray met there. There was no halting and waiting, no studied line of action taken as a preliminary, but an instant clash between the advanced ranks of the two armies. This sudden shock of arms, booming of cannon, and shouts of men banished peace, and the ruthless god of war became master of the scenery. For three days the din of battle raged with its ebb and flow, and on the third day, when Pickett's men retired from the charge, the hope of the gray army was shaken, but their determination and courage not a bit; they had baptized Gettysburg with the crown of immortality.

Here the selected ones from its ranks rest from their labors, where no shifting seasons or human migration can deny them a habitation or change the place of their abode. They went to sleep with their hopes and aspirations at the flood tide, and they are divinely anchored beyond the silent river, "beneath the shade of the trees," as the great Stonewall expressed himself at the crossing.

This battle was different from all other great battles, as it was not of race against race nor of nation against nation. It was a world's battle, for men from about every nation or race on the globe were the participants, and all civilized nations were equally interested in the kind of man or revelation that would be born there. It was a world battle over the vital axiom laid down by the fathers in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created free and equal and are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

This battle was a parody of principle, for each army looked

upon the axiom from different viewpoints; still they fought for the same thing—equal rights. Man has been a parody in this matter since the beginning, and all wars have been waged over this axiom. Being paradoxical, no peaceful interpretation can be placed upon it that will be universally accepted; hence war is a necessity. But, however this may be, we have a work to do of a coöperative nature, and that is to protect the battle field of Gettysburg from the despoiling hand of hate, malice, and all uncharitableness. If hate and malice were the inspiration of this battle, then its glory must dim with the passing years, for the future is destined to be ruled by a new and a better conscience. Such was not the case, however, for the battle was not out of the brain of any one individual, but was the work of a multitude of people. A cause championed by large masses of people is divine and consequently great and eternal. No individual could build the Panama Canal, for it took a world to do it. The canal, then, is a divine work. Divinity works by massing or through masses of people, and the individual, unless one of the mass, is a useless piece of junk.

In welding two pieces of iron the hammering and the sparks are the battle, the two pieces of iron the armies, the anvil the battle field, and the arm wielding the hammer and directing the blows is the architect, the divinity. The crowd, the mass, is divinity made visible to the individuals of the mass. However, there are those who attempt to suppress the work of the mass, individuals suppressing divinity, and that without apology. There is nothing strange about volcanoes except the people who live within the range of their overflow. The positive and the negative poles of the electric current meet, have a battle on a piece of carbon, a bright light appears, and we behold divinity. This is analogous to all activity and is just what happened or took place at Gettysburg. What seemed to be discord there was accord to the divinity of the occasion.

In the friction between the electric currents and the friction between the masses of mankind divinity is manifested and with a flaming torch lights up the world. This nation is of pilgrims from all the nations, and in this mass we find the positive and the negative currents of life. Their friction must of necessity develop a world light or a world battle. Thus it is that no individual can overthrow the coöperative work of the many at Gettysburg.

In the erection of a statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee at Gettysburg we note a concession, if but partial, to the principle we have enunciated. This is, as far as it goes, satisfactory, but we feel that it is not a full and free-hand likeness of General Lee as a Confederate general. Somehow we cannot look upon him as a Confederate general except at the head of his army. To make this token effective, there should be also a statue of a Confederate soldier by his side, with the Stars and Bars unfurled over both. General Lee will be quite lonely at Gettysburg without his army and his flag.

A statue simply stands for a person; and as much as we love and honor General Lee, we know that it is based upon the fact that he was a soldier with us and not as a man whom we had taken along to worship or to make an idol of. If this was not the case, then we loved our flag and home folks least. No one soldier was the custodian of the people. The mass, the army, was the custodian, and we find it impossible to separate ourselves from the mass and our responsibility to it. Hence we appeal for the mass, the divinity which was commander in chief at Gettysburg. Divinity had planned and fought the battle before the armies got there, and the

result was what neither army expected. As divinity was the author and finisher of this battle, it follows that the Confederate soldiers were as loyal to the divinity as were the Federal soldiers and consequently could not be traitors to any cause and are entitled to equal recognition at Gettysburg, flag and all, as the Federals. General Lee could not be a general without an army and a flag; then his presence on this field alone would not be a good likeness of him. This does not necessitate hoisting the Stars and Bars anywhere except upon the battle fields where it waved over the boys in gray.

The visitors to the battle field would like to see every possible thing connected with it; therefore we wish to see the Confederate soldier and his flag placed on this battle field. We honor our fathers, the past, and we are equally bound to honor our children, the future. Youth earned the glory, and it is the duty of age to preserve it. This we wish to do, not upon the basis of the savage and his scalps, but as civilized human beings. Since this battle has been selected as the culminating work and the corner stone of the war, everything pertaining to it should be placed there.

No one has ever yet invented a way to furl a battle flag.

GEN. D. H. HILL—A CHARACTER SKETCH.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

HILL'S CAREER IN THE FIELD OF EDUCATION.

Maj. D. H. Hill became professor of mathematics in Washington College during the session of 1849. Five years later found him at Davidson College, North Carolina, in a similar capacity. In the autumn of 1859 he removed to Charlotte in order to assume the direction of the military institute then recently created by the enterprise and energy of the citizens, the institution beginning its academic life with the coming of October. We have no specific or minute account of the period that he passed at Lexington. The patronage of the college was essentially local and restricted in area; but in the faithfulness of its teaching and in the character of its faculty it was not excelled, if even equaled, by colleges and universities far more ostentatious in their manner of life and with far greater resources at their disposal.

George Washington had been one of the contributors to the original foundation, and the school from which it derives its origin had been nurtured and fostered under the inspiring Presbyterian auspices that prevailed in the Valley of Virginia. Remote from railways and from the throbbing life of great cities, it enjoyed the sweet aloofness assured by its mountain walls, and only in times comparatively recent has it cast off its rural charm and heard at last the murmur of the great wave that echoes around the world. When Lee became its President in September, 1865, the eye of Europe and America was drawn to Lexington as by some magnetic force, and the obscure town in the Valley, which had nursed in solitude the genius of Hill and Jackson, leaped into light that shows no sign of occultation or eclipse. Yet long before the coming of that day the young men who passed from the halls of Washington College—the Massies, Browns, Estills, Fishburns—were distinguished by a thoroughness and accuracy which always revealed, while it never asserted or displayed its power.

The scholastic year of 1854 found Major Hill established at Davidson College as professor of mathematics. The in-

stitution was remote from even the smallest centers of population. Charlotte was twenty miles distant and accessible only by slowly moving conveyances. The speedy transit of our contemporary age seems to have held no place in the philosophy of our educational fathers. Isolation and solitude were a restraint upon vicious tendencies and by logical inference conducive to godliness. The mail reached Davidson once a day, and late in the evening. The college buildings rose before the eye as if emerging from a wilderness, not unlike a monastic foundation of the medieval era, though without a trace of the grace and beauty of design which are the envy and despair of modern architects and aspiring imitators. Regard to external characteristics played no visible part and was accorded no discernible recognition by the official rulers and governors who guided the fortunes of the college. Yet with its almost complete ignoring of the æsthetic faculties and the agencies which tend to their nurture and development, even her enemies being judges, the work of instruction in the essential elements which make for intellectual life and growth was faithfully and thoroughly executed at Davidson College.

With Major Hill in the chair of mathematics, Prof. E. F. Rockwell in charge of the Latin, and Prof. C. D. Fishburn as instructor in Greek, there was a vigorous and admirable combination of teaching power rarely surpassed even in the amply specialized and subtly differentiated curriculums which prevail in the typical American colleges of our own day. The two great modern tongues, French and German, had not become at that time a recognized feature in the course of instruction, nor was there any specific provision for acquiring a critical acquaintance with our native speech, either in its historical origin or its literary development.

It was at Davidson that I was first brought into personal contact with the hero of this biography. When a lad of fourteen, I entered the freshman class, retaining my membership but four months; and when Major Hill moved to Charlotte to assume the supervision of the newly created military institute, I followed him, as did James W. Ratchford, his future adjutant, and, like his chief, a native of York, S. C. As a consequence of my brief relation to the college, I was not a member of the classes devoted to physical science, ethics, logic, etc., which were assigned to the final years of the course. There is every reason to believe that they represented in full measure the results then attained in their several spheres. Prof. W. C. Kerr won a broad and enviable fame in the field of geological and mineralogical research; yet even the youngest freshman recognized from the first that the "Major" was the dominant spirit of the institution; no one thought of contesting his ascendancy, so thoroughly unassumed and withal absolute and unchallenged in its nature.

The unsought primacy of our hero, as accepted by faculty and students, excited surprise and elicited comment from strangers. A notable illustration may be found in the account written by a Northern visitor long subsequent to the war. He had been entertained at the home of Rev. Drury Lacey, D.D., then President of the college, and had been brought into contact with Major Hill and Maj. T. J. Jackson, then paying his addresses to the lady who became his second wife in 1857. No feature of his visit to Davidson so wrought upon the discerning stranger as the supremacy of Hill and the vast potentialities implicit in Jackson.

At Charlotte we find Major Hill established by the coming October (1859). The military institute of which he

became the head was the outcome of local energy and enterprise. I learned in January, 1907, from the late Judge Armistead Burwell, one of the foremost lights of the Southern bar, that its origin was in large measure due to the efforts of the late Dr. Charles Fox, so long and so honorably associated with the fortunes of Charlotte, its expansion and development. It was said at the time (1859) that Major Jackson, then at Lexington, contemplated a partnership with his brother-in-law in the management of the newly formed school, and the buildings in which it was conducted were designed in accordance with this judgment. Yet if its origin was local, its fame rapidly overleaped the limitations of city or State, and cadets representing nearly every portion of the South, from the Carolinas to the Gulf of Mexico, were gathered within its walls. The corps, numbering a hundred and forty during the year (1859-60), illustrated the very flower of the Southern youth in that historic period when the States which were so soon to engage in a death grapple for the maintenance of their own political autonomy held the acknowledged primacy of the social world.

The faculty, too, was selected with the discriminating judgment and penetration characteristic of Major Hill. Lieut. Charles C. Lee, commandant of cadets, was a distinguished graduate of West Point; Lieuts. James H. Lane, George M. Edgar, and Robert M. McKenny had been trained in the school of Jackson at Lexington; and Prof. Charles P. Estill was a master of arts of the University of Virginia. Nearly all of these won fame during the great heroic age of the Confederacy save Lieut. Robert M. McKenny, who fell in the peninsular campaign during the spring of 1862, in the first stages of the conflict, being in command of the 15th North Carolina Regiment. Lane became one of Jackson's most trusted brigadiers. Lee would have attained rank and renown, but the fates had decreed otherwise, and as colonel of the 37th North Carolina Infantry he met death at Frazier's Farm June 30, 1862. I have no minute nor accurate record of Lieutenant Edgar and Mr. Estill, as the fortunes of war did not bring us into contact. Mr. Estill is worthy of my grateful remembrance as a teacher of Latin and Greek. I was preparing to enter the University of Virginia with the coming of the next session (October, 1860), and under his capable and kindly guidance I read several books of Herodotus, as well as the Germania and Agricola of Tacitus. Although I was the single cadet pursuing this special course, Mr. Estill devoted to my instruction the same patient and laborious care that he would have bestowed upon a class of twenty. The mode of instruction conformed, as far as the conditions and resources of the institute rendered it possible, to that which prevailed in the United States Military Academy at West Point. The mathematical training was the predominant element, the very heart of the educational process. The English was taught capably, faithfully, but upon a basis almost purely empirical. The few flashes of literary light that I received were not imparted in the classroom, but were assimilated as I listened eagerly to the comments of the "Major" as he read the Scriptures in chapel and at times revealed their infinite stylistic power as exhibited in the Authorized Version or reviewed with rare discernment and in some instances with prophetic accuracy the essays and declamations of the cadets.

D. H. Hill was by no means a mere professional soldier, a master of the field, invincible in supreme crises such as the situation at South Mountain, when he held at bay a mighty host an entire September day with a single division,

worn down by fatigue and depleted by hunger. Nature had conferred upon him a bounteous gift of appreciation in intellectual spheres remote from the science of war or the abstract and passionless ranges of pure mathematics, with which his name and memory are forever linked. The Major was a devout believer in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and during his Biblical readings in the chapel he would dwell with earnestness and fervor upon passages which seemed especially adapted to the illustration of their divine origin. One of these which comes back to memory in the retrospect of vanished years was the fourth verse of the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm. The "higher criticism" of the modern world had no place in the theology or the philosophy of D. H. Hill. The most notable of the textbooks used in our mathematical instruction was Hill's Algebra, a luminous and admirable exposition of a science toward which I cherished an aversion as marked as that of Macaulay for trigonometry during his undergraduate days at the University of Cambridge. For this infirmity of my nature my teacher was in no sense accountable. In clearness of interpretation, in relevant and apposite illustration, he has never been excelled; his life was a "consecration," if not a "mathematician's dream." I have more than once lamented my youthful folly in not preserving his algebra and assigning it an eminent place among the treasures of my library. It would have stood me in good stead in accordance with Bacon's famous injunction, and those features of the work which reveal the political attitude of the author are rich in suggestiveness to the researcher intent upon exploring the sources of our national conflict.

Our training in the tactics was in the hands of Lieutenant Lee and was conducted in accordance with the most advanced standards which obtained in the Military Academy at West Point and in that younger though rising school in the Valley of Virginia where Major Jackson, nursing his genius between the mountain walls, was instructing the cadets in Bartlett's "Mechanics" and the handling of light artillery. Under such auspices the corps attained marked excellence in the evolutions, in the manual of arms, and in the manipulations requisite for the field pieces, in which every one of us felt a personal interest, if we did not cherish for them a form of personal attachment. Major Hill at times took part in our artillery instruction, rarely in our training in the infantry maneuvers. He had not, as Grant declared of himself, "forgotten all he ever knew about the tactics," though a decade had passed over him since his retirement from the army and the beginning of his life in Charlotte as the head of the military institute.

With the throbbing of the war drums in April, 1861, the battalion which Hill, Lee, Lane, Edgar, and McKenny had developed from squads of crude and awkward lads into a body of disciplined young soldiers was not merely prepared at once to take the field, but became an essential factor in the molding and fashioning of that peerless army which bore upon its bayonets the fortunes of the South, from the first stage of the ever-broadening drama until the cloud descended upon us and our battle flags were furled on the bodeful day of Appomattox in April, 1865. The cadets from the institute of which Major Hill was not only the official head, but the dominating, energizing spirit, were to be found in every camp of instruction from Raleigh to Yorktown and on every field of blood from Bethel and Manassas to the death grapple at the gates of Richmond and Petersburg, where they spoke with the enemy in tones still formidable and with no touch

of despair. The troops contributed to the Army of Northern Virginia by the State of North Carolina were in large measure trained for their duties in the camp and for active service in the field by the lads of sixteen or eighteen who had themselves been equipped for these high functions upon the drill ground of the institute at Charlotte. To no small part of this choice company of young heroic spirits does the tribute drawn from the affluent wealth of the ancient classic world and not without precedent in its application to the troublous period looming up as our narrative broadens into the first stages of the conflict come home with rare force and relevancy. "They died for and with their country." The moral atmosphere was in the highest acceptation pure and inspiring.

A system of education which did not recognize religion as its base and was not permeated by its spirit would have seemed to D. H. Hill an anomaly, if not a logical impossibility. The secularized culture of our contemporary world would have been to his mind inexplicable as well as intolerable. His educational creed was in a measure embodied in the stanza of Tennyson which has been assimilated into the heart of our mother speech:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster."

Not in the sphere of strict morality, in the science of ethics alone, was the training of the institute in conformity to the loftiest ideals. The sentiment of patriotism, in itself a vital element in every system of rational education, was fostered and inculcated with unrelenting energy and with abundant richness of concrete illustration. Hardly had the institute assumed organized form when the John Brown raid burst upon Virginia, October 16, 1859, and the prelude shock which heralded the coming of the war, waged avowedly and specifically upon the women of the South, first felt at Harper's Ferry, swept like a seismic force from one extreme of the land to the other. When the news reached Charlotte, the Major spoke to the students in the chapel with a vehemence and impassioned earnestness such as I never knew him to display even in the supreme crisis of his varied career, rich in strange scenes and thrilling episodes. "It is time," he declared, "for every Southern man to arm. Unless we assert and maintain our rights, in due season we shall become, like Italy, the football of nations." The appeal went home to the heart of every cadet. We felt by anticipation the "joy of battle," and in less than three seasons some of the lads to whom he addressed his solemn injunction lay cold and stark by the James, some upon the slopes of Antietam, while at a later day more than one found shallow and rudely improvised graves along the hills of Gettysburg, where the earth soon refused to cover her slain.

In July, 1860, at the close of its first session, I withdrew from the institute in order to enter the University of Virginia at the beginning of the following October. With one exception (a visit to Charlotte during Christmas week, when I spent a morning in his study), I did not look upon the face of Major Hill again until I met him upon the plains of Yorktown in the early summer of 1861. His headquarters were not far from the point occupied by the French line of fortifications during the siege of October, 1781.

One of the incidents of my cadet days at Charlotte, which

arises to memory only more vividly with the fleeting years, was the sending to the institute, where they were stored in the armory, of a part of the weapons captured from Brown and his followers at Harper's Ferry. They had been presented to Major Hill by his brother-in-law, Major Jackson, and after remaining for a time in the peaceful seclusion to which they had been consigned they faded from our sight and in a measure were adapted or adjusted to the purposes of household comfort and domestic economy. Diabolic craftiness and malignity were displayed in their construction, subtlety blending with cruelty in its most cultured phases; and in more recent times, when I examined the unique collection of medieval weapons that confronts the visitor to the Podesta of Florence, the vision of the armory in the institute at Charlotte rose upon my sight in clear and graphic outline. I have never ceased to regret that these instruments of torture, devised by Brown and his accomplices, were not scrupulously preserved as an object lesson, a concrete illustration, revealing to the generations which are still to be the fiendish and demoniacal agencies by which the fanaticism of our enemies strove to accomplish its purposes and attain its cherished ideals.

No more auspicious selection could have been made as a site for the institute than the town of Charlotte. It was even at that period an expanding educational center, and the seminary for young ladies was at the time I am describing under the wise and enlightened guidance of Rev. Robert Burwell and Mrs. Burwell, whose names were a household word in the South and whose memories are still held in reverence and regarded with grateful appreciation. The attitude of the community toward the institution, both faculty and students, was most amiable and kindly. The people of Charlotte seemed gratified by the speedy and assured success of the novel educational experiment. We were welcomed to their homes and firesides with the warmth and cordiality which were the vital breath of our ancient Southern hospitality. A "town-and-gown" warfare would have been impossible during this golden year of my scholastic life.

I took leave of Major Hill July 5, 1860, and on the 1st of October matriculated at the University of Virginia. Since the day of which I am writing Charlotte has broadened from an aspiring country town into a modern city, throbbing with eager life and unrelenting energy. The building has been transformed into a graded school, and the demon of enterprise, revealed in structures of a recent time, has for the most part effaced the parade ground on which was trained the battalion of lads who were to stand in the forefront of the host inspired by the genius and guided by the ideals that had been set before them during the one or two years of their life in the military institute.

At some time not in the remote future I trust that the United Daughters of the Confederacy will perpetuate in brass or marble the fame and memory of those youthful heroes who fell at Antietam, at Chancellorsville, at Petersburg, and in the Valley of Virginia, more than one blending with the kindly earth and resting in undistinguishable graves.

"We could not wish them to a fairer death,
And so their knell is knolled."

An old negro at Crawfordville, Ga., when asked by a stranger if he knew the master of Liberty Hall, said: "Yas, suh, I knows Mars' Aleck; I knows him mighty well. He's kinder to dawgs 'n other men is to people."—*Dixie Book of Days*.

IN THE YEAR 1862.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA., FROM
"OFFICIAL RECORDS."

When Ladies Were Not Gentlemen.—Colonel Parham, U. S. A., while making his get-away after "Stonewall" had put Mr. "Commissary" Banks on wheels, says: "It was some time after dark that I came to a halt before giving out; so I concluded to get in a house near by, and by considerable coaxing I obtained an entrance. I was now completely broken down—so much so that the gentleman prepared a liniment for me and bound up some of my bruises, while the female portion of the family actually screamed with joy at our defeat. Next morning the gentleman brought me to Winchester in his carriage; and I will say that he is a gentleman in all particulars, but his family is the reverse." This shows that ladies could be "ungentlemanly."

A Quick Lunch.—Another Union colonel, in speaking of this same "joy ride," said: "Our men had nothing to eat from Saturday at daybreak until the evening of Monday except wheat bread, milk, and pie they picked up hastily on the road." And not much appetite for that. They never knew they were hungry until they had recrossed the Potomac.

Evils of Electing Officers.—General Heth, C. S. A., says: "The only excuse I can offer for the disgraceful behavior of three regiments is that they are filled with conscripts and newly officered under the elective system." But, as I said before, they got some mighty good officers under this same system.

Hidebound about Orders.—Major Pendleton, C. S. A., in his report of the Winchester battle, says: "I was directed by General Jackson to find the cavalry under Gen. G. H. Stenart and send them at once rapidly to press the enemy. I found the General and gave him Jackson's order, to which he replied that he was under the command of General Ewell and that the order must come from him. I answered that the order from General Jackson for him to go to him (Jackson) was peremptory and immediate and that I would go forward and inform General Ewell that the cavalry was sent off. I left him and went on to General Ewell, who seemed surprised that General Steuart had not gone immediately upon receipt of the order. Returning about a mile, I found that instead of taking the cavalry General Steuart had ridden slowly after me toward General Ewell. I told him I had seen General Ewell and brought the order from him for the cavalry to go to General Jackson. This satisfied him. He rode back, mounted his command, and moved off." But it was too late.

Hunting a Place for a New Stand.—A Union colonel who helped Shields intercept Jackson reports: "I told General Tyler that we must organize for a retreat, and at his request I gave orders for the same. I myself brought up the rear, the General having gone forward to select a new position to make a stand. I did all I could to organize the rear; but the front was led with such speed that it was impossible to do so under two or three miles, when I succeeded in halting the rear regiments of my brigade and organizing them." That general evidently wasn't going to a funeral in any capacity if lively stepping could prevent it.

Deserving of Great Praise.—After Banks, on his return trip North, succeeded in making his magnitudinous and successful river-crossing and reported that there were never more grateful hearts in the same number of men, Secretary Stanton

wrote him: "We hope you are by this time entirely safe. Your gallantry and skill and the valiant bravery of your command are deserving of great praise." The Secretary evidently believed in sugaring his (political) generals.

Confederate Treatment of Prisoners.—Col. J. R. Kenly, U. S. A., who was captured at Front Royal, says: "I desire to say that since we fell into the hands of the Confederates our treatment has been kind and considerate, except that but a scanty allowance of food has been given us, which I ascribe rather to the scarcity among them than to any disposition on their part to deprive us of it." You wouldn't believe that these same Confederates could be guilty of what Colonel Gordon, U. S. A., charges them with in the next article.

Street Fighting.—The Colonel says: "My retreating columns suffered serious loss in the streets of Winchester. Males and females vied with each other in increasing the number of victims by firing from the houses, throwing hand grenades, hot water, and missiles of all descriptions. The hellish spirit of murder was carried on by the enemy's cavalry, who followed to butcher and who struck down with saber and pistol the helpless soldier sinking from fatigue, unheeding his cries for mercy, indifferent to his claims as a prisoner of war. This record of infamy is preserved for the females of Winchester. But this is not all. Our wounded in the hospital, necessarily left to the mercies of our enemy, I am creditably informed, were bayoneted by Rebel infantry. The Rebel cavalry, it would appear, gave no quarter. It cannot be doubted that they butchered our stragglers; that they fight under a black flag; that they cried as they slew the wearied and jaded: 'Give no quarter to the d—d Yankees!' " Everybody who believes this kindly mail me a dollar bill.

Satisfied.—Col. W. H. F. Lee, of the 9th Virginia Cavalry, reported: "I determined not to yield the ground except to superior forces. Major Taliaferro was posted in front with his infantry, and he erected a barricade across the road. We waited in silence until the Yankees came within twenty yards, when the infantry poured a deadly fire into and repulsed them. Within ten minutes they returned to the charge with a yell and were again repulsed by a destructive volley and driven back. This seemed to satisfy them, as they did not renew the attack." Those fellows had had enough.

A Frightful Wound.—A Yankee captain, in his report of the battle of Cross Keys, says: "I moved my command more to the left and down in a hollow and ordered the men to lie down. Most of the shells flew over us, but one burst right in our midst and tore the pants of a lieutenant." War is h—l.

Barefooted Men.—Colonel Benning, C. S. A., reports that his regiment carried three hundred and thirty-five men into the Second Manassas fight; and of these, one-third were shoeless, without a piece of leather on their feet. Captain Waddell also reports over one hundred men in this same fight who were barefooted, "and many of whom left bloody footprints among the thorns and briars through which they rushed with Spartan courage upon the serried ranks of the foe." However, after this battle they got enough Yankee shoes to go around.

Lee's Audacity.—General McDowell wrote Pope on August 25: "What is the enemy's purpose is not easy to discover. Some have thought that he means to march around our right to Washington. Others think that he intends going down the Shenandoah. But either of these operations seems to me

too hazardous for him to undertake with us in his rear and on his flank." Lee did it, however, and it worked beautifully.

Discretion the Better Part of Valor.—Captain Young, of the 70th New York, says of the Second Manassas fight: "At this time the fight raged fearfully, each contestant holding well his ground. Our comrades fell thick and fast. It was then that a lieutenant proposed a charge, but a cheer was substituted to give time for a consultation relative to the expediency of following the lieutenant's suggestion. Some wished to charge; but, fearing to disarrange plans, we thought it best to remain in the same position." The substitution of a cheer for a charge was a good idea.

Color Bearers.—Colonel Robertson, 6th Texas, says that in the Second Manassas battle, his "flag was borne into action by Sergeant Royston, Company I; next by Corporal Miller, Company B; Private Moncrief, Company C; Private Harris, Company D; Sergeant Hume, Company D—all of whom were shot down while gallantly bearing the flag in front of the regiment. It was borne through the remainder of the fight by Private Farthing, of Company D." It took six, but it went through.

Fight Ended.—General Pender, C. S. A., reports of the same fight: "Finding nothing special to do here, unless it was to attack an overwhelming force of the enemy supported very strongly by artillery, I withdrew after receiving a heavy fire of grape and shell. I received orders to advance, which I did until after dark, when we came in contact with a body of the enemy. Each fired a volley. They ran, and we stopped, and this ended the fight for me." A pretty good finish for any one.

Astonished at Gallantry.—Maj. Gen. John Pope, U. S. A., after the battle of Cedar Mountain, told his army: "It is a feeble expression of my feelings to say that I am delighted and astonished at the gallant and intrepid conduct of this command. Success and glory are sure to accompany such conduct, and it is safe to predict that Cedar Mountain is only the first of a series of victories which shall make this army famous in the land." If it was a victory for them, it bears out the Bible adage, "The first shall be last." At any rate, it was lukewarm praise for Banks's warriors.

Blowing His Own Horn.—Gen. L. O. B. Branch, C. S. A., in his journal of the Second Manassas campaign, shows plainly that he thought uncommonly well of his brigade and incidentally of himself; and he had a good reason to, as his all-North Carolina brigade was "all wool and a yard wide" on all occasions. It will be noted that the General is very frank in his reference to the famous Stonewall Brigade and also as to the baggage carried by Jackson. He says of the Cedar Mountain battle: "The battle commenced and raged for a short time, when General Jackson came to me and told me that his left was broken and beaten, that the enemy was turning upon him, and that he wished me to advance. I instantly gave the command, "Forward!" and had not gone one hundred yards before we met the celebrated Stonewall Brigade utterly routed and fleeing as fast as they could run. After proceeding a short distance farther, we met the enemy pursuing. My brigade opened upon them and quickly drove them back. Just at that moment General Jackson came riding up alone from my rear. I reported my brigade as being solid and asked for orders. He evidently knew how to appreciate a brigade that had gone through a hot battle and was then following the retreating enemy without having broken its line

of battle; and he remained with me, directing my movements until the pursuit ceased. We gained a splendid victory, and the credit of it is due to my brigade. I was among my men all through the fight, and they were brave and cool. Most of my cowards have been gotten rid of in one way or another. It is generally supposed that General Jackson travels without baggage, but it is a great mistake. I think he carries too much. The secret of the celerity with which he moves is that he spends very little time in camps. What I have mentioned about the battle relates only to the part my own brigade took in it. Other brigades were engaged that did well, but none contributed so much to gain the day as I did." I don't think the General intended this for publication; but he was killed at Antietam, and his private journal was used as a supplement to his official report, which was very brief.

Rocks as Weapons.—Col. Bradley Johnson, 2d Virginia, reports that in the Second Manassas fight "the men fought until their ammunition was exhausted and then threw stones. Lieutenant Randolph, of the battalion, killed one Yankee with a stone. I saw him after the fight with his skull fractured. Dr. Richard P. Johnson, on my personal staff, having no arms, was obliged to have recourse to this means of offense from the beginning." The Doctor was playing David to the Yankee Goliath.

Slowed Them Up.—Maj. Robert Reilly, U. S. A., says that in the second battle of Bull Run "we were so intent upon the work that we were sent forward to do that we were not aware of the storm coming up on our left and rear, which we had every reason to believe was properly covered by troops of McDowell's command. But at the climax of our success in front, as we were advancing with every confidence of victory there, we were hailed, stunned, and surprised by a terrible crash of musketry, grape, and shell from a large force of Rebels who had marched upon us while we were pushing forward so victoriously. This stopped our progress immediately. From our present position we were compelled to fall back, which we did without delay." Terse and to the point.

Extra Long Bayonets.—Gen. T. J. Jackson on March 31 wrote: "We must, under divine blessing, rely upon the bayonet when firearms cannot be procured. Let me have a substitute to make the arm six or more inches longer than the musket with bayonet on, so that when we teach our troops to rely on the bayonet they may feel that they have the superiority of arm resulting from length." This weapon was more in the nature of a pike or lance, but there is no record of its having been put into actual service.

Fremont the Fortunate.—Gen. Carl Schurz, U. S. A., wrote President Lincoln on June 12 thus: "It seems that Jackson's rear guard might have been attacked with more promptness and vigor; yet it is undoubtedly a very fortunate circumstance that General Fremont did not succeed in placing himself across Jackson's line of retreat, as in this event he would in all probability have been beaten." General Schurz (pronounced "Shirts") knew his business.

Religiously Opposed to War.—General Jackson wrote the Governor of Virginia: "There are three religious denominations in this district opposed to war. Eighteen were recently arrested in endeavoring to make their escape to the enemy. Those who do not desert will to some extent hire substitutes. Others will turn out in obedience to the Governor's call. But I understand some of them say they will not 'shoot.' They can be made to fire, but they can very easily take bad aim.

So, for the purpose of giving to the command the highest degree of efficiency and securing loyal feeling and coöperation, I have determined to make teamsters of them." They were opposed to fighting personally; but a Quaker firm, Mendenhall & James, at Greensboro, N. C., according to Mr. E. Berkley Bowie, of Baltimore, Md., made arms and sold them to the Confederate government, thus proving that some of these "pacifists" were not bigoted about other people fighting.

THE BATTLE OF KERNTOWN, VA.

BY P. S. HAGY, ABINGDON, VA.

The battle of Kernstown, Va., fought March 23, 1862, in the Valley of Virginia, had a close connection with General Jackson's winter campaign that took place in the early days of this same year. Both transactions occurred in the same section of the State and were fought with the same troops on each side, the one side, Federal, greatly increased in numbers by the addition of new armies brought into service as the spring campaign of that year opened up, and the other side, Confederate, seriously decreased in number by furloughs, deaths, and sickness.

Military operations between the Federals and Confederates at the end of the previous year had not shed a glare of glory on the Federal armies. The smoke of battle on the plain of Manassas when it lifted had left a deep military wound that had not yet healed, which left the Union leaders unreconciled to its issue, as well as other transactions through the country that ended adversely to their cherished hopes. In short, the Federals had been taught that to subjugate the South and coerce it to their economic views was an undertaking of much greater magnitude than they could at first comprehend. The lessons taught them by the hard school of experience improved their understanding to such an extent that they set to work with a determination to retrieve their lost military prestige and adopted means, as they thought, to accomplish all they set out to do at first.

The Federal Congress was liberal with men and money, and measures were adopted to send at the opening of the coming spring such an overwhelming force into the seceded States as would paralyze and smother out all opposition they would encounter, so that the end of the year 1862 would witness the subjugation of the South and its leaders pleading for mercy before the victorious North. When the battle of Kernstown occurred, these measures of our enemies were all well in motion.

It is not the purpose of this article to give a close description of this contest of adverse forces, but to set forth its far-reaching results. General Jackson himself claimed: "It was a fiercer fight during its continuance than any portion of Manassas." It was fought with troops who had marched from forty to forty-five miles in the thirty-six hours preceding its commencement against fresh and rested troops, equipped in the best manner and outnumbering the Confederates nearly three to one. Yet with all this advantage over their opponents, we are told that had General Jackson held his ground ten minutes longer the Federals would have yielded the field to us. "The Southern infantry engaged in every part of the field numbered 2,742, according to General Jackson's official report; and he (Jackson) estimated the forces of the enemy present at 11,000, of whom 8,000, he declared, were probably engaged." For a proper understanding of conditions and the Federal attitude at that hour it is neces-

sary to give a statement of the forces that were converging to assail the Southern capital when the battle was fought.

John Esten Cooke, in his history of Stonewall Jackson, page 99, says: "Upon the Confederate capital four armies were to converge: that of Fremont from the northeast, that of Banks from the valley, that of McDowell from Fredericksburg, and that of McClellan from the peninsula between the James and York. Fremont and Banks, having united their forces, were to drive Jackson before them, ascend the valley, cut the Confederate communications, and sweep down upon the capital from the mountains. McClellan was to march up the peninsula to the Chickahominy and extend his right wing far up that stream; and at the same time McDowell was to advance from Fredericksburg and extend his left wing until it formed a junction with McClellan's right. By this time Jackson, it was supposed, would be defeated and swept away, and Fremont and Banks would unite with the right wing of McDowell. The line would thus form an immense semicircle from the shore of the James to the base of the Blue Ridge, and Richmond would be enveloped on the east and north with a cordon of fire. Before the column ascending the peninsula (150,000), the column advancing from Fredericksburg (40,000), and the army descending from the mountains (50,000), in all 240,000 men, the capital of the Southern Confederacy must be evacuated and Virginia come under the sway of the Federal authorities."

We here see the extent of the preparations made for the enthrallment of the Confederacy and to trail in dust the aspirations of a patriotic people. In contradistinction to this great preparation by the North the Confederate authorities found themselves in a precarious and unprepared condition to enter the contest. To a great extent their success the previous year had enervated their energies, and they had not advanced themselves in the interim as they should have done to keep pace with their opponents.

General Jackson's army was composed almost exclusively of twelve-month volunteers, and when the emergency came for men and troops with which the authorities could build their hope of defense they found that a new organization had to be entered into and a renewed understanding established between the government and the soldier.

Twelve months of war had satisfied the military aspirations of many of the men, and they were contemplating the peaceful pursuits of a home life at the expiration of their term of service in the army. Hence the authorities, taking cue from the lesson of the first year's service, adopted the system and called on the army for a further enlistment for the term of three years, or the war. This call was liberally responded to on the grounds of the extension of a furlough granted to those who chose to accept the offer. The consequence was that one-third of the army in General Jackson's command was away on furlough when the battle at Kernstown occurred, this being the initial, or opening, battle of the season in the Valley of Virginia.

To turn from the dark termination of Jackson's winter campaign to the really heroic deeds that marked his efforts thereafter and continue with him to the end of Chancellorsville is a transition pleasing to the lovers of real worth, and his career has been and will be followed for the luster with which it clothes the idea of duty as he saw and appreciated its meaning during his entire life.

It is said that Jackson was defeated in the battle at Kernstown. He claimed he was not. But if he based his assertion on the result on the field, we are constrained to admit that

ground was yielded and the enemy occupied it; yet there is a very discernible difference as to the moral of the mind and opinion of the soldier in an action of this kind as to what he did do and what impression he left with the enemy. When it was known that the Confederates left the Federals at the close of the battle in question, themselves giving ground, but not in panic or rout, under such circumstances as this battle was fought, the soldier himself feels that he was not whipped.

But another side light on the issue of this battle may be obtained in the result it brought to the Confederate arms and its cause. We have the testimony of the citizens of Winchester that "crowds came stampeding through Winchester during the fight making for Yankeeland and exclaiming that they were utterly routed." It is further reported that this demoralized mass was at Charlestown by daylight the next morning, twenty-five miles distant from the battle field. My misfortune on that occasion enabled me to witness and pretty well understand the situation of affairs in which the result of the battle left the enemy; their impressions were magnified, and their fears were not allayed, and when the truth did filter through their inflated imagination it left them in a state of astonishment. I was wounded and taken prisoner, and after night set in the infirmary corps started up a fire a short distance from me, and I was the first taken to it. I had been there but a few minutes when a Federal officer rode up, and, seeing that I was a commissioned officer, he asked me how many men Jackson had. I, of course, was unprepared to give a definite answer to his question, so I told him I did not know; that he did not have more than five or six thousand troops, and at the time I thought that to be about correct. The officer remarked: "You are a d—n liar; he did not have less than twenty-five thousand in the engagement." It occurred to me to leave him under that false impression, and I said to him that there might have been reinforcements I was not aware of. I was taken to the hospital at Winchester, and the next day, when the truth began to take the place of their erroneous belief, they were much astonished.

But, passing from the arena of glory into the realm of results, we see at once the important bearing this battle had on the military moves that had been planned and were then taking place, how the result and the impressions formed of the Confederate ability to disconnect and annul well-laid plans by the enemy was to affect the general campaign on other and larger fields of operation. Its result created a state of affairs bordering on panic in Washington that in turn annulled the efforts of forty thousand well-trained troops under McDowell at Fredericksburg in giving assistance to McClellan in his attack on Richmond, they being withheld in performing the duty assigned them in the great plan of operations for the opening of activities of the year and leaving his right wing exposed to final ruin.

A further result of the Kernstown clash was the bringing back into the valley of General Williams and fifteen thousand men under him, who were well on their road to join McDowell and jointly to proceed to secure McClellan's right wing as planned. And yet a further result of the Kernstown affair was the relief to General Jackson of the fear of his antagonist in his rear, enabling him to attack and defeat Milroy, who too was carrying out the part allotted to him in the great plan of the year, and then turn on Fremont at Cross Keys and finally on Shields at Port Republic, defeating both of his assailants. And still is traced from the battle of Kernstown the privilege he had conquered, enabling him

to move a victorious army to the assistance of General Lee, leaving his antagonists in the valley in utter ignorance of his whereabouts, and then aiding to assail and finally defeat the very wing of the assailing army before the Confederate capital to the number of ninety thousand men, on whom McClellan relied to protect and operate with him in capturing the capital of the young republic.

Was Jackson defeated at Kernstown when these grand results focused back to that place and point in our history? Could a defeated leader with the same army accomplish such results? General Jackson saw and understood before he left the field that the enemy was demoralized, and in such a state of uncertainty there was no dread on his mind of being further molested for the present. "The bloody resistance made by the Southern troops was the topic of conversation in Winchester, and the officers, it is even said, did not claim a victory, only a drawn battle." (Cooke, page 120.) General Shields himself said: "The Confederates at no time gave way to panic."

The losses on the Confederate side were eighty killed and three hundred and forty-two wounded, making a total of four hundred and twenty-two. That of the Federals, four hundred and eighteen killed, the wounded not stated; but the report given out in Winchester a day or two after the battle gave their entire loss as over two thousand.

The future historian, when results are considered rightly, will place the Kernstown battle as a success to the Confederates, made so by this great leader who held men in his hands as a two-edged rapier on whose temper he so readily relied in time of need. It is this knowledge of the man as the leader of men that caused every soldier who marched under the banner of his lead to feel a pride and a glory in saying: "I was one of Stonewall Jackson's men."

IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY F. P. TRAYLOR.

I am sitting in the twilight underneath a fading sky,
And the gentle breezes murmur soft and low;
For they bear to me a message fraught with love that cannot die

As I tread the dreamy paths of long ago.
Once again the scenes of childhood, hallowed now by flight of years,

Hover near and spread before my mental gaze;
And again a thrill of rapture in my yearning heart appears,
For around me shines the light of other days.

Croon to me, O gentle breezes; croon to me of days gone by;
Softly sway the leafy branches to and fro;
Let the glimmer of life's morning spread again throughout the sky

As I tread the dreamy paths of long ago.

I am sitting in the twilight dreaming of the days gone by,
And the gentle breezes croon a mournful lay.
Back across the years I wander through the gloom that hovers nigh

Till I scan the mystic fields of yesterday.
There, surrounded with a glimmer that the shadows cannot mar,

And removed from fetid scenes of want and woe,
I inhale again life's morning, see its beauties spreading far,
As I tread the dreamy paths of long ago.

THE LAST ROLL

"Hereafter we shall see the truth arise
Above the mists that gather cold and gray,
The ray of faith break through the pregnant east,
And, waiting for the sign, shall know 'tis day."

COL. THOMAS A. COCKE.

A man of good blood, of scholarly attainments, a brave Confederate soldier, an unflinching and ever-consistent soldier of the cross passed to a blessed reward when Col. Thomas Augustin Cocke died at his home, in Jacksonville, Tex. He was born near Hopkinsville, in Christian County, Ky., on May 22, 1835, and was thus in his eightieth year. He came of a distinguished Virginia family, being a descendant of Capt. Thomas Cocke, of Greenville County, who was an officer in the army of the Revolution.

Thomas A. Cocke was the youngest son of Thomas Augustin and Virginia West Cocke. Losing his father when quite young, he went with his mother to Mississippi and finished his education at the State University, graduating in the class of 1858 with the A.B. degree. He was converted while a student at the university and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when twenty-three years old. Thenceforward, whether as citizen or soldier on the march or on the tented field, bivouacking by night in front of the smoking guns of the enemy, at the battle front or within prison walls, he was the disciple of Christ.

When the war came on, young Cocke entered the Confederate army as a member of Company B, 29th Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade. He was orderly sergeant of his company. He was captured during that thrilling "battle above the clouds" on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and was confined in Rock Island Prison for sixteen months. In writing of prison life in Rock Island Prison and of his own arrival there, James L. Goodloe, of Memphis, Tenn., an old college chum, says: "I met my old friend, Thomas A. Cocke, of Barrack No. 1. He was known as the most useful and beloved among the ten thousand prisoners at Rock Island. He held the confidence of friend and foe, although the organizer of 'K. C. 7.'" That was a secret order organized by



COL. T. A. COCKE.

him to keep the prisoners loyal to the South. His was an optimistic spirit, and he believed almost to the last that the cause of the South would win. He organized the men of his barrack into Bible classes and did everything possible to make them happy and keep them cheerful and hopeful during their prison life. After his release from prison he was commissioned as colonel of a regiment of men made up almost exclusively of Rock Island prisoners.

Like most of his fellow soldiers, Colonel Cocke was ruined financially by the war. At the end he found his slaves freed, his property destroyed, his health shattered; but, gathering up what he could, he took his wife and little adopted daughter to Texas in 1866, settling in Cherokee County, where he spent the rest of his life. His active life in Texas was largely spent in teaching. The accurate training given by him and the moral influence of his godly life had their impress on the characters of those he taught.

Colonel Cocke was married three times. His first wife was Miss Addie Thornton, of Mississippi, who left a son and daughter. His second marriage was to Miss Mary Marshall, of Jacksonville, Tex., who also left a son and daughter. He then married Miss Martha Cordelia Williams, of Troupe, Tex. She and two sons and a daughter are living.

Cultured, modest, and unassuming, a true Christian, loved and honored by his family and friends, he fell on sleep in the fullness of years and rests from his labors.

PROF. THOMAS A. FUTRALL.

The end of a long and useful life came with the death of Prof. Thomas A. Futrall, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Marianna, Ark., on July 31, 1917. He was born in Randolph County, N. C., December 26, 1841, and was a student at Trinity College when the war came on; and he left in 1861 to enlist in Company G, 46th North Carolina Regiment, with which he served throughout the war. He was first lieutenant in command of the company when it was surrendered at Appomattox and had taken part in almost every great battle in which Lee's army was engaged, being several times wounded.

Shortly after the war young Futrall went westward and settled in Madison County, Tenn., and engaged in teaching. After a few years he opened a school at Cloverport, in Hardeman County, where he built up an academy which became known all over West Tennessee. In 1884 he went to Arkansas and became superintendent of schools at Marianna and, with the exception of about a year and a half at Little Rock as the head of the State School for the Blind, he passed the rest of his life there, serving as city and county superintendent and county examiner. At the time of his death he had served only a few months of his fourth consecutive term as county superintendent. More than forty-one years of his life were spent in school work. He had a very wide and extensive acquaintance in all parts of Arkansas and was well known to educators all over the United States. He was a loyal Knight Templar.

Professor Futrall went to Marianna when it was a straggling village and was one of the builders of the town in its civic and commercial development. In 1868 he was married to Miss Emma Headen, of North Carolina, and of the eight children born to them seven survive, three sons and four daughters. The greatest sorrow of his life came in 1912 when he lost his beloved wife after forty-four years of happy married life.

BISHOP G. W. PETERKIN, D.D., LL.D.

Ripe in years and rich in the esteem of thousands, Rt. Rev. George W. Peterkin, first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the West Virginia Diocese, died at his home, in Parkersburg, W. Va., on September 22, 1916, after an illness of two years. The burial was in Richmond, Va.

Bishop Peterkin was born at Clear Springs, Md., March 21, 1841. He was educated at the Episcopal High School, the University of Virginia, and the Theological Seminary of Virginia. He served four years in the Confederate army, enlisting as a private in Company F, 21st Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and participated in all the battles of the Valley Campaign. He was promoted to corporal, sergeant, and second lieutenant. On May 24, 1862, he commanded his company at Winchester and four days later was appointed adjutant of his regiment. From June 3, 1862, until the end of the war he served as aid to Brig. Gen. William A. Pendleton, commander in chief of artillery, A. N. V., and a member of General Lee's staff. At Appomattox General Pendleton was one of the three Confederate commissioners of surrender. Each took a staff officer with him to the negotiations, and Lieutenant Peterkin was General Pendleton's selection.

Soon after the surrender young Peterkin began his preparations for the ministry. He was made a deacon in 1868 and assisted his father, Rev. Joshua P. Peterkin, pastor of St. James Church, Richmond, Va., until he was ordained in June, 1869. He then served as rector of St. Stephen's Church, Culpeper, Va., and of the Memorial Church, Baltimore, until 1879, when he was consecrated as the first bishop of West Virginia, making his home at Parkersburg. He received the degrees of D.D. and LL.D. from Kenyon College and Washington and Lee University.

Bishop Peterkin was twice married, his first wife being Miss Constance Gardiner Lee, who died in 1877. His second marriage was to Miss Constance M. Stewart, who survives him, with four of the eight children born of the two unions.

Among the many noble things which will live as monuments to the memory of Bishop Peterkin was the establishment of the Sheltering Arms Hospital in 1885. He was prominent in the Confederate organizations and was made Chairman General U. C. V. for Virginia and West Virginia in 1912.

JOHN MILLSAPS.

After a life of usefulness and rich experiences, John Millsaps, Confederate veteran, of Slater, Mo., answered the last roll call in July. He was a native of Saline County and was born near Miami in 1833. His boyhood was spent on the farm, but when about sixteen years of age a new field of adventure opened up to him through which he was af-

forded some rich and varied experiences. In the summer of 1849 young Millsaps joined a company, going to the gold fields of California, and made the journey mostly on his favorite pony. The wagons were drawn by oxen. His stories of their trip were always listened to with interest. He returned by water, coming down the coast and crossing the Isthmus of Panama, returning via the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi River to St. Louis.

Early in the conflict between the States he enlisted in the cause of the South and became a member of the home guard. He saw active service in the battle of Wilson's Creek and at Lexington. In 1862, with a company of recruits which had been formed at Blackwater and most of them captured, he was taken a prisoner to St. Louis and afterwards to Alton, where he was exchanged and sent south. He then remained in active service until paroled at Shreveport, La., in 1865.

In February, 1871, he was married to Mrs. Sallie M. Rhodes, who was Miss Sallie Rogers. To them was born one child, who died in infancy; and though no other children came into their home, they were father and mother to some young relatives. The Millsaps home has always been known as one of open hospitality. Comrade Millsaps was a devoted member of the Church and a substantial citizen of the county, always identified closely with its interests.

DR. N. P. REEVES.

At the ripe age of ninety-two years Dr. N. P. Reeves died at his home, in Longstreet, La. He was one of the oldest citizens of De Soto Parish and up to his ninetieth year had been unusually active; but in December, 1914, he fell and broke his hip and had since been confined to his bed. He is survived by a daughter and a brother, L. C. Reeves, of Longstreet, also two sisters, aged eighty-one and eighty-two years. These are the only survivors of a large family of six brothers and five sisters.

Dr. Reeves was a native of Alabama, and at the beginning of the War between the States he volunteered in the medical corps and was assigned to service with the 10th Alabama Infantry, which served with Willecox's Division, A. N. V. However, the Confederate medical department recommended that he be made a full surgeon in the army, and he was assigned to the 31st Alabama Regiment, where he attained high rank as a surgeon and practitioner. At one time he had supervision of one of the largest Confederate hospitals in the South, and he made a great reputation. After the war he located at Mansfield, La., and built up a large practice, being one of the most successful physicians.

Dr. Reeves was generous and warm-hearted, doing a vast amount of charity practice. While he did not accumulate much worldly wealth, he gathered about him a large course of warm friends, who will revere his memory as they loved him when alive. He was an enthusiastic member of Camp Moulton, U. C. V., and was active in the organization until the accident which put a stop to his career of usefulness.

J. D. LOVELESS.

Died at his home, in Franklin County, Tex., on June 24, 1917, Comrade J. D. Loveless. He served the Confederacy as a member of Company H, 15th Virginia Infantry, Loring's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was a loyal member of Ben McCulloch Camp at this place, proud of having been a Confederate soldier, and was an honor to the cause for which he fought. Rest, comrade, rest!

[P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.]



BISHOP G. W. PETERKIN.

THOMAS J. DOUGLASS.

The death of Thomas J. Douglass in a collision of trains near Wheelerton, Ala., on May 19, 1917, removed another from the fast-thinning ranks of Confederate veterans and the oldest employee of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Nashville. He had been in railroad work continuously since 1867; and had he lived until June 1, he would have rounded out fifty years as a locomotive engineer.

Thomas Douglass was born in Wayne County, Tenn., February 23, 1843, but the family removed to Maury County when he was still a child, and he was reared at Columbia. He entered railroad service as a boy, his first work being with the old Tennessee and Alabama Railroad, a division of the Nashville and Decatur. In 1859 he was made fireman on the N. & D., but when the war came on he resigned to take up arms for the Confederacy. In May, 1862, he joined Company A, 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Biffle's regiment. He was captured in November, 1863, and imprisoned until March, 1865, when he was sent to Virginia for exchange; and he was paroled on May 3, 1865, with the Army of Tennessee. He was wounded in some fighting near Nashville, but escaped any serious injury during his service.

Comrade Douglass was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. He was a man of high character, gentle and courteous, and a devout Christian. He was a member of Troop A, Forrest Veteran Cavalry, of Nashville, and a Mason of high standing, a member of Claiborne Lodge, No. 293, F. and A. M. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters. In his suit of gray he was laid to rest in Rose Hill Cemetery, at Columbia.

FRANK L. HAMMOND.

Frank L. Hammond was born in Lancaster, S. C., April 19, 1839. The family moved to Montgomery County, Miss., in November, 1845, and there he united with Pleasant Grove Baptist Church in 1852 at the age of thirteen years. He was made a Mason in Kilmichael Lodge in 1860. He joined the Confederate service in 1861, going out with the Lody Grays, Company B, 15th Mississippi Regiment, and served till the close of the war. He was married to Miss Emma C. Miller in 1867, and the following year he located in Winston County, Miss., which was his home until 1909, when he moved to Calvert, Ala. Most of his early life was spent in agricultural pursuits, and later he was in the mercantile business. To them were born five children.

Of him his pastor said: "One must have been associated with Brother Hammond to appreciate his real character. One of his striking characteristics was great faith in the Divine, expressed in the simplicity of a child. There never seemed a shadow of doubt to fall between him and the Saviour. Again, one was struck with the spirit of meekness and humility of the man. Though a man of deep and profound knowledge of the laws of the higher and spiritual kingdom, and though he was also a superior teacher in divine things, yet with it all he had that spirit of humility which so characterized that disciple who spoke of himself as 'that other disciple.' In his business and domestic relations he carried



T. J. DOUGLASS.

all the marks of an honest, clean, cultured, and refined gentleman. We who survive this noble man should be thankful that God spared him to this world so long, and we should strive to live better ourselves for having been associated with him."

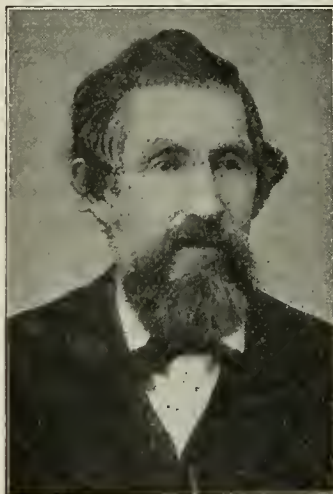
His body was taken back to his home town in Mississippi and laid to rest beside that of his faithful companion.

W. W. DILLARD.

A faithful friend and comrade passed to his reward in the death of W. W. Dillard on November 14, 1916, at the age of seventy-eight years. He enlisted in Company I, 13th Mississippi Regiment, and served faithfully until wounded at Sharpsburg in September, 1862, which necessitated his discharge from service. He was a brave soldier, faithfully discharging his duties, and cheerful under all circumstances. A loving husband and father has been lost to the family and a good citizen to his community.

CAPT. THOMAS M. GRIFFIN.

Thomas Masterton Griffin, a veteran of the Mexican War and of the conflict between the States, died at his home, near Utica, Miss., on February 4, 1917. He was born near New Geneva, Tenn., on March 21, 1825, and had almost reached the age of ninety-two years. In 1829 his parents removed to Ohio, where his early life was spent and a liberal education secured. His grandfather, Isaac Griffin, served as captain in the Revolutionary War, and an uncle, James Griffin, lost his life in the War of 1812.



CAPT. T. M. GRIFFIN.

In the spring of 1847 Thomas Griffin went to Indiana and enlisted in Company C, 4th Indiana Volunteers, and remained in active service until the close of the Mexican War. He then returned to Ohio, but in 1849 he went to Mississippi, where as teacher, business man, and farmer he lived a consistent Christian life. In 1859 he was married to Miss Amanda M. Farris, who died in 1915.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Thomas Griffin again answered his country's call, enlisting in a company made up from Utica, Edwards, and Jackson, Miss., under Capt. James Ross and Col. W. A. Percy. The command was sent to Columbus, Ky., to guard the Mississippi River there. In 1862 he was elected first lieutenant of Captain Bush's company, under Col. Ben King, and in May, 1863, he was made captain of Company E, 3d Mississippi Cavalry, reorganized in 1864 as Company C, and saw active service in the armies of Northern Mississippi, Tennessee, and Alabama until he was mustered out at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

After the war Captain Griffin retired to his farm and lived an upright life, surrounded by his family and friends. He served in the State Legislature for two terms and was ever a faithful servant of his people. He was a loyal member of the Christian Church and of the Masonic Order, which conducted the services at the grave. He is survived by four daughters and two sons.

REV. A. P. ODOM.

Rev. Alexander P. Odom was born at Madison, Ala., March 5, 1843, and died at Florence, Ala., on March 10, 1916. Between these dates a truly noble and useful life was lived.

Brother Odom's boyhood was spent on the farm, his father being a progressive planter in Madison County. His opportunities for an education were very limited. He went to school but little, yet he acquired sufficient learning to fit him for a useful manhood. Nature endowed him with a

strong mind and body, and he never neglected an opportunity to enlarge the sphere in which he moved. When war broke out between the States, he enlisted in the 9th Alabama at Trinity, Ala., and in this regiment he gave to his country four years of service marked by true courage and patriotism. He was wounded once in battle, and from this wound he was a great sufferer all the remainder of his life. He loved the cause for which he fought; and although his cause was lost, he always lived



REV. A. P. ODOM.

in the spirit of a true Southerner. The Confederate Reunions were to him always occasions of pleasure.

In 1866 Brother Odom was married to Mrs. Josephine Carr, and to this union were born nine daughters and one son, who, with their mother, still live to mourn their loss. His was a family of beautiful devotion. Wherever he wrought, whether on the battle field or in the business world, fidelity was his first motto; from this he never swerved. He was a true Mason and was frequently honored by this fraternity with positions of trust, to which he always was faithful. The sphere of life in which he showed most distinction and was most deeply interested was his Church life. At the age of twenty-four years he was licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was not content with less than the best the local ministry held out to him. He was ordained an elder at Anniston, Ala., by Bishop J. H. McCoy in the year 1913. He felt that no higher honor was ever given him, and he bore it worthily.

Brother Odom was more than an ordinary preacher. He both knew and loved the doctrines of his Church. He loved to preach and continued active in this work until just a few months before his death. His was an acceptable ministry wherever he served. On the 10th of March, 1916, after several months of intense but patient suffering, his earthly ministry closed, and the daybreak of an eternal morning dawned. He greeted it with triumph, and in its glorious light he awaits the coming of the loved ones who are following in his footsteps.

[E. B. Norton.]

CAPT. B. W. MARSTON.

Capt. B. W. Marston was born in Clinton, La., November 10, 1841, and died in Shreveport after a brief illness. He was a student at the Kentucky Military Institute at the beginning of the war. He organized a company at Memphis

and at the age of nineteen was elected its captain. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh and after leaving the hospital was transferred to Shreveport and attached to the staff of Gen. E. Kirby Smith. He was sent to the Indian Territory on scout duty and was active until the end of the war. He was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, at Shreveport.

ALFRED H. JOBLIN.

Another name that must be omitted from the rapidly thinning roll here and added to that of the vast army beyond is that of Alfred H. Joblin, who died at Kansas City May 28, 1917, and was laid to rest at Batesville, Ark., his old home.

In May, 1861, he enlisted in the first company recruited in Independence County, Ark., commanded by Captain Gibbs, which became Company K, of which Thomas J. Churchill was colonel. He served throughout the entire war, never during that time sleeping under a roof, he has said, except during a two weeks' furlough. He surrendered with the Army of Tennessee near Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. He is survived by a widow and three children.

Major Joblin needs no eulogy. Among his friends his life, deeds, and character will always stand as the best monument to his memory.

JOHN S. MATTHEWS.

Mr. John S. Matthews, Secretary and Treasurer of Camp Benning, U. C. V., from its formation to the time of his death, died May 26, 1917, at his home, at Columbus, Ga. Mr. Matthews had been city treasurer at Columbus for a great many years and was beloved by all classes of citizens. The funeral service, conducted from St. Paul Methodist Church, of which he had been an official member for many years, was attended by city officials, the members of Camp Benning,

and representatives of every class of citizens, the church being crowded with mourners.

Mr. Matthews was born September 18, 1846, in Chambers County, Ala. In 1868 he was married to Miss Mamie McFarlane, who survives him, with three grandchildren, Heywood, Thomas, and John Matthews Pearce, sons of Dr. H. J. Pearce, of Gainesville, Ga.

Mr. Matthews enlisted in January, 1864, at Hammock's Landing, Fla., in Company B, Bonaud's Battalion of Siege Artillery, Georgia Volunteers.

He remained in that company until March, 1865, when his command became a part of the 1st Georgia Regulars at Smithfield, N. C. He was discharged from service in April, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.

A familiar figure at reunions of Confederate veterans, Mr. Matthews will be sadly missed by comrades and friends from all over the South. To the affairs of Camp Benning, at Columbus, he gave unstintingly of his time, his energy, and his affections, and his death comes as a very sore loss to that organization.



JOHN S. MATTHEWS.

Confederate Veteran.

JAMES C. UMPHRESS.

On the night of July 30 the spirit of James C. Umphress left its tenement of clay, and a long and useful life closed. He was born May 19, 1841, in Tallapoosa County, Ala., and in 1861 he entered the Confederate army and served faithfully until the end of the war. He was very seriously wounded in battle, but soon returned to the ranks. Comrade Umphress was a member of Company K, 38th Tennessee Infantry, having gone from Alabama to Tennessee to enlist in the first company he could get in. He took part in many of the leading battles.

Some years after the war he went to Texas and made his home permanently in that State. Since 1890 he had lived at Van Alstyne, where his death occurred. He was married in 1866 to Miss Julia Caroline Veazy, and of their nine children six are left, with the devoted wife and mother, to mourn their loss.

Comrade Umphress was a prominent member of the Masonic order for many years and a devout member of the Methodist Church, having been for more than thirty years a member of its official board. He was associated in some of the leading business enterprises of Van Alstyne, among them being the oil mill and the First National Bank, which he helped to organize and of which he had been a director since its organization. He was known among his fellow men for his strict integrity and his kindly sympathy and aid to those in need, and by a large circle of friends his memory will be cherished.

M. S. GILMORE.

M. S. Gilmore, a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp, U. C. V., of Nashville, Tenn., died at his home, in Bellbuckle, on the 6th of August, at the age of seventy-two years. He was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., in 1845 and enlisted in the Confederate army in the fall of 1862, becoming a member of Company F, 18th Tennessee Regiment, with B. F. Webb as captain and J. R. Parmer, colonel. He served throughout the entire war, taking part in many battles, some of the most important of which were the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the fighting around Atlanta; he went into Tennessee with General Hood and followed him out. He was wounded in the battle of Bentonville, N. C., on March 19, 1865, and was paroled at the hospital in Augusta, Ga., on May 1, then returned to his home, in Foster ville, Tenn.

In December, 1866, Comrade Gilmore was married to Miss Martha Jane Johnson, who died in 1896; his second wife was Mrs. M. J. Edwards, to whom he was married in 1900. He became a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in 1867.

BENJAMIN F. MITCHELL.

Benjamin F. Mitchell, of Phoenix, Ariz., was born April 15, 1836, and died August 6, 1916. He was a native of Texas and joined the 1st Texas Infantry, which went to Virginia as a part of the famous Hood's Brigade. Comrade Mitchell went through the war, receiving some slight wounds. He returned to Texas, engaged in farming, and reared a family, now located at Phoenix, Ariz., and spent the rest of his life at the home of his daughter there. C. C. Chambers, who sends this notice, writes that they were evidently close together in many engagements of the A. N. V., Chambers in the 11th Mississippi and Mitchell in the 1st Texas. He was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery, at Phoenix.

DAVID E. JOHNSTON.

David E. Johnston, Confederate veteran, Congressman, historian, and author, died at his home, in Portland, Oregon, on July 9, 1917, and veterans of the Union and Confederate armies followed his remains to their last resting place in Mount Scott Park Cemetery, the honorary pallbearers being selected from survivors of both armies.

David Johnston was born in Pearisburg, Va., in 1845, and at the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving throughout the war and winning promotions through bravery. He was under General Pickett in the battle of Gettysburg, but a severe wound from an exploding shell kept him from taking part in the famous charge.

After the war Comrade Johnston became a prominent lawyer and jurist in West Virginia and was elected to Congress from that State. In 1908 he went to Portland, Oregon, and became interested in the pulp and paper mills in Oregon City and for several years was a director in the Portland Trust Company. Later he became associated with the Citizens' Bank of that city, of which he remained a director until his death. He was the author of several books, the most interesting and popular of which was "A Confederate Boy in the Civil War." He was a lifelong member of the Baptist Church. He was prominent in the organization of United Confederate Veterans, in which he held the rank of Brigadier General. He was noted for his good nature, his straightforward disposition, scorning deceit, his charity and liberality, his faithfulness as a friend and as a loving husband and father. Mr. Johnston is survived by his wife, three daughters, and a son, D. H. Johnston, of Beckley, W. Va.

SAMUEL STALCUP.

Samuel Stalcup was born January 10, 1837, in Smith County, Tenn., near Hartsville, and died August 5, 1917, at his home, in Union City. He enlisted in the Confederate army in June, 1861, as a member of Company F, 20th Tennessee Infantry, and served throughout the entire war, surrendering and being paroled at Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865. He followed Joseph E. Johnston through Georgia, participating in all the battles from Dalton to Atlanta.

Comrade Stalcup was married in October, 1869, to Miss Nannie Byrn, and this loved companion preceded him to the grave but a year. To them were born eight children, of whom two sons and a daughter survive him. He was a member of the Methodist Church for forty-five years, and when able to attend he was always in his place.

To know Comrade Stalcup was to admire and love him. He gained and retained the confidence of all who came in contact with him. Upright in his dealings with his fellow man, the soul of honor, his marked cheerfulness and sincerity were strong attractions and held affection when gained. His home was a pleasant place to visit and always open to his friends and comrades. He will in truth be sorely missed.

[J. H. Steele, Union City, Tenn.]

L. C. DOWNS.

L. C. Downs, who served as sergeant of Company I, 7th Georgia Infantry, died at his home, in Savannah, Ga., on December 9, 1916. This well-beloved comrade had been the custodian of the flag of his regiment since 1865. At the reunion of the survivors of this regiment, held in Grant Park, Atlanta, Ga., on July 21, 1917, his nephew, W. S. N. Neal, of Marietta, presented the flag to the regiment, in memory of the comrade who had so long had it in keeping.

MRS. MOLLIE R. MACGILL ROSENBERG.

"Asleep till the day dawns and the shadows flee away."

On May 29, 1917, this child of God exchanged the darkness of the earthly night for the light of the day eternal. On earth a vacant chair in the home, a vacant seat in the pew, a vacant place in the ranks of the Daughters of the Confederacy; in heaven a new daughter in the Father's house, a new voice in the heavenly choir, a new face among the "shining ones."

I wish to record my personal sorrow in the loss of our brave in spirit, steadfast in character, one who never gave up a friend, a "power of thought" in the councils and endeavors of Church and community; one who, ever forgetful of self, with firm, unflinching step walked straight and true the path of duty. From the humblest to the greatest, she was ever considerate and helpful, and throughout her life her interest in those she loved burned as a flame upon the altar of sacrifice. Ours is the sadness of parting, the blindness that cannot see beyond "that low green tent whose curtain never outward swings"; hers to-day the clear vision which reads the answer to the ceaseless why and how of human existence. Her character merits this the highest of all praise: Those who knew her best loved her most. The story of her life is written in the hearts and lives of those who came within her influence, and she has reared for herself a monument more enduring than bronze or marble in the imperishable structure of human character which she gave an upward impulse.

[Ida Lewis Smith Austin, Galveston, Tex.]

MRS. MOLLIE R. MACGILL ROSENBERG.

Death in his insatiable grasp took from the Confederate organizations one of the most active and generous of their members when Mollie R. Macgill Rosenberg passed into eternal rest May 29, 1917, at her beautiful home, in Galveston, Tex. There ended a life so sweet, so unselfish, so rich in service to her country, to her Church, and to all humanity, where suffering and need came to her observation, that the world in which she moved and had her being is the poorer for her passing.

Born in the old town of Hagerstown, Md., one of a family of eleven children, six sons and five daughters, she had just reached the budding years of womanhood (of rare beauty and attractiveness) when the War between the States began, and she was recalled from a visit in Texas back to Maryland. Four of her brothers volunteered at once in the Confederate army, where they valiantly served until the surrender of

General Lee's army at Appomattox, Va. Soon after the beginning of hostilities her father, Dr. Charles Macgill, was arrested and incarcerated in Fort Warren, without a trial or charges being preferred, because of his sympathies with the Confederate cause, and their home was under continual guard by Federal troops. Two of her sisters were sent across the Potomac into Virginia under military escort, and Miss Mollie Macgill was permitted to remain with her mother in her home, where they were almost within the firing lines during the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg. Her brave spirit and loyalty to the Southern cause inspired her to visit that tragic battle field and take to her home two wounded Confederate soldiers, both of whom recovered and lived many years to recognize and bless her kind ministrations to them.

After the war closed she went to Galveston, Tex., to make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosenberg, the latter having been a friend of Dr. Macgill's family when "Miss Mollie" was a child. To this home she brought all the loyalty, faithfulness, and love of a daughter, for they were childless, and she nursed Mrs. Rosenberg through an illness of some years. After her death she married Mr. Rosenberg and made two visits with him to Switzerland, his native country.

At his death, after making ample provision for his wife, he left, in various public benefactions, two-thirds of his entire property to the city of Galveston, returning it, as he said in his will, to the people among whom by strict integrity and far-seeing judgment he had accumulated more than a million dollars.

Mrs. Rosenberg was a woman of uncommon force of character, combined with all the beautiful, tender, and loving traits which make up the woman "nobly planned"; and her life was one long devotion to unselfish thought for others, and even during her last illness her plans for each day were to send her car for some friend or for some less fortunate one to take a ride. The benefactions and bounties of this noble woman were countless, and there are many such recipients who will miss the open heart and hand that were ever extended.

Her love and loyalty to the Confederate cause entered into the very fiber of her life, and at her request the Confederate flags were clasped in her hands and one draped the casket in which she slept. Her loyalty to her family and friends was proverbial.

There is no death for such a life, and her beautiful service will live eternally in that better land.

CORNELIA BRANCH STONE.



MRS. MOLLIE R. MACGILL ROSENBERG.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*

Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal.....*First Vice President General*
 MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Second Vice President General*
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 MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKES, Norfolk, Va., *Custodian Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: The opening ceremonies of our twenty-fourth annual convention will be held Tuesday evening, November 13, at Chattanooga, Tenn. The session, beginning the following morning, will be confined, as far as practicable, strictly to business. I urge each member to study our constitution and convention rules and regulations. If delegates have a thorough understanding of these, much time can be saved and the space of the minutes economized.

Please bear in mind that the *per capita* tax was due March 1, but members and Chapters wishing representation in the convention still have the opportunity of being in good standing by seeing that their *per capita* tax reaches the Treasurer General through their State Treasurer thirty days before the assembling of the general convention.

I have been impressed by the fact that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is not as widely read by our members as it should be. Otherwise many letters received by me would not have been written. It is our official organ, furnished at a nominal cost, and I have consistently tried to reach you monthly through its pages. It should be in the hands of every Daughter.

I wish to correct a mistake in my letter for the August VETERAN. The James Henry Parker Chapter, of New York City, had not equipped a Red Cross ambulance, but did equip a regiment from Johnson County, N. C., in honor of Dr. James H. Parker, with kits, comfort bags, abdominal bands, and razors. The New York Chapter gave two ambulances, instead of one, to the Red Cross.

Indications are that to report only a partial record of the war work of our Daughters would fill an entire number of the VETERAN. The following details have come to my attention since my last letter:

Early last month Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Second Vice President General, had raised in three small towns in Alabama one thousand dollars for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Eugene Little, our Treasurer General, heads work for both the Red Cross and the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense in Anson County, N. C. Her eldest son has farmed intensively this season, and she is canning a large quantity of fruit and vegetables. Her youngest son leaves shortly for France with a hospital unit.

Mrs. F. M. Williams, our former Recording Secretary General, has organized a Red Cross Chapter in Newton, N. C., of which she is chairman, and has papers out for five branches in her county. She has been appointed County Chairman of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense and is registering the women of her county. She writes: "'Can, can, can!' is the cry everywhere here in old Catawba County, so I have been looking after my fruit and vegetables." Two of her sons are in training at Fort

Oglethorpe, and her third son has entered the engineering corps.

Mrs. G. Smith Norris, of Belair, Md., has grown old in the service of the Confederacy. During the war and since its close she never flagged in doing her utmost for Confederate men and women. She has been Second Vice President of the Maryland Division since its formation, organized the Harford Chapter, No. 114 (of which I am a member), and was its President until she considered that a younger woman should head it. Now, though very feeble, she has knit two complete sailors' sets and is at work on more.

Mrs. Walter W. Preston, President of the Harford Chapter, Belair, Md., and a former President of the Maryland Division, is head of the Department of Thrift and Conservation in her county. She has organized five thrift clubs of colored women and is making addresses in the interest of food conservation throughout her county, which is one of the greatest canning localities in the world. To save the corn and tomato crops she felt that something drastic must be done, so she offered to "put on her apron and go into the canning factories," urging others to follow her.

There have been what is known as Box No. 2 equipments for hospital patients, six by the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter of Frederick, Md., Miss Mary Ott, President, and three by the Ridgely Brown Chapter of Rockville, Md., Miss May Sellman, President, given to the Red Cross, whose inspecting committee stated was the most beautiful work demonstrated up to that time. These two Chapters have also made donations to the Red Cross, and their members are busily canning fruits and vegetables.

There is another way that one of our members is doing her "bit" that some of us can follow. I have learned from Col. Harry Jones, commanding officer of Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md., about the work of Mrs. Adelbert Warren Mears, former President of the Maryland Division. They call her the "Angel of the Regiment." When war was declared, the Maryland regiments were given guard duty on bridges, railroads, and important places in five States. The men of the 4th Maryland Infantry, now 136th United States Army, were placed in the mountains and along railroads in Maryland and Virginia. The regimental hospital was opened at Fort McHenry with only field hospital equipment. Men were sent there in large numbers for treatment for colds, injuries, and operations. There were no comforts whatever, the government not supplying post hospital equipment for a regimental hospital. Mrs. Mears was sent by Colonel Jones to report to Major Blake, in charge of the hospital, and was instructed as to what was needed. She selected a committee and in a few days provided all necessary comforts, and, to quote Colonel Jones, "the hospital is a credit to her." Her special work now is supplying delicacies for the sick, and

entirely through her efforts she has furnished hundreds of eggs and gallons of milk. In her visits to the hospital she carries delicacies and reads to the sick. On August 1 there were forty-nine in the hospital, and in thirty days there were twenty-nine operations. Her son and only child was at the Plattsburg training camp last summer and in May entered the student officers' camp at Fort Myer.

Mrs. E. O. Wells, of Rockwood, Tenn., former President of A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, writes me: "I have had a canning demonstration in my town; have given one myself to a neighborhood of colored women; have spoken to a union meeting of colored women at one of their churches and gotten them to organize a food club; helped the county demonstrator hold a meeting on the lawn of the President of the Harriman Chapter, where we showed forty women how to can beans, and at that meeting they formed a food preparedness club. We held a county canning institute for two days in Harriman on the City Hall lawn. We had the canning club girls from all over the county there to help. Last year there were about three hundred and fifty gardens in Rockwood. By our efforts with the school gardens, which was such a big job that we had to call on our husbands, we now have by active count twelve hundred gardens. We are organizing for registration day whenever Mr. Hoover sets the time. I am county chairman and have my committees ready. The Red Cross asked Rockwood for \$2,000, and the subscriptions amounted to \$10,023. There is a population of 5,000, mostly miners and furnace men."

Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of the Leland Stanford University, California, who is collaborating with Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, writes me: "Your organization is rendering very valuable assistance in this great work, and I am most grateful for your coöperation."

Mr. Hoover requests me to send him the names and addresses of such of our members as will speak in their neighborhoods in behalf of the conservation of America's food supply, and I shall appreciate it if you will furnish this information as soon as possible to me at The Congressional, Washington, D. C.

There is overwhelming evidence of the same self-sacrificing devotion of the women of the South to-day to the needs of the nation as existed among the women of the sixties to the cause for which they gave their all; but the generosity with which we respond in money and service to our country's call does not release us from the obligations we are under to provide and care for those very women of the sixties who now require our aid.

It was at the St. Louis convention in 1904 that I heard Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., called "the grand old beggar of the Confederacy." This splendid Confederate woman has never flagged in her efforts to bring comfort and relief to Confederate men and women, and her heartfelt and strenuous work should have achieved far greater results. She has pleaded with us for years; let us respond to her appeal before it is too late. She is our Chairman of Relief Committee, and so thoroughly in accord am I with this circular she is sending out to the Chapters that I incorporate it here and beg each Daughter to give it her earnest consideration:

"The time is approaching for our annual convention. What report have you for me as Chairman of Relief Committee regarding relief given by Chapters and States to old Confederate women in your community?

"The terrible war now raging has drawn our attention

from the past in which they suffered and the present which still finds them in need.

"The wonderful organizations now in action, we hope, may prevent just what these old Confederate women are now passing through in their old age, seemingly forgotten.

"The women of the sixties whose husbands fought in the Union army are well provided for by our government. We of the South, paying our taxes, contribute to the pensions of our Northern sisters; but what of these old Confederate women? A pitiful pension from some of the Southern States in some cases, as in Virginia, is supplemented by a fund from the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"We have builded our monuments as a history of our men; it is not too late to help our women, grown too old and feeble to help themselves.

"Go to our convention with the determination to have a sum set aside for immediate use, the only requirement a proper credential from a Chapter, countersigned by the Division President, setting forth the needs of the applicant and her Confederate record.

"It is too late for us to build U. D. C. homes. There are Church and State Confederate homes for old women. Better still, give a little, even five dollars a month, and let them stay among their own people."

Faithfully yours,

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER.

THE HISTORIAN GENERAL U. D. C.

Mrs. Grace Meredith Newbill, of Pulaski, Tenn., who was selected by the Executive Committee U. D. C. to fill out the term of the late Mrs. S. E. F. Rose as Historian General, brings to this high office rare gifts and unusual fitness. A woman of wise judgment, great poise, and gentle dignity, a representative of the finest type of Southern womanhood, from her childhood, in the stirring days of the sixties, Mrs. Newbill has manifested the most loyal devotion to the Confederate cause.

While interested in all the activities of the U. D. C., she has always been particularly a most active worker along historical lines; and her experience, both as Chapter and Division Historian, made it especially fitting that the mantle of the beloved and lamented Mrs. Rose should fall upon her shoulders. She is a kinswoman by marriage of Mrs. Rose and also was born in historic Pulaski, the scene of the execution of the Confederate hero Sam Davis, birthplace of the Ku-Klux Klan, and rich in other memories of the Confederacy.

Her selection to head the historical work of the U. D. C. has given general satisfaction not only in her own State, where she is so widely known and loved, but in other sections of the country where her labors for the compilation of Southern history and her gifts as a speaker and writer are known. Regarding the unsolicited but richly deserved honor which has come to her only as an increased opportunity for service, with characteristic energy and enthusiasm she has gone to work for the cause so dear to her heart.

Mrs. Newbill is President of the Giles County Chapter, whose special work this year has been the placing of a handsome bronze tablet in Pulaski to mark the place of organization of the Ku-Klux Klan and to perpetuate the names and memories of its six charter members. The completion of this work was due to the tireless energy of Mrs. Newbill. During her incumbency as Chapter Historian the Giles County Chapter won the banner for the best historical work

in the Tennessee Division, and when she served as Division Historian the Tennessee Daughters made a splendid record in historical work, thus demonstrating the gifts of leadership of the new general officer.

As a child Grace Meredith stood by her widowed mother when she sent two sons, mere lads, into the Confederate army. These young brothers enlisted in the first company to volunteer from Giles County and remained with the army until honorably discharged in April, 1865. After the war she was married to Capt. George Newbill, who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy from Manassas to Appomattox. He belonged to that immortal regiment, the 4th Alabama Infantry, C. S. A., and was promoted to the rank of captain for gallantry on the battle field by order of General Lee. After the war he was active in helping to solve the problems of reconstruction. He was an officer in the Ku-Klux Klan and left in his wife's possession what is said to be the most valuable Ku-Klux data in existence. From that data she has written many papers for historical purposes. More valued than all else, however, is Captain Newbill's parole of honor, dated Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April, 1865.

The U. D. C. have honored themselves in honoring this loyal and able Southern woman, and her inspiring enthusiasm and ability will give fresh impetus to one of the most important tasks of the Southern woman—the preservation of the true history and best traditions of the South.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. A. G. EAKINS.

The State meeting of the U. D. C. of Oklahoma, held in Chickasha on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of July, might be called a joint meeting of the Daughters, Veterans, and Sons. The Daughters were the guests of the Lee-Jackson Chapter, by which they were royally entertained. It was the unanimous verdict of those who were so fortunate as to be there that the hospitality of the people of Chickasha had never been excelled. Everything possible was done for the pleasure and entertainment of the visitors.

The convention was called to order by Mrs. Purdy, State President, in the classroom of the Administration Building of the Oklahoma College for Women; and our sainted Chaplain, Mrs. C. B. Hester, of Muskogee, conducted the ritual service in an impressive manner. Following roll call came the credentials report and announcement of committee appointments, and adjournment followed a highly enjoyed piano recital by Miss Marjorie Dwyer. Lunch was served to all delegates in the commodious dining hall of the college.

At the afternoon session, which was called to order by Gen. D. M. Hailey, of McAlester, all State officers were invited to seats on the rostrum. After the invocation, patriotic songs were given by the Red Cross girls, who were in uniform, the audience joining in with them. The address of welcome by Mayor O. Coffman was responded to by General Hailey, while the address of welcome to the veterans by Judge H. L. Grigsby had response from Gen. S. H. Hargis, of Ada. The welcome to the Sons was then delivered by Judge F. M. Bailey, with response by Gen. M. J. Glass, of Tulsa. A gracious welcome was extended the Daughters by Mrs. R. M. Cavett, responded to by Mrs. J. H. Gill, of Atoka. Following these proceedings, the Daughters adjourned to the classroom, where reports by the Chapter Presidents and Secretaries were made.

In the evening a reception in honor of the Veterans, Daugh-

ters, and Sons was held at the auditorium, which was followed by a dance.

Election of officers came after the routine business at the Wednesday morning session, practically all the old officers being reelected. At 10:30 another joint session was held with the Veterans and Sons. In the afternoon a memorial service was conducted by Mrs. Hester and General Taylor, after which came the presentation of flags by the Chapters to the hostess Chapter. That afternoon an old-fashioned barbecue dinner was served by the good people of Chickasha, to the enjoyment of all. A dance at the Country Club was the feature of the evening and was participated in by Veterans, Daughters, maids and matrons of honor, Sons of Veterans, and citizens of Chickasha.

The Thursday morning meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by Mrs. Purdy, and after the committee reports the following resolution, passed by the Veterans, was introduced:

"Realizing that our members are gradually growing less day by day and that some one must take up the work we have carried on thus far in preserving the facts of history made glorious by Confederate soldiers upon a hundred battle fields, we therefore recommend that each Camp in the Oklahoma Division, through its present organization, request the Sons and Daughters to join our several Camps and be enrolled as members in full fellowship and thereby fill up our depleting ranks and continue the good work so dear to our hearts in keeping before the world the facts, and only facts, of what was accomplished by these heroes in the sixties, thereby proving to the ones who follow us that they were not traitors, but patriots, of whom our reunited country should be proud."

Adjournment was then taken, and everybody joined in the automobile ride made possible by the one hundred and sixty-five waiting automobiles.

And the praises of the good people of Chickasha are again sounded for their generous hospitality.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. JAMES E. MULCARE, PRESIDENT.

This has been a very busy year with the Daughters of the Confederacy in the District of Columbia. We had fifteen advisory council meetings and two mass meetings for the purpose of arranging our program for the Confederate Reunion held here in June.

The splendid work of the nine Chapters which comprise the District of Columbia Division, U. D. C., should be recorded in the VETERAN. It was a great pleasure as well as a privilege to do honor to the veterans on that occasion. We kept open house in the Confederate Memorial Home the entire week, the various Chapters being hostesses on separate days. Several hundred veterans and friends were entertained, and bounteous refreshments were served by the Chapters. A registration book was kept showing the number that were entertained during the week.

The Jefferson Davis Chapter entertained several hundred veterans and friends at a beautiful reception at the New Willard Thursday afternoon during the Reunion. The reception given at the New National Museum by the Daughters in honor of the veterans and visiting Daughters was the most brilliant affair ever given in the museum; also the reception given by the Southern Relief Society at the Congressional Library, several thousand guests being present. It was indeed a week of joy and delight, and the parade was

one of the greatest and most patriotic that was ever witnessed in Washington. After the parade refreshments were served to several thousand veterans on the White Lot by the Daughters.

I wish I could tell all of the splendid work the Daughters did for the Reunion, for their work was untiring, their thought being only for the pleasure of the veterans and their friends.

A great source of gratification to me have been the many letters received from different ones showing their appreciation and telling of the wonderful week they spent with us and what a grand, patriotic Reunion it was from beginning to end, one that will go down in history.

I must not fail to mention the part the children of the Confederacy took in the parade. The Mildred Lee Chapter on a beautiful float, accompanied by their directress, carrying their banner, followed the veterans up the avenue.

It was also a great pleasure for the Daughters to have Miss Mary Custis Lee with them on different occasions. On President Davis's birthday celebration the veterans were honored by having her pin on their crosses of honor.

And our annual Memorial Day at Arlington June 4 under the auspices of the Veterans and Daughters was a memorable one. Among the distinguished guests on the platform were the President and Mrs. Wilson and members of the cabinet and other noted guests both from the North and South; and on Wednesday, June 7, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association held its exercises and paid tribute to our dead.

The Reunion is over, but the week of June 4, 1917, will ever live in the memory of the Daughters of the District, who were greatly honored in the part they took in entertaining our veterans.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."
Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

BY MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy—Dear Historians: I trust that we are all earnestly at work in the effort to bring our historical department to a high degree of excellence this year. Many cheering messages and fine reports have come to gladden my heart and confirm the hope that this year's work will not fall behind, but maintain a high standard of excellence and result in much good to the cause for which we stand.

The exigencies of the present crisis are upon us, and we must not fail to cooperate with all other patriotic organizations in Red Cross and national aid. We would fail as daughters of the grandest race of men and women the world has ever known did we not respond with the best of which we are capable to our country's call, the best of time and talent and service. To some of us the call may come very close and wrench the heartstrings very bitterly because of a loved one who has laid his life on his country's altar; to all of us there will come grief and anguish of heart because of the strife and bloodshed. But, true to the principles of our fathers, actuated by the courage which sustained our mothers in the days of the sixties, we must labor on, hope on, and pray unceasingly.

In these days of strenuous activity we need much zeal and vigilance in order to keep before our organization the importance of writing and preserving the history of our glorious past; not because it is less dear now, but because it is apt to be crowded back by the living, vital issues of this stupendous world war in which we are engaged and which calls to each of us for time and service.

I trust I shall hear from all Historians with fine reports from each Division before September 1, making this the busiest month in the whole year for me.

Most cordially in U. D. C. bonds, I am your Historian General,
MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1917.

TOPICS FOR OCTOBER PAPERS: EVENTS OF 1865.

Hampton Roads Conference, February 3.
Fall of Fort Fisher, N. C., and its effect.
Burning of Columbia, S. C., February 17.
Battle of Bentonville, N. C., March 19.
Battle of Five Forks, Va., April 1.
Evacuation of Richmond, Va., April 2, and Lee begins his last retreat.
Appomattox, April 9, 1865; Gen. Robert E. Lee surrenders the Army of Northern Virginia to Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.
Surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, April 26.
Surrender of General Taylor, May 4.
Surrender of Gen. Kirby Smith, May 26.
Round-table discussion: Tell of the Shenandoah, the last Confederate ship to furl the Confederate flag, November 6, 1865, and her brave commander, Capt. James I. Waddell. Where and when was the last battle of the war fought? What was the spirit of the Confederate army? What were the general results of the four years of war?

"No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so free of crime."

References: "History of the United States" (Andrews), Chapter XXXII. (see footnote page 19); "Sins of Omission and Commission," pages 15-24.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1917.

What celebrated battles occurred in Tennessee in quick succession at this time?

What was the "Battle Above the Clouds"?

EVENTS OF 1864.

When and where was the battle of the Wilderness fought? How did Lee's soldiers show their love for him in this battle?

Where and when did Gen. J. E. B. Stuart die?

What was Sherman's march to the sea?

Did he destroy the country through which he passed?

Where did this march begin, and where did it end?

Was there anything to be proud of in this march of destruction?

When was Charleston, S. C., burned, and who was responsible for it?

"Grandfather's Stories about Sherman's March."

Song, "We Are Old-Time Confederates." (Sing to the tune of "Old-Time Religion.")

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery..... Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville..... Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola..... Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta..... Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans..... Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg..... Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis..... Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh..... Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston..... Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis..... Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal..... Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

WORK FOR MEMORIAL WOMEN.

Memorial women, women of the Confederacy, your attention is called to the following letter, which your President General regards as a great honor, conferring, as it does, upon you whom she represents the high privilege of contributing to the support of our government in this great war:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
August 9, 1917.

"Mrs. W. J. Behan, President General C. S. M. A., Wytheville, Va.—My Dear Mrs. Behan: The Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, in appreciation of the work of the women of established organizations for the liberty loan, has authorized the appended article, from which you are at liberty to take any material you wish or which you may run in its entirety, if you desire, in your organization's official organ or in any other way you may have for dissemination of publicity material.

"The committee thanks you most heartily for your acceptance of a place upon our council and hopes to have from you whatever suggestions you may deem of aid to interest the women of the United States in the forthcoming campaign for the next issue of the liberty loan.

"Thanking you for your patriotic interest and with deep appreciation of your loyalty to the causes of liberty, we are
"Very truly yours,

WOMAN'S LIBERTY LOAN COMMITTEE.

"BY MARY SYNON, Executive Secretary."

[Mrs. William G. McAdoo, Chairman; Mrs. Antoinette Funk, Vice Chairman; Miss Mary Synon, Executive Secretary; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. George Bass, Mrs. F. L. Higginson, Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, Mrs. J. O. Miller, Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Mrs. George Thatcher Guernsey.]

ORGANIZED WOMEN AND THE LIBERTY LOAN.

"The part taken by the women of established organizations in war work is one of the most remarkable phases of the war in the United States. Throughout the country the women of societies, clubs, and fraternal organizations have been the first to respond to the nation's call for women's service, and their efforts have been primarily responsible for the success of several divisions of the work necessary for the speeding forward of the machinery of war.

"In no place has this been more notable than in the work of women for the liberty loan. Although there has been no direct method of determining the exact amount of women's purchases of liberty bonds, nevertheless certain indications of women's activity show how important a part women took

in the first issue of the loan, where nearly one-third the total number of subscribers were women. Among these the members of women's organizations throughout the country were in a noteworthy majority.

"In every city, town, and village of the United States women are already arranging to promote the sale of the second issue of bonds. In department stores booths will again be set up where women will give out bond applications. In thousands of towns women will make house-to-house canvasses to interest others in the liberty loan. Girl scouts will aid Boy Scouts in the distribution of applications. Women will stand at railway stations and in hotel lobbies to give out bond applications. Never has the country seen such concentrated service of women as that being manifested by them for the liberty loan.

"The first issue of the liberty loan showed the enormous value to America of woman's service; the second issue is enlisting the service of nearly every woman and girl in the United States either as a purchaser or promoter. For this purpose the committee has instituted a campaign, which every woman in the country is urged to join. If she belongs to any organization, she can work through that organization, volunteering her services to the executive officers, thereby aiding the patriotic cause of the liberty loan and at the same time showing the nation the remarkable value in times of crises of established organizations of women."

Memorial women, women of the Confederacy, let it not be said that you are indifferent to the cause of liberty, you who in the sixties bore unflinchingly the horrors of war, whose heroic sacrifices called forth a glorious testimonial from the President of the Confederacy. Put your shoulders to the wheel; let the indomitable spirit of the sixties inspire you again now when our reunited country is sending forth her sons to fight for humanity's sake.

Your attention is called to the last paragraph showing how women can serve their country through their organizations. It gives me great pleasure to announce that the first patriotic organization to purchase a liberty bond in the State of Louisiana was the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of New Orleans. At the recent convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, held in Washington, D. C., the delegates present, representing Memorial Associations from every Southern State, were unanimous in the adoption of a resolution pledging the Confederation to the purchase of the liberty loan bonds. As a member of the Council of the Women's Liberty Loan Committee, your President General appeals to each and every Memorial woman in the South not only to make good this pledge in the name of the C. S. M. A., but that each and every Memorial Associa-

tion should purchase a bond. What more honorable heritage can you leave your children than a liberty loan bond? It will give you and them the privilege in after years to refer with pride to your patriotism and loyalty to your government in this great war, and the loan of your savings to help bring victory to our armies and a permanent and righteous peace will prevent a recurrence of such a world calamity as now confronts our people.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General.*

THE C. S. M. A. IN KNOXVILLE, TENN.

BY MISS MISSIE AULT, PRESIDENT.

The Ladies' Memorial Association of Knoxville, Tenn., was organized May 13, 1868, fifty years ago next May. Sixteen hundred or more Southern soldiers, representing every Confederate State, including Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, died in hospital or fell in battle in the vicinity of Knoxville or in East Tennessee; so after organization the ladies endeavored to obey the injunction of Father Ryan, the "poet-priest of the South," in his touching poem:

"Gather the sacred dust
Of warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our people's trust
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear in their lifeless clay.
Whether unknown or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same,
They died—and wore the gray."

The ladies own the cemetery where our Southern soldiers are buried, and the 3d of June, the anniversary of the birth of President Jefferson Davis, is observed as Memorial Day and has been made a legal holiday for the State of Tennessee. We furnish automobiles to take the veterans to the exercises at the cemetery at the time and consider it a great privilege to do so. Our friends are very kind to lend their machines for this purpose.

After forty-nine years, new members are still coming in. Several times when a member has died a daughter has joined to take her mother's place. Just this year little Lois Jourolmon, eight years old, joined to take the place made vacant by the death of her aunt, Miss Lou Jourolman, who died several years ago and who had been a devoted member.

The Association has erected a handsome monument and beautiful wall, all of which, with the liberal assistance of friends, some of whom fought in the Northern army, has been paid for. Our treasurer says we have never been in debt, and we sincerely hope such will continue to be the case. The present officers are: Miss Missie Ault, President; Miss Kate White, Vice President; Mrs. Joseph T. McLeer, Treasurer; Mrs. Robert Kellar, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Sophie Kennedy Hunter, Corresponding Secretary.

As the years go by interest seems to be increasing instead of diminishing. Let us keep alive all the dear old Memorial Associations which were organized soon after the heroic struggle for Southern independence in the early sixties, and, without any bitterness in our hearts toward those who fought on the other side, let us keep green the grass above the graves of our gallant Confederate soldiers and on Memorial Day lovingly and tenderly strew them with beautiful, fragrant flowers as we think with gratitude of their sacrifice for us and for their country, for

"Their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names, without stain for us;
The glory they won shall not wane for us;
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us."

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

"Yes, I have seen some service, I believe.
I was with Lee at the Wilderness;
I had done enough that day, I guess,
So they sent me home with this empty sleeve.

Do I plow? O yes. Have a buggy seat;
A handle to fit this strap, you know;
A buckle and strap that fit just so,
And bread by the sweat of the brow is sweet.

Hold an office? Well, my country is kind.
There are various places of trust
Which I might have filled, perhaps, but must
Confess that the farm is more to my mind.

Have a pension? Why, Uncle Sam, you see,
Has widows and cripples enough of his own.
Tithe of my wheat and cotton and corn
I give for their yearly support—but me!

Why, weeks in the hospital wards were not
The hardest service I've seen, you know,
Nor this empty sleeve that you pity so,
Nor the wound in my side by a rifle shot.

You have read of the times of Valley Forge?
Of snows tracked with naked and bleeding feet?
But an eighty-mile march in summer's heat
On macadamized mountain roads, by George!

With weariness, thirst, and loss of blood
From tramping o'er pointed stones is rough
And tougher than bullets. You think enough
To earn me a pension for life? It would

If I had gone in on the winning tide.
'E Pluribus Unum' sounds well, by heaven!
But you and I are the unforgiven
And, we know very well, are both outside."

[This was sent some years ago by Mrs. W. J. Hamlett, of Abilene, Tex., who says: "These are the exact words of Private Andrews, with whom we found shelter and hospitality before the days of railroads."]

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1917-18.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
California, A. B. Ellis, Hollywood.
Colorado, H. W. Lowrie, Denver.
District of Columbia, —.
Florida, C. H. Spencer, Tampa.
Georgia, Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta.
Kentucky, Robert W. Bingham, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, J. Mercer Garnett, Baltimore.
Mississippi, B. A. Lincoln, Columbus.
Missouri, R. A. Doyle, East Prairie.
Oklahoma, Tate Brady, Tulsa.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, E. P. Bujac, Carlsbad, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Richard I. McClearen, Nashville.
Texas, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls.
Virginia, E. B. White, Leesburg.
West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va., Chairman.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex., Secretary.
Garland P. Peel, Norfolk, Va.
John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

REPORT OF THE WASHINGTON REUNION.

When the twenty-second annual reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was called to order on June 4, 1917, at the Arcade Theater, in Washington, D. C., by Comrade W. Brockman, Commander of the District of Columbia Division, S. C. V., it marked an epoch in the history of our country.

This was the opening of the first Confederate Reunion ever held outside the South, and, owing to the crisis in our national affairs, it was vested with a solemnity and significance never seen in any other Reunion. The members of the Confederation realized that the gravest crisis in the history of these United States confronted them, and they willingly pledged their lives to uphold the honor of their country. The Veterans and Sons were in Washington not to apologize for the past nor to make protestations of loyalty, for the loyalty of the South has never been questioned except by a few narrow-minded men who thought that patriotism was confined to their own little section. It was a meeting held in the "house of our fathers," held on land deeded to the nation by a Southern State. The entire country viewed with amazement the magnificent showing made by the Confederate organizations, and all Washington stood with bowed heads in silent homage before the remnants of the grandest army the world has ever seen. Northern eyes gazed in wonder at the Confederate flag, the Stars and Bars, the flag without a single stain, that went down to defeat in a blaze of glory, yet is to-day alive in the hearts of the men who bore it and of their children and children's children. Down Pennsylvania Avenue marched the "men who wore the gray," escorted by the gallant men who wore the blue, and as the Stars and Stripes twined with the Stars and Bars the world realized as never before that this was one nation and that it stood solidly behind the man of destiny in the White House

and that we would back him with every dollar and every man in this country.

The meetings of the Veterans, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons were attended by people from all sections and proved an eye opener to the people of the North. Every section of the South was represented by its most representative men and beautiful women, the gates of the city of Washington were thrown wide, and every effort was made to make the visitors feel at home.

The principal event of the Reunion was the parade, held on June 7, and this surpassed anything ever held in Washington. Men who had been residents of that city for half a century said that the only thing that ever compared with this was the parade of the Federal troops after the surrender at Appomattox.

The grand marshal was Col. Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy and a Confederate veteran, assisted by Col. Robert E. Lee, Jr., a grandson of the immortal Robert Edward Lee.

Down the avenue marched the Veterans and Sons, stepping to the tune of "Dixie," and many an eye was dimmed as the spectator realized that in only a little while taps would be sounded for many a gray-clad soldier and that soon they would join their comrades who had crossed the river to rest in the shade of the trees. On they marched until at last they passed in review before the President of the United States and his officers, and the men who made history half a century ago saluted the man who is making history to-day and who stands for the principles for which they gave their lives.

Every courtesy was shown the visitors by the Reunion Committee, the Sons of Veterans' Committee, and the people of Washington, and the Reunion there will always linger in the memory of the ones who were so fortunate as to attend as one of the most enjoyable ever held. The special thanks of the visiting Sons and their official ladies is due to Comrades Ewing, Brockman, Price, Fravel, Stamper, Hicks, Ashby, and other members of the Washington Camp, S. C. V., who exerted every effort to make the Reunion a success.

OPENING SESSION, S. C. V.

The opening session of the Sons on the night of June 4 was the formal opening of the entire Reunion and was attended by not only the members of the organization and their official ladies, but also by veterans and the people of Washington. The meeting was called to order by Comrade Brockman, Commander of the District of Columbia Division, who introduced Rev. Henry W. Battle, of Charlottesville, Va., the Chaplain in Chief, who delivered the invocation. The address of welcome was delivered by Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Commander of Washington Camp, No. 305, and the response was by United States Senator Duncan U. Fletcher, of Florida. Other addresses were made by Dr. J. G. King, Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department; Claude N. Bennett, Washington, D. C.; Commander in Chief Baldwin; Gen. D. S. Henderson, Judge Advocate General U. C. V.; Dr. Clarence J. Owens, Past Commander in Chief; Hon. John Temple Graves; Hon. Silas E. Robb, Past Division Commander Sons of Union Veterans; Mrs. W. J. Behan, President Confederated Southern Memorial Association; Mrs. Cordelia Powell Odenheimer, President General U. D. C. At this session the Sons were honored by the presence of Miss Mary Custis Lee, daughter of General Lee, Mrs. George P. Harrison, wife of General Harrison, and Mrs. Josephus Daniels.

BUSINESS SESSION, JUNE 5.

The first business session of the organization was called to order at ten o'clock on June 5, but was adjourned until two o'clock, so that the members might attend the opening meeting of the Veterans and hear the address of the President.

The afternoon session was called to order at 2:20 by Commander in Chief Ernest G. Baldwin, of Roanoke, Va.; and



MISS CORDELIA TAYLOR,

Sponsor in Chief S. C. V. at Washington Reunion, June, 1917.

after music by the Boys' Industrial School Band of Birmingham, Ala., the invocation was delivered by the Chaplain in Chief. The roll call of the Adjutant in Chief showed one hundred and seventy-five Camps in good standing, the largest number reported for many years. Reports were made by Department Commanders King and Glass and by the Commanders of the various Divisions and Brigades. Practically all of these reports showed substantial progress and renewed interest in the work of the organization.

Dr. King, of the Northern Virginia Department, reported sixty-one active Camps in his department against thirty-nine the year before. Comrade C. H. Spencer, Commander of the Florida Division, made an extended report of the work in his Division and reported that through the influence of the Sons in that State substantial increase had been secured in the amount of pensions paid the veterans of Florida.

Comrade Parke, Commander of the Arkansas Division, reported the Little Rock Camp as very active and that this Camp had been able to assist the State in floating a loan to pay the pensions of the veterans when the legislature failed to make the proper appropriation. This Camp was instrumental in the appointment of a central committee, composed

of one member from each of the Confederate organizations of that city, to handle all matters of interest. This plan is recommended to other cities by the Adjutant in Chief.

Past Commander in Chief Norfleet read the poem entitled "Union," written for this occasion by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn., who is poet laureate of the Sons as well as the Veterans. Mrs. Boyle was unable to attend the Reunion on account of illness, and resolutions of sympathy were passed.

Congressman J. W. Collier, of Mississippi, was in attendance and extended an invitation to all members of the organization to attend the reunion and peace jubilee to be held at Vicksburg, Miss., on October 16-18, 1917. This invitation was unanimously accepted by the Confederation, and the comrades were urged to attend. Every Division Commander was requested to communicate with the Camps in his Division and to urge them to send delegates to Vicksburg.

Commander Baldwin's report reviewed the work of the year and showed that the membership has increased over fifty per cent. He expressed his thanks for the support rendered by Adjutant Forrest and for the active interest taken by Comrades King, Peed, Everett, Spencer, Bale, Parke, and Lincoln. A rising vote of thanks was extended to the Commander in Chief for the splendid work accomplished during his administration.

Reports were also made by Dr. McConnell, Commander of the Alabama Division, Comrade Landrum, representing the Kentucky Division, Division Commander Everett, of North Carolina, and others.

Comrade Dunaway, Chairman of the Historical Committee, outlined the work of his committee and reported that they had succeeded in having the Hart history eliminated from some of the Arkansas schools and the notebook of Matthew Page Andrews installed. In Arkansas a special committee had been appointed to review all the textbooks in use in the State and to assist in removing the objectionable ones.

BUSINESS SESSION, JUNE 6.

The session on Wednesday was opened by prayer by Rev. A. W. Littlefield, of Needham, Mass., who was a guest of the Confederation. A report was made of the work of the Gray Book Committee by Comrade Matthew Page Andrews. This committee was composed of A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va.; E. W. R. Ewing, of Washington, D. C.; C. H. Fauntleroy, of St. Louis, Mo.; and Matthew Page Andrews.

Judge R. T. W. Duke, of Charlottesville, Va., called attention to the fact that the "torpedo" which is now creating so much destruction on the high seas was invented by Matthew Fontaine Maury, of Virginia.

The official ladies of the Confederation were in attendance on the meeting and were introduced to the convention by Comrade Hairston. Mrs. Montague, of Virginia, was present and asked the coöperation of the members in keeping up the Home for Needy Confederate Women at Richmond. A resolution was passed urging all Camps to make contribution to this worthy cause.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

Judge Edgar Scurry, Chairman of the Finance Committee, who, in connection with members of the Executive Council, had audited the accounts of Adjutant in Chief Forrest, made a report in behalf of those committees. He reported that

Adjutant Forrest has vouchers for every cent expended during the year and also for all receipts. These have been checked in detail and approved, and they find a balance on hand of \$680.33.

STARS AND BARS COMMITTEE.

The final report of this committee, which was composed of Judge R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, Mo., W. W. Old, Jr., and James F. Tatem, of Norfolk, Va., was submitted, together with all the data referring to same. This committee reported that their investigations had been very exhaustive and that the question as to who had designed the Confederate flag had been decided in favor of Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, of Louisburg, N. C.

Mrs. Thrash, President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., accepted the report of the Flag Committee in behalf of the Division and of Miss Jessica Smith, daughter of Major Smith, and presented the Confederation with a magnificent silk flag. Immediately after this presentation Comrade Thomas R. Patterson, of Birmingham, Ala., generously donated the money to purchase a staff for the flag.

COMMITTEE OF GREETINGS TO VETERANS.

Commander Baldwin then appointed the following committee to extend greetings to the veterans in convention assembled: Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo.; J. E. B. Stuart, of New York City, the son of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and the first Commander in Chief S. C. V.; W. W. Old, Jr., of Norfolk, Va.; and Dr. C. J. Owens, of Washington, D. C., the two latter Past Commanders in Chief. The address was delivered by Comrade Hinton, who made a magnificent speech and was enthusiastically received by the veterans.

On motion, it was determined to distribute copies of the book by Professor Bledsoe entitled "The War between the State; or, Was Secession a Constitutional Right Prior to 1861?" to the various Camps of the Confederation, so that the comrades may be advised regarding this question.

REPORT OF ADJUTANT FORREST.

In submitting my report as Adjutant in Chief, I take pleasure in stating that this has been the most successful year in the history of our organization for many reasons. First, we have accomplished something of which we can well be proud; we have at last gotten the organization on a stable basis and have done some real work. The past year has seen the appointment of the Gray Book Committee, which was appointed to prepare an article stating clearly and concisely the real truth of the slavery question in this country, so that our children may be taught the truth. It was then decided to enlarge this book and to include articles on the "Treatment of Prisoners of War" and also the real causes of the war of 1861-65. This committee, which is composed of A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Va., Chairman, E. W. R. Ewing, of Washington, D. C., Matthew Page Andrews, of Baltimore, Md., and C. H. Fauntleroy, of St. Louis, Mo., has been actively at work, and the book will be ready for printing in a short time.

The Textbook Committee, which was authorized under a resolution introduced by me at Birmingham, has been organized and in active operation for several months. This committee is composed of A. L. Tinsley, of Baltimore, Md., Chairman; N. B. Forrest, Secretary; James Mann, of Norfolk, Va.; James Carter Walker, of Wake Forest, Va. Associate members: Rev. A. W. Littlefield, of Needham, Mass.; Rev. James Alexander Smith, of Sioux Rapids, Iowa; Fran-

cis Trevylan Miller, of New York City. As secretary of this committee I have written a letter to every private school in the South asking what textbooks on history were being taught and inviting comment on same. Replies were received from several hundred of these schools, and they were unanimous in stating that the histories now in use were not satisfactory and asking for suggestions. Through the influence of this committee we have had the textbooks changed in over thirty of the schools this year and are now working on others.

The Consolidation with Veterans' Committee of the Sons held conferences at Washington with a like committee from the Veterans, and it was decided to continue these committees for another year. The only change made in this committee was the appointment of Comrade A. D. Smith, Jr., of Fayetteville, W. Va., as chairman, replacing Comrade Bale, resigned.

Your Adjutant in Chief during the past year has written over ten thousand letters from his office at Biloxi, Miss. He has made numerous trips over the various States, attending the Division reunions in Alabama, Florida, Virginia, Tennessee, and Mississippi. He has been able, with the assistance of various comrades, to get the pensions of the Tennessee veterans increased to ten dollars per month and has started a movement for a like increase in other States. He has organized fifty new Camps during the past year, the largest number that have been formed in one year since 1902. In addition, he has been able to reinstate a number of dead Camps and has organized these Camps on a permanent basis.

Your Adjutant desires to express his sincere appreciation for the following comrades who have never failed to respond to every appeal for coöperation: First, to Commander Baldwin, who has worked faithfully during the entire year to promote the interests of the Confederation and who has made one of the best officers the organization has ever had.



CHARLES HARDEE SPENCER, OF TAMPA, FLA.,
Commander of the Florida Division S. C. V.

Secondly, to Comrade Garland P. Peed, of Norfolk, Va., a member of the Executive Council, who has never failed to respond to any request made of him. The splendid showing of the Virginia Division is due in part to the executive ability of Comrade Peed, who made the best Division officer in my experience of twelve years. Comrade Peed also disposed of several of our S. C. V. bonds in his section; and when the Confederation was in need of funds to carry on the work until the *per capita* tax came in, he arranged for a loan at his bank. The thanks of the Confederation are due to Comrade Peed for his untiring efforts and devotion. Thirdly, to Department Commanders King, Bale, and Glass for the prompt response to all communications and to Division Commanders Spencer, Watts, Everett, McConnell, Scurry, Brockman, McWilliams, White, and Lincoln. Through the efforts of Division Commander Lincoln, Mississippi ranked first this year, having thirty-four Camps in good standing. Comrade Everett, who was appointed Commander of the North Carolina Division, organized eight new Camps in his Division and reinstated two, having a total of eleven Camps in good standing against one the year before.

The following new Camps were organized during the year: Mississippi, 17; Virginia, 10; North Carolina, 8; Georgia, 3; Texas, 3; Alabama, 2; Arkansas, 1; Maryland, 2; South Carolina, 1; West Virginia, 1; Florida, 1; Tennessee, 1; Kentucky, 1—a total of 51. One hundred and twelve Camps were reported at Birmingham in 1916 and 175 this year, an increase of over fifty per cent.

OFFICERS FOR 1917-18.

The election held on June 6 resulted in the election of the following officers for the year 1917-18:

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.

Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

Executive Council: E. G. Baldwin, Chairman, Roanoke, Va.; Edgar Scurry, Secretary, Wichita Falls, Tex.; Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.; J. S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.; W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.

Department Commanders: Army Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Va.; Army Tennessee Department, John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.; Army Trans-Mississippi Department, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.

Historian in Chief, E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

Whereas it is the settled policy of the government of the United States to honor the memory of citizens who have achieved distinction in art, science, and literature as well as in war and statesmanship; and whereas in carrying out this policy there have been provided in the city of Washington at public cost numerous memorials to distinguished men and women, such as statues, monuments, tablets, parks, and buildings; and whereas in establishing or providing for these public memorials men and women of transcendent worth from every section of the country should be honored by the national government; and whereas no official recognition has been given as yet to the distinguished services rendered his country and mankind by Matthew Fontaine Maury, the "Pathfinder of the Seas," whose practical and scientific work in the navy of the United States resulted in the creation of the naval observatory and the hydrographic office and also in a more accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the physical geography of the sea and of oceanic meteorology; now, therefore,

Be it resolved by the twenty-second Reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, assembled in the city of Washington, That the Congress of the United States be and is hereby requested to designate and set apart some public park or square in said city to be thereafter known as "Maury Park" or "Maury Square," in honor of the great scientist and naval officer, Matthew Fontaine Maury; and it is suggested that the square bounded by North Capitol, B and C Streets, and Delaware Avenue, opposite the Senate Office Building in said city, be so designated, set apart, and named.

Be it further resolved, That all honorable effort be made by this organization to secure the memorial herein proposed and that an attested copy of these resolutions be sent to each House of the Congress of the United States.

Be it resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in annual convention assembled, That a memorial committee be appointed by the Commander in Chief, whose duty it shall be to provide suitable memorial exercises to be held at the next annual reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, which exercises shall not exceed one hour.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Confederation be and are hereby extended to Comrade H. D. Allen, of Boston, Mass., Past Commander in Chief Sons of Union Veterans, for his splendid work in collecting the various Confederate moneys.

Resolved, That we, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, heartily approve of the action of the President and Congress of the United States in declaring the existence of a State of war between our government and the German government and pledge our most earnest support in any and every way our country's needs may demand.

Whereas death has claimed one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of Southern womanhood in the loss of Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, Miss., the Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; therefore

Be it resolved, That the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in annual session assembled in the city of Washington, hereby express the grief of its members in the death of Mrs. Rose and voice with sincere appreciation the high service she rendered the South.

Be it resolved by the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in annual reunion assembled in the city of Washington, That the sympathy of the Confederation be extended to Past Commander in Chief Seymour Stewart in the death of his distinguished father.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this reunion of Sons of Confederate Veterans be extended to the generous citizens of Washington for their splendid hospitality, and especially to the Confederate organizations of Washington, D. C., and to Comrade W. E. Brockman, Division Commander of the Sons of Confederate Veterans of the District of Columbia, also to the press of Washington for courteous treatment.

Be it known throughout the North and the South and to the world that, the purpose of this organization having been misunderstood throughout the North, we make it now certain that our purpose is purely benevolent and historical and that this organization intends to help the needy Confederate soldiers who have unfortunately been deprived of attention. For no other purpose is this organization maintained than purely benevolent and historical.

Resolutions were also passed expressing the sympathy of the Confederation in the death of Comrade Adolph D. Block, of Mobile, Ala., a member of the Executive Council.

N. B. FORREST, Adjutant in Chief.

THE SEPTEMBER FRONTISPIECE.

The VETERAN's front page this month gives an interesting scene in a social game "between the lines" of the blue and the gray. This is one of the pictures in the Gilbert Gaul series of military scenes of the sixties, each one of which portrays most vividly the courage, sacrifice, heroism, suffering, and home life of the Southern soldier. They are faithful reproductions of the original paintings in four colors on heavy polychrome paper. The other pictures in the series are as follows:

1. "Leaving Home." Showing the Southern lad leaving his home for the Confederate army.
2. "Holding the Line at All Hazards." A magnificent stand of those who had fate against them.
3. "Waiting for Dawn." A camp fire scene.
4. "The Picket and the Forager." (Two smaller pictures.)
5. "Tidings from the Front." A Southern home scene where the soldier's letter is being read to the family.
6. "Between the Lines." Shown on front page.

These pictures originally sold at \$3.50 each, or \$20 for the set. The VETERAN has a few sets left over which will be sold at \$5.25 per set, postpaid, if ordered this month. The stock is limited.

Such pictures as these would add much to the attraction of Camp and Chapter rooms, libraries, etc.

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THE FIRST ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

(Continued from page 396.)

As summer came on, De Soto grew rapidly weaker and weaker. His sickness rendered him unfit for travel, yet his indomitable will held him up after his men had given up all hope for his life. He had set out to return to the great Mississippi, and he lived until he came within sight of the muddy waters of that mighty stream.

The place of his death is variously fixed by different historians, but the weight of opinion seems to be that he died at the mouth of Red River. On June 25, 1542, the spirit left his wasted body. His men buried him in the waters of the Mississippi.

The widow of Norris Levesque Masengale is very anxious to hear from some one who knew her husband and the command to which he belonged, so she can make proof of his service in the Confederate army. He enlisted in Obion County, Tenn. Response to this may be sent to Gen. Jonathan Kellogg, Little Rock, Ark., who is interested in helping her to prove this record.

John Ferguson Daniel, 401 North Buchanan Street, Amarillo, Tex., makes inquiry for the names of all living comrades of Company B, 3d Kentucky Regiment, under Capt. G. Boman. He is trying to secure a pension and needs their testimony to his service.

LOST—On the way to the Reunion in Washington last June, G. W. Grayson, of Eufaula, Okla., lost a black leather-covered, gilt-edged diary; left it on a seat in a Pullman car somewhere between St. Louis, Mo., Cincinnati, Ohio, or Gordonsville, Va. Each daily account is headed "Eufaula." A liberal reward will be paid for its return.

Mrs. M. E. Pinkston, of Gate City, Va. (Box 37), wants to know in what battle the 37th Mississippi Regiment surrendered during the Tennessee campaign in December, 1864, Colonel Holland in command. Her inquiry is especially directed to obtaining information of Company G, as she is not sure that the entire command surrendered, and she needs this information for her pension application.

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With liberty and justice for all.

**MEMORIAL TO THE STONEWALL
BRIGADE.**

A picture of the rotunda that will be erected in the Stonewall Jackson College, at Abingdon, Va., to the memory of General Jackson and his gallant brigade, will appear in the *VETERAN* for October. Those interested in perpetuating the memory of this valorous "foot cavalry" can get full information of the memorial by writing to Dr. J. R. Dobyns, President of Stonewall Jackson College.

C. P. Richard, Adjutant of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Opelousas, La., inquires of one R. S. Cary, who enlisted in St. Mary's Parish, La., in the 4th Louisiana Infantry. He took part in the battles of Chickamauga and Murfreesboro and was with General Bragg in the retreat from Kentucky; was then transferred from the infantry to the cavalry in Mississippi and got a thirty days' furlough. In returning to his command he was cut off by the enemy, so he joined Capt. Eugene Olivier's company of the 2d Louisiana Cavalry, of which he was commissioned sergeant. He then volunteered in Capt. Bailey Vincent's scouts and there served to the end of the war. His only brother, living at Opelousas, is anxious to locate him if living or to know if he is dead.

C. A. Pate, of Logansport, La., is trying to secure the record of Dr. C. C. Davis, who enlisted from Atlanta, Ga., and served in the hospital corps to the end of the war. For three years he was in Richmond, Va. At the time of the surrender he was somewhere in Alabama. Mr. Pate would like to hear from some comrades who can give him information on the subject, as his widow is in need of a pension. He also wishes the names and addresses of all organized Camps of Confederate Doctors.

Mrs. C. L. Myers, of Temple, Tex., is in search of information concerning the journalists of the War between the States and Reconstruction period. Any information along this line will be appreciated.

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Mrs. W. H. Nance, of McComb City, Miss., asks for the names of the officers of Company E, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, from 1864 to 1865. Her husband, William Henry Nance, enlisted in this company in 1864 at Florence, Ala., and was sworn into service by Capt. Joe H. Fussell. This information will be highly appreciated.

What is money but hot air?

That you get 'most everywhere.

A game of talk is what you give,

And on this talk some people live.

What is talk? A breath of air.

Money talks, so just compare—

All things, old boy, exist on air.

—T. F. O'Rourke, Mobile, Ala.

J. C. Jones, Commissioner of Pensions, Austin, Tex., makes inquiry for the whereabouts of one Rufus Workman or to get in communication with any of his family. He enlisted as a private in Company E, 16th North Carolina Infantry, A. N. V. Mr. Jones nursed him for seven weeks through a severe illness at his home, in Caroline County, Va.

E. C. Downs, of Sheffield, Ala., asks that some comrade acquainted with the service of Harris G. Self, of Company C, 18th Alabama Infantry, will kindly communicate with him. His granddaughter wants to join the U. D. C. and needs his record.

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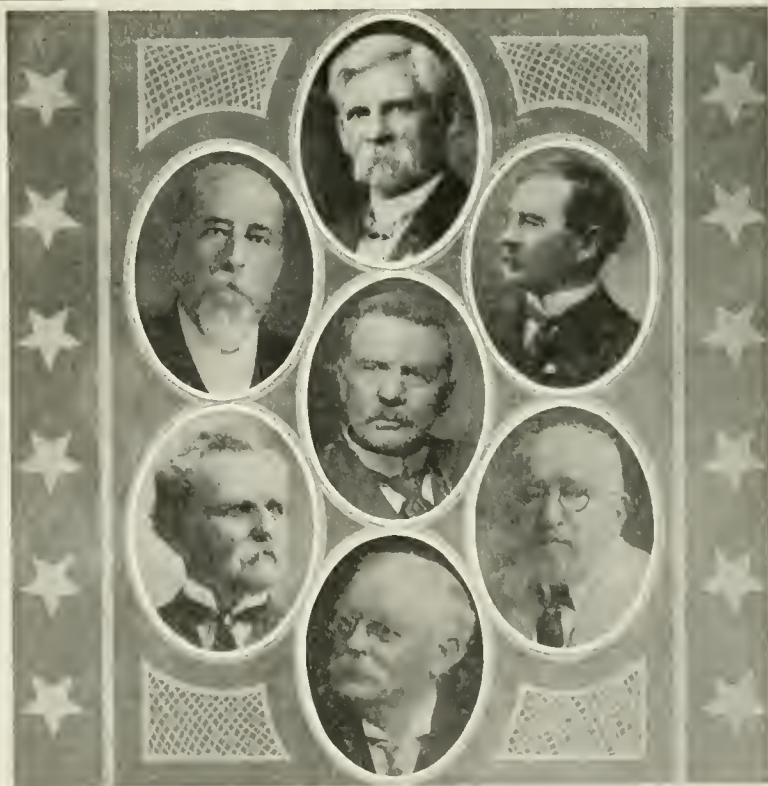
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VOL. XXV.

OCTOBER, 1917

NO. 10



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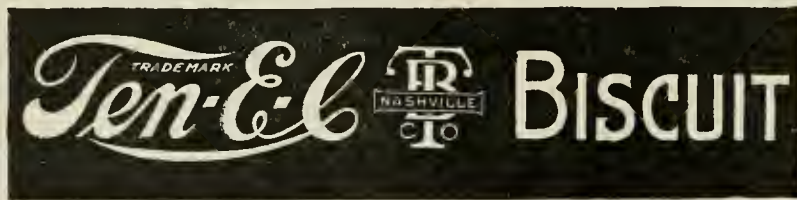
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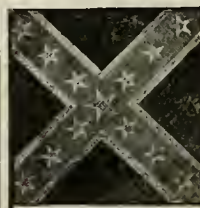


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Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.

All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
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Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1917.

No. 10.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR VETERANS AT VICKSBURG.

The national memorial reunion at Vicksburg, Miss., October 16-19, inclusive, will be held under the direction of the Secretary of War in accordance with an act of Congress, approved by President Wilson September 8, 1916, "in commemoration of fifty years of peace and good fellowship which happily exist throughout the republic."

The site of this camp is in the beautiful Vicksburg National Military Park, where the siege operations against that city were conducted, culminating in its surrender by General Pemberton to General Grant on the same day the battle of Gettysburg ended—July 4, 1863. This reunion, strictly speaking, was called by Congress "The National Memorial Celebration and Peace Jubilee" and is open to all veterans of both blue and gray, and the government will extend to all a hearty welcome. The quartermaster corps is in charge of the arrangements for this reunion, and several officers are on duty in connection with it.

At first it was decided to place the veterans in army tents; but owing to the need of tents by the United States government having the great mobilization at this time, as well as the limited camp site, the officer in charge decided, with the approval of the War Department, to hire circus tentage,

which was engaged mainly from the United States Tent and Awning Company, of Chicago, and when erected will be the greatest spread of canvas ever known, one tent, for instance, covering 45,000 square feet and accommodating between 1,200 and 1,500 men, another accommodating 1,000, and so on down to small tents.

To accommodate the site in the park to these tents or any tents, in fact, has been a great job. This is because of the extremely broken terrain of this section of country, there being little save hills and valleys, and so many small mounds which are not specifically on the battle line have had to be removed and level spots made by fills and cuts in all sections of this camp ground. This is looked upon as an unusually fine feat of engineering by those who have commented on the situation, as it was at first thought impossible to find a concentrated camp in the park for this reunion. The site is just south of the A. and V. Railroad and near the Iowa monument, in which section much of the heavy fighting was done.

In this camp will be installed electric street lights down the main artery and up the valleys, as well as small electric lights in all tents, each tent being provided with cots, hay-stuffed bed sacks, two blankets, and a pillow for each veteran.

The washing and bathing facilities and conveniences generally are as close as sanitary conditions permit. The water is brought from the city mains and distributed throughout the camp. City water for drinking purposes ninety-nine per cent pure will be provided at all convenient places. At the center of the camp is a great auditorium with a seating capacity of benches and hills of approximately 10,000, together with a platform containing 6,000 square feet; also a point has been selected for a camp fire, which will be lit nightly. This, together with a military band and one or two famous orchestras—namely, Bandy's Band, of Memphis, and Bud Scott's Orchestra, of Natchez—will add to the joy of the occasion. Around this auditorium will be strung innumerable



TENNESSEE STATE SITE IN NATIONAL MILITARY PARK, VICKSBURG.

(Continued on page 442.)

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL MUSEUM.

"When one puts his heart, his whole heart, into a great cause and at the end surrenders his dreams to unbroken, perpetual sleep, those who admired him in life, who loved his cause and sympathized with his hope, ought to lay some tribute on his new-made grave and seek to hand some token of his memory to those who knew him not."

Impelled by this sentiment, the friends of the late S. A. Cunningham soon after his death inaugurated a movement to honor him for the great work he had accomplished in behalf of Southern history through the medium of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which he founded and edited for twenty-one years. In its columns was preserved much of the history of the South during the four years of war which would otherwise have been lost, much that will be of value to the future historian. No worthy cause connected with that history lacked the championship of its editor; lists of contributors to funds being collected for Confederate memorials were published in the VETERAN as an incentive to others to join in; the work for Arlington, Shiloh, and the Jefferson Davis-Memorial had his cordial cooperation; and through his individual efforts were erected the memorials to Sam Davis and to Col. Richard Owen, the only prison commander during the war who showed any kindness to the Confederate prisoners. Should one who so honored others fail to be honored by those who are left?

To make this memorial something of benefit to present and future generations, which would have been his wish, the committee has decided that in the form of a Confederate museum it will be not only a memorial worthy of his work, but will meet the special need of a building in Nashville, Tenn., wherein may be preserved relics of the Confederacy which are being destroyed for lack of proper care—books, papers, pictures, and other things connected with the history of the Confederacy. This building will be fireproof to give adequate protection to these things of value. It is planned to use it also as a convention hall, a meeting place for the Confederate organizations and kindred associations, thus providing something of practical benefit which the city has long needed.

To erect such a building will require at least \$25,000, not a large sum in comparison with those which have been raised for other memorials in the South. The sum already secured amounts to a little over \$4,000, a substantial nucleus on which to build. While the citizens of Nashville will contribute a good part of what is needed to erect this building, there are many of his friends throughout this country who will want to share in this tribute to his memory, and they are now asked to join in this movement and bring it to a speedy and successful conclusion. Whatever the amount you can give, it will be appreciated; but there is no limit set upon your liberality. A list of contributors will be published in the VETERAN from time to time. Help to make a good showing in the November list.

SOLDIERS OF CIVILIZATION.

In a recent editorial the Manufacturers' Record gives a sacred charge to the soldiers of America:

"As you gather in your camps to begin the training which will fit you to become the 'saviors of civilization,' let your mind and your soul be thrilled with the thought that four-fifths of the world wait with eagerness upon your work; that millions and tens of millions of women and children in other lands, as well as in our own, will be daily praying that strength of body and wholesomeness of life may be yours as you go forth to battle for the womanhood of the world. They will be ever praying that divine power may be given you in this supreme effort of civilization to stem the onrush of barbarism. Every woman will feel that you are fighting to save her from the horrors of outraged womanhood in Belgium and France.

"Around millions of firesides as families gather in the evening there will arise devout prayers for you, and millions of men and women as they walk the streets or do their accustomed work will have hearts full of praise for you and full of prayer to Almighty God to shield you from harm, to give you true manhood in its largest sense, and to open your eyes that you may see how they and all the world stand with uncovered heads in your presence.

"To you and the loved ones you are leaving the nation pledges its utmost power, its tenderest sympathy, its never-ending gratitude, that you and they may know that as it will never forget your sacrifice, so it will never forget their welfare.

"Go forth, then, ye 'saviors of civilization,' with uplifted heads with a firm tread, with hearts afire for the right, and know that the missionary of the cross, as in olden days he risked his life in the wilds of heathen lands, never did a sublimer work than that to which you have dedicated your lives. And God be with you!"

With this inspiring thought our soldiers should make a record that will be an example for all generations coming after them.

STATE REUNIONS.

The annual reunion of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., will be held in Birmingham October 10 and 11. The official headquarters will be at Hotel Hillman.

The Florida Division will meet in Jacksonville on the 8th of October.

The meeting of the Tennessee Division, announced for October 4 and 5, had to be held over until 1918 because of an epidemic of diphtheria at Fayetteville, where the reunion was to be held.

The annual reunion of the Orphan Brigade (2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 9th Kentucky Infantry, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and Cobb's Battery) will be held in Louisville, Ky., on Thursday, October 11, 1917; headquarters at the Tyler Hotel. They will be entertained by the Executive Committee of the Orphan Brigade and the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., to the morning of the 12th. A visit to the great army cantonment near Louisville will be one of the features. Those who can attend will please advise Thomas D. Osborne, Secretary, Weissinger-Gaulbert Building, Louisville, Ky.

JEFFERSON DAVIS HOME ASSOCIATION.—The amount received for the Jefferson Davis Memorial from August 15 to September 14 was \$7,615.86.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

The picture here given shows the Jefferson Davis Memorial as it appeared on the 20th of September, 1917, the greatest of all monuments which will ever be built to the Confederate cause. It is unique both in design and purpose, and it stirs the pride of all the men and women of the South. Its immensity commands admiration. The second highest monument in the world, the greatest structure of its kind ever built by private subscription, it pleases and delights all who love and honor the Confederates and Confederate achievements. It will stand for ages as a tribute of love to the heroic sacrifice and courage of the men and the women of the South. It lifts its majestic proportions to the very skies and proclaims that those who glorified the South will never forget the valor and devotion of those who fought to the bitter end for its national life.

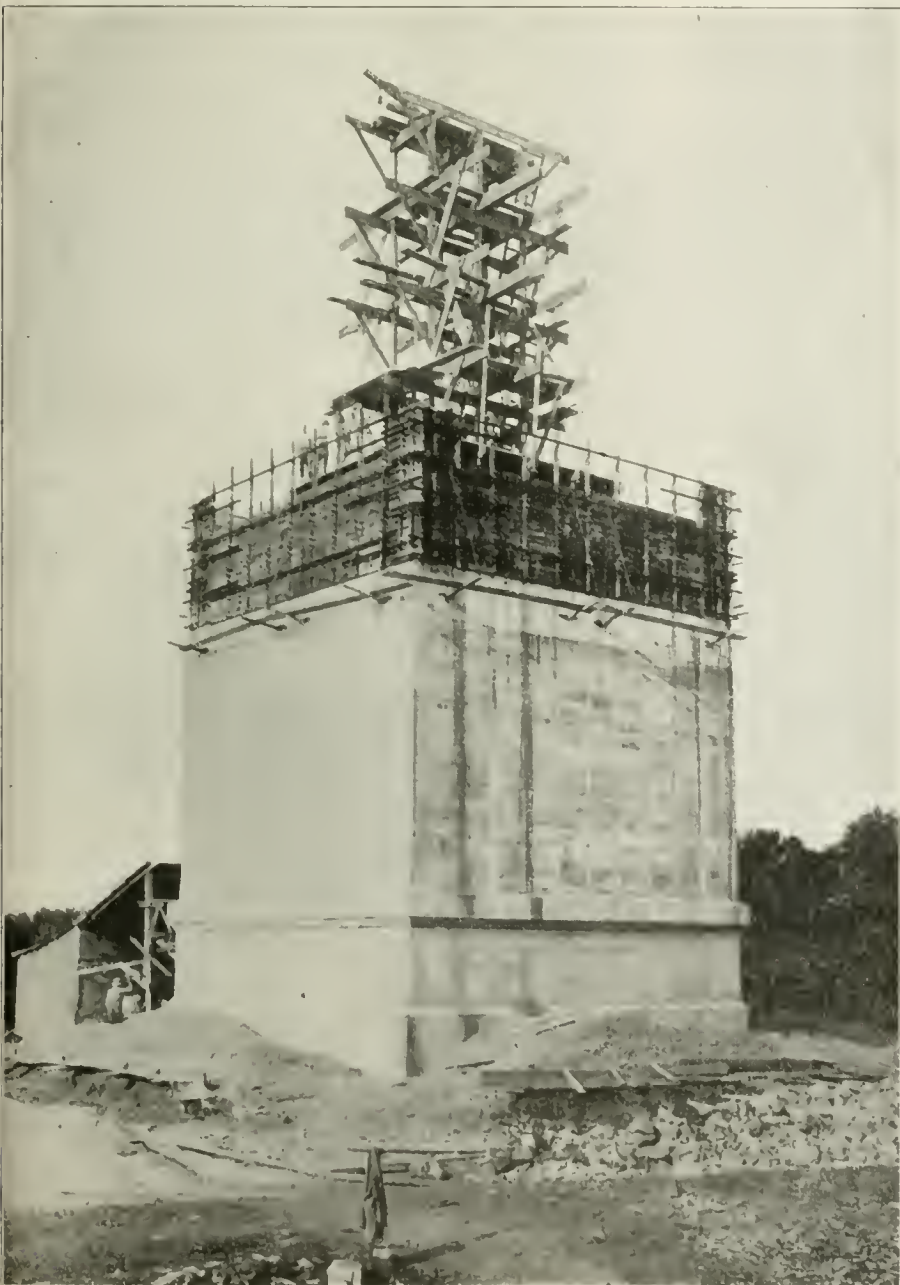
On the inside of the mighty shaft, three hundred and fifty-one feet high, is a space twenty feet square. On the sides of this shaft will be carved the names of those who gave help to produce this marvelous memorial. Through thousands of years the names of contributors will be read by succeeding generations and honor accorded those who did this great thing. If you wish to have the name of some friend, husband, wife, child, or grandchild carved on the inside of the shaft, write to the Jefferson Davis Home Association or Gen. Bennett H. Young, President, Louisville, Ky., and you will be sent a small bank which will hold fifty dimes, and this filled and sent in will win for you this proud distinction.

The five men who have been the financial leaders in this wonderfully successful enterprise are shown in the group on the front page of this number. They have won and are justly entitled to the gratitude and admiration of all Confederates and their sympathizers.

This group shows some of our most prominent Confederate veterans of the present, men of large interests, but never forgetful of the cause for which the South gave of her dearest and best. Most active in the interest of this memorial undertaking is Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., Past Commander in Chief U. C. V. and now Honorary Commander for life. Coöperating and working with him are Gen. George W. Littlefield, of Austin, Tex.; Gen. John H. Leathers, of Louisville, Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Home Association; Col. Edmond H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort, Ky.; Gen. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, N. C.; Col. V. Y. Cook, of Batesville, Ark.

In the group appears the picture of the late editor of the *VETERAN*, who was among the first to become actively interested in the procurement of the birthplace of Jefferson Davis at Fairview, Ky. The first action in regard to it was at a meeting of the Orphan Brigade at Glasgow, Ky., in September, 1907, when a committee was appointed to visit Fairview and investigate these lands. This committee was composed of Gen. S. B. Buckner (chairman), Capt. George C. Norton, J. T. Gaines, Thomas D. Osborne, and S. A. Cunningham.

HELPFUL BOY SCOUTS.—A late communication brings the following: "The Boy Scouts of Wilson, Ark., have decided that they want to help in raising the money to pay for the big Jefferson Davis monument at Fairview and have sent for six of the little banks, which they are now busily engaged in getting filled."



ARRANGEMENTS FOR VETERANS AT VICKSBURG.

[Continued from page 439.]

able Oriental lanterns lit by electricity. Endeavors are also being made to secure some noted negro minstrels to sing the old soldier songs as well as Southern and Northern melodies for the entertainment of the veterans.

A number of distinguished speakers and men of national reputation will be present, possibly the Secretary of War and President Wilson. In view of a naval monument being dedicated at this period, the Secretary of the Navy has also been asked to attend. At least some of the high officials should be here.

In making these arrangements the War Department has had the hearty coöperation of the Park Commission, of which Capt. W. T. Rigby is chairman, and also that of the National Association of Vicksburg Veterans, of which Capt. F. A. Roziene, of Chicago, is President, and which latter organization will have charge of the order of ceremonies.

A battalion of infantry, troop of cavalry, and a battery of field artillery are expected to be present, together with two hundred and fifty Boy Scouts, who will act as messengers and assist generally in making the veterans comfortable; also a motorized hospital corps and a motorized ambulance company have already been ordered to report for duty by the 10th of October. Further, it is hoped to have one or two truck companies for the transporting of veterans to different points of the park, there being over thirty miles of roads within the park, to all sections of which the veterans will wish to go; at several points monuments will be dedicated.

The officer in charge of these arrangements is Col. Willard D. Newbill (field artillery), Quartermaster Corps, United States army; the construction is in charge of Capt. J. Paul Jones, Quartermaster Reserve Corps. It may be mentioned that the father of the officer in charge, Dr. William J. Newbill, of Irvington, Va., is a Confederate veteran, having been a member of Mosby's command, and that one grandfather of Captain Jones was an officer in the Kentucky Confederate contingent; the other grandfather was from Illinois.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST VICKSBURG.

The city of Vicksburg, Miss., came into great prominence during the War between the States because of its strategical position on the greatest of inland waterways. Located on the Mississippi River some two hundred and thirty miles above New Orleans, for more than a year it was the center of operations conducted by the Federals for the purpose of opening that river. The situation of the city, on a high bluff above the river, gave it natural protection from any attacks from the water front; and not until it was besieged by land was its defense overcome, and then at great sacrifice of life to both sides. The National Cemetery at this place contains 16,727 graves, of which over 12,000 are of the unknown dead.

Although the Confederates early realized the advisability of fortifying this place, it was not until after the fall of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, that anything was done in that direction. Late in April work was begun, and six batteries had been completed by the time the advance of Farragut's fleet, under Commander S. P. Lee, came up the river after taking New Orleans. The demand for the surrender of the city was made thus:

"U. S. S. ONEIDA, NEAR VICKSBURG, May 18, 1862.

"To the Authorities of Vicksburg: The undersigned, with orders from Flag Officer Farragut and Major General Butler, respectively, demand, in advance of the approaching fleet, the

surrender of Vicksburg and its defenses to the lawful authority of the United States, under which personal property and private rights shall be respected.

"Respectfully yours,
S. PHILLIPS LEE, U. S. N.,
Commanding Advance Naval Division.
"T. WILLIAMS, Brigadier General."

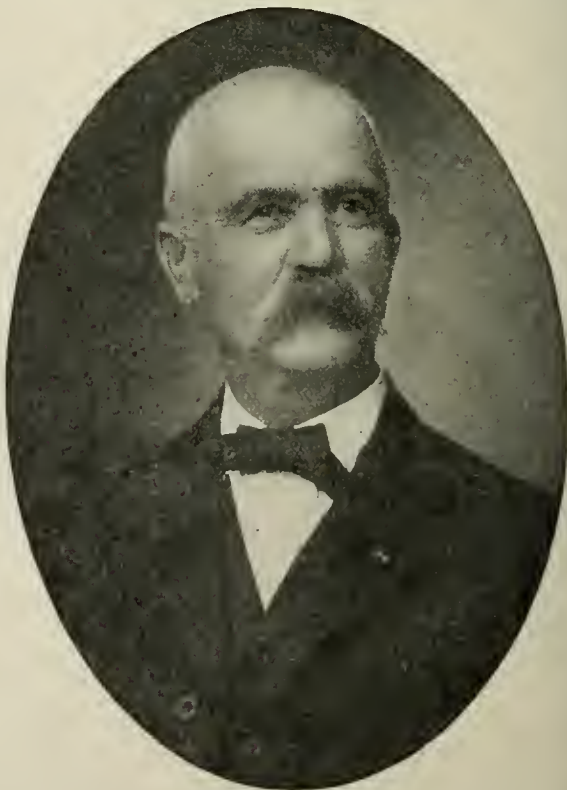
To this demand the mayor of the city replied that neither the municipal authorities nor the citizens would ever consent to the surrender of the city; and the military governor and commander of the post, James L. Autrey, replied that Mississippians didn't know how and refused to learn how to surrender to an enemy, but that Commodore Farragut or General Butler might come and try to teach them; while Gen. M. L. Smith, commanding, replied thus:

"HEADQUARTERS DEFENSES, VICKSBURG, MISS.,
May 18, 1862.

"S. Phillips Lee, U. S. N., Commanding Advance Naval Division—Sir: Your communication of this date, demanding the surrender of the city and its defenses, has been received. In regard to the surrender of the defenses, I have to reply that, having been ordered here to hold these defenses, it is my intention to do so as long as it is in my power.

M. L. SMITH, Brigadier General Commanding."

Two days later Farragut came in with additional vessels and men; but it was realized that nothing could be accomplished by an attack, so the fleet returned to New Orleans. There he was met by instructions to clear the Mississippi, these batteries at Vicksburg being the only obstructions left. So a mortar flotilla of sixteen vessels, under Commander D. D. Porter, was started and reached Vicksburg on June 20, and on the 25th of that month Farragut arrived with three



CAPT. W. T. RIGBY,
Chairman Vicksburg National Military Park Commission.



COL. WILLARD D. NEWBILL,

U. S. Officer in Charge of Arrangements at Vicksburg.

vessels of war and seven gunboats, carrying one hundred and six guns, and accompanied by a fleet of transports carrying Williams's Brigade of three thousand men and two batteries. Williams's Brigade landed on the Louisiana shore and, with the assistance of twelve hundred negroes, began digging a canal across the peninsula opposite the city in the belief that a new channel would be formed for the river and thus leave Vicksburg several miles inland. But the great Father of Waters stubbornly declined to enter the new passage, so all this was wasted effort. Farragut attacked the Confederate batteries; but as they were so high, being two hundred feet above the river, little or no damage was done. At the time the place was held by Gen. Earl VanDorn with sixteen thousand men, and forty heavy guns were in position. Failing to silence the guns, Farragut, with two vessels and five gunboats, on the morning of June 28 ran the batteries without any serious damage to his fleet, but neither had he inflicted any damage on the Confederate works.

Just a little later than this occurred the incident connected with the Confederate ram *Arkansas* which occasioned so much mortification to Commander Farragut. An account of this appears on page 458 of this number. It seems that a Union fleet under Capt. C. H. Davis had descended the Mississippi and joined Farragut at Vicksburg on July 1, and plans had been made for the entire fleet to return to Baton Rouge, when on July 15 this startling encounter took place. The Confederate ram passed through the entire fleet, "delivering her saucy broadsides," and took position under shelter of the Vicksburg batteries. Farragut ran past the batteries in the night and endeavored to destroy the ram, but failed. On July 20 he received orders to return to New Orleans and started on the return trip on July 27. During the two months

since the fleet appeared before Vicksburg the Confederates had received no material damage.

The next movement against Vicksburg was in November, 1862, when Grant moved from Corinth, Miss., and Bolivar, Tenn., with thirty thousand men, following the Confederates from Grand Junction with the intention of attacking Vicksburg from the rear. General Pemberton was commanding the Confederate forces. After occupying Holly Springs, Grant made that place his depot of supplies, and was about to advance from Oxford on Grenada when Forrest's Cavalry broke up his lines of communication in West Tennessee; and on December 20 General VanDorn captured Holly Springs and burned his supplies. Just before this Sherman had been sent back to Memphis to take charge of the river expedition, which Grant thought he could command more ably than McClelland, who had been placed in command of that by the War Department. Sherman moved down the river with four divisions of thirty thousand men, accompanied by Porter's fleet, and at Chickasaw Bluff, on the Yazoo River, was repulsed with heavy loss.

General McClelland reached Memphis after Sherman's departure and, proceeding down the river, took command of the fleet. Later Grant decided to go down the river and unite his forces with McClelland and assume command of the whole. The army was divided into four corps, under McClelland, Sherman, McPherson, and Hurlbut, and a campaign was planned to get below Vicksburg and operate from the South. Another effort was made to cut a canal across the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, by which they hoped to get below Vicksburg and land on the east bank of the Mississippi; but after much labor on it from January to March, 1863, a sudden rise in the river forced the abandonment of that plan.

After various other efforts had failed to accomplish this purpose, Porter was directed to run past the Vicksburg batteries and attack those at Grand Gulf to cover a landing in that vicinity, McClelland having been ordered to move his forces toward Richmond and New Carthage with a view to making his way to the banks of the Mississippi below Vicksburg and the batteries at Warrenton and Grand Gulf. Porter got through with slight casualty, and by the 27th of April McClelland's Corps was at Hard Times, on the Mississippi below Vicksburg, and McPherson was closing up. On the 29th of April Porter, with seven gunboats carrying eighty-one guns and followed by transports and flatboats carrying ten thousand men of McPherson's Corps, steamed down the river and opened upon the Confederate batteries at Grand Gulf. Failing to silence them, the fleet withdrew, and Grant decided to move farther down the river and flank Grand Gulf. He says about this: "I resolved to get below Vicksburg, unite with Banks against Port Hudson, make New Orleans a base, and, with that base and Grand Gulf as a starting point, move our combined forces against Vicksburg."

This plan was successful, and after fighting a battle at Grand Gulf he pushed into the interior of the country, fought a number of battles on the way to Vicksburg, into whose defenses Pemberton withdrew his troops, and the garrisons of the outlying defenses were also brought in. The line of defense was about eight miles in length, was strengthened by additional pieces of artillery, and was held by nineteen thousand men; on the river front were forty heavy guns, with about seven hundred men. The movements of the Federal commanders into position were accompanied by continuous skirmishing, and on the 19th of May a general assault was made on the Confederate works, which was repulsed with

heavy loss; and the next two days were spent by the Federals in strengthening the position.

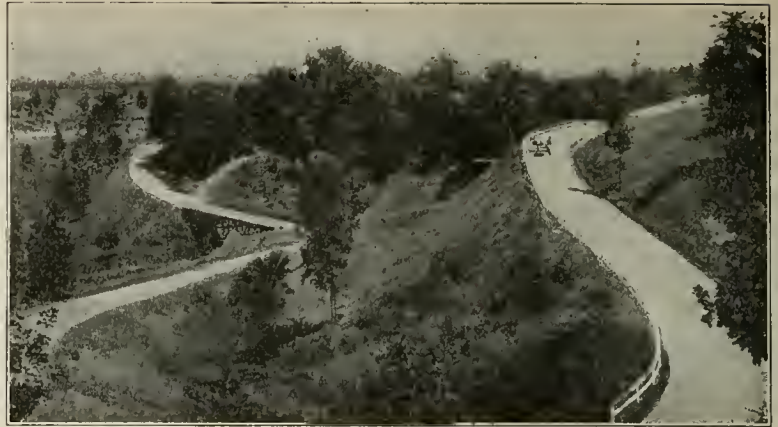
During this time Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had been collecting a force to relieve Pemberton, and he was then but fifty miles in Grant's rear; so the latter thought it advisable to press matters. On the morning of the 22d a general assault was again ordered, and Grant's forty thousand men were thrown against the Confederate intrenchments, and Porter's fleet joined in the cannonade. In general the assault was repulsed, and repeated attacks only served to increase the casualties on the side of the Federals.

This result convinced Grant that Vicksburg could be taken only by siege, and that slow method of warfare was at once begun. The investing line was fifteen miles long, extending from Haines's Bluff to Vicksburg and then to Warrenton, on the south. The opposing lines were not more than six hundred yards apart, and the distance was gradually reduced by advances under cover of batteries. Mines were exploded by both sides at different points, killing men and burying them at the same time. By July 1 the lines were very close, when Grant's force had been augmented to seventy-one thousand men, and he had two hundred and forty-eight guns in position, two hundred and twenty of which were field pieces and twenty-eight heavy naval guns. Then a large part of the army was put under Sherman to resist the advance of General Johnston's army, which was coming from Jackson to relieve Pemberton. Orders were given to prepare for a general assault on the 6th of July; but Pemberton had decided, after consulting with his division commanders, that it was best to surrender, for his men were too much enfeebled by hunger and constant duty to repel the assault. (Data from "The Americana," Volume XXI.)

THE SURRENDER.

The following account from an old history of Vicksburg gives a vivid picture of conditions at the time of surrender: "The end was at hand; the besieged had been short of provisions for some weeks and of ammunition from the beginning. They had been compelled to eat their mules, while of flour or meal the supply had been long exhausted. The men had been on duty in the works for weeks without cessation and were so exhausted that they could merely stand in the trenches and load and fire when occasion offered. The works themselves were badly battered, many of their guns dismounted, and in places the defenses were so fragile that a dash would have destroyed them. There was no hope of Johnston's promised relief, and all other encouragement had long since departed from their thoughts. On the night of the 2d of July Pemberton called a council of war and laid the situation and its alternatives before his officers. The vote was taken on the question of surrender, and all but two present voted 'aye.' The die was cast; resistance was no longer possible and further sacrifice unavailing. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 3d a white flag appeared on the Confederate works, and a moment later firing had ceased, to be renewed no more at Vicksburg."

In reply to Pemberton's proposal of an armistice with a view to arranging the terms of surrender, General Grant responded: "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,



HORSESHOE ROAD, VICKSBURG.

etc. The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose by the unconditional surrender of the city and its garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you that they will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

However, Grant did later agree to some amendments made by Pemberton, by which the officers were allowed to retain their side arms and private property, and mounted officers were allowed one horse each, "the rank and file to be allowed all their clothing, but no other property." He also gave permission to take with them all the rations deemed necessary and the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them, while thirty wagons were allowed for the transportation of such things as could not be carried. Each brigade was to march to the front of the line occupied by it, stack arms, lay their flags upon them, then return to the works and remain until properly paroled.

The terms were accepted, and thus ended the famous siege of Vicksburg. On the morning of July 4, 1863, at ten o'clock, the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of their works, formed line in front, stacked arms, and marched back in good order. General Grant says: "Our whole army witnessed this scene without cheering." "But my recollection is," writes one of his colonels, "that on our right a hearty cheer was given by one Federal division for the gallant defenders of Vicksburg."

In General Pemberton's report, made a year later, he thus explains his reasons for surrendering the city: "Knowing the anxious desire of the government to relieve Vicksburg, I felt assured that if within the compass of its power the siege would be raised; but when forty-seven days and nights had passed, with the knowledge I then possessed that no adequate relief was to be expected, I felt that I ought not longer to place in jeopardy the brave men whose lives had been intrusted to my care. Hence, after the suggestion of the alternative of cutting my way out, I determined to make terms; not because my men were starved out, not because I could not hold out yet a little longer, but because they were overpowered by numbers, worn out with fatigue, and each day saw our defenses crumbling beneath our feet. * * * With an unlimited supply of provisions, the garrison could, for the reasons already given, have held out much longer."

CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT CORINTH.

List compiled by Col. P. M. Savery of all the commands that participated in that battle:

Maj. Gen. VanDorn, commander in chief of the Army of the West.

Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, commanding First Division.

Brig. Gen. Louis Hebert, commanding first day; Brig. Gen. M. E. Greene, second day.

INFANTRY.

First Brigade, Col. Elijah Gates commanding: 16th Arkansas Infantry, 2d and 3d Missouri Infantry, 1st Missouri Cavalry (dismounted), Wade's Battery.

Second Brigade, Col. W. Bruce Colbert commanding: 14th and 17th Arkansas Infantry, 3d Louisiana Infantry, 40th Mississippi Infantry, 1st Texas Legion, 3d Texas Cavalry (dismounted), Clark's Battery, St. Louis Battery.

Third Brigade, Brig. Gen. M. E. Green commanding first day, Col. W. H. Moore second day: 7th Mississippi Battalion Infantry, 43d Mississippi Infantry, 4th and 6th Missouri Infantry, 3d Missouri Cavalry (dismounted), Gurbor's Battery, Landis's Battery.

Fourth Brigade, Col. J. D. Martin commanding first day, Col. Robert McLain second day: 37th Alabama Infantry, 36th, 37th, and 28th Mississippi Infantry, Lucas's Battery.

Second Division (or Maury's Division), Brig. Gen. D. H. Maury commanding.

Moore's Brigade, Brig. Gen. John C. Moore commanding: 42d Alabama Infantry, 15th and 23d Arkansas Infantry, 35th Mississippi Infantry, 2d Texas Infantry, Bledsoe's Battery.

Cabell's Brigade, Brig. Gen. W. L. Cabell commanding: 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st Arkansas Infantry, Jones's Arkansas Battalion, Rapley's Arkansas Battalion, Appeal Battery.

Phifer's Brigade, Brig. Gen. C. W. Phifer commanding: 3d Arkansas Cavalry (dismounted), 6th and 9th Texas Cavalry (dismounted), Storman's Sharpshooters, McNally's Battery.

CAVALRY.

Brig. Gen. Frank C. Armstrong, chief of cavalry, commanding: 2d Missouri (R. McCullough), 2d Arkansas (W.

F. Slemons), 1st Mississippi (Wirt Adams), unattached companies, Hoxton's Battery, Sengstak's Battery.

First Division, District of Mississippi, Maj. Gen. Mansfield Lovell commanding.

First Brigade, Brig. Gen. Albert Rust commanding: 4th Alabama Battalion of Infantry, 31st and 35th Alabama Regiment of Infantry, 9th Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, 3d and 7th Kentucky Regiment of Infantry, Hudsons Battery.

Second Brigade, Brig. Gen. J. B. Vellepigue commanding: 33d and 39th Mississippi Infantry, Zouave Battalion (Colonel Dupeire).

Third Brigade, Brig. Gen. John S. Bowen commanding: 6th, 15th, and 22d Mississippi Infantry, Carothers's Mississippi Battalion, 1st Missouri Infantry, Watson's Battery.

Cavalry Brigade, Col. W. H. Jackson commanding: 1st and 2d Mississippi Cavalry.

CASUALTIES OF CONFEDERATES.

Killed, 594; wounded, 2,162; missing, 2,102. Total, 4,858. One piece of artillery was lost at Corinth and four pieces at Hatchie.

Lowell's Division captured one piece of artillery at Corinth, and Price's army also captured and brought off two pieces: so the Confederates lost two pieces.

Among the field officers killed were: Colonel Johnson, 20th Arkansas; Colonel Rogers, 2d Texas; Col. J. D. Martin, commanding the 4th Brigade; and Major Jones, 20th Arkansas.

THE SHOT THAT KILLED GRACIE.

L. Hall, flag bearer of the 43d Alabama, now living at Dallas, Tex., writes:

"In the September number of the *VETERAN*, page 408, second column, Comrade I. G. Bradwell, of Brantley, Ala., says: 'At one of these headblocks the previous summer the brave General Gracie was killed by a solid shot from the fort, some seventy-five yards away.'

"Comrade Bradwell is mistaken as to the solid shot. General Gracie was standing in the rear of our second line of earthworks looking through his field glasses when a cap shell from the Federal battery struck the embankment immediately in front of him, killing not only General Gracie, but also Captain Hughes, of Company F, 43d Alabama, and Private John Norwood, of Company C, same regiment. The 43d Alabama was Gracie's old regiment, and John Norwood and I were members of the same company. Samuel Norwood, a brother of John, is now living at Eutaw, Ala."

QUITE EFFICIENT.—American troops now landing in France have received a more careful and prolonged training than could possibly have been given to most of the regiments hurriedly raised during the War between the States. The story goes that a raw battalion of rough-back woodsmen who had "volunteered" once joined General Grant. He admired their fine physique, but distrusted the capacity of their uncouth commander to handle troops promptly and efficiently in the field; so he said: "Colonel, I want to see your men at work. Call them to attention and order them to march with shouldered arms in close column to the left flank." Without a moment's hesitation, the colonel yelled to his fellow ruffians: "Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and go left endways! Tote yer guns! Git!" The maneuver proved a brilliant success, and the self-elected colonel was forthwith officially commissioned.—*Selected*.



IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, VICKSBURG.

THE FOURTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY AT
BENTONVILLE, N. C.

Samuel Scoggins, of Nashville, Tenn., who was lieutenant of Company C, Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, writes:

"The address made by Rev. W. H. Whitsitt before R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond, Va., is interesting and states many facts and incidents showing the distinguished military services performed by the 4th Tennessee Confederate Cavalry, commanded by Col. James W. Starnes. It may be proper just here to state that there were two 4th Tennessee (Confederate) Cavalry Regiments, known as Starnes's 4th and Smith's 4th, the latter commanded by Col. Baxter Smith. They had been serving in different departments of the army, one under General Forrest and the other under General Wheeler most of the time; and the duplication was not known in time to make correction, so matters continued till the end of the war. Both regiments were well known and highly esteemed in the army.

"The part of the Rev. Dr. Whitsitt's address in error occurs on page 357 of the August VETERAN, where he quotes from Dr. Wyeth's 'Life of Forrest' as follows: 'This man was James W. Starnes, * * * who formed a new regiment with Starnes as colonel and took its place with Forrest as the 4th Tennessee Cavalry. It was destined to become famous and to sustain throughout the war the reputation it was soon to win west of the Tennessee, ending its career in a blaze of glory in a brilliant charge at Bentonville, N. C., in the last pitched battle of the Civil War.'

"Now, while admitting that Colonel Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry served gallantly and efficiently the Confederate cause, it is not true that this regiment made the charge or, as stated in the quotation from Dr. Wyeth, was present or participated in the battle of Bentonville. The credit, whatever it may be, is due to a charge made by Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry and the 8th Texas Cavalry of Harrison's Brigade, being at the time under command of Col. Baxter Smith.

"Maj. George B. Guild, adjutant of Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, wrote a history of that regiment, in which he gives this account of its part in the battle of Bentonville: 'An officer of General Hardee's came riding in haste from down the road and, inquiring for the officer, said to Colonel Smith that the enemy were threatening the bridge and asked him to come down there as soon as possible; that such were the orders of General Hardee. Colonel Smith hastened with all dispatch with his two mounted regiments to the designated spot. The field hospital of General Johnston's army was close by; and as the command passed down the road, we could see men escaping from the hospital and a general scattering of men, evidencing that something of a stirring nature was happening. We found General Hardee standing in the road about half a mile or more from where we started. He at once ordered the regiments into line along the road and to charge through the woods and, on coming up with the enemy, to drive them from the field. There was no force of our own in front of us, and there was a gap of a quarter of a mile or more from the creek to where our line extended from the right. We charged promptly and vigorously, as ordered, and had not gone far till we struck a long line of the enemy's skirmishers. They were taken by surprise at the suddenness of the attack; and as we rode in among them, using our "navies," we scattered them and forced them back to their main line, a distance of several hundred yards. Some were killed and wounded, and a few prisoners were taken.

We lost a few men ourselves. At this juncture of affairs a line of our infantry appeared in our rear, and before the enemy could recover from their surprise we had a sufficient force to hold the position till General Johnston's army passed over the bridge that night. Undoubtedly this charge of the 8th Texas and the 4th Tennessee saved the bridge and made certain the escape of Johnston's little army at Bentonville, for at that time the enemy numbered six to our one. The enemy we were fighting was a large skirmish line of General Mower's division of infantry. General Hardee extended his thanks to Colonel Smith for the success of the gallant charge of his two regiments.'

"I was an officer of Company C, Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, and participated in the charge, and can testify as to the correctness of Major Guild's account.

"But another historian, Dr. W. J. McMurray, who wrote a history of Battle's famous 20th Tennessee Confederate Regiment, which took part in the battle, has this to say of the battle of Bentonville: 'On the 21st of March, 1865, skirmishing on the front of our lines began. It was here that Mower's Division of the 17th Army Corps penetrated our cavalry line on the left and moved on Bentonville; but General Hardee met this division of Mower's with Cumming's Georgia Brigade of Infantry, and Wade Hampton and Wheeler charged his flanks with their cavalry. It was in this charge that the 8th Texas and 4th Tennessee, under the gallant Baxter Smith, covered themselves with glory, as they had on many fields, when they swept down on the enemy's left and front and drove them back in disorder upon their reserves, keeping open the only line of retreat that we had across Mill Creek. This action of the 21st was one of the most gallant of the war and was the last battle that the Army of Tennessee ever fought.'" ("History of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment," page 356.)

A LINCOLN TELEGRAM.

It is well known that Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm was a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. When General Helm was killed in the Confederate army, Mr. Lincoln wrote Mrs. Helm a most kind letter, inviting her to come and bring her children with her to the White House. She had always been a favorite with him, and he wished to shield her from the dreadful and distressing conditions of the South at that time. He sent her passes, and she started back to the United States. When she arrived in Baltimore, she was told she could not proceed to Washington without taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. Distressed, heartbroken as she was, she refused to take the oath. It was treason to her husband and to her beloved Southland, and she firmly refused to take the oath. The Federal officers in vain argued with her; they could not disobey this order even for her; but one of them said: "We will telegraph the President your decision." He did so, and in a few hours he came back to Mrs. Helm, waving a telegram in his hand. She took it and read:

"Send her to me.

A. LINCOLN."

And she went without taking the oath of allegiance.—*From the Kentucky State Historical Society Register.*

THE LAST SLAVE SHIP.—The last slave ship to sail from the United States was the *Nightingale*, built in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1862. It was captured by the United States Powhatan. The captain, Nathaniel P. Gordon, was hanged in the Toombs.—*Denver News.*



THE BLOCKADE RUNNER.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

It was the Carolina, from Bermuda, in the South;
She hoisted high the Stars and Bars and left the harbor
mouth.

A long, low side-wheel steamer, loaded down with contra-
band,
Bound across the sunlit ocean for her loved, beleaguered
land.

O, a brave man was her captain, and brave men made her
crew,
For it takes stout-hearted seamen to run the blockade through.

And brave, too, were the women who risked their lives to sail
On this outlawed Rebel steamer, with the Yankees on her
trail.

She had left the land behind her; the green billows swept
ahead;
At night beneath the glowing stars her smokestacks flamed
blood-red.

By day beyond her masthead a trail of black smoke streamed,
And where her gray hull plowed the deep the glancing sea-
weed gleamed.

It is gay upon the ocean as we breast the racing foam,
Till far across the breakers shine the beacon lights of home.

But watchful Yankee cruisers lying close along the bar
Swooped like hungry birds of prey sighting carrion from afar.

Looming dimly in the dawn, sails wide-spread, they circled
near;
We could see their rockets trail 'gainst the dark line of Cape
Fear.

O, it was a merry chase! Shot and shell flew thick and fast,
Fell like hail upon the deck, till the sailors stood aghast.

As the Carolina swerved, "Lighten ship!" the captain cried,
And the crew began to cast bales and bundles o'er the side.

Then the women wept to see such a direful sacrifice,
For the Carolina bore secret treasures beyond price.

There was a girl amongst them, a fair, young, gentle maid.
Cool amid the heat of battle, calm, heroic, unafraid.

Loudly o'er the tumult she could hear the captain's call:
"They've got us, lads, I fear me; shall we let the colors
fall?"

The crew, afright, made answer, "Yes." He turned, but in
his path
Stood this fearless Southern maid, eyes ablaze with right-
eous wrath.

High she held a flaming torch, and she spoke with hurried
breath:
"If you dare to touch that flag, this shall be your guide to
death.

Those stores of precious bounty were meant to aid our sol-
dier braves;
Before they shall be taken, I will sink them 'neath the waves.

Rather shall this torch be plunged in yon powder's cold black
mass,
And our souls for country's honor to our God in glory pass."

O, but she was fair of face, and her courage rose sublime!
Her sweet voice pierced the turmoil like a far-off silvery
chime.

She seemed, that pallid maiden, with her fiery torch held high,
An angel sent from heaven, and the weary sailors cry:

"Never shall our colors fall at the enemy's behest!"
Back they sprang to gun and yard, valor burning in each
breast.

With eager hands they sped the ship through the flying scud
and spray;
Fast and faster still she flies, and they heard the captain
say:

"Boys, we'll take our chances now." Then with skill they
cleared the bar,
While the sullen foemen sent one last shot that struck a spar.

But what mattered that to her? A bold blockade runner, she
Rested in the port of home, with her flag still flying free.

THE FIGHTING AT SAILOR'S CREEK.

BY HON. W. A. WATSON, FOR THE U. D. C. CHAPTER AT AMELIA COURTHOUSE, VA.

The battle which took place on Little Sailor's Creek on the afternoon of Thursday, April 6, 1865, upon the boundary lines of Amelia, Nottaway, and Prince Edward Counties, is of interest to the student, not because of its strategic importance nor because of its effect upon the fate of the war (for the end was then in sight), but because it was the last battle upon a large scale in which Lee's army engaged ere it passed from action into history.

Little has been written about Sailor's Creek, and perhaps less is known of it than of any battle of like size in the war. But this will be readily understood when all the circumstances are taken into view.

This battle occurred only three days before the surrender at Appomattox, and in the absorbing public interest which attended that stirring event all the incidents just before and after were lost sight of and soon forgotten. Besides this, in the haste and confusion of defeat and retreat, in which most of their commanders became captives, the Confederates had not time nor opportunity to record and report their operations, and thus the historian is deprived of very essential data upon which to complete the record of this tragic field.

That the soldier of the Confederacy, weary with the almost continuous march of four days and three nights, ragged and unfed, but animated by despair, turned here upon his pursuers a courage as keen and unafraid as that of Gettysburg and Spottsylvania, and that his enemy, flushed with final victory, came on with unwonted valor, is the concurrent testimony of survivors on both sides.

Referring to Sailor's Creek, General Longstreet, in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," says: "Gen. R. S. Ewell and Gen. R. H. Anderson are hardly known in the retreat, but their stand and fight on that trying march were among the most soldierlike of the many noble deeds of the war."

Gen. E. P. Alexander said: "This force (the division of Custis Lee), though largely composed of men who never before had been under fire, surprised the enemy with an unexpected display of courage such as had already been shown at Fort Stedman and Fort Gregg and would still, with flashes, illuminate our last days."

Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw, of South Carolina, who commanded a division on the field, said: "On no field of war have I felt juster pride in the conduct of my command."

On the Federal side we have from General Grant, in his personal memoirs, the following account: "Lee, in pushing out from Amelia Courthouse, availed himself of all the roads between the Danville Railroad and Appomattox River to move upon and never permitted the head of his columns to stop because of any fighting in the rear. In this way he came very near succeeding in getting to his provision trains and eluding us with at least a part of his army. * * * The armies finally met at Sailor's Creek, where a heavy engagement took place, in which infantry, cavalry, and artillery were all brought into action. The enemy's loss was very heavy in killed and wounded, as well as in captives."

And Sheridan speaks of Sailor's Creek as "one of the severest conflicts of the war," in which "the enemy fought with desperation to escape capture; and we, bent on his destruction, were no less eager and determined."

From the vast mass of material collected by the government

in the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion" it is difficult to find and compile satisfactory statistics relative to Sailor's Creek. In Series I, Volume XLVI, Part I., of those records may be found what reports there are of Federal and Confederate commanders on the subject; but in the case of the latter the most valuable were made from memory after the war, in some cases after the authors were released from Northern prisons. However, upon the authority of these records and the information of individuals living and dead, it is possible to obtain satisfactory general conclusions as to this action and to present important facts and figures which may be accepted as reliable.

In a general way, then, it may be stated that on the Federal side at Sailor's Creek were engaged the 6th Infantry Corps under Wright, with a part of the 2d Corps under Humphreys in striking distance, and Sheridan's Cavalry Corps under Custer, Crook, and Devin—in all nearly forty thousand men—while on the Confederate side were the remnants of two infantry corps under Ewell and Anderson, of two divisions each, aggregating from eight thousand to ten thousand. The fight began toward the middle of the evening and in some quarters lasted till sundown. The Confederate loss, in round numbers, was some six thousand in killed, wounded, and missing, though the captures upon the field comprised the great bulk of this number, in which were included Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Custis, Lee, DuBose, Hunton, and Corse. The Federal casualties have never been accurately segregated and compiled, but will be hereinafter noticed in partial detail. On this field no cavalry or artillery were in reach of the Confederates, while their enemy was amply supplied with both.

To understand the events at Sailor's Creek it is necessary to take in review certain incidents of the retreat which went before. As is known, upon the evacuation of the capital the army was ordered to fall back from Richmond and Petersburg upon Amelia Courthouse. To this point also was directed the retreat of those troops—consisting of Pickett's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions and all the cavalry—cut off from the main body of the army by the fight at Five Forks on April 1 and forced to retire westward along the south side of the Appomattox.

At Amelia supplies were expected to be sent, and by utilizing the trains of the Danville Railroad to transport these, as well as the troops, it was thought yet to be possible to effect a junction with Joseph E. Johnston's army in North Carolina. Could Burkesville once be passed in safety, before Grant, marching west along the Southside Railroad, reached that point, it seemed not impossible that this plan could succeed and the Confederacy have another chance for life. Time, of course, was the controlling factor in the problem. But when it is remembered that Lee's army began to assemble at Amelia Courthouse on Tuesday morning, April 4, and was fully concentrated by noon of the next day, while Grant's columns did not reach Burkesville until the night of that day, it will be seen how near these hopes were to being realized.

By some accident, which can now never be explained, the expected supplies did not reach Amelia, and some twenty-four hours were consumed in trying to collect provisions from the surrounding country for men and horses. In the expressive language of General Lee, reporting to President Davis afterwards: "The delay was fatal and could not be retrieved."

Shortly after noon of the same day (Tuesday), on the

morning of which Lee's army arrived at Amelia, the van of Sheridan's cavalry, marching with all possible haste westward along the Namozine road, struck the Danville road at Jennings's Ordinary and, turning northward, halted at Jetersville late that afternoon. Here also arrived about 5 P.M. the 5th Infantry Corps under Griffin, which had followed behind the aforementioned division of cavalry under Crook on the Namozine road, but had left that road after passing Dennisville and marched directly upon Jetersville, on the road leading by the old courthouse and Mount Airy. During the night and early hours of the following morning the rest of the cavalry came up.

The infantry as soon as it arrived was put in line of battle across the railroad and county roads, facing north, about one-third of a mile south of the station, and the cavalry present was thrown out to the west on the left flank. During the afternoon of Wednesday the remaining corps of Meade's infantry—the 2d under Humphreys and the 6th under Wright—came up and went into line on the right and left of the 5th Corps, which had been intrenching since dark of the day before. This line extended across the railroad east and west, a distance of nearly two miles from the vicinity of "Wyanoke" (the old Smitley residence) to a point on the western slope of the hill overlooking Vaughan's Creek, slightly northwest of the present home of Mr. W. A. Farrar. It was defended by a considerable breastwork of earth and logs, portions of which are standing to-day. Thus it will be seen that, while this line was held during Tuesday night and the greater part of Wednesday only by one corps of infantry and the cavalry, by Wednesday night and Thursday morning over 50,000 men had been planted across the line of Confederate retreat at Jetersville and that road to Danville effectually closed.

Meanwhile let us see what the Confederates had been doing. The night of Tuesday (April 4) General Lee spent at Amelia Courthouse, in the house of Mrs. Masters, lately the residence of Major Irving.

The once great Army of Northern Virginia, numbering now some 26,000 men, was here divided into five small corps—four of infantry and one of cavalry—commanded respectively by Longstreet, R. H. Anderson, Ewell, Gordon, and Fitz Lee. Early on the morning of Wednesday, April 5, Longstreet, preceded by "Rooney" Lee's division of cavalry, moved out on the Jetersville road, and General Lee rode with him to inspect in person the situation at Jetersville, held at that time, it will be remembered, by Sheridan's cavalry and the 5th Corps of Infantry. The cavalry had a spirited skirmish with the enemy to feel the position and develop its strength; and the infantry went into battle line across the road north of Jetersville preparatory to attack, if that should be determined. But after long and careful reconnaissance, Lee decided that the position was too strong to turn, but might be flanked on its left by filing off his own troops on his right and marching away to the west. Thereupon it was determined to abandon the Danville Railroad and, in lieu thereof, seize the Southside Road ahead of Grant, and utilize it as a line of retreat and supply at least as far as Lynchburg, when a way might be cleared from that point southward to Carolina. Accordingly, orders were issued directing the retreat upon Farmville, Longstreet to move in front, closely followed by Anderson, Ewell, and Gordon, in the order named, and the cavalry to march where most needed.

So, after destroying ninety-eight caissons of ammunition at Amelia, not needed and too heavy to transport, on Wednesday evening, April 5, the army resumed its march, Long-

street in the van, turning off the Jetersville road, where he had awaited nearly all day a possible attack, and taking the route to the west across Flat Creek by Amelia Springs. The march continued throughout the night without stop, with the exception of the cavalry, which rested at the Springs. By sunrise the following morning, April 6, the advance, under Longstreet, had reached the Southside Railroad at Rice's Station; while toiling in its wake across hill and dale, over swollen streams and impassable roads, stretched the long line of retreat back to and beyond Amelia Springs. Some of the artillery and trains and soldiers, separated from their commands, were pursuing roads further north and west, and were by this time crossing the Appomattox at Clementtown and Stony Point.

Sheridan, it will be recalled, reached Jetersville late Tuesday evening, and, besides sending out a cavalry force to reconnoiter the country on the road to Paineville the next morning, he had remained apparently contented with holding the railroad and hurrying up the arrival of Meade's infantry before he could be attacked, as was his momentary expectation. His headquarters were in the home of A. T. Childress. As the day wore on and no attempt was made to drive him from the railroad, he became suspicious of what was going on in his front. Early in the evening a signal officer, who had climbed to a tree top some half a mile north of Jetersville, reported that he could see to the northwest across Flat Creek, some three miles off on the Deatonsville road, large bodies of Confederate troops. This increased Sheridan's anxiety lest Lee should, after all, escape him, and he impatiently awaited the arrival of Meade. That officer was sick and did not reach his headquarters at the house of Mr. Haskins, about a mile and a half southeast of Jetersville, until late Wednesday evening. Sheridan proposed that, as Lee had not attacked, they themselves would take the initiative and march upon Amelia Courthouse. To this Meade did not seem inclined, and a dispatch was sent to Grant apprising him of the state of affairs. The dispatch reached him about dark, moving with Ord's infantry midway between Nottoway Courthouse and Burkesville. He at once set out across the country and reached Jetersville before midnight. When he lay down to sleep that night at the Childress house, he suspected, but did not know, that the Confederates had broken camp at Amelia and at that very hour, in the darkness of the night, were silently marching past his front at Hill's Shop.

So early the next morning the infantry, in close line across the railroad and extending a thousand yards on either side, was set in motion toward Amelia Courthouse to attack the enemy supposed to be still at that point. It was not ascertained certainly until 9:30 A.M., when the advance had reached Hill's Shop, that they had fled. Scouts here reported that they had run into the rear of a retreating column to the left of the road crossing Flat Creek to Amelia Springs, and other reports showed that there was no enemy in force at the courthouse. Thereupon it was decided to change direction.

Humphreys's Corps was ordered to turn to the left and pursue the retreating column directly on the road by the springs and at Flat Creek soon came upon the rear guard of the army under Gordon and began at once a spirited attack. Griffin's Corps was ordered to follow the road from Hill's Shop to Pridesville in order to strike a portion of the retiring army, which, according to report, had taken the road from the courthouse to Paine's Crossroads. This, of course, was an error,

as no portion of the Confederate army was then upon that road, and Griffin did the Confederates no harm that day.

Wright's Corps was countermarched through Jetersville and ordered to follow Sheridan's cavalry on the road to Pride's Church (now New London) and Deatonsville. On approaching Deatonsville the Federal cavalry found the Confederates passing through that place and beyond on the Jamestown road, but their flanks were so closely guarded that the cavalry could make no impression, and orders were given to move on and see if a weak spot could not be found farther west. A mile and a half or two miles southwest of Deatonsville, at Hampton's old Race Course, where the road from Pride's Church unites with the Jamestown road and where the road to Rice branches off to the south across Sailor's Creek, Sheridan thought he saw an opportunity to cut in two the Confederate column. When he reached this point about midday Anderson's Corps was passing, and upon it he immediately made attack in great force with his cavalry. Some accounts say Anderson's column had already halted to allow time for the wagon train to be turned off into the Jamestown road; but, however this may have been, the force of the cavalry attack also compelled a halt, and a line of battle stretching from Sandy to Sailor's Creek had to be thrown out on the east side of the road before the cavalry could be driven off. The wagon train having then gotten out of reach and the enemy repulsed, Anderson resumed his march across Sailor's Creek.

Meanwhile, due to this or some former delay, not now to be accounted for, a gap had been made in the retreating column on the south side of Sailor's Creek, between the head of Anderson's Corps, comprising Pickett's Division, and the rear of Longstreet's Corps, consisting of Mahone's Division. Into this gap Sheridan's cavalry, having crossed the creek at Gill's Mill, and perhaps at other points above the road on which the Confederates marched, now penetrated and, having charged and captured a wagon train passing at the time, dismounted and went into line of battle across Rice's road near the house of John Harper.

This stopped Anderson's march and compelled him to deploy his troops in line on top of the hill south of the creek, in general along the road leading from Swep Marshall's to Parson Adkins's and Gully Tavern. The corps consisted of the remnants of Pickett's and Bushrod Johnson's divisions, in all perhaps 5,000 men. In his front to the south and on his left to the east were three divisions of Sheridan's cavalry, mounted and dismounted, numbering 13,000.

Closely behind Anderson, as he crossed the creek, came Ewell's Corps; and when his rear passed the forks of the Jamestown road the head of Gordon's Corps—the rear corps of the army—came up. Gordon had been hotly pressed behind all the morning and was having a running fight with Humphreys's Corps all the way from Amelia Springs.

At this point the enemy's 6th Corps, under Wright, which marched behind Sheridan's cavalry from Jetersville, came upon the scene, moving across the country and along the road from Pride's Church. Kershaw, bringing up Ewell's rear to protect his crossing of the creek against attack, placed Humphreys's Brigade of Mississippians in line of battle on the hill by the Hillsman house and continued the march across the stream.

Gordon, whether through ignorance of the roads or to protect the wagon train already sent before on that road or to avoid the enemy he now saw massing on his left, when he reached the forks mentioned, instead of following the road across Sailor's Creek behind Ewell, turned off to his right on

the Jamestown road toward the double bridges. This sudden change of direction on his part as soon as his column had passed turned the enemy in at once upon Ewell's rear, and there was some fighting around the Hillsman house before the crossing of the creek was completed successfully. The enemy then came up so rapidly and in such large force, preparing to attack at once, that Ewell also was forced to halt and form a line of battle in the edge of the woods, part of the way up the hill on the south side of the creek. This line, while facing in the opposite direction, was in a general way parallel to that already formed by Anderson on top of the hill and was on both sides of the road leading across the creek from Hillsman's to Swep Marshall's. The troops composing this line were Kershaw's and Custis Lee's divisions, numbering some 3,500 men. The first consisted chiefly of Mississippians and Georgians; Lee's division was mostly Virginians. To it were attached the marines and sailors of the Confederate navy under Admiral Tucker and the heavy artilleryists from around Richmond under Colonel Crutchfield and Major Stiles—all now armed as infantry.

In Ewell's front on the northern slopes of Sailor's Creek, with artillery massed near the Hillsman house, was the 6th Corps of Infantry under Wright, 17,000 men of all arms; while passing along the Jamestown road, behind Gordon and in striking distance of Ewell, was the 2d Infantry Corps of Meade's army under Humphreys, numbering some 18,000 more. According to some accounts, a portion of these latter did actually take part in the subsequent attack upon Ewell.

Here, then, was a critical situation of the retreat. Lee's object, of course, was not to fight battles, but to reach Carolina with as much of his army as could possibly escape. Now, the line of retreat had been cut in twain, and a third of his army was surrounded, north, east, and south, by the myriad hosts of the enemy. The General himself was several miles off with Longstreet at Rice's Station and could not be communicated with. Could a path yet be found to the west by which his followers might escape the toils closing round them?

Ewell's report, written after the war, says: "On crossing a little stream known as Sailor's Creek I met Gen. Fitz Lee, who informed me that a large force of cavalry held the road just in front of General Anderson and was so strongly posted that he had halted a short distance ahead. The trains were turned into a road nearer the river, while I hurried to General Anderson's aid. General Gordon's Corps turned off after the trains. General Anderson informed me that at least two divisions of cavalry were in his front and suggested two modes of escape, either to unite our forces and break through or to move to the right through the woods and try to strike a road which ran toward Farmville. I recommended the latter alternative; but as he knew the ground and I did not, and had no one who did, I left the disposition to him. Before any were made the enemy appeared in the rear of my column in large force preparing to attack."

Longstreet says: "There was yet a way of escape from the closing clutches of the enemy by filing to their right and marching to the rear of the (my) command at Rice's Station; but they were true soldiers and decided to fight, even to sacrifice their commands if necessary to break or delay the pursuit until the trains and rear guard could find safety beyond the high bridge."

Fitz Lee's report says: "I am clearly of opinion (and I express it only because I was a witness of all that happened until just previous to the surrender) that, had the troops been rapidly massed when their march was first interrupted, they could

have cleared the way and been able to fall into line of battle on Longstreet's left, who was taking position at Rice's Station, some few miles ahead; or had the heads of the column been turned obliquely off in a western direction, more toward the road Gordon and the wagon train were moving upon, and an echelon formation adopted, the nature of the ground, wooded and much broken, would have kept the cavalry from harassing them sufficiently to retard their progress until the arrival of their infantry. I rode out that way with my staff and a few men just previous to Ewell's surrender and found it so feasible that I immediately sent a staff officer back to Generals Ewell and Anderson to reiterate to them my convictions previously expressed and now so much strengthened by my own experience. The halt, allowing time for the accumulation of the enemy's troops, proved fatal."

Whatever might have been accomplished, had some other course been pursued, it is useless now to inquire. It was determined to fight, and the plan was for Ewell to hold the enemy behind until Anderson could attack and open the way in front. Exactly what occurred in front it is difficult, if not impossible, now to ascertain. Anderson never made any report of his operations, nor have any of his subordinate commanders left anything from which adequate details can be gathered. It is known that his attack failed, that he himself was assailed in turn and, in the end, his line overrun and a large portion of his command captured, including Generals Hutton and Corse, of Pickett's Division. He and the remainder of his troops made good their escape to the west and rejoined the army beyond high bridge.

What happened to Ewell has been told by himself and other survivors. His report continues: "My line ran across a little ravine which leads nearly at right angles toward Sailor's Creek. Gen. G. W. C. Lee was on the left, with the naval battalion under Commander Tucker, behind his right. All of Lee's and part of Kershaw's divisions were posted behind a rising ground that afforded some shelter from artillery. The creek was perhaps three hundred yards in their front, with brush pines between and a clear field beyond it. In this the enemy's artillery took a commanding position, and, finding we had none to reply, soon approached within eight hundred yards and opened a terrible fire. After nearly half an hour of this their infantry advanced, crossing the creek above and below us at the same time."

At this point General Alexander gives a graphic description of what took place: "It (the Confederate line) had no artillery to make reply and lay still, while other Federal infantry was marched around it, and submitted to an accurate and deliberate cannonade for twenty minutes, followed quickly by a charge of the two lines (Federal infantry). Not a gun was fired until the enemy approached within one hundred yards, showing handkerchiefs as an invitation to the men to surrender. Then two volleys broke both of their lines, and the excited Confederates charged in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, but were soon driven back by the fire of the guns. A second charge of the Federals soon followed, in which the two lines mingled in one promiscuous and prolonged mêlée with clubbed muskets and bayonets, as if bent upon exterminating each other."

As may have been seen, the lines of both Anderson and Ewell had been left open, unprotected, on the east; and in this second charge by the enemy Ewell's line on that side was flanked and Simms's Brigade almost surrounded. Seeing this, and the enemy continuing to pour in on his flank, Kershaw began to retire the rest of his line to the left and rear; but

having retired four hundred yards in that direction, skirmishing as he fell back, he found Anderson's troops dispersed and the enemy already closed in upon his rear. There was nothing left but to yield to overwhelming numbers, and Kershaw and his command, with but few exceptions, surrendered as prisoners of war.

Meanwhile General Ewell, who had gone with Anderson to watch the fight on that side, and having seen the latter's repulse, had turned to ride back to his own line, was suddenly surrounded by enemy cavalry which had gained his rear and forced to surrender with his staff. The late Judge F. R. Farrar, who resided in the vicinity, is authority for the statement that this occurred very near the house of Swep Marshall.

After these events the only part of the Confederate line left unbroken was that on the left of the road, occupied by Custis Lee's division. These troops, having successfully repelled every attack from the front, were now practically cut off from the rest of the army and surrounded; but they did not know what had befallen the rest of their comrades and continued to fight undismayed. Having repulsed and charged the enemy down to the creek bank and been ordered back to their line, what ensued may best be told by one who himself bore a heroic part upon that field, the late Major Robert Stiles, of Richmond, in "Four Years Under Marse Robert": "By the time we were well settled into our old position, we were attacked simultaneously front and rear by overwhelming numbers, and quicker than I can tell it the battle degenerated into a butchery and confused mêlée of brutal personal conflicts. I saw numbers of men kill each other with bayonets and the butts of muskets, and even bite each other's throats and ears and noses, rolling on the ground like wild beasts."

Finally, the officers, seeing the hopelessness of further combat, with their men were induced to surrender, though a portion of the line remained unbroken to the end.

By now the sun had set upon the stricken field, and when darkness settled o'er the landscape the ragged soldier of the South realized that he had fought his last fight and that the hope for a new nation upon American soil had perished forever.

Accurate figures of the casualties on the Confederate side are very difficult to obtain. Early next morning the prisoners were hurried away on the march for City Point and thence to prison, and the victors pressed on in pursuit of Lee. The dead remained upon the field uncollected and unburied. Among them was the gallant Col. Stapleton Crutchfield, commanding a brigade in Custis Lee's division, who was Jackson's Chief of Artillery, and who had lost a leg at Chancellorsville. He was the son of the old Speaker of the House of Delegates of Virginia, born in Spottsylvania, and a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute.

Gen. Warren Keifer, of Ohio, on his return from Appomattox via Sailor's Creek, wrote: "One week after the battle I visited the field and could then have walked on Confederate dead for many succeeding roads along the face of the heights held by the enemy when the battle opened."

The warm weather of the springtime returning, the atmosphere of the locality became infected by the unburied dead, and the citizens of the community turned out to collect the corpses and give them such interment on the field as was practicable under circumstances so trying. The wounded were cared for in hospitals improvised upon the ground or in such dwellings and outbuildings as were near. Those of the enemy able to be moved were the next day carried by ambulances to Burkesville, where extensive hospitals were established.

To that point were carried all the Federal wounded from Amelia Springs, Jetersville, Sailor's Creek, High Bridge, and Farmville; and the report of Surgeon Lidell, Medical Director for the Army of the Potomac, shows that some 2,000 wounded were received and treated at Burkesville.

This report also shows that at Sailor's Creek the hospital for the 6th Corps (Wright's) was established on the Harper farm and that the wounded collected there numbered 481, of whom 161 were Confederates. General Wright reported his killed and wounded at Sailor's Creek at 442. General Humphreys, of the 2d Corps, reported his killed and wounded on Thursday, April 6, at 331, but this comprised all his casualties, from Amelia Springs to his last attack upon Gordon at Double Bridges, on Sailor's Creek, below Lockett's Mill.

General Sheridan reported the killed and wounded in his cavalry corps from March 29 to April 9 at 1,472, but the figures for Sailor's Creek are not separated. An article from Captain Howard, of Custis Lee's staff, in "Transactions of the Southern Historical Society," 1874 (Volume I., page 61), states that the night after the battle of Sailor's Creek, Sheridan and Custer, conversing with captive Confederate officers, said their killed and wounded that day were about 1,000.

In the absence of statistics we are left to inference as to the killed and wounded on the Confederate side. As his report discloses, Ewell did not think his casualties on this score very large. But Kershaw's report says they must have been considerable. As an example of the loss in some of the individual Confederate commands, there is an interesting account of "The Guards," of Savannah, Ga., in the battle, published in the "Southern Historical Society Papers," Volume XXIV. It shows that out of 85 men of that organization who went into the fight 30 were killed outright and 22 wounded, over sixty per cent. The year after the war eighteen of these dead were found and taken back to Savannah, where they were reinterred with imposing ceremonies.

After the battle, field hospitals were maintained for some time, and near-by homes were devoted to the same use. The Hillsman house was used for this purpose; and the late Dr. J. W. Southall is authority for the statement that 72 wounded were cared for at Selma, his mother's home, and, strange to relate, identically the same number at Mrs. Crump's.

These incidents go to show how stern and real must have been the lives of our people in that sad period of their history, how the realities of a whole lifetime could be crowded into a few short hours. To-day families and friends assemble in peace around the hospitable firesides of quiet country homes; to-morrow "grim-visaged war" comes suddenly upon the scene, a great battle field is spread out in their midst, the wounded and the dying become their guests, women become men in the service of humankind, and children grow old in the presence of life's great tragedies.

But it is all gone now. Fifty years have passed since the sound of the guns of Sailor's Creek died away on the gentle breeze of that April day long ago. Kindly nature has healed up the scars of the battle field. When the spring comes again, green grass and sweet flowers will wave over the last resting place of the unreturning brave of both armies, who there alike await the judgment day, but whose spirits have long since made peace on the camping ground of the brave and the just.

"And where we love is home—
Home that our feet may leave,
But not our hearts."

ADJUTANT OF THE FIFTEENTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., has paid a deserved compliment to Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of the District of Columbia, by the appointment of Adjutant Lovick Pierce upon his staff as Assistant Inspector General, with the rank of Colonel. This comrade enlisted in the 15th



COL. LOVICK PIERCE, U. C. V.

Georgia Regiment in July, 1861, and was subsequently made the adjutant of that splendid fighting regiment, which was engaged in almost every important battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. It was in the Yorktown Campaign, the battle of Williamsburg, Seven Days' Fighting around Richmond, second battle of Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and the almost continuous fighting down to the surrender at Appomattox. Adjutant Pierce was seriously wounded at Gettysburg, in the Wilderness, and again at Fort Harrison; but always as soon as sufficiently recovered he rejoined his command. His unflinching courage, his intelligence, and his devotion to and constant care of the men so endeared him to them that their love is yet manifested whenever he meets one of them.

Colonel Pierce is a prominent officer of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church, South, in Washington City. His grandfather, Rev. Lovick Pierce, was an itinerant Methodist preacher for more than seventy years and contributed largely to building up the splendid civilization of the State of Georgia. His father, George Foster Pierce, was made bishop of that Church in 1854 and so served until his death, in 1884.

Colonel Pierce is now serving his third term as Adjutant of Camp 171, U. C. V., and is one of the strong and faithful workers in that Camp.

WHAT DID PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STATESMANSHIP ACCOMPLISH?

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is the habit of Mr. Lincoln's admirers, both in this country and in Great Britain, to claim for him a chief place in the ranks of the greatest statesmen of the world, as the highest example of political wisdom that our country has known. He is proclaimed as the peer of Washington and as having completed and confirmed Washington's work. His utterances are quoted by the newspapers and magazines and works on political science for the guidance of our leaders in the conduct of our government, and his conduct of the war against the South is commended as a wonderful example of successful statesmanship.

A statesman is one who understands the science of government and who can so control and direct the government of his country that amid the varying interests of the people justice shall be maintained and their highest interests be protected and developed. The State is the institute of right, giving to every one what is justly due. And so righteousness is the foundation of enduring government, and the man who disregards righteousness in conducting his government is no true statesman. He is laying up for his country strife and confusion in the time to come.

In free governments, like England and America, where the ideals of liberty and justice are expressed in constitutions, traditional or written, the highest type of constructive statesmanship will observe faithfully the requirements of the Constitution; and if he believes that for the good of the people these requirements should be modified or changed, the change should be made in accordance with the provisions of the fundamental law. If it be done otherwise at the behest of an individual or a party, it becomes tyranny and is dependent for its enforcement, not on justice, but on force of arms. The principle holds, whether the rights of individuals or States are involved.

Tested by these principles, what Mr. Lincoln did was, by overwhelming physical force in war against the South, to overthrow the government which Washington and his compatriots established and to substitute for it a government similar in form, but different in its ideals and purposes. That which Washington founded was a federated republic of equal sovereign States; the government which Mr. Lincoln substituted for it is a consolidated nation with centralized powers, and of the limits or extension of those powers the nation is the ultimate judge.

Originally the Federal government could exercise only such rights and powers as were granted by the States, and the Southern States always insisted that this grant should be strictly construed; and especially did they urge the equality of the States under the Constitution, so that no special right or privilege should be given to one State or section above the others. Under the new form of national government the States can exercise only such rights and powers as the central government may allow. And the Supreme Court of the United States, the final tribunal, not only can set aside any decision of the highest State court, but assumes authority to invalidate any act of Congress, although Congress represents all of the States. The party of which Mr. Lincoln was the head was an advocate of a centralized government and of special privileges to certain classes and sections of the country and claimed the right to interfere in the domestic and local institutions of the States.

It is agreed by those who have studied the history of the formation and adoption of the Constitution that it would never have been adopted by a single State if that State had supposed it was surrendering the right to withdraw from the compact should it believe its highest interests were endangered. Indeed, Virginia and New York made this right of withdrawal a condition of their ratifying the instrument, while North Carolina and Rhode Island refused to ratify it until they were satisfied on this point. And this right of withdrawal was asserted over and again by both the great parties which divided the electorate up to 1845.

It is true that probably a majority of the present generation thinks the change in the nature of our government is a blessing. One very able Northern man has written a book, entitled "The Nation," in which he contends that the nation is the divinely ordained ideal of government and that a federated republic is a rebellion against God's ordinance. But in this case it is not the question whether Mr. Lincoln conscientiously believed that a centralized nation was best for our country, nor is it a question of whether this new order is actually best. But the great fact that calls in question Mr. Lincoln's statesmanship is that by sheer brute force of overwhelming numbers and resources and with ruthless cruelty through his agents he shot to death on a hundred battle fields the doctrine of State sovereignty and enforced his doctrine of the supremacy of the nation by the utter devastation of the Southern States. Thus setting aside the original compact which bound the States in the Union, he set up a government acceptable to himself and his party. And when force tramples on guaranteed rights, that is not statesmanship, but it is only bald tyranny and bad faith; and no assertion of a purpose to preserve "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" can make it anything else. It set aside in the South the fundamental principle of free governments that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." While it is claimed that the new order is best, it is well to remember that it has introduced dangers of the conflict of classes and interests which threaten revolution and the destruction of liberty and justice which no statesmanship can avert. Under the new order, by means of tariff legislation, vast accumulations of wealth in the hands of a few men give them a power which is a menace to the government, enabling them to control or to defy it.

On the other hand, the organization of labor against an economic tyranny worse than slavery, while right and proper, yet has given to these organizations a power which can stay the activities of the nation and paralyze its economic life. And in both cases organized wealth and organized labor, armed with irresponsible power, are ruthless in the determination to enforce the demands of their special interests. The Kaiser is not more despotic than the trust or the union. As a consequence a social and industrial revolution imperils.

Again, the bringing of an immense body of an inferior and utterly unfit race into the citizenship of the country, with the inevitable corruption of the electorate, was not true statesmanship. And while Mr. Lincoln personally deprecated such a course, yet it was the legitimate outcome of his policy and of the Emancipation Proclamation. Reconstruction was the logical result of the abolition of State sovereignty.

The war for the Union invited aliens from all nations to join the Federal armies and thus opened the doors for a vast influx of foreigners, a flood of immigration that threatens to drown our institutions. These foreigners invested with

our citizenship are largely loyal to their native lands, rather than to our country, in this hour of stress and sorest need.

These and other evils as the result of Mr. Lincoln's policy he probably did not and could not have foreseen; but they discount the statesmanship that forced a theory of government repudiated by the founders of the republic and that is in the interests of sections and classes and special privilege.

I believe that if the pleas of the Virginia Convention of 1861 had been heeded and Fort Sumter evacuated, as promised, the war could have been avoided and the Union ultimately restored according to the principles of the Constitution. But one question of Mr. Lincoln's to the Virginia commissioners, "What will become of my tariff?" reveals the quality and aims of his statesmanship—only to maintain the supremacy of his party and section.

THE HOUSE DIVIDED.

BY THE LATE MILFORD OVERLEY, OF KENTUCKY.

When the stirring notes of the bugle were heard all over the land calling men to arms and the cannon's sullen roar told of terrible battles, the loving Southern wife gave up her husband, the mother her darling boy, and the maiden her heart's idol to battle for their sunny Southland against the invading armies which, with fire and sword, swept through the fairest sections of the South, leaving only wreck and ruin behind them.

In Northeastern Kentucky, where Union sentiment greatly predominated, the feeling against Southern men was intense. Some were arrested and imprisoned for months, although no charges were ever preferred against them; many were black-mailed, and nearly all were disarmed and left to the mercy of prowling thieves and robbers. Provost marshals, clothed with dictatorial authority, were stationed in every town of any importance. These were chosen from the ranks of the citizens and were, with a few honorable exceptions, bitter partisans. Southern sympathizers were forced to go before these petty tyrants and take the oath of allegiance to the United States government and to swear that they did it of their own free will. Companies of home guards were organized in every county and armed by either the State or the Federal government. These, aided by Federal cavalry, occupied all important points, guarded roads, fords, ferries, and bridges, and scouted the country so thoroughly that it was extremely difficult for men going South to get through their lines.

In the family of my father, who was a staunch Union man, were three brothers. Two of these early in the war responded to their country's call and became Union soldiers, while I, with a single companion, made my way to the South, enlisted in the Confederate service, and followed the starry cross to the bitter end.

In passing through the Federal lines my companion and I were pursued by home guards. These we eluded by concealing ourselves in the bushes until nightfall. Failing to find us, our pursuers posted a chain of pickets in our front, hoping to catch us should we attempt to proceed on our journey during the night. Our hiding place was known to a couple of Southern men living near by, one of whom, under cover of darkness, conducted us by a circuitous route around the pickets; the other then guided us on through woods and fields and along dark paths until we reached the comfortable home of a prosperous farmer, where an excellent supper and another guide awaited our coming.

The members of the family present consisted of the wife, two grown daughters, and a young son, all of whom were intensely Southern in feeling. While at the supper table the old lady almost took away our appetites by informing us that we were in the house of the captain of the home guards, that were then down on the river, some four miles away, watching for us, and that an older son was also a member of the company and was out with his father. This lady, her daughters, and the young son had united their efforts with those of the two men and succeeded in completely outwitting and outgeneraling the entire company of home guards, leaving them to watch an empty nest, while we were taken to the home of the chief and kindly entertained by the sympathizing portion of his family. The mother had a daughter then visiting in Petersburg, to whom I carried out and mailed letters and papers prepared by the family during the day in anticipation of our escape through the lines.

I once met my younger brother in battle, but at the time neither knew of the presence of the other. A neighbor boy who served in the same command with me aided in the capture of his own father, who was a soldier in the 10th Kentucky Cavalry.

These little incidents illustrate the mixed condition of affairs in our State during the war and the difficulties under which Kentuckians seceded from the Union.

It was my fortune to soldier some months in Middle Tennessee, and I became much enamored of that fair section of the State, its delightful climate, its beautiful and fertile lands, its generous and hospitable men and patriotic women. My last visit to the capital of Tennessee was made on the 28th of May, 1865. On the evening of that day I, with five comrades, all paroled prisoners, arrived in Nashville to find an order in force prohibiting hotel keepers from entertaining men wearing the Confederate uniform. Though not accustomed to hotel fare, this annoyed us somewhat, as we were not quite ready to lay off the gray, and we did not want to sleep out on the street. Late in the evening we called on the provost marshal, explained the circumstances surrounding us, and asked him to furnish us quarters for the night. A note was written and given to an orderly, whom we were told to follow. Soon we were at the door of a large building, only a few rooms of which were occupied. An elderly gentleman received and read the note and, in language more emphatic than elegant, declined the honor of our company, saying that no Rebels should shelter under the same roof with him. This, as the soldier informed us, was Governor Brownlow, and he occupied a small portion of the building as a kind of office.

On receiving the orderly's report of his failure to shelter us with the Governor, the marshal consulted a long list of names and selected one as the subject of an order. Armed with this and followed by us, the orderly was soon ringing the doorbell of an elegant private residence. The lady of the house did not read the order, but, observing our uniforms, she bade us welcome to her house and cordially invited us to make it our home while we remained in the city, adding as the orderly turned away that it was no punishment to her to entertain her friends. Our own mothers could not have treated us more kindly than did that good woman, and her memory we held in grateful remembrance. Her name was Mrs. Mary Brown, and we were probably the last soldiers wearing the Confederate uniform whom she ever entertained at her home.

A POLITICAL ECONOMIST AND AMERICAN PATRIOT.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

If the admirable and succinct statement by Dr. James H. McNeilly on "Why the Confederate States Fought" could only be given to the calm consideration of every newspaper editor in this country, it might inaugurate a campaign for compulsory education where enlightenment is most sorely needed. We are daily confronted with such ignorance in papers and periodicals as to make us despair of the uses of popular education, but it is consoling to contemplate as we review the pages of history that it has never been the most clamorous tongue and pen that represented the true voice of the people. The clamor of conscienceless politicians must have prevailed to have made possible the destruction of that constitutional government founded by the fathers of our republic. It was a destiny designed by Providence, else the coercion of Americans by Americans could never have been accomplished. One fact generally overlooked is that the whole North cannot be indicted for the crimes of the politicians and abolitionists against the South. As Dr. McNeilly writes: "A very large element in the North was thoroughly opposed to the theories, purposes, and methods of the party which forced war on the South."

It belongs to us now, after the cause of the Confederacy has been so fully vindicated by the argument of events and results that followed the triumph of the destruction of the Constitution of the United States, to remember and honor that "element" of Northern patriots who ever stood by the principles of republican government. A curious bit of testimony has reached me in a fragment of a publication that was launched, if not established, in Philadelphia in 1833; a fragment marvelously eloquent of the best element of Northern sentiment and intelligence, which was to be finally crushed into subservience by the dark plots and propaganda of the abolitionists. So worthy to be memorialized is the noble and pure type of American that this fragment of a past era should be rescued from the oblivion that has engulfed it. I asked an acknowledged authority on United States history if he knew anything of one Condé Raguet, who published this "Journal of Political Economy" in Philadelphia in 1833, and he replied in the negative. Hence I feel justified in bringing a notable but obscure item to light.

Condé Raguet is mentioned in "American Facts," a book published by G. P. Putnam in 1845, as making useful contribution to the science of political economy. This bare mention and the fragment of his publication are all the present writer has learned about a man whose valiant effort to keep the different sections of his country united in bonds of liberal and mutual understanding is beyond praise. If tardy recognition can avail anything, I should like to accord all possible by sending out a message from the spirit of our countryman, Condé Raguet, as expressed in one copy of his "Journal." Herewith are given the full title, motto, prospectus, and table of contents, with a brief excerpt from editorial comment. The matter in full should be made into a pamphlet and read as a side light on stock histories of the United States; it would likewise prove vastly illuminating in a comparative study of different periods of political development under that constitutional government planned by the convention of 1787. When Condé Raguet labored in the cause of political science, the Madison papers had not been made public. Copied from the old fragment is the following:

The Examiner and Journal of Political Economy.

Devoted to the Advancement of the Cause of State Rights and Free Trade.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.—*Amendment to the Constitution, Article X.*

Freedom of industry is as sacred as freedom of speech or of the press.—*Jefferson.*

VOL. I. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1833.

NO. 4

PROSPECTUS.

This paper is published on the first and third Wednesday of every month on a superroyal sheet of 16 pages octavo, corresponding in size with the *Free Trade Advocate* (the precursor of the *Banner of the Constitution*), and constituting in the year, with an index, a volume of 400 pages.

It is chiefly political, but partly miscellaneous, its design being to disseminate the great principles of *Constitutional Liberty* and to assist in drawing men's minds from the worship of their fellows to an acquaintance with the nature of their government.

It will be open to the examination of all political questions of a general nature and will communicate to the people of the North the political movements of the South and to those of the South the political movements of the North.

It will advocate the Republican doctrines of '98, as set forth in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions and as maintained by Jefferson, Madison, * * * and other distinguished champions of *State * * ** and *State Remedies*. It will also record * * * important documents and State Papers connected with the proceedings of South Carolina, so as to preserve a complete history of the times for future reference of politicians and statesmen.

The principles of Free Trade will be illustrated and enforced as useful to reconcile the public mind at the North to the approaching reduction of the Tariff to a uniform standard of *ad valorem* duties, as well as necessary to prevent any future attempts to re-establish the restrictive system.

The impolicy and unconstitutionality of appropriations for works of internal improvement by the *Federal Government* will be maintained, and all attempts to encroach on the rights of the States by that Government will be resisted, *from whatever party they may emanate*; and especially will its interference with the peculiar domestic policy of the Southern States, should any unhappily be attempted, be denounced as a violation of the Federal compact.

It will oppose *monopolies, special privileges, and sinecures* of every description as interfering with the *equality of rights* upon which our institutions are founded and will be emphatically the advocate of a *Cheap Government*.

It will also be opposed to *man worship*, the bane of republics, and it will expose corruption and dereliction of principle in public servants, *to whatever party they may profess to belong*. This, however, it will do in a manner which shall not degrade the press, and upon no occasion will the columns of the *Examiner* be the vehicle of scurrility or vulgar personal abuse.

This number of the *Examiner* contains: "Mr. Jefferson, the Author of the Kentucky Resolutions," which includes the full "Original Draft, in the Hand-Writing of Mr. Jefferson, of the Kentucky Resolutions of '98 and '99."

(Editorial.)

Pennsylvania Democracy.—A great Democratic meeting was held in Northampton County, Pennsylvania, on the 20th of August, at which a preamble and resolutions were adopted containing the following correct exposition of Pennsylvania Democracy:

"The principles of government, as inculcated by Jefferson and maintained by General Jackson, may be taken as the broad basis of the Democratic party of the Union. A frequent recurrence to these principles is wholesome and necessary, inasmuch as it enhances our veneration for them and increases our zeal in maintaining them."

We once astonished a Virginian by telling him that the mass of the people of Pennsylvania were as ignorant of the Constitution under which they live as they are of the Calmuc language. In fact, not one man in ten has ever read it, and of those who have read it not one in ten is really conversant with its provisions. The fact may readily be now believed when we see a large meeting of leading men and politicians solemnly sending forth to the world a manifesto in which they express their conviction that General Jackson's political principles are identical with those of Jefferson, thereby proving, if they are honest, as we presume them to be, their entire ignorance of the principles of the government under which they live. The precious paragraph which we have quoted above is precisely on a par with one which should assert that "The principles of political economy, as inculcated by Adam Smith and maintained by Hezekiah Niles, may be taken as the broad basis of the Free Trade Party of the Union."

Inquiry: Will some Philadelphian give a further account of our countryman, Condé Raguet?

LOST MINE OF THE OUACHITAS.

BY RICHARD MASON, CAMDEN, ARK.

Among the number of lost mines which live in legend in various States of the Union is a silver mine in Ouachita County, Ark., whose history runs clear back to and beyond the beginning of civilized man on the American continent. It was actually in existence and used by the Indians for many years before the white men set foot on the soil of Arkansas. The Indians had learned to work the silver into a variety of crude articles long before the discovery of America.

The first record of the mine was left by the "Anonymous Gentleman of Elvas," who accompanied Fernando de Soto on his wanderings over the southern part of the continent. De Soto had reached the Arkansas Hot Springs in his search for treasure through the newly discovered country by mid-summer of 1541. His health had been broken down by his long journey through the lowlands, and he felt unable to make the trip overland back to the coast of Florida. He had well-nigh despaired of finding gold. The Indians told him of the river near Hot Springs (the Ouachita) which, they said, would take him back to the great Father of Waters. De Soto embarked with his diminished troop of some two hundred men for a voyage down the river.

The journey was slowly and painfully made; for, though racked by the fever that was soon to end his life, De Soto fitfully required his men to continue their search for treasure. When they reached the bluffs on the river where the city of Camden is now situated, a friendly tribe of Ouachita Indians offered to barter their produce for the baubles which the white men carried. Here De Soto camped to lay in a store of supplies.

The keen eyes of De Soto and his leaders saw armlets and other ornaments of Indian handicraft made of silver. Interpreters greedily demanded whence the metal came. The Indians, apparently sensing the cupidity of the Spaniards, offered to exchange their trinkets for the goods of the great white chief. They promised even to bring much silver to the

camp of the white men. But they refused to disclose the location of the mine from which they dug the metal.

Not to be outdone by mere Indian obstinacy, De Soto set his men to searching for the mine of the Indians. He made many excursions to many parts of the lands of the Ouachitas. Especially did he explore the Ouachita River and its tributaries. There are evidences existing to this day of the diggings along the banks of the river made by him in the strenuous search for silver.

But it was not De Soto's fate to find the precious metal in search of which he had set out from Spain with his six hundred men, nor to find even the makeshift of silver to which he turned after giving up his hopes of gold. Several months of effort (February to May, 1542) were wasted in trying to cajole the Indians to disclose the whereabouts of their mine and in trying to find the mine without their help. The Indians remained firm in their refusal, and the search was fruitless.

Feeling that death was near at hand, De Soto gave up the search and set out down the river late in the spring. His fever continued to bear him down. History tells us that he died at the mouth of Red River about June 25, 1542.

Men less famous in their cupidity than the great De Soto have sought for the mine of the Ouachitas at intervals during the four centuries that have elapsed since he gave up in despair and sailed down the Ouachita River to his death. The first French settlers at Arkansas Post (1686) heard legends from the Indians both of the existence of the mine and of De Soto's unsuccessful search. More than one expedition was sent westward to investigate. The searching parties followed the beaten paths of De Soto and actually dug in several places where he had been before them, superstitiously hoping that the great explorer had worked on a hot trail. Needless to say, they met with no better success than De Soto.

These legends have continued to appeal to the minds of men down to the present day. Every youth reared in this section of the State has speculated on the likelihood of finding the hidden mine. The greed of man has made more sordid the speculation of youth. The call is in the blood of all who have heard and believe the story.

During the war both Confederate and Federal soldiers while stationed in the country surrounding Camden made more or less systematic searches for the lost mine. The Confederates found a deposit of lead during their search for silver and molded hundreds of pounds of bullets for use in Confederate guns; but even the location of the lead mine has been forgotten since the war. It has passed into tradition, as had the older silver mine, adding interest and mystery to the older legend.

The discovery of lignite coal, kaolin, and fire clay in Ouachita County has revived the desire to find the old mine of the Indians. Old settlers have been called upon for the legends concerning the mine which they heard in their youth. While no actual effort, so far as is publicly known, is being made at present to discover the mine, the growing interest leads to the prospect that a thorough search by competent mining parties will soon be made.

There are indications of iron and other minerals along the banks of the Ouachita, though no effort has been made to determine what quantities of ore are there. There is the known fact that lead was found near the river during the War between the States. There are a number of clay mines and coal mines in active operation beside the stream. And

there is the old legend still haunting the minds of men that the Indians had found a silver mine. The discovery of iron, lead, or silver would make a thorough search far more than worth its cost. Some treasure is waiting for the man with the hardihood to find it. It will not be a waste of time for him who searches, with the aid of modern science, for the lost mine of the Ouachitas.

THE IUKA BATTLE FIELD.

BY R. V. FLETCHER, PONTOTOC, MISS.

The interested student of the war will find much food for investigation and fruitful thought in visiting the battle fields made memorable by the struggles of hostile armies. It was my good fortune some years ago to visit the old battle ground of Iuka, where Price held back the vastly superior force of General Rosecrans. The ground where the battle occurred is thickly studded with shrubs, old field pines, and blackjack saplings, and the careless traveler would not suspect that the wooded knolls and deep ravines of the waste were once red with human blood and that the almost sepulchral quiet of the forest had been so lately broken by the thunderous baying of the dogs of war.

The old Jacinto road runs nearly due south from the village of Iuka, and about a mile and a quarter from the courthouse lie the graves of the heroes who fought for the Southern cause. The trenches where the hastily buried dead lie in all indifference to war blast or signal call are plainly visible. Here and there, scattered about, one could find fragments of bones, bullets that had dropped from useless cartridge boxes, all the fragmentary mementos of the death grapple. Now and then a curious relic hunter discovers a skull perhaps perforated by a Minie ball or perchance a whole skeleton which erosion or thoughtless vandalism has unearthed. The Federal dead have long since been exhumed, and their remains now lie in the beautiful National Cemetery at Corinth, where a partial government tends them with loving ministrations. But the boys who carried the Stars and Bars still lie unknelt, uncoffined, and unsung in the gullies and waste commons of the forest.

Two hundred yards from the public highway on the left as you approach the battle field is the spot where the gallant General Little was killed. One can hardly see how he was in danger, protected as he was by woods and rising ground from the enemy's guns; but the fatal Minie ball, fired possibly by some lurking sharpshooter, sped true to its mark, and the brave Marylander, fittingly characterized as Price's "right arm," fell from his horse dead before he touched the ground.

It is difficult for a post-bellum student of battles to conceive of the danger of a charge against a strongly posted position where brave men meet brave men, each determined to vindicate the supposed righteousness of his cause. But let him visit the actual meeting place of the serried hosts, and admiration deepens into awe and wonder as he sees what brave men face when duty calls. Here is a knoll of commanding elevation on which was posted the hitherto invincible 11th Ohio Battery; to the right and left of this seemingly impregnable position stretched the Federal battle line, nine regiments strong. In front of them on their right yawned a deep ravine; on their left was an open field which their artillery commanded; up the slope from this ravine in face of a plunging fire of cannon and small arms charged Hebert's gallant brigade, decimated by former battles and weakened by detachments assigned to other duty. Two or

three regiments of Martin's Brigade were on the wing. In all, but seven Confederate regiments participated in the struggle. The Confederate line opposite the Ohio Battery was swept by an awful torrent of shrapnel and grape and torn by an incessant discharge of musketry. But Whitfield's daring Texas Legion and the heroes of the 3d Texas were irresistible. Up the side of the ravine they scrambled; they swarmed up the slope on the Federal left; they drove back the gunners; they shot down the battery horses and captured the battery. This 11th Ohio Battery had been unsuccessfully assailed eight times, but it yielded to the impetuous onslaught of the Texans, supported by the not less gallant Mississippians. The battery was subsequently recaptured by the Yankees, only to fall again into Confederate hands, where it finally remained. A blackgum tree, bearing numerous evidences of the conflict, marks the location of this hand-to-hand death grapple. Trees all around are even yet scarred and full of lead, from which relic hunters obtain souvenirs of the battle.

The less educated natives regard the old, neglected battle field with superstitious veneration. One grizzled veteran who acted as our guide was full of gruesome stories of spectral horsemen who, headless and in full charge, sometimes revisit in the pale glimpses of the moon the place where they charged and countercharged so many years ago. "And even in the full glare of noonday," said he, "one sometimes hears the sound of martial music, and to the startled ear of the listener are borne the strains of stirring melodies that inspire to battle or to the melancholy dirges of sorrow in requiem over the slain." My matter-of-fact companion, intent on making discoveries, poked about rather unceremoniously among the graves, to the absolute astonishment and horror of our guide, who seemed to see fleshless skeletons haunting his pathway and no doubt conjured up awful visions of retribution upon the ruthless disturber of the dead.

If you ever go to Iuka, don't fail to visit the battle field.

VETERANS OF THE SOUTH.

BY FINLEY PAUL CURTIS, JR.

(To the Confederate soldiers who fought for right and *amor patriæ*.)

Venerable remnants of an immortal race—
Age-bent, hair-bleached with many a sunset dye,
But buoyant still, proud of your glorious past—
You are marching with a not less statelier stride
Than to the drum's quick beat through molten hail
You marched to Chancellorsville or fatal Shiloh,
To Spottsylvania or lead-swept Gettysburg;
Slower now, perhaps, but not less fearlessly,
Not to battle, but to Elysian fields.
Sirius, sinking, stealeth day from earth,
So night when the final drumbeats cease.
But, unlike Sirius's sinking left untakened,
You bequeath a memory everlasting.
Venerable warriors, one-time beardless youths,
Surviving lead and steel and hissing shell,
Now him on blood-soaked fields you 'scaped,
Ultimately you face grim, scythe-armed death.
But unimpassioned, not as on former fields,
Eager, you scaled high cliffs to meet the foe;
Serenely, fame-secure, you face the open tomb,
Bearing with you to that voiceless shrine
Age-enduring love and pride of men.

SLAVERY AND ABOLITION IN VIRGINIA.

BY H. T. OWEN, RICHMOND, VA.

My attention has been called to an article published on page 570 of the *VETERAN* for December, 1916, in which the writer, Dr. Y. R. Le Monnier, quotes from Mr. George Lunt, of Massachusetts, that "the first slaves were landed in America about 1620. * * * But Massachusetts had already previous to this sold in the West Indies twenty Indian warriors, prisoners of war, who proved a failure as slaves." According to the records, this statement by Mr. Lunt is all wrong, as Rolfe, the Secretary of the Colony of Virginia at the time, says: "About the last of August, 1619, there came in a Dutch man-of-warre that sold us twenty negars." The first settlement in Massachusetts was made in December, 1620, sixteen months after these "negars" had been sold in Virginia, and the Pilgrims, or Puritans, could not have captured and sold Indians before they ever had seen one. Mr. Lunt is also quoted as saying: "In 1832 T. J. Randolph proposed in the Virginia Assembly a plan for the emancipation of the negroes in that State." A careful reading of Mr. Randolph's bill will convince any one fairly conversant with the question of slavery and the condition of society in Virginia at that period that the bill was inoperative and utterly worthless, really not worth the paper it was written on. The bill provided that if a negro wanted to be free and his master consented, then three neighbors should fix the value of the slave, which the State would pay and then ship the negro to Liberia. Did anybody ever see or hear of a negro who wanted to go to Liberia? At that time about seven out of every ten people in Virginia were in no way interested in the ownership of slaves, and would these people be willing to be taxed heavily to send negroes to Africa? Would any master consent to free his negroes, to be sent away to Liberia, except for the high value offered for them by the State?

A great deal of useless talk and display of senseless rhetoric over this futile effort to get rid of slavery in Virginia has been tolerated. Nat Turner's insurrection in Southampton County had taken place in August, 1831, in which about sixty white men, women, and children were slaughtered during part of one night and day. This had caused a widespread feeling of unrest and fear of repeated uprisings of the slaves.

This feeling of constant apprehension spread among all classes, but was more apparent among the nonslaveholders than among those who owned negroes and believed they could trust and control them. There had always been a strong prejudice, amounting in many instances to downright hate, between the negro and the nonslaveholding families, whom he termed "white trash"; and these, to escape the danger and curse of slavery, moved away after 1831 by tens of thousands to the Northern and Northwestern free States, while the slaveowner, afraid some enactment of a law by the legislature would rob him of his property, moved South and carried his slaves with him or sold them to traders, who took them to the cotton fields.

Census reports show that in 1840 the population of Virginia had decreased since 1830 by a loss of 6,955 whites and 22,536 negroes; and if we take the percentage of the previous decade to prove what the population should have been in 1840, we find that Virginia had lost 75,455 whites and 68,558 negroes, making together 144,013 in ten years. And in 1850 there were 11,650 fewer negroes than in 1830. The Virginians

sold their negroes South, just as the Yankees did when emancipation loomed up on the horizon.

All this talk over the cruelties of the slave trade and the bondage of the negro is a great exaggeration. The negro in Africa was a naked savage cannibal, herding together like cattle, constantly at war, and killed his prisoners and devoured them, as he could neither release them nor feed them. When the slave ship appeared on the coast, the prisoners became valuable, and their lives were spared for sale. When the slave trade was broken up, the negroes relapsed into their brutal custom, and no prisoners are now taken in battle, as they are useless and, if released, would add to the strength of the enemy.

There were in the South oppression and cruel treatment of the negro, but we must remember that among all people in every nation on earth there are some men cruel to their wives, cruel to their children, cruel to their horses or dogs; but these were the exceptions, and they were well known and avoided. There was no profit in slaves unless they were kindly and humanely treated, and their rapid increase during their period of slavery contrasted with their death rate since proves this in spite of every argument of every abolitionist in England or America. Their death rate has nearly overtaken their birth rate; and when this happens, farewell to the negro in the United States!

A GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

BY L. S. FLATAU, DALLAS, TEX.

The coming of the United States monitor *Arkansas* to St. Louis some years ago reminded me of the greatest battle that was ever fought between battleships of any kind or of any nation, barring none. Sampson's fight at Santiago was not a circumstance, Dewey's fight at Manila was nothing, and Commodore Perry's fight on Lake Erie sinks into insignificance compared with the fight made by the Confederate ram *Arkansas* against the combined fleets of Farragut and Admiral Davis's at the mouth of the Yazoo River, on the Mississippi just above Vicksburg, on the morning of July 15, 1862. I, with many others, witnessed this fight from start to finish. It was before the siege of Vicksburg. The *Arkansas* had been started somewhere on the lower river, and when New Orleans fell she was towed up the Yazoo somewhere near Yazoo City and completed. Her armor was railroad iron laid close upon heavy hewed oak logs. She had ten guns—six eight-inch smooth-bore guns and four 32-pound rifle guns.

Twenty thousand of us were assembled on the heights above Vicksburg in the bend of the river in the early morning. Some of us were there before daylight, as we knew the *Arkansas* had started down the Yazoo River and had orders to fight her way through the fleet and report at Mobile. We all knew that it was a most daring and hazardous undertaking; and just as day was dawning, and we were all so anxious for her success, we heard the first gun, and it was then we knew that she was coming. Three of the enemy's fleet knew the same thing and had gone up the Yazoo to meet her. I think they were the *Queen of the West*, *Carondelet*, and the *Tyler*. The fighting up the river from the sound of the guns was something fearful, but we could not see it. It was only a short time, however, until two of these boats, driven by the *Arkansas*, made their way down the river in her front and joined the fleet that lay around the

mouth of the river, awaiting her appearance. They had formed in line of battle and had everything in readiness; and as she hove in sight, perfectly plain to all of us on Fort Hill and the bluffs, showing her great courage and determination, her two bow guns opened almost at once upon this formidable line in her front, defying their right to challenge her, and, with the smoke from their muzzles, we rent the very heavens with our yells. It looked to me as though every ship in the field was on fire from the flames that poured forth from the muzzles of their guns they could bring to bear upon her. It was the most terrific thing and could not be described by any one. They surrounded her and fought her all the way down to the point in as plain view to all of us as though it had been some performance in some great amphitheater prepared for the occasion.

Breckinridge, VanDorn, and Stephen D. Lee viewed the entire fight from the dome of the courthouse, while the entire army, then at Vicksburg, viewed the fight above Cobb's Water Battery, which was so situated that it commanded the upper part of the river opposite the point. The fleet fought her down within range of Cobb's Battery to the minute that it opened on them, when they fled back out of its range; otherwise it would have played havoc with them. As it was, it seriously crippled two of the vessels, in addition to what the Arkansas had done.

About this time I received orders from Captain Cowan, who had been instructed by General Breckinridge to have me meet the Arkansas as she landed with my twelve-pound Napoleon gun, with canister only, to guard her decks and keep them from boarding her. I complied at once, and when she was made fast to the bank my gun was in position so that I might sweep her forecable deck against any boarding party that might make the attempt. The demonstrations being strongly made indicated that this would be attempted. Under these circumstances I had the opportunity with my detachment of cannoneers to help remove the dead and wounded from her gunroom. A description of the sight I beheld as I entered the gunroom could hardly be believed. The only way I could explain the conditions as they appeared is this: There was but one gun out of the ten in working order or that could be used. Their carriages were shattered, the embrasures, or portholes, were splintered, and some were nearly twice the original size; her broadside walls were shattered, and great slabs and splinters were strewn over the deck of her entire gunroom; there were but few men of her crew that were not wounded or killed; her gun deck was bloody from one end to the other; her stairways were so bloody and slippery that we had to sift cinders from the ash pans to keep from slipping on the decks and stairways; and the walls were besmeared with brains and blood, as though it had been thrown by hand from a sausage mill. That is how it appeared to me.

In the midst of this terrific fire we saw the Confederate flag flying over her mast go down. It was but a few moments until we saw it float again. We understood that Captain Brown was holding it, but we afterwards learned that it was Midshipman Dabney M. Seales, who, with Captain Brown, was upon the main deck, which was being swept by the hurricane of shot and shell. He deliberately hoisted the flag, after taking it from Captain Brown's hands. Captain Brown was exposed through all this fight, but was only slightly wounded, either in the hand or shoulder. The pilots on this craft, like the master and the men, showed the greatest courage and skill in handling this sluggish vessel under such cir-

cumstances. I knew two of them well—John Hodges and James Brady.

This gives only a faint idea of what happened and how it appeared to eyewitnesses and those who took some part in this action on that eventful morning in July.

THE OLD RANKS OF GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The old, old ranks that battled once,
How thin they are to-day!
A remnant's all that's left of those
Who grandly wore the gray.
The men who saw the starry cross
Wave 'gainst the vault of blue
With less'ning step and snowy hair
Await the last tattoo.

Their chieftains brave have passed away
Beyond the mystic sea;
Their Johnston, Jackson, Beauregard,
Their Pickett and their Lee;
The guns of Pelham silent stand,
The sword of blood doth rust;
The gallant ranks that met the foe
Have crumbled into dust.

Aye, one by one the Southland's sons
Who wore an honored name
Go down into that silent camp,
Forever linked to fame;
The hands of beauty weave for them
A wreath that will not fade,
And Glory writes upon her scroll
The record that they made.

Sweet be the gloaming of their lives,
No matter where they be.
They shared alike on many a field
Defeat and victory;
Their marches past, their battles o'er,
Their last years flit away,
But yet in dreams they see the boys
Who stood in Southern gray.

Be theirs the glory and the fame
That e'er enwreathes the brave
And smooth the path of each and all
That leads unto the grave;
The like of those who bore their flag
Upon the battle plain,
Amid the storm of shot and shell,
Will ne'er be seen again.

And sacred be in many a heart
That loves the bugle's call
The old gray jacket, rent and torn,
That hangs upon the wall.
Erelong the last old veteran grim
Will rest beneath the stars,
Upon his breast the flag he loved,
The banner of the bars.

MAJ. GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

BY JOHN WITHERSPOON DUBOSE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Confederate history awaits the revelation of facts and their meaning. The avenging of a personal offense brought President Lincoln to his death at the hand of a young man who happened to be an avowed but inactive sympathizer with President Davis and his cause; in quick succession of events President Davis was arrested by military authority, shackled in a military prison, and held for two years in defiance of the law of his captor. Thus history has paid the penalty of the crime, there and here.

Confederate history will overcome the varied interpretations of those vicious times, colored by the tragedy of assassination of right and law. I may be permitted to present some rectification of that history, very important.

In the days of the first half of 1864 General Grant had been appointed lieutenant general in command of all the military resources and operations of the United States—boundless material resources of wealth and more than a million men, mercenaries and fugitive slaves included.

General Grant organized with utmost care three grand armies to cover the whole Confederacy and to act contemporaneously and in concert as far as might be. We shall mention the fate of those three grand armies in less than ninety days' active operations upon Confederate armies—May, June, and July, 1864. First, Maj. Gen. Richard Taylor met Major General Banks at Mansfield, in Northern Louisiana, in May and routed him; secondly, Gen. J. E. Johnston met Sherman at Dalton, at Resaca, at New Hope Church, at Pickett's Mills, at Kennesaw Mountain. From the Church, May 25, to June 27, when the great general battle at Kennesaw Mountain was fought, there was never a day, seldom an hour, night and day, without positive action. The combatant armies for thirty-two days were never out of sight of each other. From a spur of mountain the observer could see both armies stretched before him—the lines of troops, the white tops of wagons, the galloping officers. When Lieutenant General Polk fell, he was gazing with the naked eye upon both armies.

What of the Army of Tennessee under that extreme test? Lieutenant General Polk, by rank next in command, wrote to his wife:

"NEW HOPE CHURCH, PAULDING COUNTY, NEAR
MARIETTA, GA., JUNE 1, 1864.

"The army, too, is in fine condition. * * * I think I have never seen the troops, one and all, in such spirits and condition as they now are."

"IN THE FIELD, FOUR MILES FROM MARIETTA,
JUNE 11, 1864.

"Our army is in fine condition. * * * I have never known the army to be so well clad and shod and fed as at present or so well organized or so easily handled. * * * This is quite remarkable, seeing that the campaign from Dalton down to this place has certainly been the hardest I have experienced since the war began. It is very gratifying to find that the troops and the country appear to have undiminished confidence in the ability and skill of General Johnston."

A volume of private letters under the title "Sherman's Home Letters" gives us Sherman's view of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign near the close. He said at the outset: "My objective is Joe Johnston; where Johnston goes, I fol-

low." He said after the general engagement at Kennesaw that he had not wished to fight there; that his men taunted him that he was afraid to fight; that he would never fight Johnston again on Johnston's own terms; that he would cut off his supplies and starve him out. He started out at Dalton with eleven to four; at Kennesaw he fought eleven to eight. Johnston steadily increased; Sherman decreased. That was the situation. In one of the very valuable letters from General Sherman in that volume he wrote that the Confederate cavalry was "the best in the world"; that they fought "like Indians and devils combined." Wheeler commanded that cavalry, "the best in the world."

Military history will prove that Sherman was helpless in the hands of Johnston on July 17 at ten o'clock at night. At that moment General Johnston received a telegram from the Secretary of War to turn the army over to Lieutenant General Hood at once.

It is well to remember that on the night of the previous May 18, as General Johnston stood about his camp fire at Adairsville, he heard from General Lee that Grant had not driven him at Spottsylvania Courthouse; he saw that Sherman could not drive him and exclaimed with the instinct of a commander: "The Confederacy is as safe a government as Germany or France." ("Makall's Diary.")

The New York Tribune of November 16, 1916, published in editorial responsibility the following reminiscence of Grant's campaigns against Lee in that same spring and summer, 1864: "In the spring of 1864 the whole North had looked forward to Grant's campaign for Richmond with hope and confidence. * * * But in a month later the terrible costs and the bitter disappointments of the campaign from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor had brought its consequences. * * * Grant's brilliant reputation had been dimmed by what seemed then a failure, and before Petersburg the army of Lee stood as firmly," etc.

History will prove that with the victory of Mansfield by Taylor, with Cold Harbor, June 3, followed by Kennesaw Mountain, June 27, the irreparable defeat of General Grant was effected and the safety of the Confederacy secured, provided always that the commanding generals who had won were permitted to control the situation and its logic.

General Taylor on the very evening of his great victory, in the act of giving orders to drive the enemy out of the Mississippi Valley and New Orleans, was arbitrarily displaced; General Johnston was removed from command within six hours of the battle he had ordered to join with Sherman, which had it been fought, President Davis told his surgeon, Dr. Craven, in Fortress Monroe, would have destroyed Sherman. ("Prison Life of Jefferson Davis.") General Lee was ordered to lay siege to General Grant's army, within ten miles of City Point, his base on navigable water open to the whole world.

With this preparatory incidental surplusage we may come to General Wheeler in course of history not yet written.

THE VETERAN for August, 1917, publishes an interesting paper on "A Year with Forrest," an address by Rev. W. H. Whitsitt, D.D., delivered before R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., at Richmond, Va., from which I extract this unfortunate and remarkable travesty upon some military history of the Confederacy: "So long as we followed Forrest we enjoyed the respect of the army. * * * They inquired about our battles and our leader and wondered at his genius and success. We were heroes even to infantry. But when Wheeler took command of us, all that was changed. * * * General

Wheeler was a brave and honorable man, but nobody accused him of genius."

In this case we are left without a satisfying definition of "genius" and without examples of the operations of the spirit. About the time, in the summer of 1862, that Gen. J. E. B. Stuart rode around McClellan in the Peninsula, an expedition fruitless and almost bloodless, Colonel Wheeler made his first ride, going from North Mississippi into West Tennessee around General Buell, General Grant, and others then at Corinth, with some hundred thousand troops. Wheeler rode in order that Bragg might escape from Mississippi with his wagon train across Alabama to Chattanooga. He succeeded so well and effectively that Bragg, only forty miles from Corinth and Buell, reached Chattanooga unmolested, without firing a gun or losing a wagon. Perhaps comparison is invidious.

The expedition to West Tennessee was the maiden exploit of Wheeler that astonished the Confederacy and that continued in like events through the whole years of the war. Among the last letters General Wheeler received a few days before his death at his sister's home, in Brooklyn, N. Y., was one from Maj. M. S. Steele, U. S. A., instructor at an army school at Fort Leavenworth, Kans., who asked the General to prepare for use before his classes details of his campaign covering Bragg's retreat from Kentucky in the fall of 1862 and his campaign immediately preceding the battle of Murfreesboro. General Wheeler inclosed Steele's letter to me without having answered it.

Bragg, with not more than half the army of Buell following him, was so protected by Colonel Wheeler, in command of his cavalry, that he marched unmolested out of Kentucky not far south of Louisville into Middle Tennessee, bringing with him a heavy train of captured wagons, heavily loaded, and thousands of fat beves on foot. General Bragg, having reached the railroad, turned the army over to Polk and reported to the President at Richmond. There he demanded a brigadier's commission for Colonel Wheeler. The President protested that the young soldier, only twenty-five years of age, should have a commission as chief of cavalry. "Is my chief of staff entitled to the rank of brigadier general?" asked Bragg. "Then I appoint Col. Joseph Wheeler my chief of staff."

While Bragg marched out of Kentucky by Cumberland Gap, Buell flanked him by a more direct route to Nashville. He had collected a great mass of supplies on the Cumberland River, intending to sweep Bragg out of his road for Chattanooga and Atlanta. General Wheeler destroyed the enemy's boats, swam the river, and burned the supplies on the opposite bank. In recognition of this great service he was promoted to major general and chief of cavalry. He was ranking commander of the whole Confederate cavalry until Hampton was promoted to lieutenant general over him for supposed political effect in South Carolina sixty days before the Confederacy fell.

Nevertheless, Rosecrans, successor of Buell, marched out of Nashville on December 26 to attack Bragg at Murfreesboro (Stone's River). Hardee asked Wheeler: "How long can you hold him back?" "About four days," replied Wheeler. "He will march right over you," exclaimed Hardee. In the gloaming of the 30th, the four days passed, General Wheeler alone rode up to a circle of officers mounted, Bragg, Polk, and Hardee among them. All saluted, lifting their hats in honor of the young cavalry leader and his success.

Wheeler operated on the right of Bragg's line in the great

battle of the 31st; Wharton, under his orders, operated on the left. Both divisions of the cavalry were successful. Rosecrans outnumbered Bragg by ten thousand. Stevenson's Division, ten thousand men, was ordered by the President to Mississippi after a part of it had come near the field. General Johnston was on the field and expected to command in the pending battle, but the President ordered him to accompany him to Mississippi, leaving Bragg in command.

Wheeler's Cavalry participated in the battle of Chickamauga, as infantry, and ten days later he commanded the raid in Sequatchie Valley; and if the infantry had acted its part on the other side of the Tennessee River, Rosecrans would have been compelled to evacuate Chattanooga. On that raid Wheeler reported that four thousand mules were taken and that one thousand loaded wagons were burned on the spot. He rode near Nashville, captured posts, destroyed supplies, tore out the railroad, and forded Mussel Shoals back into Alabama.

The most distinguished of the campaigns executed by Wheeler was that of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. General Johnston lived in Selma about the year 1866-67; General Hardee also lived there at that time; Justice Byrd, of the Alabama Supreme Court, lived there. He gave a private dinner in honor of Generals Johnston and Hardee. At the table the host of the occasion remarked to General Johnston that he had never been informed of the ground for the confidence that Wheeler's old soldiers evidently placed in their leader. General Johnston spoke promptly in his customary short words: "I could not have commanded the army without General Wheeler." Hardee joined the conversation, saying: "General Wheeler reported directly to me in that campaign most of the time. I knew his merit; he was instinctively a commander of cavalry and was indispensable in that place to the army." * * *

We mention the capture of Streight by Forrest in May, 1863. The exploit was of his own initiative, executed in his own way, and to him alone was the phenomenal honor. His success defeated the scheme of the enemy to capture the Army of Tennessee or disband it where it was, at Tullahoma, in Middle Tennessee. Nothing done by General Forrest throughout his phenomenal career is more important to his claims to fame than his four days' chase of Streight and the perfect result.

We come to a parallel case. The greater part of Wheeler's Cavalry was dismounted in the trenches, lengthening Hood's infantry lines southwest of Atlanta in August, 1864. The city had not yet been evacuated. Sherman sent out three cavalry commands to coöperate to destroy the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, to destroy the Macon and Atlanta Railroad, and to destroy Hood's stores at Macon. The effect desired was the same that Rosecrans sought by Streight's raid—to starve out the Army of Tennessee. General Sherman placed great hopes on these three select cavalry expeditions on Hood's rear and on his communications. After Kennesaw he wrote to his family that he would "starve Johnston out"; now it was Hood to be starved out. Under General Sherman's order Stoneman marched out from Decatur with 2,200 men; Guerrant, from near by, with 4,000 men; McCook, from the opposite side of the Chattahoochee, crossed by pontoon with 3,200 men—in all 9,400 men. ("War Records," LXXIV., 957.)

General Wheeler informed General Hood at Atlanta of this expedition, but he got no orders in reply. He sent another urgent message to General Hood. So on August 27 he

was permitted to withdraw his men from the trenches. The order from headquarters was: "In reply to your dispatches regarding movements of the enemy's cavalry, General Hood directs you to detach what force you can spare to follow this raid and keep it in observation." General Hood had not understood the situation. The whole day passed. Another order to Wheeler: "General Hood directs that you go yourself in pursuit of the enemy." The pursuit struck out at a gallop; the gallop was kept up for seventy miles. General Stoneman, with his division, was captured and sent to Richmond, General Guerrant was put to rout, and General McCook escaped back across the Chattahoochee because the officer in pursuit went to sleep. General Sherman, in deep chagrin, reported to Washington: "I now became satisfied that cavalry could not or would not make a sufficient lodgment on the railroad," etc.

General Wheeler set out on November 14, 1864, to follow Sherman's army of sixty-five thousand men through Georgia to Savannah. Kilpatrick commanded Sherman's cavalry, five thousand strong. No Confederate force except Wheeler's struck Sherman on his march. He narrowed the belt of devastation Sherman intended to make; he turned Kilpatrick and ten thousand infantry that had been sent by Sherman to burn Augusta, the cotton mills, the powder mills, and the tens of thousands of bales of cotton there. He met and defeated Kilpatrick and the infantry supporting him sent to burn Augusta. He met and defeated the same force sent to the Graniteville (S. C.) cotton mills and saved that property. Governor Magrath, of South Carolina, officially thanked him in the name of his State. He fought in North Carolina on the Fayetteville road March 10, 1865, with General Butler's division, about one thousand men; he protected General Johnston's army from threatened destruction near Bentonville. He started on the rear of Sherman at Atlanta with four thousand and one men. His roll showed about five thousand when Johnston surrendered at Greensboro on April 26.

Unfortunately, the military history of General Wheeler became confused with his political ambition after the war. He served many terms in Congress with customary rivalry. His political elevation came at the cost of much resistance that followed his military service. All soldiers under him were as devoted to him as a brother. He was as pure as a maiden, unselfish, the incarnation of enterprise and courage. He commanded the cavalry of the army successively led by Bragg, Johnston, and Hood, with unqualified confidence in each. While each of these great soldiers made war on his own mental conception and his own energy, all united in giving to Wheeler the perfect confidence his position required. No commander of the Army of Tennessee ever thought of displacing Wheeler from chief of cavalry.

One reminiscence: General Hardee was almost caught and captured at Cheraw, near the North Carolina line, in the retreat from South Carolina. Wheeler, with his command, was thirty miles to the west fighting Kilpatrick. Another cavalry officer had orders to burn Thompson's Creek bridge, three miles south of Cheraw, which Sherman must cross to reach Hardee. The Thompson Creek bridge had not been burned, and thus the Confederates came within an ace of capture. Hardee, in relating the incident after the war, said he seemed to have forgotten that his order was not to Wheeler and needed attention. If the order had been given to Wheeler, no further care had been requisite.

In the Dalton-Atlanta campaign Sherman calculated to take Rome and close on the rear of Johnston so as to cut

out his supplies. Wheeler defeated that plan of Sherman's. Sherman tried to flank Johnston to his left to get the road direct to Atlanta from New Hope Church. The Church was nearer to Atlanta than Marietta, where Johnston awaited him. Wheeler struck Sherman, captured his train, and gave information that Sherman's plan was defeated.

Generals Bragg, Johnston, and Hardee make issue with Dr. Whitsitt. They and tens of thousands of soldiers who stood "close to the flashing of the guns" testify that Wheeler was a great commander of cavalry attached to an army in action. He stood the test for four years and was promoted to the highest rank. This orator undertakes to reveal to history that "nobody ever accused him [General Wheeler] of genius." The same allegation might be applied to George Washington; it might be passed back to St. Peter. Nobody has ever accused Queen Victoria of "genius," nor Jefferson Davis.

The most exhaustive narrative of the Gettysburg campaign was published about two years ago by a leader of the bar of Maryland, Col. D. G. McIntosh, colonel of artillery, A. N. V., who participated in the battle from first to last. His guns occupied an elevation on Lee's left wing that enabled him to see with the naked eye the whole of Pickett's charge and all the field. Whoever would see this remarkable text let him write to the Hon. D. G. McIntosh, Towson, Md., son of the Colonel, who died some months ago, for a copy. Colonel McIntosh saw much of Colonel Marshall, Lee's adjutant. At a dinner of gentlemen after the war Colonel Marshall exclaimed in connection with his comments on Gettysburg: "I thought Stuart should have been court-martialed." "What! Jeb Stuart?" was the astounded cry around the table. "Yes, Jeb Stuart."

Generalship, modern or ancient, is an intelligent adaptation, a property native to the man to be developed by him alone. Under no circumstances would General Wheeler have disobeyed General Lee at Gettysburg. On the other hand, he would have proved himself equal to any expectation of the commander of the army. If Stuart disappointed Lee—we know that on the night of July 2, the second day of Gettysburg, General Lee selected twenty confidential mounted scouts to report to him, ordered them to scour the country in a certain direction, find General Stuart, and bring him back with them. They brought him in. The head of those scouts is probably now occupying a judicial office in Maryland. General Stuart is supposed to have been possessed of "genius." At any rate, he was a great historical figure in the wars of all time threatened with court-martial for disobedience.

A fair recital of the service of General Wheeler, from Shiloh to Bentonville, without a single hour's absence from his post in all that time, will show in nothing that Stuart, Hampton, VanDorn, or Forrest himself performed more difficult or more decisive work than he. That is history.

Not Stuart, Hampton, VanDorn, nor Forrest ever won a more brilliant victory than this. He saved Hood as Forrest had saved Bragg.

Against his judgment General Hood ordered Wheeler to make another raid into Tennessee as far as Nashville. From that he was recalled to follow Sherman, as we have seen.

Our orator speaks of Wheeler's attack on Dover, Fort Donelson, early in February, 1863, about twelve months after Grant had captured the position from the Confederate army defending it. He says: "Forrest formally protested, but the attack was made in spite of him. There was a bloody slaughter, in which our regiment suffered greatly, and Forrest noti-

fied Wheeler that he would be in his coffin before he would ever fight again under his command."

I received the account of this unsoldierly outbreak of the great "Wizard of the Saddle" in person from a soldier who was an eyewitness within ten feet of the scene. That soldier was Samuel Lowery Robertson, later a distinguished pioneer of Birmingham, Ala., then a courier, eighteen years of age. After the battle, the night dark and bitter cold, he received orders to find a home for headquarters in a general direction. He rode five miles in the direction indicated by his orders without sign of habitation, dense forests on each side. Presently he spied a flash of light under the door of a single-room cabin some yards from the road. Riding back, he met the two generals and Wheeler's adjutant. They were guided to the cabin, and all took possession. A rousing fire soon blazed from the wide hearth. Wheeler sat at one corner, the adjutant at the other, while Forrest stretched himself full length on his back, long wet boots on the hearth, his head propped on a reversed stick chair.

Here history began. General Wheeler dictating to the adjutant his report of the battle, General Forrest interrupted. "I shall state the event as it occurred, General; I shall give you full credit and your men," replied Wheeler in perfect composure. Here Forrest sprang to his feet in the greatest fury. Mr. Robertson said his rage could not be described or imagined. Wheeler sat motionless. Forrest continued: Wheeler might take his sword; he might put him in the grave; his men lay on the ground dead and dying; he would never follow Wheeler into battle again. "I will not take your sword, General. I am responsible for the day," continued Wheeler, calm and self-possessed.

A few months later, June 27, 1863, before a half year had passed, Forrest was called to fight under Wheeler again; but he held fast to his self-imposed pledge, made in the little cabin, never to fight under Wheeler.

On June 25 Wheeler galloped from Polk's headquarters, at Shelbyville, twenty miles across to meet Forrest at Spring Hill to order him to join him at the former point as rear guard for Bragg, who was evacuating Tennessee. Wheeler had recently loaned the 51st Alabama, John T. Morgan, colonel, to Forrest. The Alabama regiment arrived on time, but Forrest led his whole force to a bridge higher upstream, passing Shelbyville in plain sight and hearing of Wheeler's desperate encounter with both cavalry and infantry without participating himself. General Forrest failed to come to the aid of General Wheeler at Shelbyville in a most critical moment of Bragg's army. Wheeler alone saved the day.

SURRENDER OF COBB'S LEGION.

BY CHARLES P. HANSELL, THOMASVILLE, GA.

If the inquiry in the September VETERAN concerning the "Surrender of Cobb's Legion" refers to the Cobb's Legion of Cavalry, it is easy to answer. G. J. Wright was the last colonel of that command, but for some time had been in command of the brigade known as Young's Brigade, composed of the Cobb Legion, the Jeff Davis Legion, the Phillips Legion, and the 10th Regiment of Georgia Cavalry. When the armistice between Johnston and Sherman was declared, this brigade was at Hillsboro, N. C., and remained there, camped a little way outside the town, until the terms of surrender were agreed upon and signed on the 26th of April, 1865.

During this time a rumor gained currency in the camp that

we had all been surrendered as prisoners of war unconditionally. Many of the men began making preparations to leave and were nearly ready to start for home, when the news of this condition of affairs in the camp reached Gen. Gilbert J. Wright (he had been promoted a month or so before, but did not know it then). He came out to the camp as fast as his horse could bring him and had the men called together and made them a speech. He promised them that they would not be surrendered without their consent and wound up by saying that the Cobb Legion was his regiment, that he had more authority over it than the others, and that it should not disgrace itself by going off in that way; that they could go only over his dead body. That settled it, for the whole brigade was more afraid of him than of the Yankees. Those who had gone so far as to saddle up slipped quietly back, took off the saddles, and "didn't intend to go, noway."

Late in the afternoon of the 26th we received orders from General Wright to get ready to move. As we went through the town the clock was striking eleven. We rode hard all the rest of the night and just as the sun was rising entered the little town then known as Company Shops, twenty-two miles from Hillsboro, on the road to Greensboro. As soon as the last of the column had arrived General Wright had us all to dismount and gather around him. He stated that we then had thirty miles the start of "Mr. Kilpatrick's critter company"; that he had the wagons well loaded and everything ready; and if we wanted to start out for the Trans-Mississippi, he was ready to go with us as commander or as a private; but before we decided he wanted the men consulted and to that end directed the commanders of companies to get their men together and let each one decide for himself.

Before the matter was decided, Gen. Wade Hampton came in at a gallop and ordered that the men be formed, and we thus marched out on the road toward Greensboro a short distance and went into camp. General Hampton came out in a few minutes and had the men assemble near him. He first told them of the very high reputation the brigade had won for itself and of many things that touched the hearts of those seasoned veterans, so there was hardly a dry eye in the crowd. He wound up by telling us that he had worked hard to have the cavalry excepted from the terms of surrender, and if it was he was ready to go with us anywhere we wanted to go, but that if we were included in the agreement to surrender it was our duty to surrender, and he knew we would do our duty.

We took up the line of march for Greensboro; but whether we got there that night I cannot remember, as I was so nearly dead for sleep that recollection of the rest of that day is very vague. We did get there, though, and stayed around in the neighborhood of Greensboro until the 2d of May, 1865. Along about noon I was handed my parole, and that was the date it bore. I am sure the Cobb Legion was there, because after the brigade had been mounted and was about ready to move a detail of a dozen or more was turned over to me, and I was told to go ahead of the command and see if it was possible to find pasturage for the horses, as that was the only prospect of feed. In that detail were men from each of the four units composing the brigade. I know this, because the list of them was turned over to me. I was first sergeant of Company E, 10th Regiment of Georgia Cavalry. Another reason for my remembering this is that I had two very close friends who were members of the Burke County company of the Cobb Legion, and while at Hillsboro and Greensboro and from there home we were together every day. They

have both long since "passed over the river" and cannot speak for themselves. The brigade was kept together until after we had crossed the Catawba River on the way home, and the four units were all there.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

1862.

"Young Lochinvar Has Come Out of the West."—Maj. Gen. John Pope, U. S. A., when going strong, was some orator, and I leave it to any reader of this article as to whether I am right or wrong: "To the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia: By special appointment of the President of the United States I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants, in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in position from which you can act promptly and to the purpose. These labors are nearly completed, and I am about to join you in the field. Let us understand each other. I have come to you out of the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies, from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when he was found, whose policy has been attack, not defense. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you. Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find so much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of 'Taking strong positions and holding them,' of 'Lines of retreat,' and of 'Bases of supplies.' Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance; disaster and shame lurk in the rear. Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners will be inscribed with many a glorious deed and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever." He practiced what he preached, and everybody knows what Lee did to him.

Execution by Shooting.—The following order was issued by a Union general in Missouri on September 23, 1862: "Having reached the ground, the command will be formed on three sides of a square, facing inward. On the open side the prisoners and firing party will be disposed. Before going to the ground, the muskets of the firing party will be loaded, not in the presence of the men who are to use them, and of each six one of them will be loaded with blank cartridge, the others with ball. This is done in order that no individual of the firing party may know to a certainty that his piece contained a ball. The prisoners are then blindfolded and made to kneel before the firing party. Six men must be detailed as a reserve whose duty it will be to finish the execution of any one of the prisoners who may not be killed by the first discharge. Instruct your firing party that they are simply discharging their duty; and however disagreeable it may be, it is a duty, and they will show mercy to the prisoners by aiming true at the heart, that the first fire may kill

them." My uncle, Capt. Charles Wyly, of the 1st Georgia Regulars, verifies this, as he saw two Louisiana "Tigers" put across in this manner in Virginia, and he says that they died game, too.

Seven Hundred Suits of Clothes Lost.—On April 15, 1862, Gen. M. Jeff Thompson wrote Colonel Broadwell: "I have had several persons in hot pursuit of the seven hundred suits of clothes which you purchased for my command, but none of them have yet been able to overtake you or the clothing. My men are really suffering, and their ragged appearance, now that they are Confederate troops, is disgraceful to those who should provide for them. I do not mean you, but myself and quartermaster. So please hurry them up; and if blankets can be procured, for God's sake let us have them." This general was a very plain-speaking man, but he knew what he wanted.

Newspapers.—General Brown, U. S. A., wrote to the department commander on July 23: "The publication of the Baron Munchausen stories of newspaper reporters stating that General Curtis's army is starving and that Price is crossing his army in skiffs and all that kind of nonsense keeps the 'secesh' in a boil of excitement. At first I would not allow it to be printed here; but the next day the St. Louis papers were scattered over the country with the news, and in all parts of it they began to show the evil that was in them, drilling and arming. We know they expect to get to heaven through Price, and that kind of stuff does a real injury in Southwest Missouri." No censorship in those days or these either in the United States or ever will be comparable to the drastic laws in effect in Europe.

Fighting without a Uniform.—Gen. T. H. Holmes, C. S. A., commonly known as "Tycoon," wrote General Curtis, U. S. A., on October 11: "It is insisted that persons not in uniform who may commit acts of hostility against the United States and are captured when operating singly or in small bodies will not be treated as prisoners of war, but as 'guerillas' and, if found within the Federal lines, as 'spies.' Looking at this as calmly as the facts of the case admit, I can see but one result of the course which the Federal government and its officers are thus adopting. That result is a war of extermination. We cannot be expected to allow our enemies to decide for us whether we shall fight them in masses or individually, in uniform, without uniform, openly or from ambush. Our forefathers and yours conceded no such right to the British in the first revolution, and we cannot concede it to you in this. If you go to the extreme which the British threatened, of putting our men to death for refusing to conform to your notions, we shall be driven, as Washington avowed that he would be, to retaliate man for man." Sheridan and Custer executed some few on account of not being in uniform or perhaps for wearing theirs, but Mosby slowed them up by killing two for one until this practice ceased.

1862-63.

Impertinence of David Hunter, U. S. A.—The following from the pen of Maj. Gen. David Hunter to President Davis is the only instance on record of an officer in either service who had the nerve to ignore his own superiors and address the President of the other country directly. The communication reads thus: "Jefferson Davis, Richmond, Va.—The United States flag must protect all its defenders, white, black, or yellow. Several negroes in the employ of the government in the Western Department have been cruelly murdered by

your authorities and others sold into slavery. Every outrage of this kind against the laws of war and humanity which may take place in this department shall be followed by the immediate execution of the Rebel of highest rank in my possession. Man for man, these executions will certainly take place for every one sold into slavery, worse than death. On your authorities will rest the responsibility of having inaugurated this barbarous policy, and you will be responsible in this world and in the world to come for all the blood shed. In the month of August last you declared all those engaged in arming the negroes to fight for their country to be felons and directed the immediate execution of all such as should be captured. I have given you long enough to reflect on your folly. I now give you notice that unless this order is immediately revoked I will at once cause the execution of every Rebel officer and every Rebel slaveholder in my possession. This sad state of things may be kindly ordered by an all-wise Providence to induce the good people of the North to act earnestly and to realize that they are at war. Thousands of lives may thus be saved. The poor negro is fighting for liberty in its truest sense, and, as Mr. Jefferson has beautifully said, 'In such a war there is no attribute of the Almighty which will induce him to fight on the side of the oppressor.' You say you are fighting for liberty. Yes, you are fighting for liberty—liberty to keep four million of your fellow beings in ignorance and degradation; liberty to separate parents and children, husband and wife, brother and sister; liberty to steal the products of their labor, enacted with many a cruel lash and bitter tear; liberty to seduce their wives and daughters and to sell your own children into bondage; liberty to kill these children with impunity when the murder cannot be proved by one of pure white blood. This is the kind of liberty—the liberty to do wrong—which Satan, chief of the fallen angels, was contending for when he was cast into hell." This effusion brought forth no response from Mr. Davis, but President Lincoln recognized the impropriety of this letter by telling Hunter: "I cannot, by giving my consent to a publication of whose details I know nothing, assume the responsibility for whatever you may write. In this matter your own sense of military propriety must be your guide and the regulations of the service your rule of conduct." About ten days after this Hunter was relieved by Gilmore.

How to Capture Monitors.—General Beauregard wrote General Ripley on January 15, 1863, thus: "The commanding general wishes you to organize and train at least six boarding parties with a view of attacking at night any of the enemy's ironclads that may succeed in penetrating the harbor. The men should be armed with revolvers and provided with blankets with which to close all apertures; also with iron wedges and sledges to stop the tower from revolving, with bottles of burning fluid to throw into the tower, with leather bags of powder to throw into the smokestack, and with ladders to storm the tower in case of need. The boats should be provided with muffled oars, with water-tight casks secured under the seats, and each man should have a life preserver." Mighty fine; but parachutes should also have been part of the equipment, to ease them down after those leather bags had reached the furnace.

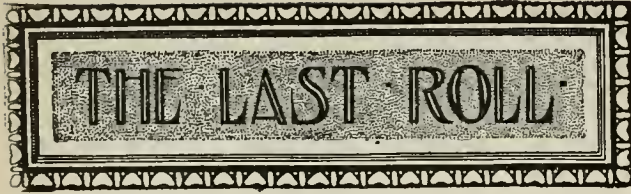
Proclamation.—General Beauregard on February 16, 1863, addressed the following to the citizens of Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga.: "It has become my solemn duty to inform you that the movements of the enemy indicate an early

attack upon your cities and to urge that all persons unable to take an active part in the struggle shall retire. Carolinians and Georgians, the hour is at hand to prove your devotion to your country's cause. Let all able-bodied men from the seaboard to the mountains rush to arms. Be not exacting in the choice of weapons; pikes and scythes will do for exterminating your enemies, spades and shovels for protecting your friends. To arms, fellow citizens! Come to share with us our dangers, our brilliant success, or our glorious death." Sharing the brilliant success reads beautifully, but not so the last clause.

Soldiers, Not Laborers.—General Beauregard wrote Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, in November, 1862: "Your idea of organizing negro laborers with the troops is one that I have already recommended to the government long ago. I think that one company of one hundred negroes as pioneers per regiment of one thousand men each would be a good proportion of laborers and would leave the troops to attend to their legitimate duties of drill and guard, so that each brigade of the four regiments would have two hundred negro pioneers, or laborers. Our Southern soldiers object most strenuously to work with spades and shovels; they will do it in very pressing emergencies, but on ordinary occasions do more grumbling than work. They prefer decidedly to fight." While they had negro laborers, they were never systematized as Beauregard wished.

Refusing to Treat with Officers of Negro Regiments.—General Walker, C. S. A., told Beauregard: "In cases of necessity, where charity to dead and wounded required immediate action, I would feel forced to treat with any representative the enemy might choose to send. But no such necessity now exists; and when Captain Lowndes was met by an officer who announced himself as Colonel Higginson, of the 1st South Carolina Regiment, accompanied by a negro in the full uniform of a sergeant of infantry, the captain told him of my instructions forbidding him to hold communication with any officer of a negro regiment and returned." Straining at a gnat, as they had to recognize the negro as a soldier sooner or later.

Plan to End the War.—On May 26, 1863, General Beauregard wrote a friend: "You ask what should be done to end this exhausting war. We must take the offensive, not by abandoning all other points, however, but by a proper selection of the point of attack; the Yankees themselves tell us where. I see by the papers of this morning that Vallinghams is being sent into Bragg's lines. Hooker is disposed of for the next six months at least. Well, let Lee act on the defensive and send to Bragg thirty thousand men for him to take the offensive with at once; let him destroy or capture Rosecrans's army; then march into Kentucky, raise thirty thousand men more there and in Tennessee; then get up into Ohio and call upon the friends of Vallinghams to rise for defense and support; then call upon Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri to throw off the yoke of the accursed Yankee nation; then upon the whole Northwest to join in the movement, form a confederation of their own, and join us by a treaty of alliance, defensive and offensive. What would then become of the Northeast? How long would it take us to bring it back to its senses? As I have once written you, 'Battles without diplomacy will never end this war.' History is there to support my assertion." Mighty fine on paper.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"Only a private! There let him sleep;
He will need no tablet nor stone,
For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,
And at night the stars through clouds will peep
And watch him who lies there alone."

RICHARD JACKSON.

Richard Jackson was born in Stoddard County, Mo., October 12, 1843. In April, 1867, he was married to Miss Jennie Stedman, a native of North Carolina. To them six children were born, five daughters and a son. He died in his beautiful home at Paragould, Ark., on February 1, 1917. Verily a prince in Israel has fallen, and we shall not look on his like soon again. "The elements were so mixed in him that all the world might stand up and say, 'This is a man.'" All the magnificent virtues that go to make up a splendid manhood were found in him. "The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

In the summing up of the elements of his character, we find that his life and his word were the concrete expression of a stainless integrity. His white-souled truth, honesty, and purity were never questioned. His candor was charming and had not the least suggestion of bluff abruptness; there was no self-conscious sense of duty and no offensive condescension about him.

In relation to his fellow man, the word "service" best defines him. He was so accustomed to doing kindly things, so given to the ministry of helpfulness, that the inner sources of his being could be satisfied only by serving. With him all service worthy of the name represented an outlay of life and the expenditure of the deepest energies of his being. His heroism did not flame out suddenly, but was the product of the outlying years. Service was the atmosphere of his being.

He led the forces in the fight against evil. When the smoke



RICHARD JACKSON.

of the battle was lifted, the county and the town were freed from the power of the liquor traffic, and all other vices were driven to their hiding places. His political creed was that social injustice, inhuman industrialism, commercial greed, political demagoguery must be destroyed, root and branch, that the health-giving, blossoming trees of righteousness of God's own planting might extend their shade above all.

As a soldier we find in him a martial spirit that feared no foe and shirked no duty. He was a true soldier of the Southern Confederacy. At the call of the Governor of Missouri he volunteered in the 4th Missouri Cavalry, General Marmaduke's command, and he was always at his post. As intrepid in the shock of battle as the Black Prince and as magnanimous as Ivanhoe to a fallen foe, in defeat he submitted to the inevitable with no malice in his heart toward the victor. He was a Christian of the cleanest type. Vows of loyalty to his Lord were grounded in his soul, and fidelity to his Church was known throughout the county. His liberality was large and free. He gave for the very joy of giving. Many there be who will rise up and call him blessed, because his bounty made glad the heart and home of suffering and want.

In his home he was at his sweetest and best. To his children he was the embodiment of all that is highest and truest in man. He was always kind, but firm in discipline. He was indulgent, but demanded obedience. He lavished upon them his money, but gave his heart with it. He educated them in school, by travel at home and abroad, and by the example of his clean life. To his wife, the mother of his children, he was tender and devoted. She was always young and fair to him. The great love he gave her ripened with the years. To her he gave the most thoughtful consideration, and the chief joy of his life was to make her happy, and to this end he bent all the energies of mind and heart. He surrounded her with every comfort and an environment of affection, of beauty, and of constant appreciation.

Verily a great and good man has gone from us. He leaves behind him an example of life's highest virtues and the aroma of the sweetest and best things in human life. He was a Christian, a patriot, and a man, the richest fruit earth holds up to its Maker. Peace be to his ashes and eternal rest to his soul!

DEATHS AT LONGVIEW, TEX.

W. T. Young, Adjutant of Camp John Gregg, No. 583, U. C. V., at Longview, Tex., reports the following deaths since July 31, 1916:

B. N. Catterton, 39th Virginia Battalion; R. T. Echols, 32d Texas Cavalry; H. P. Ward, Company B, 20th Alabama Infantry; W. H. Key, Company B, 9th Louisiana Infantry; Dr. W. L. Marshall, surgeon Arkansas Regiment; J. M. Mobberly, Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.

COMRADES OF GEORGIA.

At the annual reunion of the 1st and 6th Georgia Cavalry at Cedartown, Ga., August 1, 1917, deaths of the following comrades since August, 1916, were reported:

William Tinney, Company B, 1st Georgia, Wilsonville, Ala.; J. P. Kinmon, Company I, 1st Georgia, Adairsville, Ga.; W. D. Cleghorn, Company I, 1st Georgia, Cartersville, Ga.; J. B. Whorton, Company C, 1st Georgia, Spring Garden, Ala.; Lafayette Whorton, Company C, 1st Georgia; T. S. Milican, Company G, 6th Georgia.

WILLIAM D. SHAW.

William Daniel Shaw was born in Caldwell County, Ky., December 31, 1842, and died at Temple, Tex., June 3, 1917. Four children survive him, two sons and two daughters. His wife died twenty years ago.

Comrade Shaw was a member of Company C, 3d Kentucky Cavalry, and enjoyed a distinction of which few Confederates could boast, being both a Confederate veteran and the son of a veteran. His father died while a prisoner in Camp Chase. William D. Shaw was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, where he was also captured and afterwards confined a short time in Louisville, Ky., and was then transferred to Camp Chase. In that battle he was wounded in the side, one of his ribs being fractured. In his old age he suffered a great deal from the effects of that wound, as the rib became diseased. He was an active member of Bell County Camp, U. C. V., from its organization and later joined Granbury Camp, No. 1323, when that was organized, serving as its Adjutant, with the exception of one year, until April, 1917, when he resigned because of physical disability.

Soon the Confederate veteran will be of the past. May each of us deserve the respect and love of his comrade as did Comrade Shaw!

[H. D. Patterson, Adjutant Granbury Camp.]

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

After an illness of several weeks, Charles Johnston died at his home, in St. Joseph, La., at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born in Jefferson County, Miss., his father being Capt. James S. Johnston, a wealthy planter and considered one of the most intellectual men of Mississippi. His two sons, Charles and James, both graduated at the University of Virginia. Upon the outbreak of the war Charles Johnston joined Darden's Battery, which became a part of the Army of Tennessee, and rendered valiant service through many strenuous campaigns. He also served on the staff of his cousin, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, particularly in that remarkable retreat when General Johnston opposed Sherman's march to the sea and killed more Federals than his own army numbered.

Upon the close of hostilities Mr. Johnston located in Tensas Parish, La., and in 1882 was married to Miss Mary Virginia Skinner. His wife preceded him to the grave three years ago. Three sons and one daughter, also a brother, Bishop James Johnston, of West Texas, survive him. He was buried at Natchez, Miss.

Mr. Johnston was a devoted husband and father, a true friend and good neighbor. Of cheerful disposition, he always endeavored to look on the bright side of life.



W. D. SHAW.

THOMAS SHEA.

Thomas Shea died at his home, in Pocahontas, Tenn., August 14, 1917, after a lingering illness, at the age of seventy-three years. He is survived by his widow, three sons, and one daughter.

Thomas Shea was born in Kerry County, Ireland, on February 1, 1844. With his parents he came to America in 1852 and located in Memphis, Tenn., later going to Pocahontas. He entered the Confederate service in 1861, at the early age of sixteen years, in Company F, 9th Tennessee Infantry. In the battle of Shiloh he was shot through the left lung, the wound disabling him for active infantry service; so he joined the cavalry troops, remaining with them until the close of the war. He was captured in May, 1863, near Tupelo, Miss., and imprisoned at Alton, Ill., and was soon afterwards exchanged. He was again taken prisoner in October, 1863, at Bolivar, but made his escape. After the surrender he returned home and engaged in farming, later in merchandising. He served his district as magistrate for a number of years. In October, 1865, he married Mollie E. Neese.

Esquire Shea was a highly respected and worthy citizen and was a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

R. F. Talley, of Middleton, Tenn., who reports the death of this comrade, writes that there is just one left of the Middleton Tigers, a company of one hundred and twenty-five as brave boys as ever went into battle.

THOMAS HENLEY VARNER.

After a short illness, Thomas Henley Varner died at his home, in Campbell County, Ga., on June 7, 1917. As he was born in October, 1829, he had almost reached the ripe age of fourscore years. He was born and reared within half a mile of where he had lived for sixty-one years.

In June, 1856, he was married to Miss Sarah Foster Gibson, and to them were born a son and a daughter, who, with the wife and mother, preceded him to the grave many years ago. His nephews and nieces comforted him in his last years. He was gentle and unassuming in his nature and much beloved by relatives and friends.

When the call came for volunteers to defend his loved South in 1861, he was among the first to respond. Enlisting in Company I, 2d Georgia Cavalry, under Gen. Joe Wheeler, he bravely bore his part, whether on the march, in camp, or on the field of battle, ever ready to share the burdens of a soldier's lot. He was captured and spent many weary months in Camp Chase Prison, from which he was not liberated until June, 1865, when, broken in health, he returned home to take up the burdens of life and help to build up the places made waste by the ravages of war. To the last he was devoted to the cause for which he had fought, and he is now resting with the comrades who had gone before him. He wore his cross of honor with dignity and pride.

F. L. ARRANDALE.

F. L. Arrandale was born in Humphries County, Ga., on January 12, 1845, and died on August 20, 1917, at his home, in Thurber, Tex. He enlisted in Company D, 1st Georgia State Troops, in February, 1862, and fought in the battles of New Hope Church, Lost Mountain, Kennesaw, Peachtree Creek, and all around Atlanta. He was paroled at Kingston on May 5, 1865. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and a son.

[B. T. Johnston, Thurber, Tex.]

CAPT. R. J. DEW.

One of the most honored citizens of Trenton, Tenn., was lost to that community in the death of Capt. R. J. Dew on August 7, 1917, after an illness of several months. He had lived an active life and one of much value to his county and State.

R. J. Dew was born on a farm near Lebanon, Wilson County, Tenn., September 18, 1842; but his parents afterwards moved to Weakley County, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm near Dresden, while his education was limited to the public schools of that county. At the age of eighteen he joined the Confederate army as a private in the first company of Weakley County volunteers, the "Old Hickory Blues," which was in the organization of the 9th Tennessee Infantry at Jackson in May, 1861, and it became a part of Cheatham's Division. He participated in all of the battles of that command, with the exception



CAPT. R. J. DEW.

of Perryville, Ky., in October, 1862; was twice wounded, at Chickamauga and at Missionary Ridge; and as captain of the company then composed of the remnant of the old 9th Regiment he surrendered at the close of the war with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. He then returned to Tennessee and lived on a farm until 1887, when he removed his family to Trenton. He had married Miss Amanda Ferris in January, 1868, and three of their five children survive him, two daughters and a son.

Captain Dew was for two terms clerk of the county court at Trenton, serving with great credit to himself and the office. After his term of office was completed, he was cashier of the First National Bank of Trenton until he retired from active business. And for a number of years he had been Treasurer of the Gibson County Fair Association, contributing much to its success. He was a splendid citizen and was highly esteemed for his kind and considerate disposition and unswerving honesty under all circumstances. He was converted during his soldier life, joined the Baptist Church in 1866, and lived a consistent Christian life to the end.

W. N. SHIVE.

W. N. Shive was born in Cabarrus County, N. C., December 27, 1836, and died at Union City, Tenn., on July 26, 1917, at the age of eighty-one years. He enlisted in the Confederate army on the 27th of May, 1861, in Company E, 19th Mississippi Infantry, and saw service in the Virginia Army from 1861 to 1865. He made a good soldier and was an honorable, upright citizen and a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, in which he was an elder.

A few years more, and the Confederate veterans will have passed from their earthly home; and while there will be no more reunions here for us, we hope to meet all our comrades on the other shore, to be reunited forevermore.

[J. H. Steele, Union City, Tenn.]

STEPHEN B. ROLLINS.

Stephen Brooks Rollins, aged seventy-nine years, one of the few survivors of Mosby's men, died on July 31, 1917, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George H. M. Heath, at Arlington, a suburb of Baltimore, Md. He was born in King George County, Va., entered the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war, and served under Stonewall Jackson until the latter's death. He then went with Mosby's Rangers and rose to the rank of lieutenant. He was with that command until the war was ended. He was a member of J. S. Mosby Camp, U. C. V., of Baltimore, and he wore a cross of honor which was the first bestowed by the Boston Chapter, U. D. C., of which his daughter, Mrs. R. D. Collier, is Treasurer. His other daughters are members of the Baltimore Chapter.

Mr. Rollins went to Baltimore in 1889 and had lived in Arlington, where he was widely known, for some years. He was married in 1859 to Miss Gibbs, and they celebrated their golden wedding in 1909. Mrs. Rollins died five years ago. Surviving him are seven daughters (Mrs. J. W. Treadwell, of Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Heath, of Arlington, Md.; Mrs. C. A. Askins, of Port Royal, Va.; Mrs. R. D. Collier, of Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. J. A. Chalk, Mrs. E. W. White, and Mrs. B. H. Hanlon, all of Baltimore) and two sons (Messrs. H. M. Rollins and John Rollins), also thirty-four grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren. The pallbearers were his grandchildren. He was buried in Loudon Park Cemetery. Mr. Rollins was a member of the Baptist Church.

B. N. CATTERTON.

B. N. Catterton died at his residence, in Longview, Tex., on September 17, 1916, after a painful illness. He was born at Nortonville, Albemarle County, Va., near Charlottesville, on September 19, 1846, and became a soldier of the Confederacy as a boy of seventeen. After serving a few months in the infantry, he was transferred to the cavalry branch, where he served with Company B, 39th Virginia Battalion, commanded by Major Richardson. His company was one of those which acted as scouts, couriers, and guards for Gen. R. E. Lee, and our comrade filled every place with bravery and honor.

In November, 1871, Comrade Catterton was married to Miss Sarah Smith, and to them were born two daughters and a son. His wife, son, and a daughter survive him. With his family he removed to Longview, Tex., in 1891, and that was his home until death. He was a useful citizen and made many friends. He was a member of the Methodist Church and of the Masonic Order, in both of which he was a faithful worker.

JEFF DAVIS CAMP, No. 117, U. C. V.

G. H. Denison, Adjutant Jeff Davis Camp of Goldthwaite, Tex., reports the following deaths during the past year:

E. M. Doggett, Company B, 20th Texas Infantry, died October 4, 1916; J. A. Price, Company B, 20th Texas Infantry, died November 16, 1916; David G. Wommack, Company A, 13th North Carolina Infantry, died February 12, 1917; A. V. Lane, Company B, 17th Texas Infantry, died April 30, 1917; J. A. McLeod, Company C, 33d Texas Cavalry, died July 6, 1917.

There are now forty-two members left on the roll of this Camp.

J. W. KENNERLY.

J. W. Kennerly, an old and well-known citizen of St. Clair County, Mo., a resident of the Tiffen neighborhood for nearly thirty-five years, died at his home on August 24, 1917, after a long illness.

Comrade Kennerly was born September 29, 1843, in Augusta County, Va. In 1861, at eighteen years of age, he enlisted in Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and gave four years of his young manhood to the cause of the South. At the close of the war conditions were so changed in his home State that he had no desire to remain there longer, so he removed to Missouri, locating in the northern part of the State, and lived there for several years, and there he laid the bodies of his wife and infant son to rest.

In 1873, at Grand Pass, he married Miss Angeline McKeynolds, with whom he lived happily for forty-four years and who survives him. The death of his son, the Rev. Charles D. Kennerly, whose life was so full of promise, brought a crushing sorrow.

The record of his life is complete, and it can be truthfully said and justly that J. W. Kennerly was a good man, a man who lived up to the ideals of conduct that made him a power in his community for the accomplishment of those things that promote social, moral, and religious betterment.

R. C. LEVISTER.

R. C. Levister, who died at Bowie, Tex., on February 28, 1917, at the age of seventy-four years, was a native of South Carolina, where he was born August 23, 1842. He served in the Confederate army as a member of Company H, 6th South Carolina Regiment, having enlisted in April, 1861, in what was known as the "Buckhead Guards," and took part in the bombardment of Fort Sumter. He afterwards went to Virginia with his regiment and served with Jenkins's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. This comrade was in the battles of Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, second battle of Manassas, Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, Drewry's Bluff, Antietam, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge, and on to the end with General Lee at Appomattox. He was desperately wounded at Second Manassas, but after recuperating he rejoined his regiment and went through these battles unscathed.



R. C. LEVISTER.

In July, 1867, Comrade Levister was married to Miss Mary Rebecca Chapman, and in 1875 he removed from South Carolina to Monroe, Union County, N. C., and from there to Bowie, Tex., in November, 1883. He was for thirty-four years an honored member of Bowie-Pelham Camp, No. 572, U. C. V., and had been for many years a member of the Masonic Order, Bowie Lodge, No. 578. He united with the Baptist Church while in the army and was ever after a faithful and consistent member.

[G. W. Chancellor, in behalf of Camp Bowie-Pelham.]

D. TRACK WILLIAMS.

D. T. Williams, of near Lebanon, Tenn., suffered instant death on being thrown from his buggy recently. "Uncle Track," as he was known generally, was one of the best-known citizens of the county and had reached the age of eighty-two years. He served in the Confederate army as a private of Company D, 7th Tennessee Regiment, under Colonel (later General) Hatton, and his comrades testify that he made a good soldier, serving to the end. He was always loyal to the cause for which he had fought and had attended many reunions of his comrades since the war. Though of limited education, he had the spirit of a gentleman, and his genial disposition endeared him to his friends. His honesty and integrity were unquestioned, and his optimistic spirit radiated happiness and good cheer. Long and pleasantly will "Uncle Track" be remembered. He left a widow and several children, one of whom is Newt Williams, a former trustee of Wilson County.

ALEXANDER N. PIPER.

Alexander N. Piper, a gallant Confederate soldier and a resident of Nashville, Tenn., since before the war, died recently after a short illness. He was in his eighty-fifth year, having been born in Mayfield, Ky., in December, 1832. He went from Carthage, Tenn., to Nashville in the fifties, and on the outbreak of the war he enlisted on May 20, 1861, in Company B, 7th Tennessee Regiment, continuing in the service until the surrender at Appomattox; he was paroled with General Lee's troops. Early in his career as a soldier he became a sergeant, and in December, 1862, he was appointed orderly sergeant of his company. He made a record as a brave and faithful soldier and was twice wounded. He was a man of strong character and had many friends.

Comrade Piper was twice married and is survived by his second wife, four daughters, and two sons. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity.

D. A. TIMBERLAKE.

The death of D. A. Timberlake at his home, in Huntsville, Ala., on August 22, 1917, removes another from the fast-thinning ranks of gray. Enlisting in the spring of 1861, he served throughout the war in Law's Brigade, A. N. V., as a member of Company F, 4th Alabama Infantry. He was in many engagements, and at Gettysburg he was wounded, captured, and imprisoned; but he was again in active service at the close of the war.

Comrade Timberlake was a man of quiet and unassuming demeanor, of a retiring disposition, but possessing many friends. He was married to Miss Minnie Duncan, of Corinth, Miss., and five daughters survive him.

WILLIAM EAGAN.

The Memorial Committee, composed of W. L. McKee, Tam Brooks, and J. W. Morrison, made report to Hill County Camp, of Hillsboro, Tex., on the death of Comrade William Eagan, who died on February 25, 1917, from which report the following is taken:

Comrade Eagan was a native Texan, having been born in Red River County on June 10, 1841. He entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the war and continued a faithful soldier throughout the struggle. He was an exemplary citizen in civil life and a consistent Christian gentleman, beloved by all with whom he came in contact. Eight children survive him.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HADLEY.

Thomas J. Hadley, descended from ancestors who rendered both civil and military service of a high order in the war for independence, was born in Wayne County, N. C., July 9, 1838. His father, Thomas Hadley, was an unflinching Union Whig, and his sons were reared in that political faith. He was attending the university at Chapel Hill when the war began, and after receiving his bachelor's degree he at once enlisted as a private in a company made up of Wilson County men, which later became Company A of the 55th North Carolina Regiment, commanded by Col. John Kerr Connally. As a recognition of his personal and soldierly qualities, he was elected one of the lieutenants of his company. His first experience in battle was at Washington, N. C., and Suffolk, Va. The regiment joined the Army of Northern Virginia. In the battle of Gettysburg, as a portion of Heth's Division, Davis's Brigade, it took part in Pickett's charge and was among those who went "farthest to the front."

Lieutenant Hadley was wounded at Falling River, and in the battle of the Wilderness he also sustained a severe wound which disabled him for several weeks. Upon returning to his regiment "his service won for him well-deserved promotion." He was put in command of his company and, with the exception of the time he was in a Federal prison, was with his regiment, winning distinction for gallantry, judgment, and other soldierly qualities.

He was engaged in the closing struggles around Petersburg and, with General Lee and his immortals, surrendered at Appomattox. Returning to his home, he resumed his studies at the university, where he secured the degree of Master of Arts and completed the law course; but after teaching for a year, he went into business, in which he achieved success. He was a member of the United Confederate Veterans and was always deeply interested in the welfare of his comrades in arms.

Mr. Hadley was married to Miss Sallie Saunders, of a prominent family of Johnson County, N. C. At the age of seventy-nine years he passed away in Wilson, N. C., August 3, 1917, leaving to his children the heritage of an honored name and life. One son and three daughters survive him.

[H. G. Connor, Wilson, N. C.]

JOHN ALLEN TRIGG.

John Allen Trigg, one of the esteemed citizens of Eldorado Springs, Mo., died at Nevada, in that State, on August 1, 1917. He was born September 4, 1839, at Millersburg, Ky., the son of Thomas A. and Marjorie Trigg.

Comrade Trigg was married in February, 1873, to Miss Virginia Orr, who died in 1899. In September, 1907, he was again united in marriage to Miss Mary Spencer, of Fayette, Mo. Before removing to Eldorado Springs, twelve years ago, he had been a prominent resident of Callaway County, Mo., having lived there since he was twelve years of age.

John Trigg joined the Missouri State Guards in response to Jackson's first call for volunteers. After the battles of Booneville, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington, the army went to Pineville, in Southwest Missouri, where young Trigg was mustered into the Confederate service. A few months later he joined Forrest's Cavalry and was in active service with Forrest until the surrender as a member of Company C, 2d Missouri Cavalry Regiment. Since early manhood he had been an active and faithful member of the Christian Church. Besides his wife, he is survived by one brother, G. H. Trigg, of Fulton, Mo., and by several nieces and nephews.

THEODORE SCHMITT.

Memorial resolutions by Yazoo Camp, No. 176, U. C. V., give expression to the loss which was occasioned by the death



THEODORE SCHMITT.

of a beloved comrade, Theodore Schmitt, one of the organizers of the Camp and who had served as its commander and also as lieutenant commander. He was ever active and zealous in its behalf. These resolutions set forth: "That in the death of Comrade Schmitt the Camp has lost one of its most active and zealous members; that as a brave and gallant Confederate soldier he had few equals; that as a citizen of the State he was a sturdy supporter of its constitution and laws, contrib-

uting his share to its wealth, peace, and happiness; that the community has lost a good neighbor and friend; that the family lost a kind and indulgent father and brother."

Comrade Schmitt was born in the Grand Duchy of Baden, Germany, and came to America with his parents in 1850, when but five years of age. Although he was only sixteen years of age when the War between the States began, he joined Capt. C. F. Hamer's company, the Hamer Rifles, which was organized in April, 1861, and became a part of the 18th Mississippi Regiment. He took part in the battles of Manassas, Seven Pines, Fredericksburg, Leesburg, Savage Station, Marye's Heights, and Malvern Hill. At the latter place he was wounded, but upon his recovery he joined the company of Capt. A. B. Johnson and was wounded again in a skirmish near Clark's Ferry, Tenn.

After the war Comrade Schmitt again entered business in Yazoo City; but some years ago he invested largely in Delta lands and cultivated them successfully, accumulating quite a competence. He was married to Miss Mary O'Keefe in 1872, and of their eight children three sons and a daughter survive him. He was a man of strong convictions, fearlessly expressed, and very popular in his community, having served twice as mayor of the city, several times on the board of aldermen, as a member of the board of supervisors, and, finally, as State Representative. He was a member of the Catholic Church, liberal in his views, and in every way he upheld his American citizenship.

Adj. J. W. Luckett, Sr., of Yazoo Camp, said of this comrade: "He was a true Christian gentleman, kind and devoted to his family and friends, the very soul of honor. His word was his bond. After his family, this Camp will miss him most; but the whole country will miss him. We have some as good men left in Yazoo County, but none better. May his soul rest in peace! is the prayer of his old comrade."

[The memorial committee was composed of E. Schaefer, S. S. Griffin, and A. F. Gerard.]

"Gone into darkness, that full light
Of friendship passed in sleep away
By night into the deeper night!
The deeper night? A clearer day!"

A UNIQUE INCIDENT.

J. M. Beadles, of Madison Run, Va., writes of a most unique incident of his war experience:

"In November, 1863, General Lee's army moved into winter quarters on the south side of Rapidan River. The Union army moved up to the north side. The pickets on each side of the river were within speaking distance of each other. My command camped on the north side of Clark's Mountain and was composed of the following regiments of infantry: 58th, 52d, 49th, 32d, and 13th Virginia, Gen. A. P. Hill's old regiment. This was the 4th Virginia Brigade, commanded by General Pegram, who was killed at Hatcher's Run.

"While in camp our chaplain, Rev. Willie Ragland, preached very faithfully the gospel of Christ to our command, the 13th Virginia, that loved and honored him as a servant of God. One of the converts, Goodwin, of Company A, of Orange Courthouse, living in the lower part of the county, wished to be baptized in the Rapidan River; but the enemy was just on the other side, and our officers feared that we might bring on trouble. But finally they gave their consent. We marched very scatteringly, about fifty strong; and the enemy, seeing that we had no arms, did not fire on us, but seemed greatly puzzled and watched us closely. As soon as we reached the water's edge we began to sing that grand old hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' and at once the enemy began to leave their works and hasten to the riverside, and many voices in the Northern army joined in the song. Both armies were at peace as they witnessed the death of the old man into the resurrection of the new man through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"For fifty years I had lost sight of this happening until, in passing down the river fishing with Brother Ryan, of Culpeper Courthouse, he said to me, 'This is Summerville Ford,' when the incident flashed in my mind, and I said to him: 'Stop, and I will tell you what happened just here.' I have never seen this in print, and some one may see it who can tell more about it. I was from Louise Courthouse, Company D, 13th Virginia Infantry."

A VIRGINIA PRECEDENT.

Many people are insisting that Congress forbid the manufacture of liquors from grain during the period of the war, and those who prefer this method of putting a stop to speculation in food will find precedent to sustain their view. The *Virginian-Pilot* says:

"The following act was passed by the General Assembly of Virginia at a session commencing at the Capitol at Williamsburg on Monday, October 5, 1773, in the third year of the commonwealth. The actual date of the passage of the act is not given, but it went into effect on February 15, 1779. This citation is from Henning's 'Statutes at Large,' Volume IX., page 476:

"Whereas the great quantity of grain consumed in the distilleries will increase the present alarming scarcity, be it enacted by the General Assembly that no kind of spirituous liquors shall be distilled from Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat meal, or flour within this commonwealth between the 15th day of February next and the 15th day of October next, on pain of forfeiting the liquor so distilled, or the worth thereof, if sold before seizure, together with the still in which the same was distilled, to be recovered in any court of record within this commonwealth by action of debt, bill, plaint, or information, by any person who shall sue for the

same, one-half thereof to the informer and the other half to the use of the commonwealth; and upon the recovery of any still or stills sued for under this act the court by whom judgment is given shall order the sheriff to sell the same for ready money to the highest bidder and pay one-half of the money arising from such sale into the public treasury."—*James Callaway, in Macon Telegraph.*

A WARM INTRODUCTION.

Dr. W. B. Conway, a trooper with "Jeb" Stuart, writes from Athens, Ga.: "The August number of the *VETERAN* contains a letter from my staunch friend, A. Ward Fenton, of Louis-



DR. W. B. CONWAY.

ville, Ohio, who was captain in the 6th Ohio Cavalry Regiment, U. S. A. I am glad to welcome Captain Fenton, 'one who wore the blue,' as a contributor to the *VETERAN*. The unfortunate occasion of our first meeting brought about a fight, and, true to our convictions, we went at it instant. It was on a beautiful afternoon, when the honeysuckle lent its perfume to the air as a soothing balm to the wounded and dying about us. The time was the 9th of May, 1864, near Spottsylvania C. H., Va.,

during the Grant campaign. Captain Fenton's command was on that day acting as rear guard of General Sheridan's division of cavalry; mine was the 4th Virginia Cavalry Regiment, C. S. A., on the march; and as there was no occasion for a halt, we dashed headlong into his command. After desperate fighting for a while, we soon found that we had met Americans worthy of our steel. The 6th Regiment was composed of Ohio boys with whom we had previously met on many battle fields.

"Captain Fenton has informed me that his losses in killed were his major, orderly sergeant, and several privates. Our losses in killed were Lieut. John Hinker, of Company C, a private or two, and several wounded, including myself. Captain Fenton has been Commander of his Camp for a good many years and has also been honored by his Camp as the 'Father of the Regiment.' While he is truly loyal to his country and flag, he is 'a gentleman of the old school,' of culture and refinement, with a heart and a soul that are generous to a fault toward his friends of the South. We would be glad to have more from him, as his letters to me have always proved unusually interesting and conservative."

CONFEDERATE GRAVES IN THE WEST.—Mrs. Flora E. Stevens, of Kansas City, Mo., writes that the Confederate soldiers buried farthest west are six who died of their wounds after being taken to Fort Leavenworth, Kans., as prisoners following the battle of Westport, in October, 1864, between Generals Price and Curtis, and they were buried in the Union Cemetery there. The government some years ago marked their graves with headstones. Those who were killed in that battle are buried in Kansas City, Mo. There are two monuments for these—one in Forest Hill, erected by the U. D. C., and one in Union Cemetery, placed there by the national government.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MRS. CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER, *President General*

Washington, D. C.

MRS. J. H. STEWART, Los Angeles, Cal.....*First Vice President General*
 MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....*Second Vice President General*
 MRS. LULU A. LOVELL, Denver, Colo.....*Third Vice President General*
 MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va.....*Recording Secretary General*
 MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla.....*Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C.....*Treasurer General*
 MRS. GRACE M. NEWBILL, Pulaski, Va.....*Historian General*
 MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn.....*Registrar General*
 MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio.....*Custodian of Crosses*
 MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WALKER, Norfolk, Va.....*Custodian of Flags and Pennants*
 MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, Wytheville, Va., *Official Editor*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

CONVENTION CALL.

To the Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Greeting and Best Wishes: The twenty-fourth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will meet in the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., on Wednesday, November 14, 1917. The opening exercises will be held Tuesday evening, November 13, at 8:30.

Chapters are entitled to representation according to membership, as follows: "One vote for the first seven members and one additional vote for every additional twenty-five members, provided *per capita* tax has been paid. Any one or more representatives of a Chapter may cast the full vote to which said Chapter is entitled, but such vote must be cast through the chairman of the delegation." (Article VI., Section 4.)

It is urged that Chapters send delegates to the convention, but where this is impossible they "may name as proxy any duly elected delegate from the same Division. No proxy shall be given from one State to another when there are duly accredited delegates from that State, provided one person does not hold more than one State proxy." (Article VI., Section 4.)

Three credential blanks are herewith inclosed, and Chapter Presidents are requested to adhere closely to the rules governing them. Please elect your delegates at once, fill out the blanks, and send as follows: One to Mrs. W. E. Wheelock, 238 South Prospect Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.; the second to your Division President, that she may be able to forward to the Credentials Committee ten days before the convention (By-Law I., Section 3); and the third to be taken by your delegate to the convention for identification (By-Law VII.). No credentials will be recognized not in the hands of the Credential Committee five days before convention. (By-Law VII.)

The list of your deceased members should be sent by October 20 to Mrs. Lutie Hailey Walcott, Corresponding Secretary General, Ardmore, Okla. General officers, Division Presidents, and chairmen of committees are required to have reports typewritten and requested to leave them with the Recording Secretary General after reading in convention. The Hotel Patten has been chosen as headquarters of the U. D. C. The rates at Hotel Patten, official headquarters, range from \$1 to \$4 per day for room, according to the number in room and its location. Rates at other hotels are similar, the prices being based on the accommodation given. Reservations should be made in advance, if possible. Write the Read House, Ninth Street; the Park Hotel, Seventh Street; Grand Hotel, near Central Depot. All the hotels are on the European plan.

The following committees are requested to meet promptly at the hour designated in the Hotel Patten:

Credentials Committee, Monday and Tuesday, November 13 and 14, at 9:30 A.M.

Shiloh Monument Committee, Tuesday, November 13, at 10 A.M.

Cunningham Monument Committee, Tuesday, November 13, at 3 P.M.

Educational Committee, Tuesday, November 13, at 3 P.M.

Arlington Confederate Monument Association, Tuesday, November 13, at 4 P.M.

Monument to Jefferson Davis at His Birthplace in Kentucky, Tuesday, November 13, at 3 P.M.

Executive Committee, Monday, November 12, at 10 A.M.

By order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER,
President General;

MAUDE E. MERCHANT,
Recording Secretary General.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: In a little more than a month after this letter appears we will meet in Chattanooga, Tenn., for our annual convention, and I urge Division and Chapter Presidents to study closely the latter part of Section 3 of By-Law I., Section 2 of By-Law II., By-Law VII., and Article VI. of the Constitution, and also follow instructions given in the convention call.

Knowing that each delegate wishes to wear a U. D. C. badge at the convention, I suggest that those desiring to procure them communicate at once with Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, Custodian of Badges, Troy, Ala., as delay may result in their not being received in time.

Your attention is again called to the record book gotten out by Mrs. Bashinsky for the preservation of U. D. C. records and records of soldiers upon whom Chapters bestow crosses of honor, which is most excellently adapted to these purposes. It may be obtained from Miss Allie Garner, Ozark, Ala. The proceeds from the sale of these books is devoted to U. D. C. scholarships.

In the August 20 issue of Town and Country appeared an appreciation of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, from which I quote the following: "They have gone to work along with the other women of the world. Without a penny of outside subscription or any other form of donation, without a line of publicity or a suggestion of recognition from any government source, without official headquarters or a single paid employee by way of office force, they have quietly settled down to make good. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might' is apparently their watchword.

Forming committees for national defense and the sale of liberty bonds, lecturing in negro churches on conservation, training both whites and blacks to can, sending out boxes to the Red Cross in Europe, and forming Red Cross units in every Southern town, giving ambulances and equipping others, have been only a part of the assistance they have been and are rendering." And in another paragraph of this issue: "A quiet little woman down in Tennessee wrote out an unadorned report of what her small Chapter had worked for. The report found its way to Mr. Hoover, who was so struck with its merits that he is now proposing to have it printed and distributed as an example of what women everywhere might, could, or should do to best help America in her present emergency. Nor is this all. Down in Richmond the historic old Grace Street Presbyterian Church has been converted into Red Cross headquarters, where an average of a hundred and fifty women meet daily. And so it goes." The lady referred to above is Mrs. E. O. Wells, of Rockford, Tenn., and her report alluded to was sent by me to Mr. Hoover, who requested my permission to print portions of it.

Attention is called to the War Relief Camp of the Louisiana Division, an account of which, accompanied by a photograph, appeared in the August VETERAN. It had been my intention to make mention of this very laudable undertaking, but I was forestalled by the appearance of this article.

The Wade Hampton Chapter, No. 1658, recently organized at El Paso, Tex., Mrs. Charles E. Bryan, President, presented on August 10 two richly hand-embroidered silk red, white, and blue flags to Companies A and B of the 1st Texas Infantry. The impressive ceremonies were held in Cleveland Square in the presence of thousands, with the mayor as master of ceremonies. This Chapter has also made and filled one hundred comfort bags for these boys.

Under the auspices of the Pittsburgh Chapter hundreds of patriotic women in Western Pennsylvania are knitting eight hundred each of jackets, mufflers, and wristlets for the sailors of the armored cruiser Pittsburgh. Lacking funds for an undertaking of such magnitude, Mrs. Frederick Oates, formerly President of the Philadelphia Chapter, through whose efforts the Pittsburgh Chapter was organized, suggested that the public be asked for donations of waste paper, the proceeds from its sale to be used in purchasing yarn. Mrs. Loudoun L. Campbell was appointed chairman of Paper Committee to solicit contributions, and within twenty-four hours tons of paper had been offered. A committee waited upon the mayor, who designated the city garage as the official wareroom. Trucks were obtained to handle the paper offered from all parts of the city and suburbs. The work is still growing, and appeals have been made for additional trucks. Mrs. E. R. Shively Chairman of the Supply Committee, was overwhelmed with offers to knit from every ward in the city and every suburb town in Allegheny County, as well as towns throughout the western part of the State. When this vessel has been supplied, the work of the Chapter will be sent to other warships, it being under consideration to install a knitting machine to augment the product of the handmade articles. Mrs. John Pryor Cowan, President of the Chapter, has been indefatigable in the prosecution of this work. The Chapter was organized in December, 1915, and the less than half a hundred women composing it, all of whom are engaged individually in work for the Red Cross, have an achievement to their credit of which any Chapter in the organization might well be proud. Mrs. Cowan writes me: "The encouraging feature of our work is in the gracious coöperation we

have received from our Northern sisters. Some of them who, unconsciously, perhaps, formerly were a bit prejudiced against the U. D. C. have been outspoken in their praise of the Chapter's enterprise. They are our most industrious helpers, our most generous donors. Our first knitted garment came from a lady of New England birth, who presented it with her blessing and the promise of more."

We have collected thousands of dollars on the floor of our conventions for various objects, we have raised thousands of dollars for monuments, we are contributing thousands of dollars for war relief work, but what have we done for the women of the sixties? That our members are active in their country's behalf, not only in the South, but also in the North, East, and West, and that our society has taken a prominent part at meetings of every national patriotic organization of men and women held in the national capital within the past two years, are matters of pride to me; but it is with shame that I read the following in a personal letter from Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., our Chairman of Relief: "I had two such pathetic cases last week presented by two county Chapters. I just had to throw myself upon the public. I printed the records under which they would be eligible, ages eighty-three and eighty-five, and simply asked if they must wait. That night at half past ten I was called to the telephone by Mr. L. W. Swan, who said: 'I have just read the evening paper, and your old ladies shall not wait. I will pledge \$30 a month until January, \$15 apiece.' The next day I received his check for two months." Daughters, I repeat, it shames me to realize our neglect of these women of the sixties, and at our forthcoming convention I shall make the strongest appeal of which I am capable that an adequate fund be raised for their care, a fund of one hundred thousand dollars or more, if necessary. Only a very few years will elapse before these women, our wards, will be beyond the need of our ministrations, and so appealing is their cause that I know that every Daughter, every man, woman, and child of the South will respond to our efforts in their behalf.

Faithfully yours,

CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY NELSON WARDEN.

The California Division Chapters have been very active in Red Cross work this summer. Several Chapters in the southern part of the State have formed auxiliaries and are holding regular weekly meetings, serving and "doing our bit" whenever called upon.

At the home of Mrs. C. C. Clay, in Oakland, on August 11, the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. Mrs. A. M. Davis, the State President, and others prominent in Chapter work from various parts of the State were present. Mrs. Davis gave an interesting account of her visit to Washington, D. C., during the Confederate Reunion. Mrs. William B. Pritchard, daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, contributed a most excellent paper telling of the trying times the U. D. C. experienced in organizing on the coast. Mrs. Seldon S. Wright, our founder, who is now eighty-seven years old and who until two years ago was always hostess upon this occasion, was not able to be present.

Since the outbreak of the war this Chapter has been very active in the interest of the Navy League and Red Cross; and the President, Mrs. C. C. Clay, is the worthy representa-

tive of the Daughters of California in the work of the Council of National and State Defense. But, with all the present-day war activity, we have not neglected nor forgotten our duty and responsibility to our own. Many of our Southern boys from California have enlisted in various branches of the service.

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH, NEW ORLEANS.

The unveiling and dedication of the \$50,000 Confederate Monument on Shiloh battle field May 17, 1917, erected by the sole efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy and presented by them to the United States government, was an event of deep interest to the entire South, not only for its great beauty of design and execution, but because it commemorates the first great battle of the War between the States and the death of our bravest of the brave, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

The Louisiana Division was nobly represented by the magnificent floral wreath which was presented through Mrs. A. M. Haile in the name of the Division, and she was accorded the privilege of placing it in a very conspicuous place on the monument. Every foot of the battle ground is doubly sacred to Mrs. Haile, for her childhood was



MRS. A. M. HAILE.

spent among those forests and on the banks of the Tennessee River, that flows so near the hallowed field of Shiloh. Almost "by right of kings" our representative can claim close kinship with our dearly loved Gen. Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Haile's grandmother was Margaret Carter, daughter of Robert Carter and a sister of Ann Carter, mother of General Lee. Mrs. Haile's father was one of the most prominent residents and one of the founders of Corinth, Miss. She is a very active member of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of New Orleans, one of the most wide-awake Chapters of the Louisiana Division, and she is a member of the Relief Corps, with heart and hand in the Red Cross work.

Mrs. Florence C. Tompkins, Chairman of the Committee on Education for Louisiana of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has sent out the following information for the use of descendants of Confederate soldiers and sailors who desire to obtain an education:

Scholarships available for 1917-18:

Washington and Lee University, five scholarships, at \$50 each, \$250.

Seashore Camp Grounds School, Biloxi, a four-year scholarship, \$200.

Jefferson Military College, Washington, Miss., a four-year scholarship, \$300.

The Katherine Brest School, New Orleans, a four-year high-school course, \$400.

Loyola University, value \$100.

Loyola University, premedical, \$100.

All applicants must give their age, must give promise of robust health, must be able to pass the entrance examination, must give suitable proof of their inability to pay for their education, and must be descendants of Confederate veterans.

This is a dull season for all Confederate news, the Red Cross work having monopolized the service of our women, heart and hand, to the exclusion of all other activities. A patriotic President, Mrs. M. M. Bannerman, has something to say on the importance of this great work:

"History shows that women have always adapted themselves to the exigencies of war. A recent photo entitled 'The Spirit of France' shows three women dragging a harrow over the barren fields to sow the seed that will keep their men alive at the front. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that we may have to till as do these French women. At present we are called upon to 'do our bit' in the form of work to which we are more or less accustomed.

"Are we responding with commendable zeal, or must suffering be necessary to produce the spirit? I appeal directly to every Daughter of the Confederacy in the State to buckle on her armor and do her full share.

"In no way can this be better achieved than by adopting the suggestions of our President General in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of August, in which she says: 'The largest results will be achieved through coöperation with the two government agencies, the American Red Cross and the Council of National Defense.' There is no question of 'federating' with these agencies; coöperation is all that is sought.

"The Louisiana Division U. D. C. War Relief Corps offered its services to the American Red Cross, which were accepted. This war relief corps is doing very fine work, but it needs more workers. As your President, may I not earnestly appeal to you, every Daughter in New Orleans and in this State, to give freely of your time and labor to this noble and patriotic cause? Now is the opportune time for concerted action."

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. A. W. HALLIBURTON, LITTLE ROCK.

After a two months' vacation, Chapters of the Arkansas Division have again taken up their work; not that the members were idle during these summer months, for the women of Arkansas, and, indeed, of the entire South, have generously responded to the call of the nation, just as our mothers responded to the call of the South in the days of the sixties. The organization of the Red Cross Chapter in Little Rock was due primarily to the efforts of Mrs. Frank Tillar, President of Memorial Chapter. Our State President, Mrs. J. T. Beal, has been instrumental in organizing Red Cross Chapters in other towns through U. D. C. members. Memorial Chapter furnished the material and made over fifty garments for the Red Cross, besides the regular work the members are doing at the Red Cross rooms. The call for knitted garments has touched a responsive chord in the hearts of all, and everybody is trying to knit. "Southern women are setting a good example for the women of all America," said Major General Wood; and how proud we are that the loyal response from the women of the South has given reason for such a compliment!

Our State Historian has been doing splendid work for the cause of true history in our schools by her work with the State Textbook Committee. Benton and Bourne's "United States History" was one of the histories adopted after a pledge from the publishing company to make some correc-

tions requested by Mrs. Allen. The correction of this history will benefit not only Arkansas, but all schools where it is used. Mrs. Allen had done such splendid work on the Textbook Committee of our Confederate Council that her criticism was considered worthy of consideration.

In her August letter to the Chapters our State President reminded them that all delinquent dues must be paid promptly, and it is hoped that Arkansas will meet all obligations and not have a delinquent Chapter on the roster.



MRS. POLK PRINCE, OF GUTHRIE,
Retiring President of the Kentucky Division.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

BY MISS MARGARET BOYLES, FAYETTEVILLE.

The Musidora McCory Chapter, of Jackson, feels very highly honored to have its Chapter President also as President of the State Division. Her first duty after being elected was to take the beautiful galax leaves, tied with many yards of red and white ribbons, from the Tennessee Division to place on our beautiful monument at Shiloh. This Chapter sent all veterans who wanted to attend the unveiling to Shiloh in decorated automobiles, also sent three veterans to the Reunion in Washington; and in response to the appeal of our President it began a war relief fund by having a market for one week in Court Square, from which was realized \$125. Other plans are under way by which a nice sum will be realized for the ambulance that the Daughters of the Volunteer State will send to France. This Chapter was also the first to buy a liberty bond. The Dixie Auxiliary furnished a beautiful program for Memorial Day, June 3. The patriotic address by Maj. Neal Holmes, of Trenton, was a worthy effort of the gifted orator.

Our new President sends this message:

"Since my election as President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., I have wanted to send the VETERAN a few of our plans. Our motto for the next two years will be 'Service.'"

"The convention held in Memphis, May 9-11, was a most harmonious and satisfactory one. The cordiality and entertainment given us were all that could have been expected of even the hospitable citizens of the 'Bluff City.'"

"One of my first duties was to send out a letter to each Chapter in the State asking that they buy liberty loan bonds and help in the Red Cross work. The response was most pleasing. My own Chapter, the Musidora C. McCory, had the honor of being the first to buy; the Shiloh Chapter, at Savannah, the same little Chapter of thirty-two members which started the Shiloh monument fund and gave so liberally until its completion, came second; and the Chapter at St. Elmo invested \$400 in bonds, besides many other Chapters."

"We have undertaken now to buy an ambulance to be sent to France by the Tennessee Division and expect by September 1 to have earned enough money to buy one of the best on the market. We all realize the importance of assisting our country at this crucial time, and I know not one of us will be found unworthy of our heritage."

"Tennessee Daughters are justly proud of the honor that has come to our own Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, of Pulaski, who has lately been elected to fill our honored and dearly loved Mrs. Rose's (of Mississippi) unexpected term as Historian General. We who know her feel that the U. D. C. are to be congratulated on having placed this work in such capable hands."

"Let me wish for each Daughter a happy and prosperous year, and may we each be ready to respond whenever and wherever duty calls."

"Sincerely,

BIRDIE ASKEW OWEN."

THE KENTUCKY DIVISION.

The annual convention of the Kentucky Division was held at Danville, Ky., September 18-20. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Mrs. James B. Camp, Louisville.

Vice Presidents, Mrs. Frank Gentry, Lexington; Mrs. George Spillman, Danville; Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, Bardstown.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Stone, Frankfort.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles Jenkins, Louisville.

Treasurer, Mrs. C. N. Givens, Cynthia.

Registrar, Miss Ruth Jones, Mayfield.

Chaplain, Mrs. Maltby, Maysville.

Assistant Chaplain, Mrs. Charles Hardin, Harrodsburg.

Auditor, Mrs. Sadie McCormick, Winchester.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

The Savannah Chapter, through Mrs. W. Moore Scott, reports having received a large portrait of General Lee from his daughter, Miss Mary Custis Lee, and it was presented by Mrs. W. H. Elliot in appropriate words. The portrait was painted by a noted artist, Miss Lee herself superintending the work that a true likeness of her father might be secured. It is needless to say that the Chapter highly prizes this portrait of one of the world's greatest heroes and best men, not only for the generosity of Miss Lee in making this gift, but also for the honor of being its recipient; and it will ever have the first place in the Chapter home, as does General Lee in our hearts.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

J. BY MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Dear Historians: This will perhaps be my last message to you through the VETERAN before our general convention in November. I am very anxious to meet a number of Historians on that occasion and hope that each Historian present may bring a message from her Division to be delivered on Historical Evening. I think this is to be the most delightful feature of the whole convention, and I am looking hopefully to it as a means of stimulating interest and furthering our historical work, drawing us closer together in the bonds which must strengthen us as we labor lovingly in the great cause to which we are pledged.

So many fine things have come to me in this work, so many true and loyal expressions of good will and coöperation, that I would prove myself very ungrateful if I did not use every opportunity given me to express sincere appreciation. But I must give expression to one note of disappointment. Not one word or line has come to me from any Director of Children's Auxiliaries. I feel very sure that many Auxiliaries have used programs prepared for the Children of the Confederacy, and I trust I may yet receive many historical papers prepared by our Children. In most cases they are earnest and responsive, and we should leave no means untried in our effort to interest them in the study of Southern history.

I hope to see a contest inaugurated at our next convention offering a banner or a medal for the best historical work done by a Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy. The Children are our hope to carry on the work when we can no longer do so, and it is our imperative duty to so instruct as to prepare and equip them for this most important and sacred work.

May I ask that all Historians who can attend the convention and appear on Historical Evening will notify me as soon as possible in order that we may have time to arrange the program for that evening?

There are only a few more weeks until we shall meet in convention. Let us make a "hard pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" and round up the very best year in our historical department.

Faithfully yours,

MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE FOR U. D. C. PROGRAMS.

"Confederate Military History," twelve volumes.
 "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis.
 "The South in the Building of the Nation."
 "The Library of Southern Literature."
 "The South in History and Literature," by Miss Mildred Rutherford.
 Addresses, "Sins of Omission and Commission," "Wrongs of History Righted," by Miss Mildred Rutherford.
 "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest," by John A. Wyeth.
 "Service Afloat," by Raphael Semmes.
 "Life of General Lee," by Fitzhugh Lee.
 "Life of Stonewall Jackson," by Col. G. F. R. Henderson.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1917.

TOPICS FOR NOVEMBER PAPERS: EVENTS OF 1865.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
 The eternal years of God are hers."

Jefferson Davis.

First and only President of the Southern Confederacy, "The uncrowned hero of an invisible empire of loving and loyal hearts."

Give outline of his life from 1861 to 1865, his capture and imprisonment at Fortress Monroe, his closing years at Beauvoir by the sea, his death, and his last resting place.

Refute some of the misrepresentations of him in history and fiction.

Character sketch of Robert E. Lee, the peerless commander, and Stonewall Jackson, whom Lee called "his right arm."

Names of Confederate cavalry leaders.

Tell of Stonewall Jackson's celebrated foot cavalry, Mosby and his men.

The immortal Six Hundred.

Give names of generals in command of armies of the Confederate States of America. Name some prominent heroes from each State forming the Southern Confederacy.

References: "The South in the Building of the Nation," Volume X.; "History of the United States" (Andrews), Chapter XXXII.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1917.

Where and when was the battle of New Market fought?

Who fought in this battle?

What "mine" was exploded by the Federals July 30?

Tell of the battle of Atlanta. When and where fought?

What was called the "bloody battle"? Where fought?

What general was killed in that battle?

EVENTS OF 1865.

What was the Hampton Roads Conference?

When was Richmond evacuated?

When and where did Lee surrender?

What were the terms of surrender agreed upon?

What cruel treatment was meted out to Jefferson Davis?

Where was the last battle of the war fought?

What was the last ship to furl the Confederate flag?

Grandfather's Stories of "The Surrender."

Song, "Home, Sweet Home to Two Armies."

Reference: "Brief History of the United States" (Andrews), Chapter XII.

"Life of J. E. B. Stuart," by Turpin.
 "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," by Mrs. Davis.
 "History of the United States," by Matthew P. Andrews.
 "War between the States," by Dr. Bledsoe.
 "Causes That Led to the War between the States," by J. O. McGehee.
 "History of the Confederate Navy," by Scharff.
 "The Ku-Klux Klan, or Invisible Empire," by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose.
 "Religion and Slavery," by J. H. McNeilly, D.D.
 (These books can be procured through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.)

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....President
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....Treasurer
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....Recording Secretary
7999 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....Historian
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....Corresponding Secretary
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....Poet Laureate
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
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MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

MEMORIAL DAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

BY MRS. EMMA T. ORY, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Memorial Day, June 3, in New Orleans this year seemed to take on a more solemn significance. It was the first time in the history of the sacred observance of the day that the soldier of the past and the present shared such serious, grave thoughts—the one retrospective, still brave and wishing for the strength and vigor of the days that were; the other anticipative, full of the vigor and strength of young manhood and impatiently waiting for service in the present. The monuments of the heroes of those other times—Lee, Davis, Beauregard, and the host of brave Confederate dead—spoke a lesson anew on this bright, sacred Sabbath day. The flowers, too, were more beautiful and breathed out a more subtle perfume; while the women of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and the men from the veteran organizations gave more loving, tender thought because of their men who had gone before and their boys who might soon sleep "somewhere in France." This year also, for the first time, "Old Glory," our flag, shared honors at the monuments with the banners of the Confederacy and waved from each car in the annual parade of the veterans.

A pretty feature of the ceremonies at the Confederate monument was the recitation of "The Sword of Lee" by a pupil of the R. E. Lee School as he reverently laid a sword of the choicest flowers on the monument. With the orator, Mr. James B. Rosser, the veteran chaplain, Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell, Acting Mayor Ricks, and the committee from the Ladies' Memorial Association (under whose auspices the ceremonies are held), was a representative of the Robert Mower Post, G. A. R. This Post always sends a floral tribute to the Confederate monument on National Decoration Day, showing by this little act that "the bravest are the tenderest."

Familiar faces are missed at the Memorial Day exercises as the years roll on and as "the thin gray line grows less." This year many veteran men and women were absent in the flesh, but present in the spirit. These were off in the capital of this great reunited democracy of America, telling camp fire stories, repeating history, cementing ties of friendship, and swearing allegiance to their flag, their President, and their country.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association was the first patriotic body of women in New Orleans to offer its services to President Wilson and their country in this time of war and also the first to purchase a liberty bond. The President acknowledged this loyalty and patriotism in a note to the Secretary of the Association. The Red Cross Com-

mittee of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association made over one thousand garments during the spring months, and the "pads" made by Mrs. Charles Yapata and Mrs. Celine Garcia Allen and Miss Mary A. Ames were reserved by the local Red Cross Chapter to be sent as samples to Chapters or branches organizing to do this special kind of work.

THE REVEILLE.

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarining drum,
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick-alarining drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What if profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united than in life a recreant. Come!"

Thus they answered, hoping, fearing,
Some in faith and doubting some,
Till a trumpet voice proclaiming
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord,
we come!"
—Bret Harte.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1917-18.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
California, A. B. Ellis, Hollywood.
Colorado, H. W. Lowrie, Denver.
District of Columbia, ———.
Florida, C. H. Spencer, Tampa.
Georgia, Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta.
Kentucky, Robert W. Bingham, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, J. Mercer Garnett, Baltimore.
Mississippi, B. A. Lincoln, Columbus.
Missouri, R. A. Doyle, East Prairie.
Oklahoma, Tate Brady, Tulsa.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, E. P. Bujac, Carlsbad, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Richard I. McClearen, Nashville.
Texas, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls.
Virginia, E. B. White, Leesburg.
West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va., Chairman.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex., Secretary.
Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.
John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

GENERAL ORDERS S. C. V.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS S. C. V., MEMPHIS, TENN.,
August 1, 1917.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

At the twenty-second annual reunion of the Sons of the Confederate Veterans, held at Washington, D. C., I was honored by being reelected as your Commander in Chief for the coming year, and this carries with it the obligation to report an increased membership and interest at our next reunion.

In entering upon my second year as your supreme executive officer it is my earnest desire to have the active and loyal support of every member of the organization. No chain is stronger than its weakest link, and no organization is stronger than the individual members make it. We are pledged to encourage the writing of historical papers and to gather authentic material for an impartial history of the War between the States, to lend a helping hand to the needy, to assist in the erection of enduring monuments to the men and women of the South who gave their lives for a cause they knew to be right, and, more than all else, to instill into our descendants a proper veneration for the spirit and the glory of our fathers.

The past year has been the most successful in the history of our organization. Will you make the coming one even better? It is the duty of every staff officer to take an active interest in the work, to assist in organizing Camps in his vicinity, and to see that every assistance is rendered the living Confederate veterans.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, who has served efficiently as Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff for ten years, has been reappointed for the ensuing year, and communications should be addressed to him at Biloxi, Miss., until further notice.

The following staff appointments are made to rank from July 1, 1917:

Inspector in Chief, Charles P. Rowland, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, George B. Bowling, Memphis, Tenn.

Commissary in Chief, Sandy P. Figgat, Roanoke, Va.
Judge Advocate in Chief, Baylor Landrum, Louisville, Ky.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Van H. Bond, Hornersville, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. Henry W. Battle, Charlottesville, Va.
Historian in Chief, E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C.

ASSISTANT ADJUTANTS IN CHIEF.

S. W. Hairston, Roanoke, Va.; T. P. Patterson, Birmingham, Ala.; E. C. Norton, Star City, Ark.; Jo Randolph Coffman, Los Angeles, Cal.; C. L. Colburn, Denver, Colo.; George B. Ashby, Washington, D. C.; N. N. Wellons, Tampa, Fla.; J. C. Fletcher, Helena, Ga.; James Shearer, Carrollton, Ky.; C. J. Estopinal, New Orleans, La.; H. W. Hambleton, Easton, Md.; J. J. Bradfield, Vicksburg, Miss.; H. H. Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.; J. G. Hyman, New Bern, N. C.; J. W. Dean, Ada, Okla.; R. M. Mixson, Williston, S. C.; E. B. Venable, Silver City, N. Mex.; J. B. Abernathy, Pulaski, Tenn.; Hobart Huson, San Antonio, Tex.; V. P. Paulett, Farmville, Va.; W. W. Crosby, El Paso, Tex.; E. H. Blalock, Chicago, Ill.

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTERS IN CHIEF.

W. T. Andrews, Opelika, Ala.; Doswell Brown, Jonesboro, Ark.; L. D. Stampley, Los Angeles, Cal.; C. H. Heller, Denver, Colo.; William S. Stamper, Washington, D. C.; R. R. Tomlin, Plant City, Fla.; D. B. Sanford, Jr., Milledgeville, Ga.; F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.; H. C. Rogers, Shreveport, La.; R. E. Lee Marsall, Baltimore, Md.; L. B. Lester, Batesville, Miss.; John A. Hogue, Holcomb, Mo.; W. T. Campbell, Charlotte, N. C.; D. A. McDougal, Sapulpa, Okla.; A. M. Carpenter, Anderson, S. C.; C. H. Moran, Dresden, Tenn.; Charles R. Tips, Three Rivers, Tex.; W. E. Burns, Lebanon, Va.; George H. Johnson, Jr., Romney, W. Va.; S. Y. Lee, Waco, Tex.

ASSISTANT INSPECTORS IN CHIEF.

J. T. Williams, Florence, Ala.; A. M. Ward, Little Rock, Ark.; H. W. Lowrie, Jr., Denver, Colo.; W. B. Hicks, Washington, D. C.; Frank Mizell, Fernandina, Fla.; B. D. Bedell, Trenton, Fla.; R. C. Rogers, Louisville, Ky.; John B. Bradley, Monroe, La.; Henry Hollyday, Jr., Easton, Md.; A. C. Anderson, Ripley, Miss.; Walter N. Davis, St. Louis, Mo.; R. A. Burch, Roxboro, N. C.; J. H. Crumpler, Tahlequah, Okla.; Andrew J. Bethea, Columbia, S. C.; E. S. Sullivan, Memphis, Tenn.; A. H. Carrigan, Wichita Falls, Tex.; D. M. Cosby, Abingdon, Va.; M. O. Sowers, Charleston, W. Va.; H. B. Pankey, Kennett, Mo.

ASSISTANT COMMISSARIES IN CHIEF.

Hugh Prince, Tuscaloosa, Ala.; R. G. Pillow, Little Rock, Ark.; W. J. Couniff, Los Angeles, Cal.; H. L. Andrews, Denver, Colo.; S. D. Covington, Washington, D. C.; J. O. Brown, Palmetto, Fla.; J. P. McKnight, Dalton, Ga.; R. E. Johnson, Mayfield, Ky.; J. L. Dudley, Plain Dealing, La.; Harry E. Garner, Baltimore, Md.; James McClure, Fayette, Miss.; W. C. Hardison, Wadesboro, N. C.; L. M. Poe, Tulsa, Okla.; R. E. Kenney, Fairfax, S. C.; D. S. Etheridge, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Cedric Taylor, Henrietta, Tex.; E. S. Perry, Culpeper, Va.; H. L. Collett, Elkins, W. Va.

ASSISTANT JUDGE ADVOCATES IN CHIEF.

Mercer Hartman, Roanoke, Va.; P. E. Cunningham, Attalla, Ala.; A. D. Pope, Magnolia, Ark.; Claude N. Bennett,

Washington, D. C.; W. O. Barnett, Americus, Ga.; Samuel B. Kirby, Louisville, Ky.; Jared Y. Sanders, New Orleans, La.; A. B. Sparkman, Cleveland, Miss.; T. B. Kinsolving, Kennett, Mo.; Charles A. Hines, Greensboro, N. C.; J. H. Chambers, Atoka, Okla.; H. S. Blackwell, Laurens, S. C.; C. E. Pigford, Jackson, Tenn.; W. R. Parker, San Antonio, Tex.; Don P. Halsey, Lynchburg, Va.; E. L. Nuckolls, Fayetteville, W. Va.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS IN CHIEF.

Dr. A. M. Stovall, Jasper, Ala.; Dr. J. C. Howell, Jonesboro, Ark.; Dr. C. P. Clark, Washington, D. C.; Dr. J. T. Boykin, Tampa, Fla.; Dr. H. S. Colding, Savannah, Ga.; Dr. J. H. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.; Dr. J. L. Kennedy, Lake Providence, La.; Dr. O. B. Quin, McComb, Miss.; Dr. E. F. Harrison, Kennett, Mo.; Dr. W. F. Cole, Greensboro, N. C.; Dr. E. Forrest Hayden, Tulsa, Okla.; Dr. Fowler Border, Mangum, Okla.; Dr. E. W. Ellis, Meyers Mill, S. C.; Dr. E. A. Duncan, Silver City, N. Mex.; Dr. H. M. Cullom, Nashville, Tenn.; Dr. J. A. Gibson, Leesburg, Va.; Dr. C. T. Taylor, Huntington, W. Va.

ASSISTANT CHAPLAINS IN CHIEF.

Rev. J. H. Harbison, Cullman, Ala.; Rev. F. M. Hudson, Jr., Russellville, Ark.; Rev. A. R. Bird, Washington, D. C.; Rev. O. N. Sanders, Trenton, Fla.; Rev. T. J. Levy, Owensboro, Ky.; Rev. H. H. Connell, Summerville, Ga.; Rev. E. F. Gayle, Lake Charles, La.; Rev. Watson Fairley, Fayetteville, N. C.; Rev. R. H. Thompson, Leland, Miss.; C. M. Bagwell, Poteau, Okla.; Rev. R. D. Stephenson, Mullins, S. C.; Rev. J. R. Stewart, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. W. J. McAdams, Tyler, Tex.; Rev. R. C. Gilmore, Fredericksburg, Va.; Rev. Cabell Moseley, Mount Hope, W. Va.; Rev. W. A. Tippet, Silver City, N. Mex.

The foregoing appointments are made upon suitable recommendation and upon reliable information as to the qualifications of the comrades for the places assigned. They will be expected to take an active part in the upbuilding of the Confederation and are requested to make any suggestions they see fit, sending same to the Adjutant in Chief. There will be no hesitation on the part of the Commander in Chief in removing any officer who fails to take an interest in the work. The constitution provides that a commission shall be issued to every staff officer, and these will be forwarded to the comrades from general headquarters.

By order of

ERNEST G. BALDWIN,
Commander in Chief.

Official:

N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.*

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

The constitution of the Sons of Confederate Veterans provides for the appointment of various committees to carry out the objects and purposes of the organization and prescribes their duties.

There shall be four standing committees, appointed by the Commander in Chief, to consist of one member from each Division and one to represent the Camps outside the former Confederate States. They shall be as follows:

Historical Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to the literary and historical purposes of this Confederation.

Relief Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to relief, pensions, homes, and other benevolent purposes of this Confederation.

Monument Committee, that shall have charge of all matters relating to monuments, graves, and the Confederation's objects and purposes in these respects.

Finance Committee, to verify accounts of officers and to attend to such other matters of finance as may be referred to it.

These committees may subdivide themselves for purposes of facilitating their labors and shall keep a record of their meetings, make reports annually or oftener if required by the Commander in Chief, and shall turn over their records to the Adjutant in Chief at the expiration of their term of office.

Section 106 of the constitution provides that special committees may be appointed by the Commander in Chief when necessity arises, and in response to this the following special committees are hereby named:

Resolution Committee, to whom all resolutions desired to be brought before the Annual Reunion of the Confederation shall be referred and by that committee presented to the convention.

Consolidation with Veterans Committee, which was appointed at the request of the United Confederate Veterans, to act in conjunction with a like committee from that organization in perfecting plans for a consolidation of the two organizations. This committee will make report at the next Annual Reunion of the Confederation.

Gray Book Committee, appointed for the purpose of preparing and editing a book outlining the true causes of slavery in this country, its origin and effect, so that the coming generation may be taught the real facts regarding this movement. This committee has widened its scope, and the book when completed will include a chapter on the "Causes of the War between the States" and the "Treatment of Prisoners by the Union and Confederate Governments."

Textbook Committee, appointed for the purpose of reviewing all textbooks now in use in different sections of the country, so that a systematic and united effort may be made to eliminate all sectional and unfair histories from our schools and colleges. The report of this committee will be printed in pamphlet form and mailed to all members of the organization.

Memorial Committee, which shall prepare suitable memorial exercises in honor of the members of the Confederation who have died during the year, these exercises to be held at the next Annual Reunion of the Confederation. All Camps are requested to notify Adjutant Forrest immediately upon the death of any of its members.

All committees shall meet when called by the chairman. Reports of committees shall be sent to general headquarters one month before the Annual Reunion.

In obedience to the constitution, the following committees are hereby appointed:

HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

Dr. M. M. Park, Chairman, Milledgeville, Ga.; W. W. Haralson, Fort Payne, Ala.; Dr. M. L. Norwood, Lockesburg, Ark.; B. Nelson Coffman, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. E. A. Burton, Denver, Colo.; W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.; W. S. Rowell, Rome, Ga.; John Fields, Owensboro, Ky.; H. L. Gregg, Monroe, La.; Cornelius Fauntleroy, St. Louis, Mo.; Matthew Page Andrews, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. J. C. Robert, Starkville, Miss.; R. C. Fergus, Wilmington, N. C.; F. G. DeLozier, Adair, Okla.; Hal L. Buck, Conway, S. C.; Edward E. Brown, Chattanooga, Tenn.; W. D. Pope, Childress,

Tex.; C. S. Charlton, Christiansburg, Va.; James H. Miller, Hinton, W. Va.

RELIEF COMMITTEE.

W. E. Brockman, Chairman, Washington, D. C.; J. D. Wilson, Samson, Ala.; J. P. Randolph, Hot Springs, Ark.; Clem W. Collins, Denver, Colo.; Dr. James S. Hall, Los Angeles, Cal.; J. L. Davidson, Quincy, Fla.; F. C. Newton, Lagrange, Ga.; J. M. Lucas, Frankfort, Ky.; J. W. Craddock, New Orleans, La.; Dr. Allen Porter, Kansas City, Mo.; R. E. L. Smith, Jr., Rockville, Md.; Thomas McHenry, Macon, Miss.; Robert M. Wells, Asheville, N. C.; W. Baker Wall, Sallisaw, Okla.; Haddon Johnson, Aiken, S. C.; B. R. Farmer, Dunlap, Tenn.; W. Gregory Hatcher, Dallas, Tex.; W. E. Thomas, Newport News, Va.; M. C. Gatewood, Linwood, W. Va.

MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.; A. V. Lee, Gadsden, Ala.; T. P. Winchester, Fort Smith, Ark.; Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.; Dr. J. F. McKinstry, Jr., Gainesville, Fla.; H. F. West, Atlanta, Ga.; E. L. Hardy, Louisville, Ky.; A. W. McLellan, New Orleans, La.; S. E. Shanahan, Easton, Md.; W. M. Peteet, Greenwood, Miss.; H. C. Francisco, Marshall, Mo.; Charles R. Emry, Weldon, N. C.; F. B. Bowling, Pryor Creek, Okla.; J. P. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.; W. B. Wooten, Columbia, Tenn.; D. A. Singleton, Lufkin, Tex.; J. W. Hatcher, Roanoke, Va.; G. W. Engle, Charles Town, W. Va.

FINANCE COMMITTEE.

W. N. Everett, Chairman, Rockingham, N. C.; L. B. Musgrove, Jasper, Ala.; Robert Gordon, Jr., Helena, Ark.; J. A. Gallaher, Denver, Colo.; F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.; B. W. Griffith, Vicksburg, Miss.; J. Mercer Garnett, Baltimore, Md.; W. H. S. Burguryn, Woodland, N. C.; R. L. Williams, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Harry W. Dominick, Newberry, S. C.; R. B. Powell, Silver City, N. Mex.; John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.; J. M. Dunwoody, Macon, Ga.; Robert W. Bingham, Louisville, Ky.; J. R. Wells, New Orleans, La.; Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.; J. H. De Witt, Nashville, Tenn.; Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.; W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va.; A. S. Johnston, Union, W. Va.

RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE.

Carl Hinton, Chairman, Denver, Colo.; W. M. Hundley, Greenbrier, Ala.; Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.; P. S. Thompson, Quincy, Fla.; R. R. Asbury, Cave Springs, Ga.; W. R. McGarety, Louisville, Ky.; Levering Moore, New Orleans, La.; J. Allen Sykes, Aberdeen, Miss.; Chilton Atkinson, St. Louis, Mo.; J. H. Wright, Henderson, N. C.; R. J. Mullins, Eufaula, Okla.; W. W. Johnson, Union, S. C.; Ren. R. Sneed, Jackson, Tenn.; Julien C. Heyer, Waco, Tex.; F. E. Grayson, Radford, Va.; G. Nelson Wilson, Elkins, W. Va.

GRAY BOOK COMMITTEE.

Arthur H. Jennings, Chairman, Lynchburg, Va.; E. W. R. Ewing, Washington, D. C.; Matthew Page Andrews, Baltimore, Md.; C. H. Fauntleroy, St. Louis, Mo.

CONSOLIDATION WITH VETERANS COMMITTEE.

A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.; W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.; C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla.; A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.; A. M. Scales, Greensboro, N. C.; A. M. Sea, Jr., Louisville, Ky.; J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.; Samuel Riggs, Rockville, Md.; Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.; W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.; J. R. McDowell, Jackson, Miss.; R. Henry Lake, Memphis,

Tenn.; A. D. Pope, Magnolia, Ark.; Thomas E. Powe, St. Louis, Mo.; R. A. Josey, Tulsa, Okla.; W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.; H. W. Lowrie, Denver, Colo.; Robert Powell, Silver City, N. Mex.; M. F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.; A. B. Ellis, Hollywood, Cal.; J. E. Pottle, Milledgeville, Ga.

TEXTBOOK COMMITTEE.

A. L. Tinsley, Chairman, Baltimore, Md.; N. B. Forrest, Secretary, Biloxi, Miss.; James Mann, Norfolk, Va.; J. Carter Walker, Woodberry Forest, Va.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.

Rev. A. W. Littlefield, Needham, Mass.; Rev. James Alexander Smith, Sioux Rapids, Iowa; Francis Trevelyan Miller, New York, N. Y.

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

J. A. Rountree, Chairman, Birmingham, Ala.; Walter B. McAdams, Dallas, Tex.; S. D. Rodgers, Petersburg, Va.

The chairmen will proceed at once with the organization of their respective committees. All members of the various committees are requested and urged to get in immediate touch with their chairmen, so that they may carry out the objects for which they were appointed.

By order of

ERNEST G. BALDWIN,
Commander in Chief.

Official:

N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.*

PRODIGALITY OUR NATIONAL SHAME.

Fiction is more fascinating than figures, but figures are the more convincing. Fiction is for the moment; figures make men think.

Here are some figures culled from an exhaustive paper recently sent out by the National Life Underwriters of this country that should be considered by every man and woman interested in the conditions that confront them. True, indeed, the figures representing the wealth of the United States are so vast as to be incomprehensible except by comparison.

This wealth is placed at \$150,000,000,000. This is nearly double that of Great Britain and Germany and three times that of France. Our income of \$35,000,000,000 a year is larger in proportion to this wealth than that of any other nation. The wealth of the country is increasing \$20,000,000 a day, or \$7,000,000,000 a year. This annual increase equals the entire combined wealth of Holland and Portugal. At this rate in two and a half years our income will equal the total wealth of Great Britain, in two and one-quarter years that of Germany, in one and a half years that of France, in nine months that of Austria, and in seven months that of Italy.

The manufacturing output of this country for one year would buy out the entire kingdom of Italy. The statement is also made that this country is drinking enough liquor in value to equal the entire wealth of Portugal and to pay for Great Britain's reported annual expenditure for war.

There is enough money deposited in the banks of this country to buy out Spain, Holland, Switzerland, and Portugal combined. The crops of our soil each year have a value equal to the wealth of Belgium before the war. The life insurance carried here equals the wealth of Italy, Spain, and Holland combined. The value of the farm lands alone is almost equal to the wealth of Italy, Spain, Holland, and Belgium together.

And yet—and this is the fact that should appeal to every citizen—Mr. Hunter, President of the National Association

of Life Underwriters, who has gone into the subject in a most comprehensive way, asserts that, in spite of all this vast wealth, increasing every minute, there are between ten and fifteen millions of people here who are in poverty. One-third of the population of New York City applies for public charity in seven years. One person in ten who dies in the great cities is buried in a pauper's grave. The 1,250,000 dependent wage earners cost the country \$220,000,000 a year for their support. And, considering the enormous wealth and growing interests of the country, these people should have been able to save enough to support themselves. There are 3,127,000 widows here who are sixty-five years old, and over thirty-five per cent of these lack the necessities of life, and ninety per cent do not have the ordinary comforts of life. Seven millions of women are compelled to earn their living. And there are 1,990,225 children between the ages of ten and fifteen years who are forced to labor in order to help sustain their parents, who are bereft of the advantages of education.

We have barely touched upon the findings of this expert. We give his inquiry in conclusion: "Why is it that a nation of such limitless wealth should have at its doors such poverty, thriftlessness, and its natural consequences?" His conclusion is worth considering: "Prodigality and extravagance are far more usually the accompaniments of wealth than of frugality."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

COMMUNICATION WITH TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Replying to an inquiry as to how the Confederate States communicated with the Trans-Mississippi Department during the war, J. H. Hardin, of Terrell, Tex., wrote:

"About the 15th of December, 1863, two men of each company of Ross's Brigade drew a thirty days' furlough. I was not one of the lucky, but I bought a furlough. We were told that if we would bring some guns to the west side of the Mississippi River our furloughs would begin there. So we started with the brigade for the river with one thousand guns and two million dollars in Confederate money. General Ross in command, we started on the 24th of December, 1863. That night we got to Big Black River, and the next evening about four o'clock we had to ferry the command across the river. I was on the detail to row the boat. It began to rain and then to sleet about sundown, and it took us until about nine o'clock to get them across. Next morning the snow was about five inches deep. We stayed there all day the 26th and the next morning started for the river. We had to leave the wagons, and each man had to carry two extra guns. We reached the Mississippi River about sundown and, in searching for some means of crossing, found an old ferryboat, but couldn't call it. Then we found an old batteau and went to work. It could carry about one hundred and twenty-five guns and five extra men, so we worked all night, spending the whole night getting across. I was the last one to cross and got started about five o'clock in the morning. The gunboats were watching so closely and the ice was so thick that we had lots of trouble.

"About sunrise we came to ice frozen out from the bank and could not break it. I was in the bow of the boat, and as a gunboat came in sight I took a gun to break the ice, but it would not break. The boat was coming in full view, so I just got out in the water up to my armpits and rode the ice

down until it would hold by weight, and we all then ran out in the woods. In a little while the gunboat went back, and we then carried the money and guns out, went to a farm for some carts, and took them out about fifteen miles to a command which came after them.

"Then we started for Texas, going first to Monroe, La., to get our furloughs from General Merton. I went on through the army and was never asked for a pass. I got to Kaufman, Tex., then went back and was never halted. I reached my command the day my furlough was out."

TALENTED YOUNG WOMEN OF NORTH CAROLINA.

For the past few years the Misses Burkheimer, of Wilmington, N. C., have been successfully producing their own plays throughout the Carolinas and have received the indorsement of a cultured public. Their productions are clever and are presented artistically. It is their desire now to reach a more extensive public, and to that end they invite correspondence from everywhere in regard to presenting their plays for the benefit of Churches, social or patriotic organizations. The Daughters of the Confederacy have especially benefited by their work in the Carolinas, as the following will show:

Mrs. R. E. Little, former President of the North Carolina Division and now Treasurer General U. D. C., says: "It gives me much pleasure to heartily recommend the work of Misses Bessie and Florence Burkheimer in giving their own original plays. These talented young ladies deserve the support of the U. D. C., and any Chapter or other organization will find them reliable, versatile, and uncommonly gifted. They are playwrights and actresses, and North Carolina wishes them success."

Mrs. I. W. Faison, former Vice President General U. D. C., secured their indorsement by the North Carolina Division in convention at Raleigh in November, 1914, by the following motion: "Resolved, that the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., indorse the talented work done by the Misses Burkheimer for Confederate causes, and we recommend them to all U. D. C. Chapters and other organizations."

James I. Metts, Commander North Carolina Division, U. C. V., writes to them: "This is to say that you enriched our Camp with money to aid our needy veterans, for which we cannot thank you enough; but you have also made friends by the score in giving a play worthy of the best praise. Those will be disappointed who do not see your plays."

Leading newspapers of the State have given most complimentary notices to the work of the Misses Burkheimer, which is fully appreciated wherever known. Any organizations desiring to make money for their special undertakings will do well to secure the services of these young ladies. Address: The Misses Burkheimer, Cape Fear Apartments, Wilmington, N. C.

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

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Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government. By Jefferson Davis. Two volumes. Cloth, \$7.50.

Confederate Military History. A history of each Southern State in the Confederacy as written by a prominent citizen of the State. Edited by Gen. C. A. Evans, of Georgia. Twelve volumes. Cloth, \$15; half leather, \$25.

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Two Wars: An Autobiography. By Gen. S. C. French. A narrative of his service in the Mexican War and in the War between the States. Cloth, illustrated. \$2.

Two Years on the Alabama. By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair, who served under Admiral Semmes. Special, \$1.25.

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Brave Deeds of Confederate Soldiers. By Philip Alexander Bruce. Cloth, \$1.50.

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Thomas Nelson Page: Red Rock, Two Little Confederates, The South before the War, In Old Virginia, Mars' Chan (\$1), The Old South (\$1.25), Social Life in Old Virginia before the War. Each \$1.50, except where noted.

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The VETERAN has been requested to publish an article on the battle of Richmond, Ky., fought in August, 1862, by Gen. Kirby Smith, and would appreciate hearing from some one who can furnish such an article.

E. M. Overshiner, of Abilene, Tex., wants information of David Godfrey Clemons, of Company I, 18th Georgia Infantry Regiment, Hood's Brigade. This information is wanted to secure a pension for his widow.

Hugh R. Wynne, 8 South Front Street, Memphis, Tenn., is very anxious to secure information of James E. Goodlett, who served with Morgan's Brigade in the War between the States. He enlisted at Franklin, Ky.

Mrs. Benjamin James Smith, of Hedley, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from any one who can testify to the record of her husband, who enlisted from Wayne County, W. Va., in 1861. He (as captain) and his brother, Col. Bill Smith, were detailed by General Lee to make up a company of their own.

Mrs. E. C. Ball, of Brady, Tex., writes that her brother, Calvin W. Seale, enlisted at Booneville, in Brazos County, Tex., in the 15th Texas Infantry, as a private in 1862. She does not know what became of him and would like to get information of his grave, so as to have it marked by the Memorial Commission.

ALL GREAT MEN.

Once upon a time, so the story goes, a Frenchman, visiting the tomb of Napoleon, wrote on a convenient wall the line:

"Bony was a great man, a soldier brave and true."

An Englishman, coming along a little later, read this and added:

"But Wellington did beat him at the battle of Waterloo."

The next visitor was an American, who, seeing the foregoing contributions, rushed into the competition with all of the restraint that characterizes the members of our great nation:

"But braver still and truer far and tougher far than shoe leather Was Washington, the man who could have licked them both together."

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Miss E. O. Coulson, R. R. No. 2, McDade, Tex., has volumes of the VETERAN from 1896 to 1917 and would like to sell the entire collection.

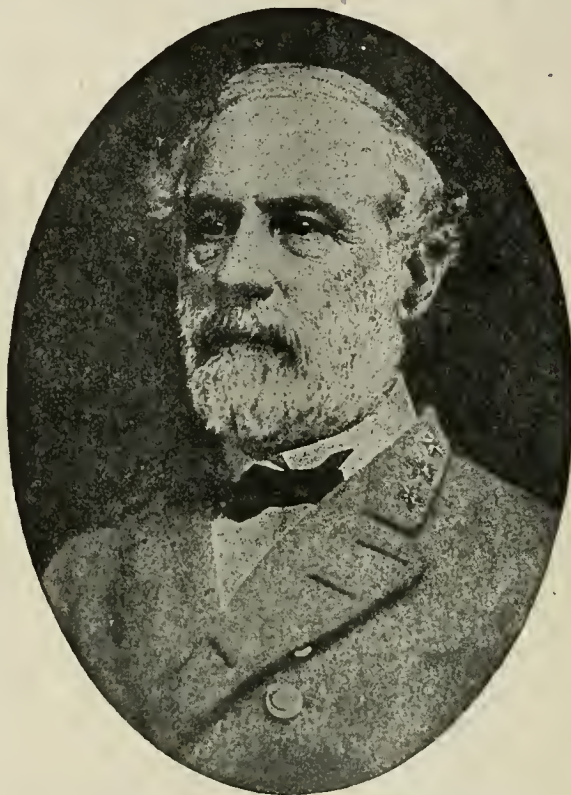
J. I. Carter, of Mayfield, Ky., wants information of his father, Isaiah Carter, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Weakley County, Tenn., in Capt. George Clanton's Company, and the last heard of him was at Selma, Ala., in 1865. Any of his comrades who

know of his service and what became of him would confer a favor by communicating with his son.

Mrs. L. G. Terrell, 508 East Gregory Street, Pensacola, Fla., wants the address of Sam Jackson, son of Hartwell Jackson, who lived near Brown's Ferry, on Catawba River, or any of the board of doctors in Chester, S. C., in September or October, 1864. She is trying to secure a pension for her husband.

Handsome Photogravure of General R. E. Lee

Rarely has been seen a more pleasing likeness of the great Confederate commander than is shown in the photogravure here offered. His daughter, Miss Mary Custis Lee, says it is the best full-face likeness of him. The picture is slightly larger than the print



here given and is in size especially suitable to frame for a library table or desk—a gift that would be appreciated by any one.

This photogravure originally sold at one dollar. It is now offered at 75 cents, prepaid. Order promptly, for the stock is very limited.

FINE ENGRAVING OF PRESIDENT DAVIS

Many inquiries have come for a large picture of the only President of the Confederacy for presentation to schools and for Camps and Chapter rooms. Nothing could be more suitable than the large half-tone engraving now offered by the VETERAN at one dollar, postpaid. This picture, in size some 13 by 15½ inches, shows Mr. Davis as he was just before taking on the responsibilities of his office, when in the fullness of his manly beauty, the face serene but strong. Order from

The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

Col V Y Cook
Dec 19

VOL. XXV.

NOVEMBER, 1917

NO. 11

"IF SONS, THEN HEIRS"

By D. G. BICKERS

I am a son—and proud to say it so—of one who marched away,
Back in the sixties, with the other men who wore the gray.

A son, I said. And if a son, then I am heir indeed

To what that ancestry could properly and rightly claim—

Heir to the blood they boasted, heir also to the creed

They held, "A man is what he makes himself"; heir to the name—

They kept each for himself unsullied—heir to courage fine

That sacrificed and fought and died for principle, the steel

That would not bend, but broke mid-air in clash; and this is mine:

The greater courage to endure defeat, to quit and never feel

One instant conquered, and the bravery then to take

The harder burden up—of reconstruction. * * * This they left to me,

This my inheritance, unmeasured by the millions that may make

The son of fortune by a smaller rule. * * * How true, then, should I be!

I am a son—and proud to say it so—of one who marched away,

Back in the sixties, with the men, the clean, true men, who wore the gray.



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THE NUMISMATIST MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER WILL ILLUSTRATE (AMONG OTHERS) A CONFEDERATE BILL CARRYING A FAMOUS STATUE WHICH HAS STOOD IN THE STATE HOUSE AT BOSTON FOR NEARLY 100 YEARS.

HOW DID IT GET ON

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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.

All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
and all communications so addressed.

Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1917.

No. 11.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER.

U. D. C. CONVENTION IN CHATTANOOGA.

When the Daughters of the Confederacy gather in Chattanooga, Tenn., for their twenty-fifth annual convention, November 14-17, they will indeed be on historic ground, for in that vicinity occurred some of the most famous battles of the war. High above the city loom the majestic proportions of Lookout Mountain, on whose rugged sides soldiers of the blue and the gray struggled and fought. The first object noted on approaching the city is the gleaming whiteness of the monument placed at the highest point reached by the Federal soldiers. Farther away stretch the long lines of Missionary Ridge, now dotted with homes, which was also a battle field, but whose wooded heights now show only the healing growth of fifty years' of peace. Comfortable homes are dotted here and there on these mountains, which were once given over to the wastes of war.

South of the city lies the famous battle field of Chickamauga, doubtless the bloodiest struggle of the war, now

known as the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park, which will be most interesting to visit just now, for there is located one of the largest army cantonments in the United States. Bringing the actuality of the war in Europe much closer to us is the presence there of some of the interned German sailors, whose exploits formed sensations for newspapers some time before their wild careers were ended. Thirty miles below the city, at Hale's Bar, on the beautiful winding Tennessee River, there is a water power which is the most tremendous thing of the kind in the South, furnishing the strength of sixty-five thousand horses for the benefit of Chattanooga's various industries.

Altogether there is much about this city to attract visitors at any time, and especially at the present.

The views here given show some scenes in Chattanooga in 1863, when it was little more than a village. The thriving, busy city of the present, the gateway to the South, is a revelation of the wonderful recuperation and advance of our section in the little more than fifty years of peace.



Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

There is a time for all things, the old saying goes, but surely there never was a time appropriate for giving expression to sentiments which tend to arouse sectional feeling; and of all times, the present is the least opportune for partisan reference to the issues of the sixties. Ever since the close of the War between the States writers and speakers of the country have been urging the obliteration of sectional lines; but whenever opportunity presents (or is created), some fervid orator or reckless writer of Northern bias takes occasion to have a fling at the South. At this time of international stress, when the unity of our country is of the greatest importance, it ill becomes any one to bring up those points of difference; yet the favorite pastime of some writers now seems to be an effort to arouse the animosity of the Southern people by harking back to the struggle of the sixties in a way that places the South in an utterly false light. In defense of his native section, Dr. Lyon G. Tyler, President of William and Mary College, of Virginia, presents an admirable article on "The South and Germany," which is republished in this number of the VETERAN, and he also shows convincingly which side prosecuted that war on lines similar to the German frightfulness of the present.

Among such journals may be mentioned the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's Weekly*, the *New York Times*, the *World's Work*, and doubtless there are others of more or less prominence which have made their thrust in ignorance, for few there be who have studied the real issues of the contention between the North and the South, content to place it on slavery alone. Sectional prejudice may be their excuse, but what can be said of a reputable newspaper of the South which follows such a lead? For the past year or so the editor of the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, Ky., has reveled in comparisons of the South with Germany in every phase of its struggle for independence and tried to prove his arguments with false history. We may contrast the South with Germany, but there are no lines of comparison whatever.

But what of this? A late report from the Far West is that one of the prominent speakers in behalf of the liberty bond issue while in that section had the bad taste to bring up the War between the States for something to stir his audience, and many of them were from the South and had to endure it. "My father was four years in the war of the rebellion," he said. "I am a Southern man and glad we did not win." * * * Do you realize what would have been the position of America if the peace propagandists had overcome the great Lincoln? You would have had in this country two republics instead of one, with every foot of the border patrolled by armed troops and protected by impregnable fortresses."

Stuff and nonsense! We have lived in peace with the rowdy Mexicans for more than half a century without patrolling the border, and our Canadian neighbors on the north have never had to be kept back by "armed troops and impregnable fortresses." How long is this to be endured?

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

California so far, everything considered, is outrunning all the other States in contributions to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Fund. The Daughters of the Confederacy in that State is not such a very large body, numbering but twenty-five Chapters, and the contributions up to this time are between \$700 and \$800, and per member this will surpass all the other States, with the possible exception of Kentucky. Kentucky has put in since November 10, 1916, when the Daughters of the Confederacy took hold of it, upward of \$6,000. The contributions from Kentucky include, of course, the \$2,500 from Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., of Frankfort. Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Oakland, is State Director for California, and she has performed her work with an enthusiasm and patriotism that will stand as a record. Arkansas's contributions include the \$1,000 contributed by Gen. V. Y. Cook, and that State is making a splendid showing.

The monument is going up at the rate of about eight feet a week. It is prophesied that in November it will grow at about twelve feet a week. The Kentucky climate permits the laying of concrete up to about the 10th of December. If the weather is favorable, the structure will reach a height of between one hundred and forty and one hundred and sixty feet before work is stopped for the winter.

OFFICERS OF MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

Officers elected for the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., at the annual reunion in Vicksburg, October 15 and 16, are:

Major General, Gen. G. W. Price, Water Valley.

Brigadier General First Brigade, E. D. Cavett, Macon.

Brigadier General Second Brigade, W. M. Wroten, Magnolia.

Brigadier General Third Brigade, J. L. Shenault, Oxford.

Adjutant General, John A. Webb, Jackson.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

With the increase in letter postage, it is thought best to discontinue acknowledging the receipt of single subscriptions to the VETERAN, as the change in date on label of each copy will show that credit has been given. Subscribers are especially requested to refer to the little slip for expiration of subscription and to see that renewal is sent in promptly. The VETERAN will thus be saved a good many dollars by not having to send out expiration notices, and the subscriber will know just exactly how he stands, and any error can be detected quickly.

JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.—Capt. John H. Leathers, Treasurer, reports the receipt of \$6,282.10 from September 15 to October 15 for the Jefferson Davis Memorial at Fairview, Ky.

Mrs. W. H. Nance, McComb City, Miss.: "I want to thank you many times for your kind assistance in working up my husband's war record. I have now all necessary information."

From J. B. Cook, Chetopa, Kans.: "I congratulate you on getting out a fine publication, for which I subscribed recently. I enjoy it."

From the son of a veteran: "My father died last March; so, of course, I shall ask you to discontinue the subscription."

N. B. Watts, Fredericktown, Mo.: "I haven't missed a copy of the VETERAN for more than twenty years."

BLUE AND GRAY NO MORE.

BY DOROTHY PEAK AULT, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

What has become of the blue and the gray?

They have blended into brown.

The blue once marched against the gray,

But now together they march to-day;

For there are no Yanks,

And there is no gray—

Under one flag they are bound.

What has become of the Yankee lads?

And where are the Rebels too?

They've all gone together across the sea

To fight that their country may still be free;

For there are no Yanks,

And there are no Rebs—

Americans only are the gray and blue.

And where is the feeling that once they bore

In the fifty years that have passed?

Every heart that beats, though many are sad,

Goes out with pride to every lad;

For there is no North,

And there is no South—

One land under God at last!

VICKSBURG NATIONAL MEMORIAL CELEBRATION.

The magnificent hills of Vicksburg have again felt the tread of the blue and the gray, this time in fraternal association, the double attraction of a State reunion U. C. V. and the long-heralded meeting of the survivors of both armies having attracted many thousands to those historic scenes during the week of October 15. "I should like to spend my last days on the hills of Vicksburg," wrote one old soldier, "and to die wrapped in my blanket under a tent." Veterans of the blue were largely in evidence, for their States had made provision for their transportation, and some of the State delegations were headed by their Governors. Notable among these was Governor Burnquist, of Minnesota, one of the principal speakers of the occasion, who came with his staff and a delegation of five hundred of both armies, for that State had generously included the old "graybacks" in its list of guests to the Vicksburg meeting. In this delegation the youngest veteran was sixty-eight and the oldest eighty-eight years of age. The Confederate Home of Mississippi sent a delegation of seventy-five inmates, the oldest of whom was ninety.

Extensive preparations had been made to receive these visitors, that numbered between 7,000 and 9,000. A tented city was ready for them; but instead of using many small tents, accommodating only two or three, the majority were housed under immense shelters of canvas, in one of which 1,640 veterans from Illinois slept one night. This tent was known as the John A. Logan tent and is one of the largest in existence. Every arrangement for comfort was in this tented city, from running water to electric lights, and every guest was numbered and indexed for "future reference." Upon arrival the veterans were assorted according to State, name, and location, and a number placed upon a card, of which the veteran was given a duplicate, so it could be ascertained at once whether or not an individual from any part of the United States had arrived. To Col. W. D. Newbill, in charge of these arrangements, is due credit for the perfection of the plan.

For months he had been working to have everything in readiness, and that it was a success in every way is shown by his official report, in which he says: "I am pleased to report that the national memorial celebration and peace jubilee closed after a most happy reunion. The attendance of veterans was somewhere between seven thousand and nine thousand, or just about the estimate made by this office. By way of resolutions and innumerable personal expressions, the veterans showed their complete satisfaction and grateful appreciation of the facilities which the government offered them here. In fact, hundreds have stated to me that this was the best of all reunions, not one complaint being registered at my office. No untoward event occurred, no deaths, no serious sickness, no one hurt, and absolutely no drunkenness in camp. The weather was perfect throughout."

In appreciation of his strenuous labors, the citizens of Vicksburg presented Colonel Newbill with a handsome watch as well as their grateful thanks.

The government appropriation for the reunion was \$150,000, which provided for their entertainment in every way while at Vicksburg. Army trucks were used in carrying them about the grounds, and the item of gasoline alone for that purpose was some twelve thousand gallons. When every expense is considered, including the transportation of the visitors, more than \$300,000 will have been spent on that special gathering.

The best of feeling prevailed among the veterans, some of the "Yanks" and "Johnnies" celebrating their first meeting since the war by affectionate demonstrations when recalling the circumstances of first acquaintance. There was one old fellow from the North who seemed not to have lost a wholesome fear of the Johnny Reb, refusing to ride on a truck loaded with them only, but patronized a taxi at his own expense. "They might throw me out," he said. (At least that was told of him.) There were many Federals present who had taken part in the siege of Vicksburg, and this was their first visit back; they wondered why the place had ever been given up. Of special note was Major —, who was left at Vicksburg after the siege to clean up the city, and he did it so well that the citizens presented him with a handsome sword when he was leaving to show their appreciation of his service there.

The program for each day began with the firing of the morning gun and raising the flag, after which came breakfast, and at ten o'clock the veterans gathered for the exercises of music and addresses by Governors and other prominent people. Three handsome memorials were dedicated during this meeting, the New York monument, the Missouri memorial to her sons on both sides, and the Union naval monument. P. S. Munro, the only known survivor of the New York battery which took part in the siege, delivered the address at the dedication of that monument. The camp fires were enjoyed at night, when the veterans gathered for a good time in song and story. There was plenty of music at all times, and the singing of the negroes in their plaintive melodies was an enjoyable feature.

"That music reminds me of what happened in Tennessee in the sixties," remarked Private Duran, of Newport, Minn. "We were down through that country and pretty nigh cleaned it up. The girls were bitter against us. I heard a young lady play a descriptive piece on the piano. It represented the battle of Shiloh. 'It seems to me, young lady,' said I, 'that you left the Johnny Rebs with the best of it. Suppose you play the second day's fight.' 'I never learned that part,' she said just as tart as you please."

Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander in Chief U. C. V., was not well enough to attend the meeting, and through his representative, R. P. Lake, Assistant Adjutant General U. C. V., he sent a message to the boys in blue giving them a cordial welcome to the South, and to the veterans in gray he sent his love; that, though absent in person, he was there in spirit. Governor Bilbo, of Mississippi, was to have made an address, but for some reason did not attend. John Sharp Williams was there and made a fine address. Secretary Daniels had to send his regrets at the last moment, delegating the acceptance of the navy monument to Hon. W. W. Venable, of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, as his representative.

The address by Governor Harding, of Iowa, to the veterans was filled with fervor and war spirit and held his audience to the end. "Some of these days," he said, "we can't tell how soon, the Allies will sit around the table and readjust the world. And Uncle Sam will be at the head of the table. On each side of him will be two men, one in blue, the other in gray, and behind him will be a young man in khaki. * * * In the meantime the sons of Confederate soldiers and the sons of Union soldiers will continue their march to Berlin." Passing into a facetious vein, he continued: "I visited the tents of the veterans last night, and I found that the old soldiers did not observe taps. They were sitting up at a late hour in friendly chatter. I noticed two veterans, one in blue and one in gray, going to bed with their clothes on. They were afraid they might get mixed during the night and each put on the wrong suit next day. In conclusion, I want to warn the folks hereabout to keep their chicken coops carefully locked, for I have my doubts as to whether or not the old soldiers have given up their old habits. They are liable to make raids at night, as they did during the siege."

The big parade on the morning of Thursday was a great success, the veterans riding in trucks, while Mississippi's 155th Infantry made a gallant showing for the military.

The last man to leave the big camp was George W. Howe, of Port Huron, Mich., who was so charmed with his surroundings that he spent Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights in his tent at camp, though the reunion closed at noon on Friday. The Minnesota boys had a song to sing as they were leaving, which they put to the air of "Maryland, My Maryland":

"Gophers are going home again;
Dixie soldiers, fare thee well.
We know each other better now;
You do not scare us by your 'yell.'
We've got together now, we know,
And wonder why we had the row
With you brave boys so long ago,
With Dixie soldiers, 'Johnnies' then."



THE ARKANSAS AT VICKSBURG IN 1862.

BY CLEMENT SULIVANE, CAMBRIDGE, MD.

The arrival of the Confederate ironclad Arkansas at Vicksburg, Miss., in July, 1862, was indeed a stirring sight, and an account of it was admirably given by Mr. Plateau in the *VETERAN* for October. His description of her horrible interior upon her arrival, her gun deck slippery with blood and the walls besmeared with blood and brains, is not in the slightest degree exaggerated.

I was an officer on Gen. Van Dorn's staff at the time and hastened to the bank of the Mississippi River as the Arkansas slowed up and backed water, and I accompanied him in a small rowboat out to the ram. Upon entering, the smoke was still rolling around, and mangled limbs of men were scattered about. I slipped on blood and flesh as I walked, as if on lemon peels. The survivors of the crew, stripped to the waist and blackened by gunpowder, were just beginning to clean decks, and altogether it was the most frightful scene of war that was ever presented to my eyes.

Mr. Plateau, who boarded the ram with his Napoleon gun for her protection after she went to her mooring against the bank a short distance below the upper battery, must have been on the Arkansas on that same evening when she was attacked by the United States monitor Essex, but he has not mentioned the fact in his article. And it is to narrate an amusing incident in that connection that I write this.

There was attached to Gen. Van Dorn's staff at the time an officer by the name of Maj. Joseph Balfour, a young Mississippian and a nephew of President Davis, who was also his guardian, and in the late fifties had sent his ward to the Polytechnic School at Paris. When the Italian war broke out, Balfour ran away from school and enlisted in the English Legion under General Garibaldi. For an act of frantic bravery he was promoted from the ranks and taken on the staff of General —, the second in command under Garibaldi. He had not long returned home when our war began, and at President Davis's request, when Gen. Van Dorn was sent to defend Vicksburg, he took Balfour on his staff as major and inspector general. During the time he and I occupied together a small house adjacent to that occupied by our general. I should preface what I am about to write by stating that Balfour was the most excitable person I have ever encountered, so much so, indeed, that he simply became frantic in battle; and as dauntlessly brave as he was, he was of very little real use because of his total loss of self-command.

On the evening of the arrival of the Arkansas, Balfour and I had just sat down to our supper when we were startled by the outbreak of a tremendous bombardment, which was at once recognized as coming from our upper batteries. Hastily buckling on our swords, we ran over to Van Dorn's house, but found him gone; and we ran on to the river bank and then up it toward the firing, which we then plainly saw, until we were stopped by a ravine running into the river not far below where the Arkansas was moored to the bank. The firing had stopped; and as we stopped and speculated upon what was the matter, a steamer (which I at once recognized as the Essex, she being the only monitor on the river) was slantwise into the soft mud bank just below where we stood. As she did so a trapdoor opened at the top of the monitor's cone, and an officer in United States uniform emerged until he was visible down to the knee and looked around him. (I have always taken it for granted that it was her com-

mander, Captain Porter. It was just verging on twilight, and we saw him very distinctly, being about on a level with us and only about thirty feet away.) Balfour at once became raging mad with excitement, and, dancing about like one possessed, he drew and waved his sword at Porter, crying out: "Come ashore, you d— Yankee, and I will give you h—!" "Go to h—, you d— negro trader," replied Porter scornfully. "I had rather be a negro trader than a d— negro thief," bawled back Balfour in a rage. Porter made no reply, but descended his stairway, the trapdoor closed, a bell jingled, and the Essex drew away from the bank and turned down the river. When she got out in the stream some distance, our batteries opened on her again (they could not deflect their guns to fire at her while close to them under the banks, I suppose); but no harm was done to the vessel, and she went on down the stream to New Orleans.

I learned subsequently that Captain Porter had received permission to ram the Arkansas and endeavored to reach her at her wharf, and but for an accident he might very well have succeeded. He ran the gauntlet of our guns, made straight for the Arkansas, and ran into her at full speed as she lay helpless, aiming to strike her in the center. But he made a slight miscalculation as to the tremendous power of the waters of the Mississippi at that particular point, they having rushed against the east bank just above where the Arkansas was lying and thence rebounding swiftly down with increased speed and volume. In consequence of this, the prow of the Essex was slightly deflected as she reached her mark, and, instead of striking the Arkansas amidship, she struck her abaft her curvature and thence glanced on down and away from her, only the sides of the vessels colliding, and ran into the bank where I was standing, some fifty or one hundred yards below.

Poor Balfour! Only a few months before he had married the beautiful Miss Mason, of New Orleans, and three months later he fell in battle. While behaving with his accustomed headlong courage he was mortally wounded in the battle of Hatchie Bridge, in October, 1862, on Gen. Van Dorn's retreat from Corinth, and died on the following day.

FORREST'S LAST EXPLOIT.

[From a paper prepared by Capt. J. M. Browne, of Paducah, Ky., and read before Walbert Camp, U. C. V.]

No report was ever made of Forrest's last exploit. This was because there was nobody to report to. General Lee had surrendered on the very day that we made our last stand at Selma.

I was adjutant of the 1st Confederate Cavalry, belonging to General Wheeler; but on reaching West Point, Miss., after Hood had gone out of Tennessee, I was attached to the Kentucky Brigade, together with some one hundred men and officers, being what was left of my regiment. The brigade at the time had about seven hundred men left. I was made a staff officer of the brigade and was with it until all the fighting was over, on the 9th of April. Forrest guarded Hood's retreat out of that State and saved his army from capture. There was a trail of blood from footsore, barefooted infantry from Franklin to Bainbridge, Ga. After getting out himself, Forrest went to West Point, Miss., and was in camp there until early in April, recruiting his horses and fixing for the next important call upon him. In the meantime he had gathered up and got there under his command about all the

cavalry not then with Wheeler in Georgia and Florida. It was early in April that he left West Point to meet Wilson, who was reported as starting on a raid through Alabama.

It is a fact not generally known that Forrest had more than twelve thousand men when he left West Point, or over three thousand more than Wilson had. It is also a fact that the Kentucky Brigade, cut down to eight hundred men and commanded by Col. Ed Crossland, was all of the force that ever marched to Montevallo and that ever saw Wilson, except Armstrong's Brigade, which saw him only at Selma. Just why this was so nobody ever knew, for it was never explained.

After it was all over I met Gen. Billy Jackson, who had forty-five hundred men, and he told me that before he reached Montevallo he was ordered by General Forrest to make a detour and march rapidly to Elyton and get behind Wilson, who was supposed to be fixing to go back. But it turned out that Wilson's "fixing" was to go the other way. Jackson said he marched one day rapidly toward Elyton, and, noting that the guns heard seemed to be getting farther south all the time, he turned back of his own accord, and all he had to do was to drive two thousand of the enemy found on the Tuscaloosa road back on Wilson.

General Chalmers had fifty-five hundred men, and somehow he got lost and never got into the fight. He never made any report of his whereabouts, but it was understood by those of us in the fighting that Chalmers was off to one side trying to get to us; that Wilson was driving us so fast he could not keep up and really got behind Wilson, or still farther to one side. So, with Jackson's being behind him, here were one thousand more men than Wilson had, following along behind him or dodging to keep out of his way.

The result was that the Kentucky Brigade fought Wilson by itself all the way from Montevallo to Selma, the wonder being that a single man of the eight hundred ever got into Selma. But we did make it there with one hundred and fifty men. The others had been captured, killed, wounded, or run off the road and got lost. The only other troops of Forrest's command to get there was Armstrong's Brigade (1,500 men), which belonged to Chalmers. Why Chalmers was not there with his other four thousand was never known. With that many more good soldiers Wilson could not have taken Selma.

There were about one thousand militia there with us who had never been in a fight, and we fought him and held him out of the town all day, from sunrise until about sunset, when they broke through the militia and rushed in behind us. This settled it; and of our one hundred and fifty left of the brigade, only five got away. The others were captured, except Tobe Hurt, who crawled into a graveyard and hid there until Wilson went away. But the most of these escaped afterwards.

In the two or three days' fighting from Montevallo to Selma there were many thrilling and some ludicrous incidents. It was early in the afternoon when Wilson came out after us, and from the first jump he came like he was bound to have us. I am satisfied he drove us fifteen miles an hour a part of the time.

Wilson had with him Wilder's Brigade, composed of Indiana and Ohio troops. Among them was the 17th Indiana Cavalry, as gallant and brave a set of men as ever went to war. Wilson had this brigade in front all the way to Selma. It had been my fortune to be shoved up against these men all through the war with Joe Wheeler, and I knew them. It was no trouble to find out whom we were fighting, for occa-

sionally just a few of the more eager of the leaders would run through us, and we got them.

Somehow about a hundred of Roddy's men got in with us. I think we just happened onto them there about their homes in North Alabama. It was said of them that early in the war they had misunderstood the call to "strike for your homes and firesides" and did that, keeping up a sort of guerrilla business of their own there in the mountains, moving against any marauding bands not too large that threatened their homes.

I remember that on coming out of a very hot place, after crossing the creek a few miles from Montevallo, we came up on Roddy's men formed on each side of the road. I had to ride in front of their line, very close to them, to get out, and while I was doing this they began firing, two or three of them shooting under my horse. No enemy at the time was in sight, and I told them so; but they had been ordered to fire and fall back, and their object was to do this while the chance was good to get away. That was the last I ever saw of them. But when the enemy did come, the rest of us undertook to check them ourselves and got into a hand-to-hand mix-up.

A ludicrous incident of this affair was that old man Conner, who was Dr. Lackey's orderly (Dr. Lackey had been our division surgeon with Wheeler), had gotten out just in time. He carried a case almost as big as a trunk swung on his back, which contained Lackey's surgical instruments. Before getting out and under good headway, the Yanks made several whacks at him with sabers, hitting the pill box instead of Conner. Down the woods, parallel with the road, two or three miles farther I came up on Conner, and he told me what his experience had been. The enemy, he said, had still kept in whacking distance of him. He thought several times of stopping to surrender, but he was afraid they would chop his head off before he could do that. He was afraid to look back, as he might lose some of his vantage. Finally he did look back, however, and not one of the enemy was in sight. The doctor's instruments had been bouncing from top to bottom of the big case they were in, and Connor thought it was the clanking of sabers.

Conner and I camped in a hazel thicket that night behind the enemy and within seventy-five yards of their camp fires. We could hear them talking of what they were going to do to us next day. But the next day we did something to them. At a long stretch in the road we came upon General Forrest with a masked battery looking down that stretch of road.

We had by this time gotten our forces down to about four hundred men, and General Forrest told us if we would check them there he would have Chalmers with us before they could get another start. What he really said was, "In twenty-five minutes." We had formed our four hundred in a little field, not fenced, just to the left of the battery, out of sight until the field was reached. Pretty soon that familiar yell of the 17th Indiana was heard, as they were again leading in column of fours. The battery was not unmasked and opened up on them until they were almost upon it. They were coming so fast that one of those Indiana boys ran into one of the pieces, knocking a wheel out of the gun carriage, killing his horse, and he himself was killed by one of the gunners. This injury to the gun carriage made us later lose the gun.

We did not fire until the battery had commenced plowing up the road. Then we turned loose on the poor fellows, and

(Continued on page 526.)



VETERANS OF SURRY COUNTY, VA.

Samuel Wilson, Adjutant 10th Virginia Battalion; Joseph M. Green, Lieutenant Company D, 10th Virginia Battalion.

THE OLD SPIRIT.

Stonewall Jackson had a bridge builder called "Old Miles," who was very necessary to Jackson because the flimsy bridges on the line of march were continually being swept away by the floods or destroyed by the enemy; and in these contingencies Miles was a jewel. He could run up a bridge in the time it would take another man to make the measurements.

One day the Union troops burned a bridge across the Shenandoah. Stonewall Jackson called Old Miles to him and said: "You must put all your men to work, Miles, and must keep them at it all night, for I've got to have a bridge across this stream by morning. My engineers will draw up the plans for you."

Early the next morning Jackson, very much worried, met Old Miles. "See here," he said dubiously; "how about that bridge? Did the engineer give you the plans?"

Old Miles took the cigar from his mouth and flicked the ashes off with a sneer. "General," he said, "the bridge is done. I dunno whether the picter is or not."—*Exchange*.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.—As a statesman he bequeathed to his country the sentiment, "Millions for defense, not a cent for tribute." His name is recorded in the history of his country, inscribed on the charter of her liberties, and cherished in the affection of her citizens. [From memorial tablet in St. Michael's Church, Charleston, S. C.]

PRESIDENT OF THE SECESSION CONVENTION.

BY CLIFFORD BERRY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

If you should visit the Presbyterian Cemetery in the city of Orangeburg, S. C., you would find there a simple and unpretentious granite shaft which marks the last resting place of one of the most interesting figures of that long and bloody struggle in which were arrayed the forces of the North against those of the South in the Confederate war. While now peacefully sleeping the last long sleep, it was this man who wielded the gavel over the historic Secession Convention which gathered in Columbia in 1860, but concluded its deliberations in the city of Charleston on December 20 of the same year, that memorable day when the Ordinance of Secession was signed. The grave is that of the late Gen. David Flavel Jamison, who, as President of the Secession Convention, affixed his signature to the Ordinance of Secession and was followed in so doing by the entire body. None of the men who took this determined stand on that memorable day are now alive. They have all passed out to the great beyond; but the stirring scenes which surrounded their deliberations and final action still burn brightly in the memory of many who were in the city of Charleston at the time and who recall the demonstrations that followed the signing of the document, which was destined to call to the colors so many of the flower of the country, many of whom paid the price which every true patriot gladly pays in defense of home and country.

As no doubt would have been his wish had it been expressed before his death, the grave of David Flavel Jamison is marked by a small granite stone, hewn from a quarry of his native State, which in itself is a significant fact. This stone was placed by several of his admiring friends to mark his last resting place, and it bears but a simple inscription.



INSTITUTE HALL,

Located on Meeting Street, in the city of Charleston, S. C., in which the Ordinance of Secession was signed. The X shows the room in which the convention met.

The marker was erected about seventeen years ago, and there are those who still cherish the hope of further paying honor to his memory by adding to the markings about his grave.

General Jamison was a native of Orangeburg District, notwithstanding the fact that he represented Barnwell District in the Secession Convention. He was a son of Dr. V. D. V. Jamison and was born and reared on his father's plantation, near the city of Orangeburg, S. C. He remained on this plantation until a short time before the outbreak of the War between the States. He moved to Barnwell District just about two years prior to the beginning of that struggle, and on account of his prominence, not only among his own home people, but also throughout the State, he was selected to represent Barnwell District as a delegate from that section of South Carolina. General Jamison was a man of learning, and before he removed his residence from the district of his birth he had been sent as one of her representatives to the legislative halls. Here he gained recognition and was active in many undertakings which were directed for the betterment of his people. It was largely through his efforts that the establishment of the South Carolina Military Academy was secured. He recognized the importance of an institution where the youth of his State might be offered the advantages of military training, and his efforts along this line in the State Legislature bore fruit in the establishment of what is now familiarly known as the Citadel, located in the city of Charleston.

When the Secession Convention gathered for its first session in the Baptist church in the city of Columbia, General Jamison, with the other prominent members of the body, was present. His name was offered for the position of president of the convention, and he was chosen as the presiding officer. After the permanent organization was perfected, the sessions of the body were adjourned to Charleston on account of an epidemic of smallpox which was at the time raging in the capital city. In Charleston the convention gathered in what was known as St. Andrew's Hall. Here it was that the deliberations of the body took place and where a final decision was reached which was to mean such a long and bloody struggle. After reaching this decision, the convention moved to a new meeting place, this time going to Institute Hall, in Meeting Street, near Broad, and it was there that the signatures of the members of the convention were placed to the Ordinance of Secession, while in the streets outside thousands of people had gathered and were cheering and otherwise engaged in public demonstration. Institute Hall was destroyed by fire a little later, in the year 1861.

Following this public service to his State, General Jamison was shortly after named by President Davis as president of a military court which held sessions in Charleston, Savannah, and at points in Florida. He remained in this service until September 14, 1864, when his death occurred. It was while on official business in Florida that he contracted yellow fever, from which he never recovered, and he passed away at the age of fifty-three years.

The late Gen. William Gilmore Sims was a very close friend of General Jamison, and it was due to the urgent invitation and persuasion of this noted writer that General Jamison decided to leave his native heath and go to Barnwell to cast his lot with the people of that section of the State; and, like his friend, he too was an author and published a book on the life of Bertrand du Guesdin, which was pronounced by critics as a work of the highest literary merit.

TEXAS VETERANS IN REUNION.

The Confederate veterans of the Texas Division met at Waxahachie in their twenty-sixth annual reunion on October 5 and 6 and had royal entertainment in that city of some ten thousand people. About six hundred veterans were in attendance. Gen. E. W. Kirkpatrick was reelected Commander of the Division, and the following Brigade Commanders were elected: First Brigade, David Bland, Orange; Second Brigade, E. W. Tarrant, Waco; Third Brigade, James Harris, Wills Point; Fourth Brigade, George Short, Decatur. Beaumont will be the place of meeting in 1918.

The following resolution was adopted by this convention:

"To the Commander and Comrades of the Texas Division: This Division has a comrade who enlisted in the Confederate army from this State and served east of the Mississippi River, participating in many of the hard campaigns and bloody battles in the Army of Tennessee. At the surrender he returned home in 1865 with the rank of major, bearing a soldierly record for gallantry and ability to command. As a civilian, since the war he has so conducted himself as an honest, upright Christian gentleman, capable business man, and patriotic citizen of our reunited country as to render him an influential and useful factor in his home, city, county, and State. That man is K. M. Van Zandt, of Fort Worth. Early in the history of our U. C. V. Association he became an active and zealous worker. In 1900 he was elected to command the Texas Division with the rank of major general, a position he filled with such marked ability as to be reelected successively for ten years. On the retirement of General Cabell in 1910 he was elected Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department with the rank of lieutenant general. He is now rounding out his eighth year in this honorable position with satisfaction to his comrades. In view of the fact that this department has never been honored with a Commander in Chief of our organization, therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Texas Division, in convention assembled, hereby indorse Lieut. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt as capable and worthy and on the basis of his services to the Association in every way entitled to receive the honor of being elected Commander in Chief at our next election to be held at Tulsa, Okla.

"Committee: R. S. Whitehead, David Bland, George W. Blair, E. W. Tarrant, H. G. Askew, James A. Harris."

A handsome Confederate battle flag was presented to the Division by Mrs. Lura H. Galloway, of Waco, for which she was thanked by resolution and will be enrolled as an honorary member of the Texas Division, U. C. V.

Another important resolution provided for the admission of sons of veterans to membership in the following:

"Resolved, That sons of Confederate soldiers be admitted to all U. C. V. Camps on application duly filed and recommended by a comrade of the Camp and duly elected by the U. C. V. Camp, as all other members of the Camp are elected; that said sons after being elected members of the Camp shall have the right and privilege of all old Confederate soldiers."

LARGEST POTATO IN THE WORLD.—Sweet potatoes grow to a tolerably large size in the United States, but in Texas they beat the world, especially in the Oyster Creek Nation. Messrs. Kyle & Terry sent us one yesterday that weighed twenty-nine pounds and measured twenty-nine inches in horizontal and thirty-nine inches in vertical measure.—*Houston Telegraph*, 1861.

Can Texas beat that now?

SIDE LIGHTS ON TEXAS HISTORY.

[From report of Judge C. C. Cummings as Historian of Texas Division, U. C. V., at its twenty-sixth annual reunion at Waxahachie October 4, 1917.]

We are assembled here on historic ground, recalling the early struggles of the Lone Star Republic of Texas. Ellis County is named for Richard Ellis, the presiding officer of that illustrious body of fifty-six delegates—Texas patriots all—who met on the 1st of March, 1836, and the next day dared in the name of a few gallant and intrepid spirits to proclaim

Texas as an independent republic free from the despotic tyranny of eight millions of Mexican non-descripts.

Eighty-one years ago this bold and hazardous step was taken in the face of mighty odds (twenty to one), looking to the chance of an ignominious death in the event of failure. In just fifty days at San Jacinto, by the aid of an overruling Providence, on the 21st of April following their high resolve was miraculously rewarded by one of



JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS.

the most signal victories that had marked the expensive destinies of the American republic on its way to universal liberty. The Texas republic was the forecast of its incorporation in the American republic which meant a war with Mexico to sustain Texas as an integral part of our union of States, and at the end of this war of 1846-48 an area was added to our domain as an indemnity which carried our flag to the Golden Gate of the Pacific.

The story of the martyrs of the Alamo and Goliad and of the avenging Nemesis which so swiftly pursued the bloody actors of these awful tragedies forms an "o'er true tale" more thrilling than the most highly wrought fiction from the pen of genius.

WAXAHACHIE.

In the name of your beautiful county seat for the stream hard by the red man embalmed the memory of his inseparable companion, the buffalo, which gave him meat, and pounded into pemmican bread all the year round, and in winter its soft, fleecy robes shielded him from the rude northerners that swept down from the Rockies. Here these wild men and unwieldy beasts on the banks of this stream did congregate to slake their thirst and lave in its grateful waters, kept bank full by perennial springs. These have all passed together before the imperial tread of the white man as the survival of the fittest, and the image of this twain the paleface has been kind enough to preserve on our nicked coins, inseparable in life and undivided in death.

RICHARD ELLIS.

To Judge Fullmore, of Austin, in his "History of Texas by Counties," we are indebted for a brief sketch of Richard Ellis, who, he says, was "born in Virginia in 1782 and was liberally educated in law. He removed to Franklin County, Ala., in 1813 and was a member of the Supreme Court of this State and later, in 1819, of its constitutional convention. In 1825 he removed to the Red River region, in Northeastern Texas, and engaged extensively in cotton-planting in what is now known as Bowie County. He was fifty-four years of age when chosen to preside over the convention that declared Texas free and independent of Mexico. After independence was gained, he was a member of the Texas Congress. Retiring to his plantation, he died there in 1849, the year the Texas Legislature memorialized his services to the State by naming Ellis County for him."

Ellis County lies near the center of Northern Texas in the fourth tier south of its northern boundary at Red River. At the date of this convention the white population was scant in Eastern Texas, while all the area north and west of it and for a long distance south of it was given over to these wild red children of the forest and plain, whose unwritten law of unregenerate nature was "Get who may and hold who can," except a strip on our northeastern border, where the alluvial soil of the Red River lowlands, by its product of the long-staple variety of cotton, attracted the attention of cotton planters from the States with their slaves as far back as 1818.

Among these was Richard Ellis, and it is indeed fitting that the largest cotton-growing county, not only of the South, but of the world, in an equal area, should be named for one of these cotton kings. In a county with not a foot of barren soil in its area of nine hundred and forty-two square miles, more than thirty miles square, cotton is king not only in peace, but in war, and now holds the mystery of that explosive force bursting out of the mouths of the monster guns on the firing lines of the nations in that world war raging across the waters, and a bale of Southern cotton is the toll they demand whenever one of them speaks for democracy against autocracy and kingcraft in this Armageddon where kings and tyrants are arrayed against common humanity.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have shown their æsthetic taste in adopting the open cotton boll as their standard of beauty as displayed on their crest.

RISE OF THE MEXICAN REPUBLIC.

In 1821, after more than a decade of bloody but vain efforts at separation from Spain, Mexico finally succeeded in setting up a separate government. Up to that date as many as five thousand souls had already gathered in Texas under the imperial rule of Spain, of American and Mexican origin, besides innumerable wild Indian tribes. When the revolution of 1836 occurred, the population had increased tenfold, mostly from the Southern States. In 1822, after a year's trial, Mexico relapsed into imperial rule, with Iturbide as emperor. In 1823 he was induced to abdicate, with ample provisions for life, and went abroad. But he soon returned with the imperial bee buzzing in his bonnet and received his quietus in front of a firing squad which allayed the virus of imperialism till 1867, when the unfortunate Maximilian met a like fate at Queretaro. In 1824 Mexico adopted a republican form of government after the plan of the United States, followed by liberal colonization laws and land grants to set-

tlers. This attracted a flood of immigrants, mostly from the contiguous States. By 1830 the rush was so great that the Mexican Congress took alarm and grew jealous of the strangers, and in the face of the pledges and contracts under the Constitution of 1824 this Congress unlawfully set aside these guarantees, repealed the colonization laws and land grants, ordered immigration to cease and the disarming of all Texans. But immigration, relying on the constitutional provisions unlawfully repealed, continued to flow in and joined the resident Texans for the enforcement of these guarantees. Accordingly in October, 1835, fifty-six Texas delegates met at San Felipe de Austin in "consultation" as to the best plan whether to battle inside the republic under the Constitution of 1824 or to set up an independent republic. The latter course was decided as premature then, but this body adjourned to meet again at Washington, on the Brazos, on the 1st of March, 1836, with the result as heretofore indicated.

RISE OF THE TEXAS REPUBLIC.

Meantime events for separation moved rapidly forward. A small band of Texas patriots soon after this stormed San Antonio and caused the surrender of the Mexican General Cos, with a force largely superior, which greatly encouraged the party for independence, but brought the invasion of Texas by Santa Anna with a force of many thousands, about three thousand of which surrounded the Alamo church in February, 1836, occupied by Travis and one hundred and eighty of his men after Cos was driven out by the other Texas force; and on the 6th of March, early Sunday morning, the force under Travis was slaughtered without mercy while flying the flag of 1824. This was the hour when the convention at Washington was finishing its work for independence and adjourned, having elected Sam Houston commander in chief of the Texas army.

This massacre was followed by one still greater at Goliad, where on another Sunday morning, March 27, Palm Sunday, Fannin and three hundred and thirty of his men were likewise slaughtered after surrendering on terms of civilized warfare treacherously violated. In both instances the bodies of the slain were gathered up and cremated where they fell. This left Houston with but a shadow of an army, more than half having been slain, which forced his retreat, closely pursued by the exultant Mexican general, till both reached the Brazos about the 1st of April. Santa Anna was with a part of his force at Fort Bend, while Houston was marooned about opposite Groce's by high water, ignorant of the whereabouts of Santa Anna till about the middle of April, when the Mexican commander sent Houston a note by the hands of a negro slave, declaring that he would run over to Harrisburg, the temporary capital, clean out the land thieves there, then return and attend to him. Thus by weak things were the mighty confounded. Houston, seeing the Mexican had thus divided his forces, followed on till they met at San Jacinto. Houston ordered the charge about 4 p.m. on this eventful 21st of April, and in eighteen minutes the Texans had cleared the breastworks, when the slaughter began and lasted till nightfall.

Houston's official report gives his own force at seven hundred and eighty-three men, including sixty cavalry and two pieces of artillery; his loss at two killed and twenty-three wounded, six of them mortally. He reports the Mexican casualties at 630 killed, 208 wounded, the remaining 750 as prisoners, thus conquering a force a little more than double

his own. The Texans charged with the war cry, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" This they did with interest, as the Mexican dead alone that day exceeded those at the two massacres. The most signal instance of retributive justice that day befell the Mexican General Castrillon, who was next in command to Santa Anna at the slaughter of the Alamo and went forward and directed the massacre of Travis and his men without mercy or quarters. Castrillon was among the first to fall after the Texans had cleared the works.

Early in the action Santa Anna fled away from the field on a fleet black charger he had stolen the day before from Colonel Vince at Vince's Bridge, which crossing he aimed at in his flight, but found that the Texans had destroyed the bridge. Being unable to cross the bayou, he abandoned his ill-gotten mount and was found the day after the battle wandering over the prairie in the disguise of a common soldier by some Texas troopers who began marching him toward the camp afoot, prodding him with a captured Mexican lance when he slackened his pace. At length, tired out, he begged to be taken up behind Joel W. Robinson, one of their number. Imagine the surprise of all when upon riding into camp his identity was disclosed by the Mexican prisoners exclaiming, "El Presidente!" Houston adroitly used his distinguished prisoner as a pawn to order all the remaining Mexican forces out of Texas, which the guilty one was glad to do to save a wicked life justly forfeited.

PERSONNEL OF THE CONVENTION.

Crane's "Life of Houston" gives a list of the members of this notable body, the places of their nativity, the States they came from in the South before moving to Texas, as well as their ages, ranging from twenty-four years to seventy, the average being about forty-three years, that of Houston, the day the ordinance was passed. Virginia leads in nativity with fourteen in number, North Carolina next with nine, Tennessee next with seven, Kentucky, Georgia, and South Carolina with four each; two Mexican members from Bexar and one each from the following localities outside of the Southern States: New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ireland, Canada, England, Scotland, Yucatan, and Mexico.

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GORDON.

A handsome oil painting of Gen. John B. Gordon was presented to the State of Georgia during the last session of the legislature. This was a gift from Mrs. Marietta Minnigerode Andrews, of Washington, D. C., a niece of the Dr. Minnigerode who was General Lee's chaplain, the portrait having been painted by her husband, the late Eliphalet Fraser Andrews, a noted artist. An account of the gift and its presentation comes from Gen. A. J. West, who was on the staff of Gen. Carter L. Stephenson, C. S. A., and was Quartermaster General U. C. V. for Georgia under Gen. John B. Gordon, also a former Commander of the Georgia Division, U. C. V. While General West was attending the Confederate Reunion in Washington last June, Col. Hilary A. Herbert communicated with him regarding the portrait, in accordance with the request of Mrs. Andrews as conveyed by the following letter:

"THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, P. O., VA.

"Col. Hilary A. Herbert, Washington, D. C.—My Dear Colonel Herbert: As a small tribute from a daughter of the

Confederacy in Virginia to the State of Georgia, I beg to place in your hands a full-length portrait of General Gordon with this request, that you place the same at the disposal of his native State in whatever way seems best to you. This service will place me under great obligation. My husband considered the head and figure of General Gordon of rare beauty and always felt that the aristocratic, chivalrous type of Southern gentleman was perfectly represented in the man whose personality he endeavored to portray on this canvass. I well recall the pleasure he took in painting it, and I hope the picture will serve the double purpose of reminding rising generations of General Gordon's distinguished services and also suggest that the painter, Eliphalet Fraser Andrews, by birth and education a Northerner, still admired and loved with a most generous mind all that was highest and finest in the Southern character.

"With kind regards, faithfully yours,

MARIETTA MINNIGERODE ANDREWS."

When the picture of General Gordon reached Atlanta, the legislature was in session, and Governor Dorsey had just been inducted into office. A joint session of the two houses was called, and the Capitol was crowded with other friends. The portrait was presented by General West and accepted by President Olive of the Senate in behalf of the State of Georgia. It had been draped in the two flags, the Stars and Bars and the Stars and Stripes, which were drawn by Col. John S. Prather, who commanded a regiment under Wheeler, and Comrade Reams, standing at each side, both in Confederate gray. The picture is ten feet high and seven feet wide and shows General Gordon in full Confederate uniform, the only one of the kind in existence. Beautiful tributes were paid to the beloved General in the speeches of presentation and acceptance and to those who followed him.

In concluding his presentation address, General West said: "The Confederate soldier stands to-day proudly erect, with the flush of matured manhood on his cheek and the consciousness in his heart of duty faithfully performed, with the Stars and Stripes in his right hand, emblem of indivisible union, waving a friendly notice to our brethren in the East, West, and North that we challenge them to an earnest but determined rivalry in sustaining President Wilson in his every effort to maintain the honor and independence and the safety of these United States."

President Olive said in part:

"The question has sometimes been asked, Is there anything in a name? Scholars have pondered over the answer; but wherever the English tongue is spoken, all the way from Appomattox to Khartoum, the name of Gordon is one that challenges admiration. Our brothers on the other side of the sea love that name because one of their greatest heroes was a Gordon. Our people on this side of the sea, North and South, love another of the name for his bravery on the battle fields and his friendly counsel after the struggle.

"This man, whose portrait is now ours, was a marvelous creation of our Creator. Before most men reach or verge on the meridian of life, this man was commanding half the armies of Northern Virginia, still in his twenties. A spark of intelligence flashed to the mines in the mountains, where he was engaged in labor, that the South was in danger. Educated at the great university in Athens, well grounded in the fundamentals of Southern tradition and Southern citizenship, the spark found answer in a noble heart. Recruiting a company from the rugged mountaineers who loved

their cause and their captain, he came to Atlanta with a nondescript organization, so far as uniforms were concerned, which won for it the name, given to it by one of the members, of the 'Raccoon Roughs.' They sought to leave from Georgia, but later left from Alabama; and though their rugged uniforms may have caused a smile in the streets of Atlanta, before the four years' record was written they meant horror to the Northern hosts.

"The promotion of General Gordon is unexcelled in military annals. Entering the war as a captain, almost immediately he became colonel, then a brigadier, a major general, and a lieutenant general, the right hand of the immortal Lee. This career is remarkable when taken in consideration with the age of General Gordon. Most of the members of this General Assembly are older men than was Gordon at the time he commanded half of Lee's army. A young man, endowed with powerful intelligence, with superior courage, inspired, it seems, as a military hero, he rose steadily to the front rank in defense of the South. His compeers at the time were the greatest logician that ever lived in this section of the country, Alexander H. Stephens; the lion of the Confederacy, Robert Toombs; the peerless orator of Georgia, Benjamin Harvey Hill; and yet here came a young man, barely out of college, called from the mountains to make good, on the field of battle, the eloquence of Southern statesmanship.

"After the war was over there came from the serried ranks of the Confederacy, from all that defeated army which marched hopelessly home, not one from the State of Georgia who was better beloved by his State than John B. Gordon.

"Later in life, when he felt called upon to take up the burdens of statesmanship and entered the political arena, there gathered about his head the acrimonious darts which always attend a political campaign; but I challenge the history of Georgia to show one single orator or one single phrase more compelling in its power than that of John B. Gordon, who had earned the right to use it, when he addressed his fellow Georgians as 'My countrymen.' There was no political machine which could stand the wave of sentiment and love that gathered about him. There was no political attack which could penetrate his armor, because that armor was made of the gratitude of the people who realized the nobility of the unselfish sacrifice which he made in their service.

"On the Capitol grounds there stands a beautiful tribute to his memory. But yesterday, when looking at the bronze-graven sides of that monument, I saw a beautiful scene. Long after every one of us shall have gone to our rewards that silent testimonial will stand in the chief corner of the Capitol grounds. It was when the battle raged thickest, when death seemed most imminent, when it was considered well-nigh impossible to stand in the maelstrom of leaden fire and live, that this man, whose picture we accept to-day, marched to the gallant chieftain of the Confederacy and said: 'General Lee, I ordered you to the rear.' Willing to take his place in battle, willing to take command, ready for death, if his duty demanded it, yet cool and calm enough outside it all to know what an irreparable loss the death of Robert E. Lee would be to the South, making the bold proposition: 'I must put my life in the place of yours, and you must go to the rear.' Human love can show no greater affection to country.

"We accept the portrait. It shall be given proper place in

the Statehouse of Georgia. Let the young, when the time shall come that none shall even hear the story of the

'Storm-cradled nation that fell'

from Confederate lips, when it shall be only written history and none there to bear witness to its happenings, see this splendid painting of Georgia's own gallant son and, seeing it, gather inspiration from the man who could answer the call of duty and who had never learned the meaning of fear.

"In this day and time, when the Armageddon of the world seems to have come, when every nation seems bent on killing every other nation, when money that staggers human comprehension is voted, when men from all over the world in numbers too great for even the wildest imagination to contemplate are all thrown together in this great battle, there are those who are inclined to think that perhaps the War between the States was not a great war and that, after all, it was but a small affair in comparison with the great worldwide war. Let me tell you the story of the men in gray. They had no training camps. They had no uniforms. They had no food and supply trains. They had not the finest tents that money could buy. They had not the thousands of Red Cross nurses who are now volunteering to soothe the wounds in this war. But they did have the imperial manhood and womanhood of the South. That was all.

"Those men and women followed our armies for four long years, and history has never recorded, nor ever will record, an army of similar size, so greatly handicapped in equipment and supplies, that fought like the army under Robert E. Lee. The people of the South are loyal to the covenant of Lee at Appomattox. There is no higher pledge to the Southern heart than the given word of Lee. But that loyalty has never reached a height in my heart where I can say that I am glad the cause for which my father and grandfather fought was lost. But the judgment of war binds us. It is what lawyers call *res adjudicata*—the issue is settled and settled forever. No section of this Union will answer the present call more quickly than the sons and grandsons of those gallant men who wore the gray. They have a lineage and a heritage to sustain, unchallenged in the eyes of the world, the faith of their fathers and mothers. The sons and daughters of the Southland shall not be recreant to their trust.

"General West, in behalf of the great State of Georgia I accept this painting of the golden-hearted Gordon. I commission you to tender to that generous Southern woman the heartfelt thanks of the commonwealth and to give her and hers the assurance that the portrait shall have place which will know admiration and respect as long as Georgia lives."

CAMP STILL ACTIVE.—Secretary J. M. Adams, of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1055, at Monroe, Ga., reports that the Camp is in good shape, with about fifty members on the roll, which is one-fourth of the original membership. A meeting is held on the first Tuesday of every month, with about twenty members present, and thus is the spirit of love and comradeship kept up among them. There are very few of them under seventy years of age now, but "we hope to take Washington in one day next June, what we tried to do in four years of the sixties," writes Comrade Adams, "and we hope to have the best Reunion this year that we have ever had. There seems to be a tie between us of the sixties who wore the blue and the gray, as it took a man to make a soldier then, whether he wore the gray or the blue."

THE MEMORIAL AT ARLINGTON.

[Address by Bishop Collins Denny, of Richmond, Va., at the memorial service held in Arlington Cemetery on Wednesday afternoon, June 6, 1917, during the Reunion in Washington.]

The significance of this monument ought not to be missed. In no other country can such a monument be found; perhaps even in our own it is unique, and I have not forgotten the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm on the plains of Abraham. To make possible the burial here of Confederate soldiers and over their graves to erect this notable work of genius, many influences combined. The plan was conceived in a Camp of Confederate Veterans; it was born and nourished in the arms of Southern women. In this accomplishment no workers wrought with more credit than the United Daughters of the Confederacy; yet many wrought, and there was much credit.

These blessed women of the South, many of whom honor us by their presence to-day, without apology for the glorious part they had taken, the inestimable help they had given, the yet untold agonies they had suffered in the War between the States, without the humiliation of the men of the South, dead or living—their fathers, sons, and brothers—who in as fierce, as devastating war as was ever waged had gone forth to dare, to fight, to die for their dear land; without the denial of a jot of their faith in the right, the justice, the reasonableness of the cause for which all gave all—these women requested of the Federal officials authority to do this work. And when permission was granted, with tender hearts they gathered here the remains of their dead heroes and over their bodies raised this monument.

If that were all, it would be enough to account for your presence here to-day. But that is by no means all. In truth, the half has not been told.

These graves and this metal molded into beauty are in the nation's greatest military burial place, in the midst of the nation's most beloved, renowned, and illustrious dead; they are in its custody, are under its protection; they are its property; they are here by the consent of the nation, by the act of your former foes. Those who won ungrudgingly gave to those who lost a place to erect a tribute to their dead. Without that consent, without that formal enactment of the Congress of the United States, no monument to the Confederacy could stand here under the shadow of the Capitol's dome. The Congress taking that needed step and taking it unanimously was not controlled by Southern men; the government officials were not of Southern birth. Of you, those ancient foes asked no apology for anything you had done; specifically they demanded no confession of wrong intended or accomplished in a war that left your land a desert, blackened with its ruins, covered with its ashes, furrowed with its graves—a war they found to be no child's play, but which strained their great resources to the utmost. Those men met your petition for the warrant to honor your dead, not with a challenge to a contest in forum or in field, not with the sting of the taunting conqueror, but with a knightliness as honorable to them as it was gracious to you, and they joined with you in the dedication of this memorial to your dead.

Here is a magnanimity, a greatness of soul, worthy to be the theme of story and of song, and the South will not stint her appreciation nor her praise. Gladly she accords everything she claims. With you there is no question of the patriotism and courage of the men of the North, and this monu-

ment is the seal of your full and frank admission of their exalted chivalry.

The time has passed in this country when men enlightened in mind and manly in heart can speak to their brothers of returning prodigals and of calves killed to satisfy their hunger. The once potent catchwords of a blind and fallacious prejudice are no longer influential nor tolerable. All men of wisdom know that humiliation is not an ingredient of na-



BISHOP COLLINS DENNY.

tional unity; that to ask men to forfeit their self-respect, to deny or even to conceal their honest opinions, is not an emollient, but an acid—indeed, a deadly poison—to all true manhood.

By those qualified to judge, and that without regard to section, it is now universally admitted that you men of the South did not create the causes of that sad and terrible war, nor were those causes exclusively a Southern product. They were nation-wide, and your generation inherited them, and not from your immediate ancestors. They were in the facts of our national life, the joint contribution of our revolutionary and colonial forefathers, North and South. They were sown in the Constitution itself and were seen and noted, but could not be prevented by the men who wrought out that amazing document. With the makers of the Constitution there was a vague and feeble hope that the division in sentiment, in prejudice, in purpose, in interpretation, which ran deep down into the subsoil of that compact of astonishingly able compromises, might be healed by a slow first intention of our developing Federal union, that our opportunities, our necessities, our dangers might prevent infection of the wound of division and produce a healthy granulation of sound living tissue.

Our form of government was an experiment, an acknowledged experiment, the most venturesome experiment in the turbulent history of civics. Its framers feared its failure. Some

predicted that it would fail, some few foresaw and foretold a bloody conflict, certain, unavoidable. Prior to the Revolution the only sovereignty known and acknowledged in the English-speaking colonies of this country was in the crown of England. At the beginning of the Revolution each colony assumed and asserted the sovereignty of its citizens. Except the specifically enumerated powers delegated to the United States by the Constitution or prohibited by it to the States, all others were reserved to the States; and this enumeration of rights, it was declared, could not be construed to deny or to disparage others retained by the people. In the Constitution some fundamentals were untouched or overlooked, others were undeveloped. There was a wide neutral and unexplored, if not unsuspected, territory of rights and powers between the several States and the United States. There was ample room for differences, constant provocation to debate. Through long decades, in every known forum, on every hustings, with an ability never excelled, with a learning as exhaustive as the available records made possible, the greatest and best-trained intellects of the country argued, they discussed, they disputed. Neither section consistently maintained one interpretation. Each shifted its position according to its interests or its necessities. Only just before your birth did the two sections crystallize into diverse opinions. You were born into the settled belief that at your option you had a right to secede, a right inherent in the undisputed sovereignty of the States, a right proclaimed by the Virginia Constitution when it ratified the Constitution in these words: "The powers granted under this Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression." And you acted on the conviction that your democracy, your liberty, your honor made secession a necessity. The men you fought were born into the honest persuasion that the Constitution did not provide for the disruption of the States; that secession was ruinous and wrong; that, if need be unwillingly, you must be held in the Union, even at the expense of a fratricidal war, and when you seceded they made war. Secession was no sudden expedient. You believed it to be a lamentable and a last necessity. Only with agony did you break the bond your forefathers had given their blood to form.

With these honest opposite and firm convictions the war was inevitable. Nothing but the red blood of hearts, precious alike in the North and in the South, could fill the crevice left in the foundation of our government. That blood superabundantly shed completely filled that crevice, and this monument above these honored and ever-beloved heroes of the South, hard by the honored and ever-beloved heroes of the North, Americans all, is the material and sufficient evidence of a country genuinely reunited, of a people once more living harmoniously together in the house which their fathers had builded, with the old controversy forever settled, the old wound forever healed. This monument is not the memorial of a bloody division; it is the seal of a fraternal union.

Our history, it has been discovered, is a succession of surprises. Here is the greatest surprise in the history of the republic. To one who simply reads of this monument the story is but a fable; it needs a pilgrimage to make it a fact. True, it is a Confederate monument and rightly the work of one who wore the gray and shared in its renown, a son of genius, who in his youth on a bloody field in his native Virginia helped to plant his victorious banner on the captured cannon of his foe. Into it he put the tender experiences of

his early life, the love of his land that did not die. Here he is to rest, his own work his halo.

We cannot, as we ought not, forget you old veterans, nor your comrades who lie in our soil. Heroes all, we hail you. With your blood you wrote the epic of your manhood, and no true man would now obliterate one word. Indelible is your record, and the climb of the centuries will but brighten your deeds. Never can we become so ungrateful as to forget how in your youth the South stripped herself to very nakedness, gave exhaustingly her last resources, gave the lives of her dearest and her best, gave all save honor. In these precious gifts we find the invulnerable, the unassailable, the inexpugnable proofs of your sincere patriotism, of the honesty of your convictions, of your ingenuous purpose. Unabashed, in the light of the glory of the courage and success and sacrifice of her sons and daughters the South can look the world in the face and hear her record read.

You and your comrades never were cursed with that infirmity of mind, that utter lack of chivalry to the man you fought, that inability

"To honor while you struck him down,
The foe that came with fearless eyes."

Not in the least do you abate your admiration and respect for the firm courage, the tenacious purpose, the heroic resistance of the men who made so bloody your three days' work at Manassas, nor for those at Chancellorsville, who, even when surprised, so manfully struck back. You rightly give hearty praise to the men at Gettysburg, whom even you, flushed with a success almost unbelievable, could not drive from Culp's Hill, Little Round Top, and Cemetery Ridge. We must give honor to the men who made your fight so hard, your many victories ultimately so unavailing, and we do give it readily and without reserve. All the glory, all the benefit of those days of deadly strife are now the common heritage of all Americans. To the world and to each other Americans have shown what they can accomplish when they are put to the crucial test and how at the last they can accept the result.

Beside this monument you softened asperities, you allayed suspicions, you buried old jealousies, you abandoned old feuds, you renounced old enmities, you dissipated all legendary causes of bitterness, you discarded all unholy partisanship, you repudiated all divisive discord, and you obliterated all scars. In this hour all differences die. Now, not simply does the blue touch the gray; the two are interwoven. America is united.

While we are gathered here to honor our dead who fell for our cause and to greet their surviving comrades, the storm of another war breaks on us. We did not want this war: honestly and patiently we tried to avoid it. Long time we bore abundant tribulation, submitted to unprovoked wrong. Ardently we hoped, eagerly we worked, fervently we prayed that this cup might pass from us. A righteous and merciful God, our God and the God of our fathers, saw it was not wise to indulge our longing for peace and permitted the Scourge of Europe to make war on us, whether as the just punishment of our grievous and heinous and manifold sins and wickedness, which we acknowledge and bewail, or as a necessary discipline for the service and sacrifice we owe and only thus can pay to a sadly stricken world, or as a test that present and future generations might see what he has wrought out in this new world with a people who a little while ago were not a people, or for all these reasons, we do not know.

Our part now is with humbled hearts and chastened spirits, with unflinching courage and grim tenacity, to tread our appointed path to the very end, not to halt until we shall have finished our allotted work.

Is this generation equal to the task? Looking backward to your day, we see what sacrifice, what pain, what agony, what death await the sons and daughters of America. Woe worth the day! They enter a veritable Via Dolorosa. As we remember how heroically you men and you women of the South and of the North fought your fight, did your work, fully met your obligations, counted not your lives dear unto yourselves, and as we remember that these who now under your old eyes go into the mouth of this hell are the bone of your bone and the flesh of your flesh, we believe they will not be false to their fathers. We cannot but believe they can do what you did, can suffer what you suffered, can starve as you starved, can also walk as you walked with victorious tread through the fiery flames of battle. And they will. We can ask no more of them. No more have men ever done, no more can men ever do. For them, with the blessing of God, we can ask no more than such leaders as you followed. You will not think me narrow nor prejudiced nor sectional if I pray God send our boys a Lee and a Jackson. Then even your deeds will be equaled. One blast upon their bugle horns would make you young again and will make your sons the victors.

Look for a moment at what is involved. This is not simply a question of the disturbance of our accustomed life, nor is it merely a denial of the luxuries of human rights, of the right to trade in the marts of the world or to travel in peace its ancient paths. It is more than a denial of American rights. It is the extinction of the very essence of human rights. Everything that men hold dear is at stake. Never before was the world in such a chaos. Order has been dethroned. Law has been assassinated. Ruthless hands are on the throat of liberty. A knife is at the heart of Christian civilization. Not to act is to attempt to live at peace with crime, but it is impossible to live at peace with crime. We are in this war determined, God helping us, that freedom shall not perish from the earth; for should liberty in Europe die to-day, it will be buried in America to-morrow.

Here, as by the mound on the plain of Marathon, patriotism may gain force; here, as amid the ruins of Iona, piety may grow warmer, for this also is historic and holy ground. Standing beside this monument, so full of significance, surrounded by our immortal dead, in the presence of our living heroes, now grown gray, we renew the vow of our fathers and mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, that, by the blessing of God, our land shall not furnish the grave for the liberty they so hardly won; that, having lived upon the heritage they left us, we will not shirk the responsibility its possession inevitably entails. We will not sit supinely down and see our children robbed of what we hold in trust for them. We will not condone the theft of this treasure even at the price of peace; that in such a bargain is but a mess of pottage. We will not sell our birthright of freedom for an illusory peace. Remembering whose sons we are, we cannot by our cowardice prove recreant to our fathers. Since in a defensive war fight we must, fight we will. May God speedily send us a victory

"That throws over memory only repose
And takes from it only regret,"

and a peace so full of benefit to our foes as to leave in their hearts no place for bitterness!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY CAPT. E. F. FENTON, WADESBORO, N. C.

Flag of my country, all hail to thee,
Emblem of right and sweet liberty;
Flag that now floats to the ends of the earth,
Though the youngest of nations gave it birth!
At the cry of oppression we haste to the call,
And e'en to a man we'll fight till we fall—
Fight till ambition's lust shall cease;
Fight till the oppressed are given release.
Liberty! liberty! our God-given cry—
For this we will live, for this we will die.
Up with the banner! Long may it wave
Over this land, the land of the brave!
It floats o'er the billows, nailed to the mast;
High, high in the sky its shadow is cast;
O'er the North Pole it floats on the breeze;
Away in the Alps it is nailed to the trees;
And we swear by the gods this banner shall wave
Over all lands that sweet liberty crave.

God of our country, God of the free,
Give to all nations their liberty;
Give them the blessings that freemen enjoy,
Purest of gold without the alloy.
Give them a country where oppression's chain
Will never be felt by freemen again—
A country that's ruled by thy chastening rod,
Where "the voice of her people is the voice of God."



CAPT. E. F. FENTON AND A LITTLE GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER.

Captain Fenton is enjoying a happy old age in his North Carolina home, and says that his chief recreation is writing poetry, which he hopes will also be enjoyed by others.

AN INCIDENT IN ARKANSAS HISTORY.

BY RICHARD MASON, CAMDEN, ARK.

One of the greatest projects ever undertaken in a spirit of malice and cupidity was the attempt of Gen. Thomason Woodward to divert the current of the Ouachita River across a small neck of land for the purpose of leaving the city of Camden high and dry on what had been a big bend in the river. The attempt was made before the war, in the days when there were no railroads in Arkansas. The city of Camden, then the market for all the cotton of South Arkansas, was entirely dependent on the river for shipping facilities. Had the attempt been successful, the city would have dwindled away to nothing within a short time.

The city of Camden is situated around the outside edge of a big horseshoe bend in the river. The wharf is located exactly at the base of the bend and is in the heart of the city. The distance around the bend is about five miles, while from channel to channel across the neck of land at the points of the horseshoe is only a quarter of a mile. It was across this narrow strip of land that General Woodward undertook to divert the river by means of an artificial cut-off.

A shallow bayou across the neck had been made by the river itself, and during high water a strong current flowed across the strip of land. General Woodward planned to dig this channel deep enough for water to flow through it even at low stages of the river. At places a canal of forty to fifty feet had to be dug, but over the greater part of the distance a depth of twenty feet would give a continuous flow, even at low-water mark.

Had a flow of water once been secured across the neck, the river itself would have enlarged the channel to the extent of diverting the whole current; for the fall across this quarter of a mile represents the fall in the river bed around the five-mile bend. The rushing water would soon make a new bed across the neck, leaving the big horseshoe bend only a muddy bayou.

General Woodward owned a great number of slaves. He put a gang of one hundred negroes at work to dig the cut-off. He left a levee across the upper end of the ditch, intending to complete the digging, then break the levee, and let the river tear its way through the artificial channel.

The motive that prompted General Woodward was dual in its nature. Both malice and cupidity entered into his design—malice toward Maj. William Bradley, who owned a great portion of the land surrounding the little city and who would therefore suffer heavily from the loss of the river, with its shipping; cupidity as well, for General Woodward planned to found a city of his own some miles below the wharf at Camden.

The Woodward and Bradley families were of the old type of wealthy Southern planters. Young Woodward and young Bradley had been reared together and were intimate friends while young men. They had a dispute over some trivial settlement, and each was too proud to acknowledge himself in error. The result was bitter enmity between them and their families; the men were mortal enemies. Friends took care never to set them against each other, for fear that bloodshed might result.

The Bradley land lay around the city, while the Woodward plantation was down the river below the horseshoe bend. Had General Woodward succeeded in diverting the river, he would have left Bradley without a convenient wharf, and he

could easily have established a rival settlement to Camden on his own plantation.

Major Bradley and the business men of Camden were highly wrought up when they learned that General Woodward had almost completed his cut-off. Open hostility was threatened, and armed parties were formed for the purpose of stopping the negroes from their work; but cooler heads prevailed, and no actual fighting was done. It was pointed out by lawyers that the Federal government would not permit a navigable stream to be diverted from its natural course. As quickly as post horses could make the journey, a suit was filed praying for a perpetual injunction. It was never answered by General Woodward, and the court granted the injunction restraining the creation of the cut-off.

For months after the injunction had been granted Major Bradley, with armed followers, watched the point night and day, fearing that General Woodward might disregard the order of the Federal court and finish his cut-off. This was in the time before the war when Southern planters had but little respect for the Federal government or its courts, and many people predicted that General Woodward would carry out his plans at all costs. But the General never commanded his negroes to remove a shovelful of dirt after the restraining order had been served upon him by the United States marshal.

General Woodward's cut-off is still there, and in high water a great torrent rushes through it. For many years it was feared that the river would complete the work started by this headstrong man. The channel of the cut-off was so deep during the War between the States that a small steamboat carrying Confederates, pursued by Federals in a gunboat, took advantage of the short cut to gain five miles on the Northern vessel and reached the Confederate lines in safety. The river was extremely high at the time, and the small craft got through with ease; but the gunboat had to follow the main current of the river. It is a feat of boys and young men to go through the cut-off in motor boats or batteaus during high water even to this day; but it is highly dangerous on account of the snags and driftwood accumulated there, and a number of lives have been lost in making the attempt.

But the fear that the river would take the shorter channel of its own force was groundless. During low water the cut-off is dry. The great ditch is there to-day, though it is slowly filling up from the drift that lodges in it during high water. Its bed and banks are covered with living forest trees more than half a century old. To one who comes suddenly upon the empty canal, dry and filled with towering trees, the thought comes that it must have been the work of some prehistoric people in an effort to divert the river. It stands there as an example of the weakness of a man otherwise great, a monument to his malice and cupidity.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.—During the battle of Fredericksburg General Early was sitting on his horse where bombs were bursting and Minie balls were flying thick and fast, when he saw the chaplain of one of the regiments under his command running down the road. "Which way, parson?" yelled the General. "I thought I would seek a place of safety, General," the chaplain answered. "Why, you old hypocrite," replied the General, "here you have been trying to get us to go to heaven for months; and now that you have an opportunity of going yourself, you are running away from it!"—*Exchange*.

THE MISSION OF THE VETERAN.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

The VETERAN receives occasionally letters from Northern writers criticizing and condemning its course in vindicating the principles for which the South fought in the War between the States and in defending her attitude to negro slavery and in justifying her resistance to the infamous Reconstruction tyranny which followed the war.

It is held that we of the South ought to teach our children that the doctrine of States' rights was false and secession a crime, that our system of domestic servitude was a sin against which the enlightened conscience of the world revolted, that we should be ashamed of the treatment of prisoners in Southern prisons, and that we should condemn the Ku-Klux Klan as a band of midnight assassins.

Let it be understood that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a historical magazine intended to set forth the principles for which the South contended, to vindicate those principles as in thorough accord with the Constitution which bound the States in union, to give a true account of the conduct of the war, a defense against an unlawful and ruthless trampling on her rights and invasion of her territory, and incidentally to show the nature of our domestic institutions which were so malignantly misrepresented to the world and so recklessly destroyed. In a word, it is our endeavor to assert with solemn conviction that might does not make right, that brute force never can be the proof of righteousness and truth; otherwise the strongest bully in a conflict would be the righteous man.

Ever since the close of the war Northern writers and speakers have sought to discredit and dishonor the cause and the conduct of the Confederates in the eyes of their children of the present and coming generations. The VETERAN seeks to present correctly the attitude of the South to those great questions in which her conduct has been most severely arraigned.

AS TO SLAVERY.

Probably no people were ever more thoroughly, systematically, and persistently misrepresented than was the South by the abolition propaganda in regard to her treatment of the slaves. This domestic institution was denounced to the whole world as "the sum of all villainies" and the slave-owner as a sinner above all men and unworthy of fellowship with Christians, and oceans of crocodile tears were shed over the imagined sufferings of innocent and helpless human beings.

Now, while there were serious evils connected with the institution, as there are with all human institutions, and while no one in the South would advocate slavery as an abstract question of right or wrong, yet it was a condition and not a theory that confronted the Southern people. Negro slavery was an inheritance from a far past; it had been largely forced on the colonies by the tyranny of the mother country, aided and abetted by the active efforts of the New England colonies engaged in the African slave trade. The most serious question for a thoughtful and just people was to adjust the relations of the two races, so widely different in nature, capacity, and culture—one the "heir of all the ages and in the foremost files of time"; the other just taken from the slavery of a most degraded barbarism. Amalgamation was out of the question; the culture of the white man was impossible for the negro; and so the only thing to do was to make him the servant of the white man, and the institution

became so wrought into the social and economic life of the South and the relation became so kindly that there has never existed a working class more contented and better cared for, and that not merely as to physical care, but also as to their spiritual interests, attested by the fact that probably two millions of them in the century before 1861 were brought into the Christian Church. The determination of Mr. Lincoln and his party was to force emancipation, with all its serious problems, upon the South by preventing her from access to any of the territories with her institutions, although these very territories had been won largely by her prowess and statesmanship, and some of them were especially adapted to slave labor. This the South resented and resisted with all her resources. Her increasing negro population needed room. The question of the future freedom of the slave under progressive moral and industrial conditions could be safely left to the conscience and wisdom of the people. But they could not recognize the relation as in itself sinful in a world where right and wrong are so often determined by circumstances.

AS TO SECESSION.

The Southern States saw certain rights of theirs under the compact of union, guaranteed by the Constitution and affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, violated persistently and defiantly by other members of the compact, the States under abolition control, and they had no other remedy than to withdraw from the Union on the principle announced by Daniel Webster, that a contract broken by one party releases the other party from its stipulations. By the election of Mr. Lincoln the majority of the Northern States arrayed themselves against the constitutional rights of the South and so released her from obligation to continue in the Union. But from the very nature of the republic as a federation every State must be the ultimate judge of the remedy for wrongs for which there is no common arbiter, a right which Virginia, New York, and Rhode Island expressly asserted in their adoption of the Constitution.

Moreover, it was a right which Mr. Lincoln himself asserted in a speech in Congress in 1848 as belonging to any people who are dissatisfied with the government under which they live.

What the South asserted was the right of self-government for the States—"government of the people, by the people, and for the people." For there can be no doubt that the vast majority of the seceded States desired to set up a separate government. And it is one of the ironies of history that, while the South was defeated and condemned, yet the great world war in which the United States is engaged with her allies against Germany is to vindicate the very principle for which we fought—that is, the right of every distinct people to choose their own government. And as we strive for success in the war against centralized imperialism now, we may look back with pride to our great though unsuccessful conflict and feel that

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

AS TO TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

This is one of the favorite charges against the Confederate authorities, to convict them of cruelty and brutality in the treatment of prisoners in their hands. And yet there is no part of our record on which we can more confidently go before the world on a true statement of the facts and challenge comparison with our enemies in the war. The horrors of

Andersonville are held up as evidences of the systematic and deliberate purpose to torture and murder helpless prisoners, and Captain Wirz is pictured as a brutal tyrant devising and rejoicing in the sufferings of those committed to his charge.

None deplored the sufferings of the prisoners at Andersonville and in other prisons more than the Southern people and their government. But every effort of the Confederate authorities to remedy conditions was deliberately thwarted by the action of the Federal government and its chief officers.

First, in breaking the cartel of exchange of prisoners in 1863 and absolutely refusing every proposal of the Confederate government, ever the most generous, for the renewal of the cartel.

Second, in making medicines contraband of war and defeating every effort of the Confederates to secure medicines necessary for the treatment of the Federal prisoners.

Third, in the ruthless destruction of crops and of factories, thus making it more and more difficult for the Confederacy to feed and clothe its own soldiers; and yet the prisoners received the same ration as our soldiers in the field, with permission to buy vegetables from the surrounding country.

Yet, with all these disadvantages hampering our government, the death rate was far lower among Federal prisoners in the South than among Confederate prisoners in the North, as these figures will show: In Northern prisons, 220,000 Confederates, of whom 26,000 died; in Southern prisons, 270,000 Federals, of whom 22,000 died. Twelve per cent of Confederate prisoners died amid the horrors of Rock Island, Elmira, Fort Delaware, etc., and nine per cent of Federals died amid the horrors of Andersonville, Libby, etc.

The trial and conviction of Captain Wirz on suborned testimony, by a military court organized to convict, was the sacrifice of an innocent man to the demand of unreasoning passion for a victim. The South honors him as a martyr for her cause.

AS TO THE KU-KLUX KLAN.

It is charged that the secret organization known as the Ku-Klux Klan showed the disloyal and lawless spirit of the Southern people, of which we should be ashamed. But those who know of that wild orgy of corruption, graft, thievery, and lust, miscalled Reconstruction, which was forced on the defeated South by hatred and cowardice, know also that one of the strongest agencies in delivering us from the rule of the carpet-bagger and the scalawag was the Ku-Klux Klan.

The basis of the carpet-bag government was the ignorant negro vote, and its purpose was to put in power a horde of hungry alien vultures by investing the negroes and their allies only with citizenship and so fattening on the carcasses of dead States. But the Ku-Klux Klan, originated in a spirit of fun by some young men, became a mighty agency in nullifying the negro vote. The organization was perfected by some of the best and most patriotic men in the country. That solemn band of night riders in their ghostly apparel, their mysterious movements, their dread warnings in the sepulchral tones of the dead so appealed to the superstitious fears of the negroes that they were glad to give up all political ambitions.

The Klan seldom had to resort to violence, and then only when some terrible outrage by ignorant negroes or brutal white men demanded instant punishment. As soon as the original purpose of the organization was accomplished it voluntarily disbanded; and the great mass of testimony before the committee of Congress, where not palpably false,

tells of outrages by irresponsible parties who assumed the garb of the Klan to cover their private or personal wrongdoing. The Reconstruction policy it is that ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every true American.

The VETERAN believes that when any people becomes indifferent to the epic periods of its history and careless of the name and fame of its heroes, that people has lost its highest ideals and has become degenerate, sunk in the slough of mere materialism. Therefore we seek to perpetuate the memory of the pure motives and the heroic sacrifices of the men and women who in the South gave their all in defense of their constitutional rights in a federated republic. They were defeated, it is true, and the republic became a nation. They yielded in good faith to overwhelming force. Henceforth it is our duty to strive with all our resources to make the nation a guardian of liberty and justice and to hold it faithful to the Constitution which it has adopted.

THE BATTLE OF SCARY, W. VA.

BY J. M. FERGUSON, ASHLAND, KY.

The battle of Scary, W. Va., was fought on the 17th of June, 1861, and lasted from 2 P.M. until darkness fell.

On the 30th of May, 1861, the Fairview Riflemen, from Wayne, W. Va., fifty-three in number and uniformed in red flannel hunting shirts, commanded by Capt. James Carnes (I was first lieutenant and Joseph Workman second), went into camp at Camp Tompkins, just below the mouth of Coal River. Shortly after the Border Rangers, Jenkins's command of Kanawha Rangers, Kanawha Riflemen, Logan Wildcats, and a company from Putnam County, commanded by Captain Barbee, joined us. Sometime after that the Federal troops under Colonel Woodruff landed at Guyandotte, W. Va., and Col. M. J. Ferguson, then colonel of the Wayne County Militia, fought him at Barboursville, W. Va. The Fairview Riflemen, with one piece of artillery, was detached from our camp and sent to his relief, but arrived only in time to cover his retreat.

We were ordered to remain at Coal Knob and were there when the battle of Scary commenced. But by double-quicking we reached Scary in time to save the day, as the enemy had silenced our artillery, killing Lieutenant Welch. But by our arrival with another gun it took the enemy by surprise, and they retreated by the Hill Road and not by the River Road, over which they had come. The Federals were commanded by — Low, who was wounded and left in our hands. We then set fire to a cooper shop, which gave quite a light; and the Federals at Poca, seeing the light, supposed they had gained the day (this signal had been agreed upon if they were victorious); and Colonel Neff, Colonel DeVilliers, and several minor officers rode up the River Road and, of course, didn't meet the troops in retreat, as they had gone by the Hill Road. So we took them in, which gave us quite a show of captured officers. The Federals reported a loss of two hundred, but we didn't find nearly so many. They might have deserted. Our loss was small. I don't remember whether Capt. A. G. Jenkins, of the Border Rangers, or Captain Patten, of the Kanawha Riflemen, commanded our forces.

My company, the Fairview Riflemen, was in the State service; but when we were turned over to the Confederate army, it was put into the cavalry, the 8th Virginia Regiment. Carnes was made colonel of the regiment, and I was made captain of Company K, 8th Virginia Cavalry, known as the Big Sandy Rangers.

CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE OLD SOUTH.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

No section of the modern world has been more productive of strongly marked types of character than that embraced within the area of the Southern States. A vigorous and clearly defined individuality revealed its power in every sphere of that complex activity which constitutes so notable a feature of our contemporary development. In whatever form—moral, professional, or in the higher ranges of scientific and literary achievement—the intellect of the South asserted its energy, the same results in due season unfolded themselves, and in the fullness of time there were seen statesmen such as Jefferson and Calhoun; jurists such as Taney and Marshall; theologians of the massive type embodied in Thornwell; scientists such as Mawry, Wells, and McCrady, who made the bounds of knowledge wider yet; monarchs of the realms of thoughts derived from the fadeless antique age, such as Gildersleeve; lyrist and critics like Tichnor, Randall, Timrod, and Lanier; orators such as Henry, Hayne, Legare, McDuffie, Preston, and Dobbin; masters of assemblies and masters of sentences, wielding at will the fierce democracies; leaders of hosts, lords of the field, each of whom was worthy to “stand by Cæsar and give direction”—Lee, Jackson, and D. H. Hill.

The isolation which was characteristic of our olden Southern life may be regarded as one of the essential agencies that contributed to the strong individuality reflected in every stage of its development. In the streaming roar of vast cities “we rub each other’s angles down,” but the result of the attrition is oftentimes reflected in that pale and decorous unanimity deplored by a subtle asserter of the soul in song in words that have entered into the heart of English speech. The tranquil aloofness of a rural home, the farm and the plantation, the flaming forge of the blacksmith, the cotton gin, the loom throbbing from morn to eve, the long lines of cottages on the hill occupied by the slaves, the simple building dedicated to education—all indicated the existence of a self-sustaining community whose social autonomy was the training school in which was inculcated and fostered the political autonomy that was the master power, the supreme factor in shaping the fortunes of the ancient South. The doctrine of local sovereignty, which by logical evolution broadened into the loftier conception of the sovereignty of States, was nurtured and stimulated in the remoteness and solitude of the country, where wide intervals separated neighbor from neighbor, and the nearest village or country town was accessible only by hours of travel over roads primitive in construction, if not by a journey that consumed the light of a winter’s day.

In modes of civilization similar in their distinctive features to those I have endeavored to describe were in large measure passed the early years of the men who controlled the political destinies and guided the embattled hosts of the South until the dawn of that bodeful season which heralded the coming of Appomattox in the springtide of 1865—Washington, Jefferson, Calhoun, Lee, Jackson, Hill.

To turn from the science of speech to the realm of poesy is perhaps not an abrupt or illogical transition. From my twelfth year I was a Poe enthusiast, and at that early period I had almost absorbed Griswold’s edition of 1856. During my student life at the University of Virginia I do not think that I ever heard an allusion or reference to the most marvelous genius whose name is associated with her history. The room he occupied during his one year’s residence was rarely pointed

out; few of us were acquainted with its situation. The renown of Poe is a development of the last four decades. Its growth assumed distinct or definite expression with the erection of the modest monument to his memory in Westminster Churchyard, November, 1875. Even this simple initiative, this prelude movement was the outcome of prolonged and devoted labor in the face of prevailing apathy and stolid indifference. The result was assured only by the undaunted energy of the teachers of Baltimore and the generous financial coöperation of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. Those to whom especial honor should be accorded as essential agents in assuring the success of the enterprise were Miss Sarah S. Rice, Dr. Thomas D. Baird, Professor William Elliott, Jr., and Mr. John T. Morris. All of these were for a series of years most honorably associated with the educational life and expansion of this city. Within a recent period the University of Virginia has been aroused to the consciousness of Poe’s steadily broadening fame. The glory bestowed upon him by the whole world of literature has in a measure cast its radiance upon his *Alma Mater*. Praise too hearty cannot be accorded to the labors of the late Prof. J. A. Harrison, whose “Life of Poe” is a monument almost colossal, forever attesting his heroic endurance and invincible research. Within a recent time most auspicious results have been accomplished in the same field by the discriminating scholarship and cultured judgment of Dr. Charles W. Kent and Dr. C. Alfonso Smith, who represent in its purest form the literary ideal of the university.

When the monument to Poe was formally dedicated, November 17, 1875, Walt Whitman was the sole representative of the poetic fraternity who accepted the invitation and attended the exercises. I escorted him from the hall in the Western High School to the scene of the unveiling in the churchyard. He was a martyr to rheumatism; and I shall never forget the convulsive clutch with which he grasped my arm as I led him through the keen autumnal air to the grave of the poet, whom he alone of all his brotherhood had come to honor.

There possibly may be one other, but I am impressed with the conviction that I am the only man now living who looked upon the ashes of Edgar Allan Poe. A few years later than his death, October 7, 1849, the building of Westminster Church so obscured or intercepted the view of the Poe lot in the cemetery that, had the monument been erected at the grave in which he was buried, it would have been hardly visible from any direction. As a natural result, when it was placed at the corner of Fayette and Green Streets, the remains were removed and deposited beneath the monument. It stands in the northwest corner of the cemetery. By mere chance I was passing the churchyard at the time of the opening of the grave. It was on a lovely October morning in 1875. The bones were lying loose, and the lower portions of the body were reduced to a fine white dust or powder. I especially observed the condition of the teeth, which seemed to be in admirable preservation. A fragment of the coffin which fell into my possession I cherish with a reverence that increases with the years.

At a time not yet revealed a noble monument, graven by an artist whose fame is as untouched by local circumscription as that of Poe himself, will leap to life in the city where he lay for more than a score of years, the modest mound losing its identity and fading slowly into the kindly earth. To the accomplishment of this high purpose the late Mr. Orrin C. Painter contributed with characteristic munificence—the patron

of all lofty endeavor in the sphere of culture, the genuine philanthropist who took no thought for self, who was, in the intensest acceptance of which language is capable, "of every friendless name the friend."

During Sidney Lanier's long and hopeless struggle with tuberculosis Dr. Thomas Shearer was his attending physician. This relation to Dr. Shearer may have been in some measure the inspiration of the noble tribute to the medical fraternity which Lanier paid in his "Shakespeare's Forerunners," published in 1902, or more than a score of years after his final struggle with the last enemy, September, 1881. His lines, addressed to Dr. Thomas Shearer (1880), "Presenting a Portrait Bust of the Author," were written when the poet was fast passing into "the twilight of eternal day." The epigrammatic note is acute as well as felicitous in character and application:

"Since you, rare friend, have tied my living tongue
With thanks more large than man e'er said or sung,
So let the dumbness of this image be
My eloquence and still interpret me."

Time and again I saw Lanier at his favorite seat in the Peabody Library. Perhaps it might have been regarded as his "coign of vantage." I was present at the lecture, February, 1879, upon the relation of music to verse, when Professor Sylvester referred to him as "this great poet." During an orchestra rehearsal at the Peabody Institute Mr. Hammerick, the musical director, gave expression to a comment or criticism which Lanier construed as a reflection upon himself, if not an insult to his dignity as a gentleman. Without a moment's hesitation the Southerner, far spent by a fatal disease, grasped a chair and rushed forward with his only available weapon to avenge himself upon the offender.

At a time comparatively recent the following incident occurred in one of the most celebrated institutions of New England devoted to the higher culture of women. A young lady from the South recited as her selection in poetry Timrod's "Ode to Spring," which in its special sphere has never been surpassed in any age of our literature. The teacher in charge of the exercises was delighted with the grace and purity which it revealed, but added that there must be some error or misapprehension involved, as no such poet had ever existed. In 1898 I delivered a number of lectures upon Timrod to summer schools and classes composed of teachers. In every instance I indulged in elaborate comment, ample description, and read freely from his works, but strictly avoided the mentioning of his name. All were enraptured with the Southern lyrist, but none of those to whom I spoke recognized the original or even suspected his identity. My single copy passed through the hands of a hundred readers eager for light and knowledge in regard to the new star which had "swum into their ken." The scene of my labors was at Amhurst, Mass.

It was never my good fortune to come into personal contact with Henry Timrod nor with Dr. F. O. Tichnor, of Georgia. The first died in October, 1867, the latter in 1874. Gen. D. H. Hill regarded Tichnor as the foremost poet of the South, and his judgment is on record in a letter written many years ago to Miss Emily Mason. We may not be disposed to concur in this estimate, although it will be conceded that in more than one of his lyrics, such as "Little Giffen of Tennessee" or "The Virgins of the Valley," he passes into the goodly fellowship of the acknowledged masters of melody.

In all the annals of poesy no sadder life has appeared than that of Timrod. With none of his brotherhood was life so unrelenting and immitigable. Despite the nearly ethereal tem-

per reflected in his art, passion blent with purity, lyric charm incarnate in grace of form that might claim a place by Keats or Tennyson, his fame has only in rare instances passed beyond a local or sectional limitation. A professor of history in one of our most progressive universities, dependent in large measure upon the patronage of the South, seemed skeptical in regard to the existence of Timrod and was disposed to look upon him as a mythical character evolved by my own fantasy.

Dr. John W. Palmer I met time and again during his final days, 1903-06. In the varied range of his life experiences exceeding fourscore years he was a genuine Ulysses, who had seen many lands and kingdoms, having circled the globe, contemplating every phase of civilization, encountering both peace and war, and composing the poem forever linked with his name, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," at Oakland, in Western Maryland, September 17, 1862, while the battle of Antietam was in progress and the echoes of the desperate artillery grapple were passing over the mountain, a distance of eighty miles, until they fell upon the ears of the poet. Not alone in this battle-wrought creation did Dr. Palmer's rich lyric vein reveal its power. "The Fight at San Jacinto," "Ned Braddock," "The Maryland Battalion," and "For Charlie's Sake" illustrate his capabilities in forms most attractive, fusing pathos and passion into harmony. Apart from his artistic gifts, Dr. Palmer was in himself an inspiration. His culture assumed a rich diversity, literary, scientific, philological, and his affluent wealth was bounteously dispensed, with no touch of ostentation or pedantry.

My first meeting with James Ryder Randall was during my Charleston period and in the office of the News and Courier, at that time (1885) under the editorial direction of Capt. Francis W. Dawson. His home was in Augusta, Ga. In 1907, long after my return to Baltimore, Mr. Randall made a visit to his native city, and many most charming evenings we passed with him under our own roof. None dreamed that the end was almost upon us. He overflowed with animation; his conversation was rich in varied episodes and affluent in reminiscences, for many of the foremost figures of the olden South he had known in familiar association, and the storied past unfolded itself in his imagination like the canvas in some grand drama which reveals the vanished ages in panoramic form. In the last hours we spent together, not long preceding the Christmas of 1907, his genial, lovable nature seemed to reach a climax.

"Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher.
As mounts the heavenward altar fire,
As flies the lighter through the gross."

To comment upon his art would involve a work of supererogation. "My Maryland" has girdled the globe with its melody, and "At Arlington," "Pelham," "Resurgam" stand without rivalry or even a shadow of successful imitation.

The fame of Randall, perhaps unfortunately for him, is associated almost exclusively in popular apprehension with "My Maryland." That he has attained a higher flight both in "Pelham" and "At Arlington," no rational or discerning judgment can fail to perceive. Yet even with this concession to the spirit of genuine criticism, "My Maryland" in its special sphere is unique in American, if not in modern, literature. The poet's lips were touched with a live coal from off the muse's altar as he wrote. His own account of its origin always brings back to memory Psalm xxxix. 3. It was composed in 1861, on Shakespeare's traditional birthday, April 23.

THE SOUTH AND GERMANY.

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[Reprinted from William and Mary College Quarterly Historical Magazine for July, 1917, with a few corrections and additions.]

I hope that no one who reads this paper will suppose that I have any feeling in the matter. I am only correcting errors of Northern writers, and I trust that, after more than half a century since the War between the States, this may be done without exciting any sectional bias. On the other hand, I have no idea that the authors of the articles noticed below were themselves actuated by any ill feeling. It is just a habit merely that some Northern men have of mistaking the facts of history. So far from all Northern writers and speakers acting any ungenerous part, some of the noblest tributes to the South have come from the North.

The United States has declared war against Germany and entered into a world contest of which no one can tell the consequences. It is a just and righteous war waged by this government in vindication of long-violated rights guaranteed by the international law. And yet at a moment when union and coöperation on all lines of action are highly expedient there seems to be a concerted effort by Northern writers and speakers to cast slurs upon the Old South by drawing analogies between it and Germany. This course has been taken without any regard for the feelings of the present generation of Southern men, who see no reason to be ashamed of the conduct of their ancestors.

Probably the most vicious of these attacks appeared in the New York Times for April 22. Under the title of "The Hohenzollerns and the Slave Power," the spirit of the Old South to 1861 is said to have been essentially analogous to that of Germany. The slave power was "arbitrary, aggressive, oppressive." "The slave power proclaimed the war which was immediately begun to be a war of defense in the true Hohenzollern temper." "The South fought to maintain and extend slavery, and slavery was destroyed to the great and lasting gain of the people who fought for it, so that within a score of years from its downfall the Southern people would not have restored it had it been possible to do so."

Here is the old trick of representing the weaker power as the aggressive factor in history. An earlier instance of it occurs in the history of the Times's own State. The early New England writers in excusing their own aggressiveness represent the rich New England colonies, with their thousands, as in imminent danger of being wiped out and extinguished by the handful of Dutchmen at New York. And so it has been with the Southern question. In one breath the Northern historian has talked like the Times of the "arbitrary, aggressive, and oppressive power" of the South, and in the next has exploited figures to show the declining power of the South from the Revolution down to 1861. With its "indefensible institution" the South's attitude was necessarily a purely defensive one, and Calhoun never at furthest asked any more than a balance of power to protect its social and economic fabric. The North began the attack in 1785 with a proposition to cede to Spain the free navigation of the Mississippi River. In 1820 it attacked again when Missouri applied for admission as a State with a constitution which permitted slavery. It attacked once more in 1828 and 1832, when, despite the earnest protest of the South, it fastened on the country the protective tariff system; and the attack

was continued till both Congress and the Presidency were controlled by them. When in pursuance of the decision of the Supreme Court the Southerners asked for the privilege of temporarily holding slaves in the Western territories until the population was numerous enough in each territory to decide the continuance of slavery for itself, it was denied them



DR. LYON G. TYLER.

by the North. Why can't the Times tell the honest truth that in this long contest between the growing North and the weakening South it was the North that was "arbitrary, aggressive, and oppressive," that its design from the first was to exploit the South to its own advantage, and that the South only resisted this exploitation? The permanent exclusion of slavery from all the national territory—a principle for which the North contended in 1860—was clearly a more aggressive force than the so-called "extension of slavery," which meant nothing more than its temporary toleration during the formative period of a new State.

It is certain that if nature had been left to regulate the subject of slavery, not one of the Western territories would have had slavery, the odds, by reason of immigration and unfitness of soil and climate, being so greatly against it. In 1861 the North had obtained complete mastery of the political power in the country, and the South, feeling no satisfaction in a union where the majority was so utterly hostile to it, seceded.

Did the slave power "proclaim the war," as the Times asserts? Here it is again the old story of the weak man assaulting the strong, the lamb attacking the wolf. Every sensible man knows that the South would have been very glad to have had independence without war. But Lincoln would not even receive the Confederate commissioners for a parley on the subject. He made the ostensible ground of the war an attack on Fort Sumter when, after vacillating for almost a month, he forced the attack, contrary to the advice of his

own cabinet, by sending an armed squadron to reinforce the fort. Not a man was killed, and yet Lincoln, without calling Congress, which had the sole power under the Constitution, suspended the writ of *habeas corpus*, instituted a blockade, and set to work to raise and organize an army to subdue the South. President Wilson waited for two years, till two hundred American citizens had been killed by the Germans, and even then took no hostile step without the action of Congress. Who had the "Hohenzollern temper," the North or the South, in 1861?

Did the "South fight to maintain and extend slavery"? The South fought for independence and the control of its own actions, but it did not fight to extend slavery. So far from doing this, by secession the South restricted slavery by handing over to the North the Western territory, and its Constitution provided against the importation of slaves from abroad.

Slavery was indeed destroyed by the war, and it is perfectly true that no one in the South would care to restore it. At the same time we see no reason why we should be grateful for the way in which slavery was destroyed. At the beginning of the Union there was a strong sentiment in the Southern States, especially in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, against the existence of slavery; but the action of three of the New England States in joining with the two extreme Southern States to keep open the slave trade for twenty years through an article in the Constitution and the subsequent activity of New England shipping in bringing thousands of negroes into the South made its abolition a great difficulty. The development of the cotton industry and the subsequent tremendous propaganda launched against slavery caused the views of many in the South to change, and they came to regard it as a beneficent institution; but this was largely a defensive attitude. It is a fact that the South at no period in its history made any guarantee to the North as to the time of its abolition, and the moral question, or the present unwillingness of the South to reestablish the institution, is a totally different one from the historical or material question. In view of the fact that the example of Germany shows that the highest military and industrial developments are not incompatible with a very limited freedom in the citizen, no one can be certain that slavery of the African race in the South would not be a more productive condition than their freedom, especially as long as they remain congested as they are in the South and race distinction and subordination are thereby perpetuated.

And here we may ask the question, Was the decline of the South attributable to slavery? Before the Revolution, Virginia and the South up to about 1720 had much less population and wealth than the North; but from that time to the Revolution, with the great influx of slaves, the South forged ahead and acquired all its opulence and importance. Then came a relative decline and finally by war a change to the abolition of slavery. Has the South improved by the change? Since the war for Southern independence fifty-two years have elapsed, but the South relative to the North is far behind what it was in 1861. The single State of Massachusetts, which in 1860 was about equal in wealth to Virginia, has now more wealth than all the eleven States that went into secession, if we leave out the State of Texas. And how about the fabulous wealth of New York and Pennsylvania? To one step taken by the South since the war the North has taken twenty. Make all the allowance for the impoverishment by the war one chooses, and there is no real

reason to suppose that the case will be different fifty years hence.

The primal cause of the decline of the South after the Revolution was not slavery, but the presence of the negro under the new conditions created by the Union. The secondary causes, principally dependent upon the primal, were the oppressive sectional legislation by the National Congress, agricultural pursuits as contrasted with manufactures, and failure to receive any share of the vast emigration from Europe. These factors are as much in existence now as before 1861. The South will never acquire real prosperity till it gets rid of the negro, who is as disturbing a factor now as he ever was. He is unassimilable and marks the South off as a distinct people. He frightens off immigration. He discourages manufactures. He renders many laws which are suited to the generality of the Union wholly unsuited to the South. The thing to do is not to restore slavery, but to scatter the negroes throughout the Union, so that their influence will not be felt particularly in any one section. This should be done by intelligent statesmanship, not suddenly or violently, but gradually, and the vacancy in labor filled by the introduction of white immigrants.

A word or two may be said as to the ethics of secession and its possible success and actual defeat. As an original question, union is always better than division. If the united empire of all the English-speaking people had not been broken in 1776, perhaps through this overwhelming power universal peace would now be a fact instead of universal war. Had the American colonies failed in their contest with Great Britain, as at times it appeared they would do, even with the powerful assistance of France, all hope would not have been extinguished. There is no reason to suppose that any English colony would ever have experienced the condition of a Spanish satrapy. Probably after a few years, under a change of party and the growing sense of liberty in England, the rebellion itself would have fallen into disrepute in America. But even union, great as the idea is, is not the only thing to be considered. Certainly if in 1776 the unjust and unconstitutional taxes imposed by the British government created an incompatibility which justified the rupture of the British Union, there was just as much reason for the rupture of the Federal Union when the two sections had an "irrepressible" issue between them.

Some things are assured. Had the South succeeded, it would have had its own laws suited to its own conditions, and it would have developed along its own lines. As it is, it has been forced to conform itself to the conditions of the Northern section and to be merely tributary to the interests of that section. Brought in direct relation with the rest of the world, slavery, if it had survived the war, would have felt the general condemnation more acutely, and there is no reason to suppose that the evil would have been perpetuated. As to its relations with the Northern Confederacy, it is reasonable to assume that the South's peace conditions would not have been more disturbed than have been the peace conditions of the United States with Canada, which extends along the whole of our Northern border. Fear of the Northern power would have proved the bond of the Southern States. Above all, success would have saved the South from the extensive demoralization incident to all conquests. No one supposes that the New South compares with the Old South in moral force and vigor; and while in the North since the war there has been a marked rise in the character of its public men, in the South, on the other hand, there has

been a marked decline. Many Southerners, by the allurements of Federal offices, Northern capital, and personal preferments, sold their birthrights for a mess of pottage and deserted the old Southern ideals.

The South after the war had the choice of remaining hostile and sullen and of proving, like Ireland, a thorn in the side of the government; but, eminently practical, it resolved to accept the result in a loyal and genuine spirit. Aided by that vast body of Northern citizens constituting the Democratic party, who condemned autocracy and who in the fashion of the times have been stigmatized as "copperheads," they managed to rehabilitate themselves as partners in the restored America, from which they are not to be shaken even by any ill-founded and unjust attacks on their history after the spirit of the Times article. Not only did self-interest point the way, but there was a recollection, which proved immensely important, that if the North had preserved the Union the Union itself had been chiefly built up by the wisdom of Southern statesmen.

But to come back to the Times article and its Hohenzollern analogy, which section represented German spirit more nearly, the North or the South? As a matter of fact, the North went to school to the South in democracy. In the beginning of the Union the North was the headquarters of the Federalist party, the party of aristocratic ideas, and the South was the headquarters of the Republican party, the party of democratic ideas. The leaders of the first were Hamilton, of New York, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, who had no confidence in the fitness of the people to rule. The leaders of the second were Jefferson and Madison, who taught the true doctrines of popular rights. Personal independence among the whites was far greater in the South than in the North, for in the latter section the menial duties were discharged by white servants, and there were no white servants in the South. It was a condition peculiar to the South that the poorer the white man, the more jealous he was of his rights and his liberties. Any authority the rich slaveowner possessed over his poorer white neighbors was due to their own free volition and was a mere concession to superior education and refinement. Henry Adams, in his "History of the United States," gives a description of the poorer classes in Virginia, which was true in the early days and continues true to this day: "Nowhere in America existed better human material than in the middle and lower classes of Virginia. As explorers, adventurers, fighters, wherever courage, activity, and force were wanted, *they had no equals*; but they had never known discipline and *were beyond measure jealous of restraint*."

On the other hand, the difference between the rich and the poor was always great in the North, and this difference has continued to grow deeper and wider, till in this day a perfect chasm exists between the multimillionaire and the poor man of the slums. The greatest master of slaves in the Old South was nothing in social and political power compared with the present master of Wall Street.

It is sometimes stated that the majority of the Southern whites, despite personal independence, had little or no influence in political affairs; but this if true, and it is not, is offset by the equal or greater number of poor persons in the North who were similarly without weight in political affairs. These included the vast population of the slums of the cities and the millions of immigrants who were mere tools of the manufacturers, men who spoke English with difficulty and were brought up under servile conditions in the lands of

their birth. This condition gave rise in the early days to the Albany regency in New York and the city boss of the Tweed type in more recent times, factors in Northern life whose spirit was thoroughly autocratic.

The fact is, there was never anything in common between the system of Germany and the system of the South. The German system represented always civil efficiency, great military establishments, and strict subordination of the citizen to the government. The South had little civic organization, was principled against military armaments, and the governmental power in every Southern State was circumscribed within the narrowest limits. There was no likeness whatever between Calhoun and Davis and Bismarck and Von Moltke. The two first were typical Southern gentlemen, plain in their dress and manners and deferential even to negroes, and the other two were haughty representatives of caste who despised the peasant of their own race and color as a common worm.

No country ever waged a war on principles more different from Germany than did the Southern States. Germany justifies its campaigns of "frightfulness" on the plea of necessity, but in any result its national entity is secure. The South, on the other hand, knew that failure in arms would mean the extinction of its national being, but there were some things it could not do even to preserve this; and so Robert E. Lee commanded her armies on land, and Raphael Semmes roved the sea, but no drop of innocent blood stained the splendor of their achievements.

While I am glad to say that the North did not go to the same extent as Germany, the general policy of its warfare was the same, one of destruction and spoliation, and the campaigns of Sheridan and Sherman will always stand in history in the catalogue of the cruel and the inhumane. The expulsion of all the inhabitants from Atlanta and the burning of the city was the prototype of the martyrdom of Louvain. Rheims and its ancient cathedral have suffered less from the shells of the Germans than beautiful Columbia and Savannah suffered from the torch and wanton depredation of the Federal soldiers.

So much for the Times article, and just a few words in reply to an article of similar though much milder character which appeared in the February number of the *World's Work*, entitled "America in the Battle Line of Democracy." In contrast with the Times, the author of this article with commendable fairness admits that the Old South had no Kultur like Germany's, "designed to drive democracy off the earth," and "no dreams of a slave super-state," imposing its iron will upon the peoples of other nations; but the analogy between a victorious South and a victorious Germany is given in this sentence: "Nevertheless, despite its lesser menace, if the Confederacy had won, the greatest experiment in democracy would have been broken in two."

In this sentence there is lack of clearness, if not of logic. If "the greatest experiment in democracy" is intended to mean the United States geographically speaking, "the breaking in two" would have been necessarily true. But if the words are to be understood as meaning the principle of popular rule, then the statement is absurd, for an abstract idea cannot be "broken in two." It is to be assumed, therefore, that the rupture of the Union is what the writer intends, but how does this afford any analogy to a victorious German autocracy? So far as democracy is concerned, the situation would not have been changed from what it was in 1860. There would have been the same States with and without slavery, and the only difference would have been two governments

instead of one. Nor would the division of the Union resemble anything like the spirit of Germany, whose aim is not to divide, but to heap up territories and extend its conquering power over the world.

In the same article the writer in pointing the moral to his story quotes Lincoln's Gettysburg address and states that these last words of his speech, "That the nation shall under God have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth," described the great cause for which Lincoln sent armies into the field. Here is the same lack of logic and historic accuracy. The North had been antagonistic to the South from the first days of union, but it was really the jealousy of a rival nation. The chief elements that first entered into the situation were antagonistic interests and different occupations. Manufactures were arrayed against agriculture, a protecting tariff against tariff for revenue. Long before the quickening of the Northern conscience, and while the slave trade was being actively prosecuted by men from New England, that section was particularly violent against the South. Its dislike of the great Democrat Jefferson went beyond all words, and he was described by the Chief Justice of Massachusetts as "an apostle of atheism and anarchy, bloodshed and plunder."³ How much of real opposition to slavery was mixed with this old-time jealousy in the Republican plank against slavery in the territories in 1860, no one can exactly say; but, with the exception of the abolitionists, all persons, Democrats and Republicans alike, were unanimous in saying that there was no intention of interfering with slavery in the States. Lincoln was emphatically of this view and so declared in his inaugural address.

In instituting hostilities soon after, had he avowed that he wished to raise armies to fight the South for a "new birth of freedom" and to keep popular government "from perishing from the earth," he would have been laughed at; had he avowed his purpose of raising armies for the abolition of slavery, none but the abolitionists would have joined him. He obtained his armies only by repeatedly declaring that he waged war merely for preserving the Union. As a matter of fact, the abolitionists, the only true friends of immediate emancipation, became so disgusted with his opinions as to the objects of the war that nine months after the Emancipation Proclamation they proposed a deal with the Confederacy on the subject of abolishing slavery.⁸ Later, in the latter part of 1864, Mr. Davis sent Duncan U. Kenner abroad to guarantee to the governments of Great Britain and France the abolition of slavery in return for recognition.⁴ He went too late; but suppose independence and emancipation had resulted from either of these two movements, with what grace could the South claim that it had fought the war for abolition? No more really has the North any right to claim that it sent armies into the field for freedom because abolition resulted at the end. In his Gettysburg speech Lincoln talked about popular rule, but this was a kind of oratory in which South and North had both indulged for one hundred years,⁵ and we are told that the speech made no particular impression at the time. It was not until long afterwards that its literary merits were recognized, and from praise for its sentiments the Northerners have passed to regarding it as presenting a historical concept of the war. It seems that they have ended in actually assuming to themselves the monopoly of all democratic principles on this continent.

The same indifference to the real facts characterizes an

article in the Literary Digest for April 21, entitled the "Moral Climax of the War." It states that the Russian revolution and the entrance of the United States into the war have brought about a thrilling change in the moral aspects of the war "resembling the new impulse that fired the North when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued." Did any "new impulse" fire the North as a result of the Emancipation Proclamation? On the contrary, Lincoln in his "strictly private" letter⁶ to Hamlin, the Vice President, manifested his keen disappointment. "While I hope something from the proclamation," he wrote, "my expectations are not so sanguine as are those of some friends. The time for its effect southward has not come, but northward the effect should be instantaneous. It is six days old; and while commendations in newspapers and by distinguished individuals are all that a vain man could wish, the stocks have declined and troops have come forward more slowly than ever. This, looked soberly in the face, is not very satisfactory." The Democrats made extensive gains in the House of Representatives, and the elections came near being what the steadfast Republican journal, the New York Times, declared them to be, a vote of want of confidence in the President. James Ford Rhodes, the historian, commenting⁷ upon this disappointing result, writes as follows: "No one can doubt that it (the proclamation of emancipation) was a contributory force operating with these other influences: the corruption in the War Department before Stanton became Secretary, the suppression of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, arbitrary arrests which had continued to be made by military orders under the authority of the Secretary of War, and the suspension by the same power of the writ of *habeas corpus*. But the dominant cause was the failure of our armies to accomplish decisive results in the field." It was the subsequent employment of negro troops against their masters and the starvation of the South by the blockade, enabling the North to obtain the desired victories, that brought about the collapse of the Confederacy, not the Emancipation Proclamation. In the face of this plain statement of the facts it is difficult to understand where the analogy suggested by the writer in the Literary Digest exists. The "thrills" were conspicuously absent in the matter of the Emancipation Proclamation when issued.

To my mind, the present righteous war with Germany represents far more closely the Old South in 1861 than the Old North at that time. Indeed, no two men ever stood farther apart in principle than Wilson and Lincoln. What does the war stand for as currently stated in the United States?

1. The war stands for the rights of the "small nations," and it insists that Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania have as much right to exist as Germany. The South in 1861 made a similar claim. The Union really consisted of two distinct nations different in institutions, occupations, and ideals. No stronger witnesses of this fact are to be found than Lincoln and Seward, both of whom spoke of the Union as containing the elements of an "irrepressible conflict" and declared that it could not endure "half slave and half free." Of the two nations, the South was much the weaker, but it had a population greater than Belgium or Serbia or Bulgaria or Roumania and a territory more extensive than Germany and Austria combined. By fighting a four years' war on equal terms with the powerful North it gave the best proof of its right to exist in the sun as an independent nation. After drawing in vain on his own population and that of Europe to suppress the South, Lincoln resorted to forcible enlist-

ments from the South's own population to achieve his victory, confessing that without the negro troops the North "would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks."

2. The war stands for "government based on the consent of the governed." This doctrine was announced by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and France appeals to it in behalf of Alsace and Lorraine, Italy in behalf of Trieste and the Trentino, Roumania in behalf of Transylvania, while Poland and Bohemia demand its recognition in behalf of themselves. The sacred character of the principle is affirmed by Wilson in his inaugural address March 4, 1917, and in his letter to the new Russian government,¹⁰ but Lincoln and the North in 1861 denied its application to the South.

3. The war stands for "humanity" as recognized by the international law. It is a solemn protest against the frightfulness of unrestricted submarine warfare, the barbarous destruction of the property of noncombatants, the deportation of the innocent inhabitants of conquered regions, etc. How stands history in regard to the North and South? Here is the testimony of the late Charles Francis Adams, a Federal brigadier general and President of the Massachusetts Historical Society: "Our own methods during the last stages of the war were sufficiently described by General Sheridan when, during the Franco-Prussian War as the guest of Bismarck, he declared against humanity in warfare, contending that the correct policy was to treat a hostile population with the utmost rigor, leaving them, as he expressed it, 'nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war.'" The doctrine that there must be no humanity in warfare proclaimed by Sheridan was also voiced by Sherman in his letter to General Grant on March 9, 1864: "Until we can repopulate Georgia, it is useless for us to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources. * * * I can make the march and make Georgia howl." General Halleck wanted the site of Charleston, thick with the heroic memories of the Revolution, sown with salt, and General Grant in his order to Gen. David Hunter thought it prudent to notify the crows to carry their provisions with them in future flights across the valley. Nothing need be said of the ferocious spirit of the lesser tribe of Federal commanders. And Lincoln, in spite of the fine, catchy sentiments of his Gettysburg speech, gave his sanction to the same policy when he said¹¹ in response to a protest against his employment of negro troops: "No human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion." Secretary Chase in his diary shows that on July 21, 1862, in a cabinet meeting the President expressed himself as "averse to arming the negroes"; but shortly after, on August 3, 1862, the President said on the same question that "he was pretty well cured of any objections to any measure except want of adaptedness to putting down the rebellion." To the spoliators, Hunter, Sheridan, and Sherman, he wrote his enthusiastic commendations and not a word of censure. Were Lincoln and his supporters humane? By an act of Congress approved July 17, 1862, and published with an approving proclamation by Lincoln, death, imprisonment, and confiscation of property were pronounced on five million white people in the South and all their abettors and aiders in the North. To reduce the South to submission, Lincoln instituted on his own motion a blockade, a means of war so extreme that, despite its legality under the international law, it has evoked from the Germans the most savage retaliation when applied to them. He threatened with hang-

ing as pirates Southern privateersmen and as guerrillas regularly commissioned partisans. He suspended the cartel of exchange; and when the Federal prisoners necessarily fared badly for lack of food on account of the blockade and the universal devastation, he retorted their sufferings upon the Confederate prisoners, thousands of whom perished of cold and starvation in the midst of plenty. Medicines were made contraband, and to justify the seizure of neutral goods at sea great enlargement of the principle of the "ultimate destination" was introduced into the international law. The property of noncombatants was seized everywhere without compensation, and within the areas embraced by the Union lines the oath of allegiance was required of both sexes above sixteen years of age under penalty of being driven from their homes. Houses, barns, villages, and towns were destroyed, and the fiercest retaliation was employed by the Federal commanders to strike terror into Southerners. Even the act for which Lincoln has been most applauded in recent days, his Emancipation Proclamation, stood on no real humanitarian ground.

Lincoln vacillated very much before deciding to put it out. At a meeting of the cabinet on July 22, 1862, he announced tentatively his purpose of publishing such a paper; but on September 13, only ten days before his issuance of it, he absolutely ridiculed the thing, though not altogether committing himself against the step, pronouncing it as futile as "the pope's bull against the comet." He asked: "Would my word free the slaves when I cannot even enforce the Constitution in the Rebel States? Is there a single court or magistrate or individual that would be influenced by it there?" The doubtful success of the battle of Antietam raised his spirits and decided him the other way; the Emancipation Proclamation was issued; but instead of taking the high ground of general liberty, he applied it to only that portion of the South over which he had confessed himself powerless, exempting from its application that part where he had real authority by means of Federal occupation.

Issued in this form, it could not have contemplated to any appreciable extent a moral effect in making friends for the government. What then? The Confederates denounced it as an effort to incite the negroes to rise and murder the women and children in the South, living lonely and unprotected while their men folks were at war.

In this light it was denounced severely in England and France. When the negroes did not rise, Lincoln denied that such was his purpose; but against this are his own words. After urging, as stated, the futility of the Emancipation Proclamation, he used this language:¹² "Understand, I raise no objections against it on legal or constitutional grounds, for as chief of the army and navy in time of war I suppose I may take any measure which may best subdue the enemy. Nor do I urge objections of a moral nature in view of possible consequences of insurrection and massacre in the Southern States. I view this measure as a practical war measure, according to the advantages or disadvantages it may offer to the suppression of the rebellion." Here there are a distinct recognition that insurrection and massacre were a possible consequence and a distinct affirmation that objections of every nature, legal, constitutional, or moral, had no weight as against the advantages or disadvantages of the measure as a practical war measure. This much, at least, may be said, that if there was any measure calculated to incite the negroes this was the one, and that if the dreadful consequences did not ensue it can never be credited to the humanity of Lincoln,

who realized the peril. All the credit goes to the humanity with which the slaveowners treated their slaves.

As Lincoln said, he "wanted to beat the Rebels," and to win he resorted to the most extreme measures. When he thought that milder action might have a chance of prevailing, he tried that too, but seemingly without any particular preference. He never understood the Southern people, and to him the whole question of secession seemed to be the money value of slaves instead of one of violated rights or self-government, as it undoubtedly was. He is, therefore, much lauded for his humanity by those who take the same view of Southern men's motives as his own for suggesting on February 6, 1865, to his cabinet to pay the Southern people \$400,000,000 if they would quit fighting, the money "to be for the extinguishment of slavery or for such purpose as the States were disposed."¹² But his cabinet was opposed to the proposition, and Lincoln did not insist on it. It never got anywhere; but to show the light in which Lincoln regarded his offer it is interesting to notice that he justified it to his cabinet, not on any generous or noble grounds, but on the mercenary one that the sum "would pay the expenses of the war two hundred days." The proposition really contained a gross insult to the Southerners. Their men were not fighting for the money value of slaves, but for a national existence which they deemed menaced in the old Union. There was no other meaning to their taking up arms, and there was no solution to the war except independence or absolute defeat. Their principles were not for sale. Suppose Washington during the American Revolution had received from the British government a pecuniary offer to quit fighting, what would have been his reply?

Contrast with all this the record of President Davis and his generals on land and admirals at sea. The campaign of Lee in Pennsylvania and the victorious career of Raphael Semmes on the ocean were a contrast in every respect to the actions of the Federal commanders (George B. McClellan always excepted) and were about as far removed from the "frightfulness" of the Germans as anything could be. And President Davis, although greatly blamed for his humanity from some quarters¹⁴ in the South, avoided in every way possible the practice of the doctrine of retaliation, which made the innocent responsible for the guilty. The only regrettable instance of severity by the Confederates was the burning of Chambersburg by General McCausland in retaliation for General Hunter's campaign of fire and sword in the Valley of Virginia. It was not a part of any settled plan of destruction and occurred only after a demand for a moderate indemnity had been made of the inhabitants—an indemnity whose amount would make the Germans smile—and had been refused by them.

4. Finally, the war stands for democracy against autocracy. As already stated, the South was the champion of democratic principles when the North was wedded to those of an aristocratic character. The South had its Jefferson and Madison, and the North had its Hamilton and John Adams. The difference between the rich and the poor was always greater in the North than in the South, so far as the whites were concerned.¹⁵ Lincoln adopted absolute autocratic principles during the war, making *necessity*¹⁶ his plea, just as Germany has done. Despite the rulings of his own chief justice and the plain language of the Constitution, he assumed the power of suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* and under the pretense of the so-called war powers set aside any clause of the Constitution interfering with his will. He arrested

thirty-eight thousand people in the North at different times and confined them in prison, subjected to great hardships, without any formal charge or trial, and in reply to a protest from a mass meeting at Albany, N. Y., used this extraordinary language: "The suspension of the *habeas corpus* was for the purpose that men may be arrested and held in prison who cannot be proved guilty of any defined crime." After the war the South was held by the North under military government for twelve years, and the most ignorant elements of the population were intrusted with the power under the Reconstruction policy. If this does not signify autocratic rule similar to that which Germany would impose upon the world, what does?

How utterly unlike Lincoln has been the conduct of President Wilson, who has scrupulously consulted Congress on every important question concerning the war with Germany!

In conclusion, it is proper to state that it affords the writer no pleasure to indulge in recrimination; but as long as Northern writers will insist on misstating facts and rubbing the old sores the wrong way they need not expect absolute silence from the South. The North is to be congratulated upon its conversion to the principles for which the South contended both in the Revolution and the War between the States. The war with Germany should be pushed to a successful conclusion, that the rights of small nations, the right of local self-government, the right of humanity, and the right of democracy be "rendered safe for mankind."

¹²In 1789 William Grayson, one of the first two Senators from Virginia, wrote to Patrick Henry: "The bill (to establish the seat of government) has been ultimately defeated in the Senate, but gentlemen now begin to feel the observation of the 'Antis' (i. e., the anti-Federalists in the Convention of 1787), when they informed them of the different interests of the Union and the probable consequences that would result therefrom to the Southern States, who would be the milch cow out of whom the substance would be extracted." ("Letters and Times of the Tylers," I, p. 170.)

¹³Wharton's "State Trials."

¹⁴See correspondence between Menckire D. Conway, agent in London for the abolitionists, and James M. Mason, the Confederate Commissioner (William and Mary College Quarterly, XXI., 221-224).

¹⁵*Ibid.*, XXV., 9-12, "Kenner's Mission to Europe."

¹⁶In his work, "Some Information Respecting America," published in 1794, Thomas Cooper, the celebrated philosopher, writes on page 53, referring to the United States: "The government is the government of the people and for the people." (Italics as in the book.)

¹⁷"Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," Nicholay and Hay, Vol. VIII., 50.

¹⁸James Ford Rhodes, IV., p. 164.

¹⁹Arming the slaves by the British was particularly denounced by the Americans in the Revolution as barbarous and savage.

²⁰Lincoln's words were: "Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men, take 150,000 men from our side and put them in the battle field or cornfield against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks." ("Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," X., 190.) That the enlistment of the negroes was largely forced, see Minor, "The Real Lincoln," pp. 181-184.

²¹In his letter to the Russian government, setting forth the war aims of this government, Wilson writes as follows: "No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live."

²²"Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," X., p. 191.

²³"Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," VIII., 30, 31.

²⁴Diary of Gideon Welles," II., 237.

²⁵See criticisms of Edmund Ruffin in William and Mary Quarterly, XXI., 224-228.

²⁶For more than one hundred years there were practically no white servants in the South, and even now it is embarrassing

to a Southern man to order white people around as they do in the North.

¹⁸In his message to the extra session of Congress, July 4, 1861, Lincoln, after rather tamely attempting to defend his unconstitutional action, falls back upon "necessity" for justification, as follows: "These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then as now that Congress would readily ratify them."

ESCAPE FROM FORT DELAWARE.

BY W. D. REID, HOLLIDAY, MISS.

On the 3d of July, 1863, the 11th Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, A. P. Hill's corps, was in the memorable charge at Gettysburg. Company H of this regiment, of which I was orderly sergeant, went in the charge with twenty-six officers and men. We had fifteen of that number killed, and the remainder, with the exception of three, were wounded and captured. I was among the latter, but my wound was slight.

That evening those of us who were captured and able to march (about 1,500) were corralled near the battle field and that night and the next day marched to Westminster, Md., where we were put on a train and run into Baltimore, then marched from the depot to Fort McHenry, where we remained during the night. It rained all night, and we stood huddled out in the open slush, unable to lie or sit down. We were then put aboard a canal boat and carried by way of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal to Fort Delaware, where we were landed about the 6th of July.

Fort Delaware was situated on an island of about ninety acres in the upper end of the Delaware Bay. We were placed in barracks in the northwest corner of the island, with a plank walk around to secure us, and were fed barely enough to keep us alive.

On the outside of our inclosure stood the fort, officers' houses, hospital, and other buildings. However, we were not allowed to go out, except now and then in small details to load or unload a vessel. On the way from our barracks to the wharf was a gate in the wall about twelve feet wide, through which all communications with the outside were carried on. This gate stood open during the day, with a guard at each post, and of course it was regarded as sure death to attempt to pass it without permission, and I suppose no one ever got that except to do a job of work at the wharf.

Of course among so many (1,500 or 2,000) prisoners there were some not entirely satisfied with the board and lodgings furnished, and as soon as they were assured that there was no hope of being exchanged they began to concoct plans of escape. Among that number were your humble servant and a cousin, a member of the same company, Joseph G. Marable. Our first plan to escape was by means of canteens, by getting two apiece, corking them very close, stringing them together and placing them under our arms, and thus making the swim of three or four miles. We also planned to pass out by another route; but others had attempted that, and in consequence so close was the watch at this point that it was impossible to make it.

So, as Bill Arp had it, we did "considerable ruminating," and finally on the 15th of August we decided upon Stonewall's plan of "taking them in the rear." To do this we must pass the gate and make our exit from the New Jersey side of the island, thus going directly from home.

On the morning of the day mentioned we walked up to the gate and passed out, treating the guards with perfect con-

tempt, not deigning so much as to look at them. They were thus thrown off their guard, thinking, of course, that no one would attempt such a thing without authority. Once out of the pen, we met a good many others strolling around the island, some of them our own men who had taken the oath. So we attracted no attention while making a survey of the island. We could find no boat to leave on that night, hence we selected at an officer's barn a ladder made of scantling about twelve feet long, and after making such other arrangements as were necessary we reentered the gate without any trouble, got a pot, and boiled our clothes to get rid of the lice. After drying them we passed out the gate again, one at a time, hiding in separate places until good dark. About eight o'clock we met as per agreement and secured our ladder and tied to it our shoes and a piece of plank to be used as a paddle. Then came the most dangerous, particular part of our work. Passing the gate was dangerous, but it required only bluff and impudence, besides a little nerve, and we were tolerably well supplied with the two former. But to carry a ladder by a good sentinel, continually walking his post, with his turning points not more than forty or fifty yards apart, approaching him at almost right angles on a bright starlit night, in a perfectly open place, not even a shrub or bunch of grass to hide us, was the cleverest work I ever did.

I should have explained that there was, and perhaps is yet, a levee thrown up around the island, doubtless for the purpose of keeping off tidewater. This was five or six feet high, and in getting the dirt to make the levee a canal about twelve feet wide and three feet deep was formed. We had to cross this canal to pass the guard on the levee.

Having arranged everything, we selected the sentinel we would slip by, and after carefully getting his turning points, or the ends of his beat, we proceeded to slip on him as he went from us at an angle of about thirty degrees. Just before he had made the turning point we lay flat on the ground till he made the round and started back. Proceeding this way for about one hour and a half, we at last made the distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. We had then crossed the canal and were lying quietly at the bottom of the levee, with our sentinel marching back and forth within five feet of us.

Finally, as he passed, we raised our ladder on the top of the levee, not more than fifteen or twenty feet behind him, and gently slipped down into the bay. Sinking our bodies far under the water, we pushed the ladder out into the bay. Then Marable mounted, unlashed our paddle, and announced everything ready for me to mount; so up I went, and down went the ladder. Just as I feared, it failed to bear both of us up; so I slid off behind and held to the back of it, while Marable paddled all night long and till about eight o'clock in the morning. One vessel passed us in the night, and we were a little uneasy for fear that it might run us down; but we felt only the waves as it passed. We landed, turned our ladder adrift, and after wandering around for a while found that we were on a small island, from which we soon crossed to the mainland of New Jersey by means of a plank. Here we remained that day and the next resting up. But we got little rest or sleep for the mosquitoes. On the second night we appropriated some farmer's little boat and recrossed the Delaware Bay.

When we landed in New Jersey, we could see nothing of the fort and concluded that we must have traveled at least twelve or fifteen miles. Once on Delaware soil, we made for

Chesapeake Bay. On the fifth day after leaving the fort, in an almost starving condition, we came to a house where the old folks were away; so the children gave us all the loaf bread and buttermilk we could consume. This was about 10 A.M. After leaving the house we could scarcely walk two hundred yards, we were so full of bread and milk. However, we continued our tramp and about 2 P.M. came to a little country store, where we had a short rest, some peaches, and a chat with a bluecoat, the first we had met. He was very nice and gave us peaches and some matches, which we needed very much. We then proceeded on our way till about four o'clock in the afternoon, and, having digested our loaf bread and buttermilk, we called on an old lady at a farmhouse and asked for a snack. She gave us broiled bacon and bread. However, she was a little insulting, insinuating that we were "Johnnies." Of course we resented the insult in as forcible language as was prudent and continued on our way until night, when we had a very good rest and sleep.

The next morning we learned from a farmer that we could a few miles above cross the Chesapeake Bay on a coal boat over to Havre de Grace. We soon came to the coaling station and found a boat loaded and ready to put across the bay. We stepped aboard without leave and, without speaking one word to any of the crew, soon passed over.

Once across the bay, we had no more matters of consequence to contend with. Our boat, however, landed above the mouth of the Susquehanna River, and just after dark a train was passed over the river on a ferryboat. We thought this a good chance to cross the river and stepped on a car, but were soon discovered by the conductor, who in vigorous language ordered us off. Failing to cross on the car, we proceeded up the river a short distance, where we called upon an old darky and had supper, consisting of old boiled rooster and green corn, the "toughest go" I ever had. However, he was hospitable and kind, and we were ever thankful to the good old man. After supper we proceeded to the river and soon found a boat, broke the lock, and rowed across.

Proceeding on our way to Baltimore, we were overtaken one day by a good-natured, ignorant old darky, with whom we traveled some distance (this was perhaps about twenty-five or thirty miles beyond Baltimore) and from whom we learned all about the "secesh" in the neighborhood. While with him we passed a large frame building about one hundred and fifty yards from the road, which we learned was the residence of one Dr. P——, who owned slaves and whose son was not in the Yankee army. We were sure that we were at last among friends. As we passed, sitting on the veranda were three young ladies and a young man. We passed on with the old negro some distance, when, to get rid of him, we lay down by the roadside for a rest. After he had passed out of sight, we retraced our steps and were soon again in front of the house where the young man and young ladies were still on the veranda. During the whole of our trip, which had been made mostly at night, I had traveled barefooted. My shoes, thoroughly soaked in the salt water in crossing the bay, had become so hard that I could not wear them. I had not been in the habit of calling on young ladies barefooted; and though all the ends of my toes had been knocked off by the rocks, which were so numerous on those macadamized roads, I crammed my feet in the old shoes and proceeded to call on the young ladies.

But O how my feet did suffer! I tried to keep from limping, but it was impossible. Marable was in better shape; his shoes did not hurt him. As we approached, the young ladies

disappeared, but the young man came down the steps and met us in the yard with a smile on his face. After passing the compliments of the day, I asked for a drink of water. He asked us to walk around, to the well, as we supposed, but not so. He took us to the back door of the dining room and invited us in. The only things said on the way were his remark, "You were not born in these parts?" and our response, "No, a good way from here." To which he replied: "I thought so." Entering the dining room, he set a decanter of whisky, with sugar, water, etc., on the sideboard and told us to help ourselves and began putting edibles on the table. The first thing put on was a large boiled ham. I can see that ham yet.

While he was thus engaged, in walked a young lady, then another and another, till all were helping the young man prepare the table. And O what a table! I never saw a better, nor such waiting maids. The young ladies soon began to show their curiosity by asking questions, but a wink from the brother caused us to deal out little information at that time. Dinner over, we walked out on the veranda; but the young man informed us that it would not be safe to remain in the house, as a company of Yankees was encamped not far off and frequently passed. He then walked with us down to the road and gave us some information about Baltimore. He induced us to hide in a corn patch near by until night, as it would be dangerous to travel in daylight. He then returned to the house, while we secreted ourselves in the corn patch. Just after dark, the moon shining brightly, we heard a vehicle leave the house, and when it got opposite the corn patch a whistle blew. We hurried to the road, and soon the carriage turned and came back, and the whistle blew again, when we walked out into the road in front of the horses, a fine pair of grays. The young man on the driver's seat threw open the door, and we stepped in and took the front seat, the other being occupied by his sisters, and a young lady from the city of Philadelphia was sitting by the driver. We had a delightful moonlight ride of about twelve or fifteen miles and were also furnished funds enough to supply our needs until we should reach old Virginia. We then took leave of our friends and continued on our way to Baltimore.

The second morning after leaving our friends just before day we came to the edge of Baltimore. Our route was through the city by way of Frederick, Md., to Harper's Ferry. Passing through Baltimore was rather dangerous for a "Reb" at that time; but it was a long way around, and we were terribly footsore. So we decided to bluff the city. Remaining hidden in the woods near the road all day Sunday, though we came near being run into several times during the day, Providence was on our side, and no one saw us. As soon as dark came we hit the road and were soon in the city.

We called at a stable to get a vehicle to carry us through, thinking it the safest; but all their teams were out, and the proprietor was a little insolent in suspecting us to be "Johnnies." We gave him some tough jaw and left, making our way through without attracting any attention.

At this edge of the city were tents occupied by United States soldiers. We passed many of them on the sidewalks, but they took no notice of us nor we of them. We went on altogether at night after leaving Baltimore, avoiding the towns, and met with nothing worth relating until we reached the Patapsco River, and we passed over the bridge without being seen by the guard standing at the end, whistling merrily. From here we went on by way of Frederick to Harper's Ferry.

We did one mean trick over in Maryland near the Potomac which I regret, but it could not be avoided at that time. We broke into some gentleman's spring house and appropriated a little piece of veal and some milk and butter, for all of which we ask his pardon. If he was a good Rebel, as he should have been, it was all right; otherwise we don't care a cent.

We reached the Potomac just above Harper's Ferry before midnight and, with a stick to feel our way, were soon on Virginia soil. We called at a house close by, got something to eat, and continued on toward Charles Town. We found that Charles Town was occupied by United States cavalry, with their outposts about three or four miles on the road to Front Royal. We kept clear of the road until we passed the outpost, then took the road and reached White Post just after day, got breakfast, and proceeded on our way to Front Royal. About a mile from this place we met citizens running out who said the Yankees were coming in on the Culpeper Road. However, we went on to town; and learning that there was a little raid on the Culpeper Road, we turned our course up the valley to Luray Courthouse, where we met the 1st Confederate Cavalry. We put up at a hotel, and a generous cavalryman paid our bill. The next morning we got transportation on the stage to Culpeper and stayed overnight, and the next day we went down to Orange Courthouse, where we found the noble old 11th Mississippi, with a few of Company H on hand.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA., FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS."

1862.

Cure for Exaggeration.—General Beauregard issued the following order on January 18, 1863: "Should any officer improperly or unduly exaggerate the force of the enemy, he should either be arrested or made to verify his information by a close personal reconnoissance." One dose did the work; no more loose talk.

Lincoln, the Great Emancipator.—On the 1st of January, 1863, President Lincoln, it is commonly thought, freed all the slaves in the United States, when, in fact, he freed only a part of those who were in Southern territory occupied by Yankee forces, as his act specifies full freedom in the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas and partial only in Virginia and Louisiana and none in West Virginia. He was a poor emancipator, but a great politician.

Grapevine.—Colonel Paine, U. S. A., wrote General Breckinridge, C. S. A., in August, 1862: "I shall not arm negroes unless in accordance with the laws of the United States. But I am informed that a corps of blacks fought against us in the recent battle of Baton Rouge." No blacks as an organized body ever fought for the Confederacy.

Disappearing Guns.—General Williams, U. S. A., tells General Butler that the Rebels at Ellis Cliffs, below Vicksburg, on the Mississippi River, were perfectly protected by the height of the cliff, and their guns were run forward, depressed, fired, run back out of sight, loaded again, and the dose repeated at leisure. First disappearing guns on record.

Negroes as Fighters.—General Butler, U. S. A., writes from New Orleans: "The negro by long habit and training has acquired a great horror of firearms, sometimes ludicrous

in the extreme when the weapon is in his own hand. I am inclined to the opinion that John Brown was right in his idea of arming the negro with a pike or spear instead of a musket, if he is to be armed at all. In this connection it might not be inopportune to call to mind the fact that the failure of the British in their attack on New Orleans was due mainly to the employment of a regiment of blacks brought from the West Indies. This regiment was charged with the duty of carrying fascines with which the ditch in front of Jackson's line was to be filled up and the ladders for scaling the embankment. When the attacking column reached the point of assault, the fascines and ladders were not there. Upon looking around for them, it was found that these black guardians had very prudently laid themselves down upon the plain in the rear and protected their heads from the whistling shot with the fascines, which should have been in the front in a different sense." But they fought for the Yankees and pretty well at that.

Why Butler Was Outlawed.—General Orders No. 28, New Orleans, La., May 15, 1862: "As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans in return for the most scrupulous noninterference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall by word, gesture, or movement insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation. By command of Major General Butler." This order was a blessing in disguise, as it had the same effect on the South as the Zeppelins have on the British.

Powder Bags Made from Breeches Legs.—The captain of the Confederate States gunboat Cotton reported: "At this time, when but one of the enemy's boats fired with vigor, when victory seemed to be within our reach, it was announced that we had no more cartridges, having fired the last one. Retreat was all that remained for us; but as we slowly backed up we had some sacks made by cutting off the legs from the pantaloons of some of our men, which we filled and returned fire with as often as we could, in that manner, obtain a cartridge." Fortunately, this was in the summer time.

Bombast.—On October 14, 1861, U. S. Grant wrote General Polk, C. S. A.: "I recognize no Southern Confederacy." And on November 9 General Smith, U. S. A., wrote General Pillow: "To exchange prisoners would imply that the United States government admitted the existing war to be one between independent nations. This I cannot admit." But they had to admit that we were at least entitled to an exchange, as at this time we had the long end of the argument.

First Emancipation.—On September 12, 1861, General Fremont, U. S. A., made a deed of manumission for one Hiram Reed, slave of Thomas L. Sneed, of St. Louis, because he (Sneed) had been taking an active part with the enemies of the United States. But I don't think this was upheld by the United States government.

First Exchange.—On November 19, 1861, General Huger, C. S. A., wrote General Wool, U. S. A.: "I inclose a communication from Assistant Surgeon DeWitt C. Peters, U. S. A., releasing him from his parole, he having been exchanged for Assistant Surgeon Wyatt M. Brown, C. S. A." As far as I can find, this is the first on record.

Rate of Exchange.—In the cartel between Great Britain and the United States on May 12, 1913, prisoners were to be exchanged: One general for sixty men, one lieutenant general for forty men, one major general for thirty men, one brigadier general for twenty men, one colonel for fifteen men, one lieutenant colonel for ten men, one major for eight men, one captain for six men, one first lieutenant for four men, one second lieutenant for three men. On January 27, 1862, Colonel Dimmick, U. S. A., wrote the adjutant general: "A fair exchange would be four hundred and eighty men for a brigadier and thirty for a captain." And on January 31 General Halleck said: "When the same grade cannot be given, two of the next below—that is, for one colonel give two lieutenant colonels, four majors, or eight captains." And the first and last methods were pretty well carried out.

Retaliation.—On September 2, 1861, President Lincoln wrote General Fremont: "Should you shoot a man according to your proclamation, the Confederates would certainly shoot our best men in retaliation, and so man for man indefinitely. It is, therefore, my order that you allow no man to be shot without first having my approbation and consent." On February 26, 1862, General Halleck wrote General Paine, from St. Louis, who had issued an order to "hang one of the Rebel cavalry for each Union man murdered, and after this two for each": "The major general commanding disapproves the order. It is contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. Retaliation has its limits, and the innocent should not be made to suffer for the acts of others over whom they have no control." And, in fact, the real fighters on both sides disapproved strongly of any such methods.

Free Navigation of the Mississippi River.—On December 14, 1861, some citizens of Memphis, Tenn., wrote General Polk: "We recently interviewed some Federal prisoners as to the opinion of the people of the West relative to free navigation of the Mississippi after the war is over, and they expressed themselves as having joined the army under the belief that the Union must be restored in order to thus enjoy such privilege."

Marauders.—On December 4, 1861, Gen. U. S. Grant wrote Colonel Ross at Cape Girardeau, Mo.: "In case of marauding, I would fully justify shooting the perpetrators if caught in the act. I mean our own men as well as those of the enemy." Ulysses played no favorites.

Negro Characteristics.—On December 15, 1861, General Sherman said: "Several of the negro hands have run off. Every inducement has been offered for them to come in and labor for wages. The reasons for this apparent failure appear to be: First, they are naturally slothful and indolent; secondly, they are so overjoyed with the change of their condition that their minds are unsettled; and, thirdly, their present ease and comfort as long as their provisions will hold out will induce most of them to remain until compelled to seek our lines for subsistence. Some system for the future maintenance of these people must be established; but before they can be left entirely to their own government, they must be trained into a knowledge of personal and moral responsibility, which will be a matter of time." Yes, and some time at that, as fifty-odd years haven't done it.

Prisoners' Clothing.—On October 11, 1861, J. P. Benjamin wrote General Twiggs, C. S. A.: "Prisoners must be furnished with such clothing and covering as are strictly necessary." Or, at any rate, enough for decency's sake.

Enlisting Prisoners of War.—On March 15, 1862, General Halleck, U. S. A., said: "I have just received instructions not to permit the enlistment of prisoners of war." But the bars were let down later..

Pay for Prisoners.—On August 7, 1861, General VanDorn, C. S. A., ordered: "The officers of the United States army held as prisoners will be paid for quarters and fuel and all allowances except pay proper and service rations." Which, I think, was fair enough.

Prisoners' Rations.—On February 28, 1862, General Halleck ordered: "Prisoners will be rationed the same as our own troops."

Legitimate Use of Prisoners.—The above general also ordered: "Where the necessities of service require it, the forced labor of prisoners may be employed in the construction of military defenses; but no one will be forced to such labor except in case of siege or attack." And I judge he was right.

Slave-Catching.—On October 3, 1861, J. H. Lane, of Kansas, wrote General Sturgis, U. S. A.: "My brigade is not here to interfere with the institution of slavery. They shall not become negro thieves, nor shall they be prostituted into negro catchers. The institution of slavery must take care of itself. In my opinion, it will perish with the march of the Federal armies." And so it did.

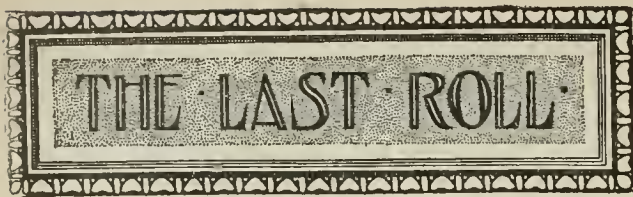
Slaves for Taxes and Lincoln's Idea of Emancipating.—On December 3, 1861, Mr. Lincoln said: "I recommend that Congress provide for accepting slaves from States in lieu of direct taxes or upon some other plan to be agreed upon and steps be taken to colonize them in a congenial climate." But he didn't say outside of the United States.

Slavery in Territories.—On May 12, 1862, the United States Congress enacted that "Slavery shall henceforth cease and be prohibited hereafter in all the Territories of the United States." Which was carried out in a way.

Union by Force.—On December 11, 1861, "Naomi" wrote General Curtis, U. S. A., at St. Louis: "It appears that our rulers are crazy, and you among the rest. You all seem to overlook several facts that are patent. First, though not least, is that there is really less Union feeling in the hearts of the Northern people than in those of the Southern. The next and more prominent fact is that it is impossible to perpetuate or create a union by force." But in this case the impossible was accomplished.

Paying Old United States Officers.—On April 26, 1861, Gideon Wells wrote the Auditor of the United States Treasury: "The amount found due resigned officers from the States which claim to have seceded will be paid them from United States funds heretofore sent to or deposited in those States." Which was quite a cute Yankee trick.

A Militant Clergyman.—On August 23, 1861, J. B. Conner wrote the Confederate Secretary of War: "I see among the prisoners taken at Manassas the name of the Rev. Hiram Eddy, chaplain to the 2d Connecticut. This Mr. Eddy preached a sermon to his regiment and told them to show no quarter, take good aim, and be sure to shoot to kill. I write that this reverend gentleman may be properly dealt with." There is no record, however, of his being treated any differently from the other prisoners.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"When ne'er a war sire's left
And camp fires are bereft
Of valiant Confederates,
We'll hold their memory dear
And their great names revere
This side the pearly gates."

HENRY C. MYERS.

Henry C. Myers was born in Wadesboro, N. C., October 17, 1847, son of Absalom and Adeline Boggan Myers, and went with his parents to North Mississippi when he was about eight years old. He remembered riding across Lookout Mountain on a pony. He was the youngest of six brothers and two half brothers, all splendid soldiers in the Confederate army. Although too young to enlist, after being drawn into some defensive action around his home, near Byhalia, Miss., it was decided that he should go to the front; so in June, 1863, he applied to the 2d Missouri Regiment at Holly Springs for admission. Upon giving his age, he was informed that he was too young for service in the army; but he replied: "You will have to take me. I have my father's consent, and I cannot return home." The boy soldier, not sixteen years of age, was accepted in Company H and served in Colonel McCullough's regiment under Forrest, with the Army of Tennessee, until the close of the war, participating in various engagements and hard campaigns. He was paroled with his command at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.



HENRY C. MYERS.

In 1873 Comrade Myers was married to Miss Minnie Walter, daughter of Col. H. W. Walter, a distinguished lawyer of Holly Springs, who was adjutant general on General Bragg's staff during the war. He took an active part during the days of Reconstruction and participated, with some of his army comrades, in the work of the Ku-Klux Klan. He held various offices in Marshall County, Miss., and in 1878 he was appointed Secretary of State for Mississippi, which office he administered with ability until 1886. A few years later he removed to Memphis, Tenn., with his wife and only child,

now Mrs. John B. Edgar. His wife died in 1911. In 1895 Comrade Myers was appointed by Gen. Stephen D. Lee as Quartermaster General U. C. V. on his staff, and this position he held with various Commanders in Chief successively for more than twenty years. His last commission was issued by Gen. George P. Harrison, the present Commander in Chief U. C. V.

Comrade Myers was noted for his knightly courage and gallantry, both in the army and in after life, and for loyalty to his friends. His magnificent physique gave him distinction at the Reunions as the handsomest survivor of those who wore the gray. While engaged in planting in the Delta he was also connected with the general agency of the Equitable Life Insurance Company in Memphis for more than twenty-five years. Stricken with paralysis last December, he died on August 19, 1917.

Peace to the ashes of my faithful friend and beloved comrade!

[Richard P. Lake.]

C. WHITFIELD.

Comrade C. Whitfield died on July 2, 1917, at his home, in Zephyrhill, Fla., at the age of seventy-two years. He lived in St. Petersburg, Fla., several years and was proprietor of the St. George Hotel in that city. He was former Commander of Zollicoffer Camp, U. C. V., there and was still held on the membership list as an honorary member. He was a brave and gallant Confederate soldier and a Christian citizen.

Comrade Whitfield was born in Demopolis, Marengo County, Ala. He enlisted in Company A, Forrest's old regiment, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865. Prior to moving to St. Petersburg he served as Superintendent of Public Instruction of Sumner County, Ala., for ten years and was a faithful officer in the discharge of the duties of this office.

He married Miss Chany, of Jefferson, Ala., both being very young, and they lived together a happy life of fifty-two years. His widow and two married daughters survive him. Gentle, genial, and lovable in his temperament, he was also the bravest of the brave. He was prepared for the crossing and now rests "under the shade of the trees."

[A tribute by Zollicoffer Camp, No. 1651, U. C. V., of St. Petersburg, Fla.]

ROBERT W. FERRELL.

Robert W. Ferrell was born in Marshall County, Miss., March 17, 1843, and enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 as a member of Company B, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade, and was paroled at Grenada, Miss., May 20, 1865.

After the war Comrade Ferrell returned to his home, near Oxford, Miss., and in a short time married his boyhood sweetheart, Miss Julia Driver. On February 13, 1917, they celebrated their golden wedding, when many friends expressed appreciation of their length of days. At this time Comrade Ferrell was in feeble health, but there was no painful illness in his last earthly days. He passed away in the early morning of September 3, 1917, leaving his devoted wife and daughter, with a host of friends and relatives, to sorrow for him. He was a Southern man by birth, education, and conviction. He loved the Confederate flag and the small bronze cross as he did his life, and it was fitting that his comrades should be near when he was laid to rest; so the veterans of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., attended as honorary pallbearers. In death the Confederate flag was laid with him.

CAPT. JOHN L. INGLIS.

Capt. John L. Inglis, who passed away at his home, in Jacksonville, Fla., on June 2, 1917, in the eightieth year of his age, was a gallant Confederate soldier, an enterprising and public-spirited citizen, a kind and devoted husband and father. His parents were Scotch, and from them he inherited those habits of sturdy self-reliance, strict integrity, resolute and undaunted courage which marked his whole course in life.

Captain Inglis was born in England, but came to America when a young man. After stopping in the Northern States a few years, he went to Wakulla County, Fla., and took charge of an iron foundry at New Port, where he was working when war between the States was declared. Casting his lot with the South, young Inglis enlisted in the Wakulla Guards, the first company of volunteers organized in that county. His personal magnetism and natural ability soon won him promotion to captain of his company, which became Company D, 3d Florida Regiment, Johnston's army. Captain Inglis led Company D in the many bloody battles that marked the line of Sherman's march to the sea. When sent to silence a battery of Federal artillery that was pouring a deadly fire into the Confederate lines at Resaca, Ga., he hurled his gallant Floridians against that belching battery so furiously that he captured it, commander and all. The Federal captain was true grit, too, for he stood by his battery as long as he had men to work the guns; and when he handed his sword to his gallant captor, he discovered that it was his own brother.

Returning to Florida at the close of the war, Captain Inglis married Miss Thomas, of Madison, and for more than half a century had been a prominent figure in the business and political affairs of his adopted State.

In the organization of the United Confederate Veterans Captain Inglis was ever an earnest and successful worker. His admiring comrades honored him with every position of prominence and trust in the Veterans' organization, from captain to major general of the Florida Division.

[R. Don McLeod.]

DEATHS IN CAMP No. 752, U. C. V., OXFORD, MISS.

Comrade John Alexander Butler departed this life on June 19, 1917, in his eightieth year. Almost his entire life had been spent in Lafayette County, Miss., his home being near Oxford. He served in the Confederate army, having first enlisted with the sixty-day troops. After being discharged at Columbus, Ky., he returned home and then enlisted in Capt. A. J. Boules's company of the 4th Mississippi Cavalry, commanded by C. C. Wilbourne. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., and returned to his devastated home, near Oxford, Miss., and took up the duties of a true citizen. He was a loyal member of Camp No. 752, U. C. V., to the time of his death. Three sons and three daughters survive him. He was laid to rest in Mount Zion Cemetery.

In the death of Comrade Charles B. Nelson, which occurred at his home, in Oxford, Miss., on June 7, 1917, Camp No. 752, U. C. V., lost one of its most faithful and efficient members. He was of genial and pleasant disposition, a kind father, a true friend, a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and a brave and gallant soldier. Though he entered the war as late as 1864, he never missed a battle in which his command afterwards engaged, and he served to the close of the war. He loved the cause for which he fought and was always interested in everything connected with it and attended most of the Reunions, his presence adding to the pleasure of his comrades.

CAPT. RICHARD L. WALLER.

The death of Capt. Richard Lewis Waller at his home, near Platte City, Mo., on April 27, 1917, closed a life that for eighty years had been identified with Platte County. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., January 30, 1830, the son of Hiram and Eliza Waller. The family moved to Platte County, Mo., in 1839, and there he had lived continuously, gaining wealth and honor. At one time he was accounted among the largest landholders in the county.

At the beginning of the War between the States young Waller became a member of the Missouri State Guard, under Capt. W. P. Chiles, and later joined the Confederate army at Springfield or Lexington and was promoted to captain of Company G, 1st Missouri Cavalry Battalion, under Colonel Elliott, Shelby's Brigade, and served as such to the end of the war. He was always faithful to the South and the principles for which it fought. As a true Democrat since the war, he held the offices of collector, circuit clerk, judge of the eastern district, and presiding judge of his county, with the record of never being defeated for office. Public life knew less of Judge Waller after his service in the county court except as the influence of his intellect, character, and experience inevitably turned the current of public thought.

His daily life was most exemplary; his influence was good at home, in the neighborhood, and throughout his wide circle of acquaintances. He was always kind and patient with children, who loved him and called him "Uncle Nick," and he was always the friend of the poor and needy. His mother having been left a widow early, he as the eldest son administered to her necessities and assisted in the rearing of the family. After her death he still cared for and loved the old home and those connected with it.

Judge Waller never married. During the past few years he made his home with his niece, Mrs. Waller, whom he had reared from infancy. One brother survives him.

CAPT. THOMAS W. PRICE.

Capt. Thomas W. Price, a prominent planter and Confederate veteran, died at his plantation home, near Utica, Miss., in July, 1917. At the beginning of the War between the States, when the South called for volunteers, he was among the first to respond, offering his young life in defense of the Southern cause. He enlisted in Company C, 16th Mississippi Infantry, which served in the Army of Northern Virginia, taking part in all the great battles fought there. He rapidly advanced to the rank of first lieutenant of his company; and when his captain fell on the battle field August 3, 1864, when Grant's splendid army corps made its celebrated charge on the lines of General Lee at Richmond and was repulsed with terrible slaughter, he was promoted to the captaincy of that splendid body of young Mississippians, most of whom rest silently in the sacred soil of old Virginia. He also participated in the famous charge at Gettysburg.

After the war Captain Price returned to Utica, where he built up a successful business. Later, being one of the largest landowners of this section, he retired to his plantation and engaged in farming until the time of his death. He was a close student and kept well posted on all current affairs; he also took a lively interest in the work of the different Confederate organizations. He was a Tennessean by birth, his mother having been a Miss Johnson, and also a descendant of the Benton family. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and one daughter. He had a large number of relatives in Tennessee and other Southern States.

ROBERT BRUCE PEPPER.

Robert B. Pepper, one of life's heroes, enlisted in the service of the Confederate States at Benton, Yazoo County, Miss., in 1861 and at once became a member of the 1st Mississippi Light Artillery. From his enlistment he was in active service with his command. He was in the battles at Port Hudson, La., preceding the date of its final investment by the enemy. But when in the spring of 1863 General Grant advanced upon Vicksburg with a large army to besiege it, the command to which Comrade Pepper belonged was, with others, transferred from General Gardener's army at Port Hudson for the relief of General Pemberton at Vicksburg. He was in the siege of Vicksburg and engaged in the battle that was continuous for two months. He shared all the dangers and suffered the privations of this memorable siege until, the supply of munitions and provisions being exhausted, the garrison was surrendered. The prisoners were paroled; and when Comrade Pepper was exchanged, he immediately reentered the service and served until the end and was paroled in May, 1865.

This unadorned statement of fact, that from his enlistment as a Confederate soldier in the first year of the war he exposed himself to its dangers, endured its sufferings, and shared its privations to the end, furnishes the most convincing proof of his patriotism, his courage, and his spirit of faithfulness.

In the more than fifty years that have passed since then in life's battles of peace he exhibited the same courage that characterized his service to his country in war. But, yielding to the infirmities of feeble old age, after a short illness, he died at Deasonville, Miss., on October 2, 1917, and was buried in the cemetery at Black Jack Church. His faithful service has secured for him his eternal reward.

[E. Shapard, Shelbyville, Tenn.]

A. H. GIBBONEY.

Universally esteemed and beloved, Albert Haller Gibboney died at his home, in Wytheville, Va., on June 1, 1917, after a brief illness. He was born in Wytheville April 16, 1845, and there grew to manhood. When Virginia seceded and cast her lot with the Confederacy, he volunteered his services, enlisting at Lewisburg, Va. (now W. Va.), in Company H, 22d Virginia Regiment. He was later transferred to the staff of Gen. Harry Heth, by whom he was held in the highest esteem and who said of him: "Mr. Gibboney when a mere boy became a member of my military family at Wytheville, an aid on my staff, and remained with me during the entire war, participating in all the battles that I was engaged in, from the battle of Giles Courthouse to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox, in April, 1865. He discharged every duty imposed upon him in the most gallant manner and was faithful to every trust. During a long life of nearly seventy years I have never met a man I could more cordially indorse for any position of trust."

In the battle of Gettysburg Mr. Gibboney carried General Heth from the field after the latter had been knocked unconscious by a spent ball. Although he participated in many hard-fought battles, among which were Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Second Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania, and the siege of Petersburg, he was never wounded.

Mr. Gibboney came from a long line of devout Lutherans, his great-great-grandfather, Rev. John Nicholas Kurtz, having come to America as a Lutheran missionary in 1745. In

the years since the war he had become one of the most popular citizens of his section. He was public-spirited and patriotic, kind and affectionate to his family, and an unswerving Christian. The home in which he died has been in possession of the family for over a hundred years.

REV. G. W. HYDE.

In honoring Confederate veterans who have passed into the great beyond, there is none more worthy of mention than the late Rev. G. W. Hyde, D.D., of Lexington, Mo. To one of his daughters, the writer of this sketch, he was indeed "the noblest Roman of them all." A keen sympathy and interest in the untiring ministry he gave to our Southern cause



REV. G. W. HYDE.

and a desire to do honor to whom honor is due has prompted this tribute.

G. W. Hyde was born in 1838 in Virginia, that sacred soil from which sprang so many of our heroes of the South. In his early manhood (1856-59) he attended the University of Missouri, graduating there after a four years' course of study. The following fall he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and in 1862 was given the honor of full graduate. He was the first and only student at the seminary during these years from the west side of the Mississippi River.

Upon graduation Mr. Hyde began work among the Confederate soldiers at Danville, Ky. His health gave way under the fearful strain, and a long siege of typhoid fever followed. In October, 1862, though not having recovered his health, he accepted the chaplaincy of the Confederate States and was stationed at Huguenot Springs, near Richmond, Va. There were gathered from five hundred to fifteen hundred convalescent soldiers, and there till the close of the war were the long hours of the fearsome day and the still black hours of the war-sick night spent in ministering to the wounded. To the lot of this soldier of the cross and of the Confederacy fell the duty of constantly visiting, talking, and praying with the sick and dying men. He would write for them their last

messages to mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart. He deeply felt the inexpressible sadness of such a position, and yet the beauty of it! The joy of such service!

He always helped with the burial of the dead, sometimes going to the graveyard for this as often as five times in one day. There he held each time religious services, marking on a pine plank the name, date, etc., and placing at the head of each rude mound this simple talisman, "Somebody's Darling."

A chapel was built for Mr. Hyde's work at the post, and he succeeded in securing a good library for the soldiers, besides distributing thousands of religious tracts. Is it possible to estimate the power of such an influence?

The great struggle having ended, he returned to his beloved Missouri home and devoted his remaining years to the high and consecrated calling of the gospel ministry and the quiet of his home in Lexington. I. H. W.

CAPT. G. H. HINCHEY.

Capt. George Harding Hinchey, a member of Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., of Mobile, Ala., died at his home, in Whistler, Ala., on September 22, 1917, after a long illness. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1836, and at the age of twenty years he became a resident of Sandusky, Ohio, where he entered the United States revenue service. He resigned in 1858 and went to New Orleans, La., and was there at the outbreak of war, when he organized a military company called the John T. Morgan Rangers, in honor of Mayor Morgan of New Orleans. Young Hinchey was made second lieutenant of this company, but he was shortly afterwards transferred to the 5th Louisiana Regiment, with which he went to the front at Yorktown, Va. The regiment was later sent to Richmond and while *en route* took part in the first battle at Williamsburg. It then proceeded to Richmond, and young Hinchey's company engaged in the battles occurring in that part of the country—Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, and others—and he was promoted to first lieutenant for gallant service. He was also in the battles of Manassas and Gettysburg, and after the latter he was promoted to captain. While on the way to Virginia with a detachment to the relief of the 6th Louisiana, then on picket duty in the Shenandoah Valley, he was captured and taken to Washington, D. C. Two weeks later he was sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained twenty-two months and fourteen days. While there he received a parole from Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, but refused to accept it and remained with his fellow prisoners until June 2, 1865. He then returned to New Orleans and resumed his position with the railroad company, later taking a position with the N. O. & C. Railway Company under General Beauregard. In 1870 he entered the employ of the M. & O. Railway Company, with which he remained for nineteen years. He then went to Mexico with the International Railway Company and remained until 1905, when he returned to the M. & O. Railway service, but retired from active duty in 1907.

He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and two sons.

C. W. Geers, of Mill Creek, Okla., reports three deaths in Charley Geers Camp, U. C. V., of Mannsville, Okla., in the past year: Chaplain L. E. Covey, Lieut. A. M. Rich, and Charley Brady.

JAMES MONROE PITTS.

James Monroe Pitts was born in Pontotoc, Miss., October 21, 1847, and gave his services to the South in the War between the States when he was but sixteen years old, serving until the end. He was a member of Captain Bailey's company, of the 1st Mississippi Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by R. A. Pinson, Armstrong's Brigade, Chalmers's Division, Forrest's Corps. He was severely wounded in the right side, also in each arm, in the battle of Selma, Ala., on April 2, 1865, and was left on the field for dead, where he lay for more than twenty-four hours, suffering untold agonies. After being taken to the hospital and given proper care, he recovered and, the war being over, started to his home, something over three hundred miles away. The railroads were in such bad condition that it took him four days to make the trip, and he then had a long walk before him. Painfully making his way, he at last reached home, where his return brought great joy, as he had been reported dead.

In 1870 Mr. Pitts was married to Miss Eleanor Wilson and soon thereafter removed to California, settling in the San Gabriel Valley, which he helped to develop. From 1899 the home was in Redlands, where he died on August 19, 1917, survived by his wife and eight children, six daughters and two sons. His venerable mother is also living at the age of ninety-four years.

Mr. Pitts was a kind husband and a loving father. In a last message to his children he asked that they would not let his going lessen their joys, but to keep his memory green by making the world a sweeter place to live in; to love and be kind to one another.

GEN. ANDREW J. WEST.

A late report brings the sad news of the death of our good friend and comrade, Andrew J. West, of Atlanta, Ga., on the morning of October 18, at the age of seventy-four years. Although advanced in age, he was known for his activity, and his sudden death was a surprise and shock to his many friends. A sketch of him will appear in the December VETERAN.

Since the war General West has held many public offices and had recently been appointed by officials of the American Red Cross as director of military relief in the Southern States, with field directors working under his supervision in each Southern cantonment. The "Old Guard" of the Gate City Guards, the Atlanta military organization of which he was a loyal member, had full charge of his funeral and acted as escort to the cemetery. He will be sadly missed.

JOHN F. MORELAND.

After a long illness, John F. Moreland died at his home, in Durant, Okla., in his seventy-seventh year, being one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of that community. He was born in the State of Tennessee in December, 1840. He was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy and a true citizen of the reunited country. In 1868 he was married to Miss Hattie Taliaferro in Hopkins County, Tex., and to them were born six children, four sons and two daughters, all of whom survive him. He lived in Hopkins County until 1903, when he went to Bokchito, Okla., and later to Durant. During his residence in Texas he was for three years captain of the Ross-Ector and Granbury Brigades, and for twenty years he was custodian of the Ross Brigade flag. At the time of his death he was Secretary and Treasurer of the local Camp at Durant.

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"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

Dear Daughters: Writing on the new national army parades, the Outlook for September 12 says: "A similar parade in Washington was even more impressive and dramatic. It was led by the President, who marched on foot, and was reviewed by him, by American army and navy officers, and by members of the diplomatic corps of our various allies. The Washington procession was not confined to the drafted men, but was participated in by soldiers and sailors of the regular army and navy, by a large body of Senators, by a still larger body of Representatives, by members of the cabinet, and by government employees of both sexes. One of its striking features was the participation of veterans of the Civil War." The New York Times concludes its interesting account of the Washington celebration with this paragraph: "The Grand Army of the Republic and the Confederate Veterans' Association marched together, many arm in arm, and were cheered along the whole route. But the cheers were loudest for a Confederate in gray and a Union man in blue who carried between them a standard bearing these three words, 'The United States.'" This is the spirit that has greeted me on every hand in my intercourse during the past two years with the thousands of men and women delegates at the meetings of their national patriotic associations here, and I accord heartfelt recognition of it as one of the greatest gratifications of my life.

Through the President of the Chicago Chapter, Miss Ida M. Powell, I learn of that Chapter having started the Dixie Ambulance Fund, which has enlisted the support of the other Chapters of the Illinois Division and the Southern Women's Club with the expectation of having their ambulance in France by the first of the year. Nearly all the members are pledged to food conservation and are aiding the local branches of the Red Cross.

Of the old Confederate men and women, Miss Powell writes: "That is one appeal that is never made in vain. If sick, we help them; if they wish to go back to the South, we secure them transportation or place them in a Home there; if our Heavenly Father takes them to himself, we assist at the last rites. The Chicago Chapter has a dear old Confederate veteran whom we placed in the Soldiers' Home at Richmond, Va., and to whom we send a monthly check for pin money. This we have kept up now for three or four years. Then last winter one of our Daughters met with financial loss and was in arrears with her rent, and we immediately made up the amount from our Chapter treasury and by personal donations."

A deep sorrow has come to the Illinois Daughters in the death of Mrs. Louis H. Manson, Past President of the Illinois Division and Chicago Chapter, who "was friend and counselor

and deeply imbued with love for the U. D. C. and the high ideals that organization represents. The Chicago Chapter has sustained an irreparable loss, the Illinois Division a wise leader, and the general organization a loyal supporter and servant."

I have just learned through a letter from Mrs. Shearer, of Cincinnati, Ohio, one of our Daughters, of the death of her father, Dr. John Richard Deering, of Lexington, Ky. When I made my first appeal for Mrs. Ella K. Trader in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Dr. Deering was the first one to respond. With a check came the message: "I was nursed and ministered to upon the battle field by the tender hands of Southern women, and my heart aches to think of one of them in want." Mrs. Shearer writes me: "My father spent his last happy days at the Confederate Reunion in Washington and from there went to the reunion beyond. The physical exertion, added to the exultation of spirit, too greatly taxed the vital force, and after four days in the hospital, 'for rest,' they told me, he passed away." The Southern uniform was his shroud, and the flag of the Confederacy wrapped his casket. The few moments I was permitted to spend with this dear veteran during the Reunion will always shine out as bright spots in my memory, and I grieve with his family and comrades.

As stated in my August letter in the VETERAN, I was appointed to serve on the Advisory Committee of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee. On September 27 and 28 I attended a conference at the Pan-American Building, Washington, D. C., under the auspices of this committee, which was addressed by Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, Secretary of War Baker, prominent financiers, and government officials. The program included a luncheon to meet the ladies of the cabinet and of the Federal Reserve Board and the members of the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense, a tea by Mrs. McAdoo, and an informal reception by President Wilson at the White House. As Secretary McAdoo said: "No more patriotic duty can be performed by those who cannot actually fight upon the field of battle than to furnish the government with the money by buying liberty bonds." Mrs. George Bass, of Chicago, Ill., one of the members of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, will address our convention at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Your attention is called to the proposed museum at Nashville, Tenn., which is to take the place of a monument to the memory of Mr. Sumner A. Cunningham, which is to contain relics, pictures, library, etc., and also to be used as a meeting place for Veterans and Daughters and such other patriotic organizations as help to build it. About \$4,000, including the U. D. C. contribution of approximately \$600, has been raised, and it is purposed to make active efforts to complete the fund as soon as possible. The purpose of the Cunningham Me-

morial Association is to perpetuate in the most creditable form the work of Mr. Cunningham, the founder of the VETERAN.

From October 10 to 12 I will have the very great gratification of attending the convention of the North Carolina Division at Kinston as the guest of Mrs. C. F. Harvey at Vernon Hall, and it is with regret that this letter will have to be sent to the VETERAN before then, as I should like to tell you of the splendid work of the North Carolina Daughters and the many hospitalities which will be enjoyed.

Finally, my very dear Daughters, in an official capacity I bid you farewell. I have served the Society as Chapter President, Division President, First Vice President General, and President General, and now I am about to take my place in the ranks, where I trust I shall continue to be able to serve. You conferred upon me that which I consider the greatest honor any woman can have bestowed upon her, the office of President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and supported my efforts most loyally, and my heart goes out to each in loving appreciation and acknowledgment.

Faithfully yours, CORDELIA POWELL ODENHEIMER.

FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The J. Harvey Mathes Chapter, U. D. C., of Memphis, Tenn., has announced Mrs. Charles B. Bryan, of that city, as a candidate for President General of the United Daugh-



MRS. ANNA SEMMES BRYAN.

ters of the Confederacy. The election will be held at the annual convention in Chattanooga, Tenn., early in November. Mrs. Bryan is a daughter of the late Admiral Raphael Semmes, C. S. N., and has devoted her life to perpetuating the memories of the four long years so dear to Southern hearts. When a child during the sixties she assisted her mother in hospital work and was eager at all times to do her "bit" for the soldiers. Mrs. Bryan is a parliamentarian of unquestioned ability and would prove a most efficient officer.

THE LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH, EDITOR.

As I write the days of the sixties are vividly recalled by the sound of "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," while the notes of the bugle, the roll of drums, and the voice of command float on the air, sending a thrill of sorrow at the realization that the time has come when we are to bid good-bye to our soldiers. These boys have been encamped so near their homes and the final separation was so indefinite that hope, ever springing in the human heart, was constantly whispering: "Cheer up! Something may happen, and we may not have to give them up." But the final call has come, the last hope has fled, and the famous old and new Washington Artillery, with its red banners flying, has answered the call. Mothers, wives, and sweethearts line the sidewalks, walking as close as they can to the moving line, until the depot is reached, where, with encircling arms, the farewell kiss is given. With tear-dimmed eyes they watch the slowly moving train bearing its precious living freight disappear in the gathering twilight, leaving them to mourn.

The Washington Artillery, the oldest military organization in the South, numbered in its ranks men of our oldest and best families. Almost to a man they can show descent from Confederate soldiers, men who won world-wide fame for bravery and daring. It is needless to say that our Daughters of the Confederacy did their full share in providing every blessed man with all the comforts they could carry, and such luxuries as they could not take with them will reach them by mail and sail.

The Confederate work among the local Chapters was opened by the beautiful memorial service at Camp Nicholls Soldiers' Home in honoring the birthday of Raphael Semmes, September 27, 1809. The orator of the evening was Father Semmes, a grandson of the Admiral, now in charge of a local parish here. The crowd tested the seating capacity of the assembly hall and filled every hearing space in the garden. The veterans were served with an oyster spread at their request, with oyster soup that was such a culinary success as could be achieved only by Mrs. A. Stewart, director of the public school branch of domestic art and science. The veterans attested their appreciation of the treat in resolutions of thanks as well as by eating several plates of the delicious concoction.

The Daughters of the Louisiana Division certainly deserve credit for their zealous and untiring efforts to make this a veritable home in every sense of the word. Nowhere in this country can there be found a more beautiful spot or one more carefully managed on so small amount of money. This picturesque Home is situated on the banks of the sparkling waters of Bayou St. John, which presents an attractive scene as viewed from the galleries that surround the main dwelling. Pleasure boats, sailing vessels, and white-winged craft of all description skim on the waters of the bayou, whose banks at all seasons are cushioned with emerald grass and with a mosaic of wild flowers in the springtime. The main building is surrounded by blooming roses and jessamine and over all a canopy of living green, with here and there a glimpse of the blue sky and white clouds floating, like white birds, almost near enough to touch the dense foliage of the live-oak trees, their majestic limbs draped with the swaying moss, which sentinel the Home. A fairyland it seems.

The infirmary of the Home is all that scientific knowledge and human kindness can supply. The Thanksgiving and

Christmas dinners are the great features of the year, when every Chapter in the Division sends contributions of good things to eat (homemade) and other supplies that fill the pantry for the year.

It is a splendid object lesson in patriotism when our young soldiers go out to the Home to help the Daughters with their entertainments.

The members of this Division who will be able to attend the general convention in Chattanooga are looking forward to a glorious time. How we will all miss dear Mrs. Hickman, that noble and faithful woman! Her death was a personal loss to every U. D. C. Delegates from the Frances T. Nicholls Chapter, of New Orleans, are: Mrs. J. H. Page, Miss D. Gautreaux, Mrs. C. Granger, Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, Mrs. J. B. Richardson, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. L. Bienvenu, Mrs. P. E. Marquez, Miss Nina Harper, Mrs. E. Quinlan, Mrs. A. Rocquet, Mrs. M. A. Hart, Miss E. Palfrey, Mrs. F. Querens, and Mrs. L. Cohen. Alternates: Mrs. A. L. Moore, Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, Mrs. S. S. Simpson, Miss Florence Chinn, Mrs. F. Rice, Mrs. M. R. Green, Miss I. Dickson, Mrs. J. H. Mendell, and Mrs. Julia Montgomery.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

The annual convention of the Georgia Division will be held October 30 to November 2 in Columbus, with the Lizzie Rutherford Chapter as hostess. This Chapter has an enviable record for loyal service. Miss Anna Caroline Benning, the Chapter President as well as Honorary President of the Georgia Division, is perfecting plans for an interesting session. It is the consensus of opinion of the heads of the various organizations which follow each other in conference for the next two months that the hostess Chapters be requested to entertain the delegations in the simplest manner, that the delegates may not feel themselves a burden, and that the mode of dress be marked by simplicity.

"Knit, and the world knits with you" is the slogan for all ages. Knitting needles that did valiant service have resumed activities, and the new needles are plied enthusiastically. Mrs. Harriet Hawkins, the mother of the Stockbridge Chapter, who so heroically knitted for her loved heroes of the sixties, is busy to-day working as deftly for the boys of 1917.

Few Chapters, though following the custom of disbanding for the summer, have been idle, but have lent themselves to coöperating with the Red Cross Chapters in relief work. While this humanitarian service is assumed for the war period, it has not in any way deterred the splendid activities of the U. D. C., but simply means that hearts have expanded to meet the exigencies of the times and direct the willing hands to tender relief in the name of America for the sake of universal liberty.

The first autumn month finds the Chapters all in working order again perfecting programs for a winter of splendid achievements.

Miss Lutie May Hooten, press reporter for the Robert E. Lee Chapter at College Park, Ga., writes of a very interesting meeting of that Chapter on October 2, when the mothers of College Park whose sons have responded to their country's call to military service were guests of honor. One of them read some letters from her son, who is now in the engineering corps in France, while others told what war means to the women in different sections. The loyalty and patriotism of the U. D. C. were brought out clearly, and the patient and willing sacrifice of our women everywhere was touched upon.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

BY MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL, HISTORIAN GENERAL.

Motto: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate history."

Key word: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1917.

TOPICS FOR DECEMBER PAPERS: EVENTS OF 1865 TO 1870.

Reconstruction.

What is meant by this term?

Tell of civil rights bills and Reconstruction acts passed by the Congress of the United States.

The South under Military Rule.

What were the Freedmen's Bureaus and Union and Loyal Leagues?

Tell of the carpet-baggers and scalawags.

The Ku-Klux Klan.

Where, when, and for what purpose was it organized?

Tell of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, its great leader, and when did he give command for its disbandment?

Name other secret orders organized in the South during Reconstruction.

Tell of the "force laws enacted by Congress and anti-Ku-Klux statutes."

Show that the Ku-Klux Klan was a necessity during Reconstruction.

"To the Ku-Klux Klan is due the establishment of Anglo-Saxon supremacy forever. All honor to those brave heroes who rode side by side with death during Reconstruction in defense of their own, their native land!"

References: "The South in the Building of the Nation," Volumes IV. and VI.; "History of the United States" (Andrews), Chapter XXXIII.; "Sins of Omission and Commission," page 25; "The Ku-Klux Klan" (Rose).

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1917.

RECONSTRUCTION: EVENTS OF 1865 TO 1870.

What is meant by this term? and when did it begin?

What was the civil rights bill?

What was done to the Southern States that refused to ratify this bill?

Who were the carpet-baggers and scalawags?

What were the Freedmen's Bureaus and Loyal Leagues?

What was the Ku-Klux Klan? Its object and work?

When did the Klan disband? and who was its great leader?

Name some of the celebrated cavalry leaders of the Confederacy.

Who was Matthew Fontaine Maury? and how did he serve the Confederacy?

Tell of Mosby and his men and Jackson's "foot cavalry."

Name the most prominent Confederate generals.

Name some youthful heroes and heroines of the Confederacy.

Grandfather's and Grandmother's Stories of "Reconstruction."

Reading, "There's Life in the Old Land Yet."

References: "Reconstruction," "The Ku-Klux Klan," by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose; "Brief History of the United States," Andrews, Chapter XII., pages 318-324.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

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SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

MEMORIAL DAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, October 11, 1917.

Dear Memorial Women: If I may judge from letters received, we are living over the dark days of 1861-65. For three years and more has grim-visaged war saddened our hearts by the numerous atrocities and outrages committed against the people of Belgium, Serbia, and other countries that have been overrun by a hostile enemy. We hoped to escape the scourge, but such was not to be, and our own beloved country now is in the war with the determination to win for democracy, for justice, and for humanity.

The "Women of the Confederacy," so styled by our beloved President Jefferson Davis, responded nobly to their patriotic duty during the War between the States, and to-day we find them engaged in Red Cross work for the soldiers who are in the front defending this our reunited country. We have learned that "it is not all of war to fight. The bayonet and its kindred weapons are not the only ones by which battles may be won and a nation saved." The women in all times have done their share. Soldiers have to be fed and clothed. Here is where the needle and the bayonet are inseparably connected. Is it not wonderful to see the thousands and hundreds of thousands of women—nay, even small children—knitting for the soldiers "somewhere in France"? And in the conservation of food, the elimination of waste, have not the women of America come forward to do their bit? If food and money will win the war, then our women may proclaim themselves "soldiers of the home." The Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, of which Mrs. M. G. McAdoo is chairman, is doing a great work. All organized bodies of women have been circularized and have become deeply interested in the work. The committee authorizes the following: "The conference of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, the most important gathering of the women of the United States held since the beginning of the war, closed in Washington with indications that the women of the country will be one of the most important factors in the success of the forthcoming issue of the liberty loan. The most dramatic incident of the meeting came when the delegate from the Society of Colonial Dames of the State of New York, representing Mrs. Hamilton Fairfax, made the announcement that a member of the organization had already pledged herself to subscribe \$5,000,000 to the second liberty loan. The statement evoked a storm of applause in the conference."

Your President General, who is a member of the Advisory Board of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, regrets that she was unable to attend the conference. She wishes to send this message to all Memorial organizations and the members thereof. Get together and buy bonds. Let the members con-

tribute and buy a bond in the name of the Association, and let each member endeavor to buy one for herself. Your country needs your financial assistance as much as it needs the service of your son or grandson. It is a patriotic duty you owe to yourself and to the boys who are fighting for you in the trenches. Let us do our duty now as we did in 1861-65. Let us help to feed, equip, and maintain the troops who are fighting under the allied banners. The fact that a liberty bond is the safest investment, paying a high rate of interest, and that it may be obtained on easy terms, is a point of interest to all women investors. That the money loaned by the investor is needed by the government of the United States to provide food and shelter and munitions for our soldiers, sailors, and marines is a point that should appeal to your patriotism. Let your slogan be, "Buy a liberty bond and help win a victorious peace."

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General C. S. M. A.*

MOST ACTIVE ASSOCIATION.

BY MRS. LAURA THORNTON SIMPSON, PENSACOLA, FLA.

The Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association is both small and poor, having only forty-five members, some of whom are really "women of the sixties." That has not kept them from doing their share so nobly that many of the younger ones are hard pressed to keep up with them. One who is nearing her eightieth birthday has made by hand sixty-three articles and knitted fifty articles. In May we voted to send five dollars from our treasury to the Pensacola Chapter for the American Red Cross war fund. This was the first donation sent from any organization in the city for that purpose. We also decided then to meet once a month and to bring in all finished articles to be sent to the Red Cross workrooms. These articles are always donated by members of the Association. The first was sent in June, and each month since we have never failed to send a box to the Red Cross and will continue to do so as long as the war lasts. For the four months the following articles have been sent: Napkins, eight dozen; tray covers, eighteen dozen; handkerchiefs, five dozen; knitted wash cloths, one dozen; filling for fracture pillows, ten pounds; fracture pillows made, one-half dozen; knitted muffler, one; towel, one; books, twelve; magazines, seventy-six; Victrola records, nine. The last three donations mentioned were sent to the Amusement Committee for Soldiers and Sailors, stationed at the forts and yard at Pensacola.

A great many of our members are also members of the Red Cross and give a good deal of their time working at the rooms and are taking work home. A number of them bought liberty bonds when the first were issued. When the call came

from our President asking that each Association buy one of the new issue of bonds, ours responded immediately and bought the first bond sold in the city.

We bought one of the books sold by the Confederate Southern Memorial Association to raise funds to buy some of the new bonds and also sent \$5 to the Red Cross for its Christmas box fund.

As President of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Pensacola, I was invited to a called meeting of the Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense; and when the days of registration were selected, a committee from our Association took charge of one station for two days and paid the dues asked for.

BROTHERS IN SPIRIT.*

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

A book is valued according to what we can read into it, and no writer can gauge the message he sends forth. Surely Sir Oliver Lodge could never sense what "Raymond" brought to one reader in a far-away country, a country pledged to the cause of the Allies, yet an undiscovered part of America to the modern world of new books and periodicals. This region we call "Old South," and many pioneers have gone out from it. Only the other day the venerable Chancellor of our State University, David C. Barrow, LL.D., was telling in an address, "My Grandmother's Key Basket," with wistful loyalty that he was a pioneer from this old land of tender memories. Having no governmental or potential existence, it is "motherland" to those true to lineage. Yet to the world at large that part of the South which has not joined the procession of modernity is enfolded in oblivion. So one wonders if Sir Oliver ever heard of that Georgia where survive types of an older civilization, of plantation life in the "black belt," of old-time homes and traditions and old family libraries. Here is the place, and here "Raymond" received an eager welcome. It may be surprising to learn that such a book, holding the latest thought of the Society for Psychical Research, very naturally gravitates to this spot. Should one look over the list of members and associates of the Society for Psychical Research some twelve or fifteen years ago, there would be found two or three names of Georgians, and there is evidence that some names mentioned in "Raymond" have long been household words here in a section of undiscovered America. In fact, so fully and so long accepted has been the work of this noble society that with characteristic Georgian independence of thought there ceased a following of academic research.

A vagrant, untrammelled mind may chance upon bypaths that lead more directly to the goal than a carefully blazed trail. Not claiming this as true, I venture one assertion: Life, the teacher, comes to hidden places, remote, ununited,

to prescribed centers, educational or literary, and proves what cannot be learned from proceedings of any organization. So after a time of forgetfulness a former associate and correspondent of Dr. Richard Hodgson is greatly interested in this latest expression of scientific investigation of soul facts. At first there is a curious feeling of surprise at any call for argument or demonstration on the subject of survival after Myers and the records established by that wonderful coterie of pioneers into the unknown. But I must remember that to me argument always seemed curiously superfluous. For some are born with sky-blue minds for belief, quite as William James shows a sky-blue soul birth that calls not for regeneration. Sir Oliver's painstaking labor for the evidential is not demanded by such readers. So it may be understood that all that is given for the cause of the Society for Psychical Research is secondary to the real value and joy of this book for me. Very prone would I be to keep and treasure the volume solely for the sake of the portrait and letters from the front.

There, the truth is out. To one reader it is merely a human document of life, with no message of death at all. But the countenance, the personality, the beating heart, the high mind, the pure soul of the young soldier speak to me; eloquent, full, and precious is the message. If the English father and mother could know just what their boy tells of hope and pride in race! Can it be that Raymond is a typical soldier of our British ally? Is it too good to be true? If my boy should enlist and go to the battle ground of France, could he hope to find such a comrade at arms? Is it possible that the morale of an English-speaking army to-day has something approaching an ideal we have mourned as dead? Looking at the pictured face of Sir Douglas Haig, there comes a thrill of Lee and Jackson, a feeling of prayer and the "spirit that quickeneth." Memory, tradition, ancient strains of blood, and psychic heredity, that dwell imperishably in race, surge through consciousness and awaken a hope for the survival of the best; that under the corruptions of prosperity, peace, and plutocracy, destructive of patriotism, there still breathes a soul



RAYMOND, THE YOUNG ENGLISH SOLDIER.

of race, something pure and noble that still lives and will live when demoniacal hypocrisies of political schemes are lost in the crucible of war. Pray God that such a young soldier as Raymond is of character not entirely exceptional among those who are offering up their lives and libation of blood to a divine destiny ever beyond human understanding in its fulfillment.

How can it be that one young soldier's face and just a few letters—careless, unstudied letters, with more than once the boyish appeal, "Aren't I young?"—may mean so much to a stranger in remote Georgia? Is the fact curious enough to interest you? Then listen. Here beside the frontispiece, "Raymond," is placed a faded photograph of a lad of ten years perhaps, just a youngster in old-fashioned jacket, with thick fair hair, brown eyes, a firm chin, and rather unformed features. This might be all the picture tells a stranger. But to one who knows how the promise of the lad was justified

*"Raymond; or, Life and Death." With examples of the evidence for survival of memory and affection after death. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Company.

in a young soldier of the sixties who followed Lee in the Army of Northern Virginia, from it a full-length portrait might be sketched. So young (only sixteen), without training, without "preparedness" of any kind in the modern sense, he rode away from his Georgia home, never to come back. For two years he was courier on Gen. Edward Thomas's staff of the Army of Northern Virginia, as full of life and humor and courage and quiet faith as Raymond. General Lee wrote of him as a brave young soldier, and no cross of honor could be more precious to a young Southerner than those words of the great captain. Just those words written while the young soldier still rode, gay and strong, to serve his commanders, written to keep him on the staff (when army regulations would have removed him to another position), was sole recognition, badge of honor or distinction, a young Confederate deemed worthy of ambition; and it came to this one before death claimed him. He sleeps in a soldier's grave at Petersburg, Va., having served in his tenderest youth a year longer than did Raymond.



HENRY MERIWETHER, C. S. A.
Died at Petersburg in 1863.

And now, as love bridges time and brings to one of his blood more than meager relics tell, we know that these two, Confederate and Briton, of the same race and tongue, might

be comrades. There are letters the young Confederate wrote his bishop grandfather and other members of the family more than half a century ago, and there is the same spirit of gayety, courage, devotion, the same morale of army that makes war more than carnage. We know who have long known the psychic part of our young Confederate, known him so intimately, so naturally that the Society for Psychical Research must turn over a fresh leaf before the story can be recorded in the proceedings. There must be new terms for explaining the hole made through the thin partition.



THOMAS M. MERIWETHER, C. S. A.

Just now my poignant interest in "Raymond" is aside from the psychic. A bit more history is needed to make the meaning plain. Beside the faded photograph of the young Southerner, who would be an ally to-day, I place his father's picture. I shall not attempt a description of this citizen of the Old South. Only this: his portrait would tell a Briton again of race, of breeding high and noble; in any country, under

any guise, he would be recognized as a gentleman of the old school. The lad of sixteen had ridden away to join the Army of Northern Virginia in exultant answer to the first call to arms. More than a year after his youthful dream of glory was ended in an unmarked grave (to use the old terms of life and death) the father, past the age for regular enlistment, became on the last call of the Confederacy a foot soldier in the fast-thinning gray line. Has not all the world learned something of that tragedy when the South, for defense of home and country, "robbed the cradle and the grave"?

And now another picture I place with this group of soldiers, tried and true, veterans of youth and age who have fought and died, a fresh young face of the same cast of features as the faded one of the lad in the old-fashioned jacket, eager-eyed, alive in every fiber, keen, fun-loving, alert for life in any form, "a chip or two off the old block," one might say, and that would be saying enough to bring in response a proud glow and the deep love thrill that may be put into just two words, "My boy."

So history goes on from father to son through generations unnamed, and so persists and abides the ideal of the Caucasian race. In purpose, spirit, and morale we of the South answer to the call to arms from our Allies. Perchance again will come as a benison to human tragedy and grief that spirit of chivalry never to be lost to our race: "Chivalry, gentle always and lowly, showing mercy to whom mercy is due, and honor to whom honor."

CONDY RAGUET, STATESMAN.

The following is from H. M. Lovett, whose article on this remarkable man appeared in the *VETERAN* for October:

"Readers of the *VETERAN* are indebted to A. W. Hutton, major general of the Pacific Division, U. C. V., for the following item on Condy Raguet. Major Hutton belonged to the Alabama Corps Cadets, C. S. A., and in 1868 graduated in law from the University of Virginia, making his home since April, 1869, in Los Angeles, Cal. He has long been a subscriber to the *VETERAN* and always reads Dr. McNeilly's writings 'with the most exquisite pleasure.' Of Condy Raguet, Major Hutton says: 'Your excerpt from the "Examiner" shows slight error in the data here given as to date (of publication of journal) and a more serious error in characterizing him as a mere political economist and not as a statesman.'

"The appended data is from the *Encyclopedia Americana*: 'Raguet (rā gā), Condy, American political economist; b. Philadelphia, Pa., 28 Jan., 1784; d. there 22 March, 1842. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, studied law, and later entered upon a commercial career. He went to Santo Domingo in 1804 as supercargo on a vessel and made a second voyage to that island in 1805. In 1806 he went into business on his own account and was eminently successful, amassing an immense fortune and playing an important part in the commercial affairs of the day. In 1812 he was active in providing for the defense of Philadelphia against the expected attack of the British fleet and in 1815 was elected to the State Legislature, where he subsequently served in both houses. He was appointed United States consul at Rio de Janeiro in 1822 and in 1825 became *chargé d'affaires* to Brazil, an office he occupied until 1827. After his return to the United States, he edited several journals devoted to free-trade doctrines, among them "The Free Trade Advocate," in

1829; "Examiner," in 1834-45; "The Financial Register," in 1837-39. He also published two small volumes relating to Santo Domingo, "Principles of Free Trade" (1835), "On Currency and Banking" (1839), etc."

FORREST'S LAST EXPLOIT.

(Continued from page 492.)

in less than three minutes we had killed and wounded eighty-seven men (fifty-two of them were killed), and we drove the whole force back half a mile. I don't mean that we followed them that far back, but that they went that far to make a new start. As the enemy whirled off the road into open woods from us, the ground was literally covered with dead men and horses. At intervals live men were caught under and held down by dead horses. Forrest, fighting over that battery, killed three men with his own hands. I am sure there was not a more complete surprise to the enemy during the war, and with either Billy Jackson or Chalmers with us right then we could have turned the tables on Wilson and driven him back. Anyhow, this drubbing we gave him made him more cautious, and they were several hours getting us started again from the next stand; and as it was near night-fall, they did not follow, letting us ride leisurely that night into Selma.

In this last fighting they had killed my horse. I had cause later for serious regret at this, for my other one couldn't swim—the thing most needed at Selma. I have often thought that an army of fifty thousand men just like Bedford Forrest, each as capable in execution as Forrest, could not have been whipped in battle. They could have killed men faster than they could be shoved up on them. General Forrest was a great commander, but a greater close-quarter fighter. In some of his more conspicuous victories he used but few of his men, as had to be done in this case against Wilson's raid. Wirt Adams had fifteen hundred men who ought to have been there too, and no account was ever given as to where they were.

From the orders to General Jackson, there appears no doubt that Forrest thought Wilson was going to retreat from Montevallo and had put his men where he could not get them back. The wonder is that all did not come to him on hearing the guns going south all the time. Jackson had come within a day's march of him after going one day the other way.

Of course there was a blunder somewhere in this instance, for we all know that General Forrest didn't expect to whip Wilson, with nine thousand men, with the Kentucky Brigade of eight hundred. The intention, no doubt, was to have the Kentucky Brigade harass and follow Wilson until he met Jackson and possibly Chalmers on another flank north of him. The mistake evidently was that they thought Wilson had no intention of going back.

In Selma General Forrest did just what he always did in a pinch. He was surrounded, of course, and was apparently in the enemy's grasp; but, seeing that all was lost, he took his escort of forty men and cut through their lines, thus getting away.

As it turned out, it seemed all for the best and saved an unnecessary sacrifice of probably one thousand lives, for our fight in Selma was made on the same day that Lee surrendered at Appomattox, and the war was ended.

BOOKS.

THE LONG ARM OF LEE. By Jennings Cropper Wise. Publishers, J. P. Bell & Co., Inc., Lynchburg, Va. Price, \$4.50.

Among the almost innumerable books which have been written about the great war waged by the North against the South from 1861 to 1865, we believe few will be found more instructive and interesting or will find a more permanent place in the literature describing the great events of that struggle than that bearing the above title.

The author, Col. Jennings Cropper Wise, a son of the late Hon. John Sergeant Wise and grandson of the illustrious Henry A. Wise, was at one time commandant of the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute (the West Point of the South). He is, therefore, an educated and trained soldier; and whilst not old enough to have been a veteran of the Confederate army, he is a son and grandson of veterans of that army and deeply imbued with the spirit, history, and traditions of the Confederate armies.

His work shows that he has made a most exhaustive study of the equipment, organization, and campaigns of the famous Army of Northern Virginia, and the special subject of his work is the equipment, organization, and campaigns of the "light" or "field" artillery of that great army which he appropriately terms "the long arm of Lee."

After first showing the absolute unpreparedness of the South for war in the beginning and then giving a most interesting account of the creation (for it was literally that) and subsequent organization of the ordnance department of the Confederacy and the splendid work done in the accomplishment of these by Colonels Gorgas, St. John, Mallett, Rains, and others, he then gives a most interesting and concise history of the personnel, organization, and equipment of the several companies of field artillery furnished by the different Southern States which formed so efficient and essential a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. The author then goes on to show by citations from the best artillerists both in Europe and in this country the most effective way of using artillery in battle—namely, by fighting it massed—and he shows, too, how slow many of our best generals (Stonewall Jackson being an exception) were to appreciate this fact; how they first used their artillery by assigning a battery to each brigade of infantry, then by assigning several batteries to each division of infantry, and, lastly, by forming it into battalions and fighting it massed in that way; and he then shows and gives many illustrations of the fact that when artillery with good ammunition and properly handled is fighting massed in battalions or larger organizations, as was favored by Jackson from the beginning, it is almost irresistible.

The author then shows the organization and commandants of the horse and field artillery at the time each battery took part in the many important battles of the Army of Northern Virginia practically from Bethel to Appomattox and the part borne by each battery in these several engagements. He then shows most skillfully and interestingly the troops and the maneuvers of those engaged in each battle on both sides, and his accounts of these battles are written with a clearness and vigor which could scarcely be surpassed. The vividness of these recitals must not only command the attention and interest of the soldiers engaged on both sides and their descendants, but will, we believe, be found most interesting and instructive reading to all readers of intelligence who have a due appreciation of true heroism and patriotism in all lands.

In the accounts given of the troops engaged on both sides in these fierce and sanguinary engagements the author has in almost every one of them preserved some strikingly interesting incidents, such as that of General Lee meeting and greeting his son Robert, a private in the Rockbridge Battery, on the bloody field of Sharpsburg; and he pertinently asks: "Where in all the history of war is such another incident to be found? Where such material for the brush of a Mes-sonier? The kith of Bonaparte bore the baton, but the kin of Lee fought at the muzzle with hands upon the rammer staff."

The concluding language of the author in giving an account of the last firing of "the long arm of Lee" is a touching and true sample of the spirit and eloquence displayed all through his work, and it shows that, like his father and grandfather, he is eloquent both with tongue and pen. He says:

"Such was the final sacrament of those men whose record is enshrined in the names of Pendleton, Long, Alexander, Walker, Walton, Crutchfield, Brown, Pelham, Chew, Breathed, Latimer, Thomson, Landry, Cutshaw, McIntosh, Poague, Carter, Braxton, Haskell, Huger, Hardaway, Cabell, Gibbes, Watson, McGregor, McGraw, McCarthy, Nelson, Chamber-layne, Caskie, and a host of their peers too numerous to mention, the like of whom the world has never known before or since their time. Such was the hallowed rite that marked the 'burial of Lee's guns' and the end of that strife in which Sumter was the primer that discharged the explosive com-pounded of political antagonism. An apparent motive only had been needed both North and South for the pulling of the lanyard to expand an energy stored up through years of cherished animosity; but now the end had come, and once more the placid waters settled over a cause buried, but not forgotten.

"If in its record there is a single incident to inspire other generations to emulate the devotion to duty, the valor, the Christian fortitude of the men who fought its guns, then 'the long arm of Lee' did not exist, struggle, and perish in vain."

We cordially and cheerfully commend the work.

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

ONE OF THE "C7K."

W. R. Hale writes from Hector, Ark.:

"Seeing the picture and sketch of Thomas A. Cocke in the *VETERAN* for September brought to mind where first I saw him. About the 6th of March, 1865, I was called out from Barrack No. 1 of Rock Island Prison with the first squad of well men to leave that prison. We landed at Richmond, Va., on March 13. Thomas A. Cocke was orderly sergeant of Barrack No. 1. At the time I was called out I was treasurer of the 'Seven Confederate Knights' (C7K) and had about seventy-five cents, which I hurriedly turned over to some brother in Barrack 7 or 9. I had been captured on December 29, 1864, at what Comrade J. W. Minnich calls the Mossy Creek Station battle in East Tennessee; was kept at the Knoxville jail for ten days, in the Nashville pen for three days, Louisville three days, then on to Rock Island about the 20th of January, 1864. I belonged to Company C, 3d Arkansas Cavalry, and served under Generals Price and Van Dorn; was remounted at Grenada, Miss., and went to Tennessee with Van Dorn, and after he was killed I served under Forrest until after the battle of Chickamauga; was

then with General Wheeler until I was captured by one of Colonel Brownlow's men near Mossy Creek Station.

"As it has been more than fifty-two years since I left prison, I should be glad to hear from any of the boys who were at Rock Island and are still living. I remember L. D. Belk, James Gillam, Gillespie, Edwards, Byrum, Beckwith, Buford, Fry, J. D. Hodgekiss, Combs, Tucker, and the big fellow who fought so much. I remember a great many others whose names I can't recall.

"Seeing the picture of Comrade Cocke, the man who returned from orderly's call with the news for the men of Arkansas, Missouri, and some other States to get ready to go back South, makes me feel afresh how glad I would be to see or hear from them. We are all getting old now. I am in my eightieth year."

THE SECOND MISSISSIPPI AT GETTYSBURG.

Dr. T. C. Harris, Commander of John M. Simington Camp, U. C. V., of Plantersville, Miss., writes: "In the *VETERAN* for September, Lieut. Col. J. A. Watrous, in writing of the achievements of the Iron Brigade at Gettysburg, states that the 6th Wisconsin made the charge on the railroad cut and captured the 2d Mississippi Regiment. The fact is, only a part, a small part, of the 2d Mississippi was captured there. Colonel Stone and Lieut. D. W. Humphrey, together with a large part of the 2d Mississippi, retired as the Wisconsin regiment made the charge on the railroad cut, which our boys were trying to cross. I was there and fell back with Colonel Stone. Heth's Division opened the fight. I don't know what troops were fighting, but I do know that they were hard fighters and retired only at the point of the bayonet after most of them were killed. We were after those fellows when fresh troops, the Wisconsin boys, made the charge that captured a part of the 2d Mississippi Regiment. That was on July 1. On the next day we were held in reserve to support other troops, and on the morning of the 3d we were ready and made the charge with Pickett. On the 2d of July, while our regiment was lying in a valley expecting to be called into action, twelve Federals walked to the top of a near-by hill and, planting their flag behind a pile of fence rails, lay down flat on the ground. Colonel Stone remarked that it looked like a dare and asked if any of our boys wanted to take the flag away from them. Sergeant Bell, John Palmer, Tobe McPherson, with nine others, volunteered to go. They captured the flag after killing the twelve Yankees, and ten of our boys lost their lives. Palmer and McPherson brought the flag back."

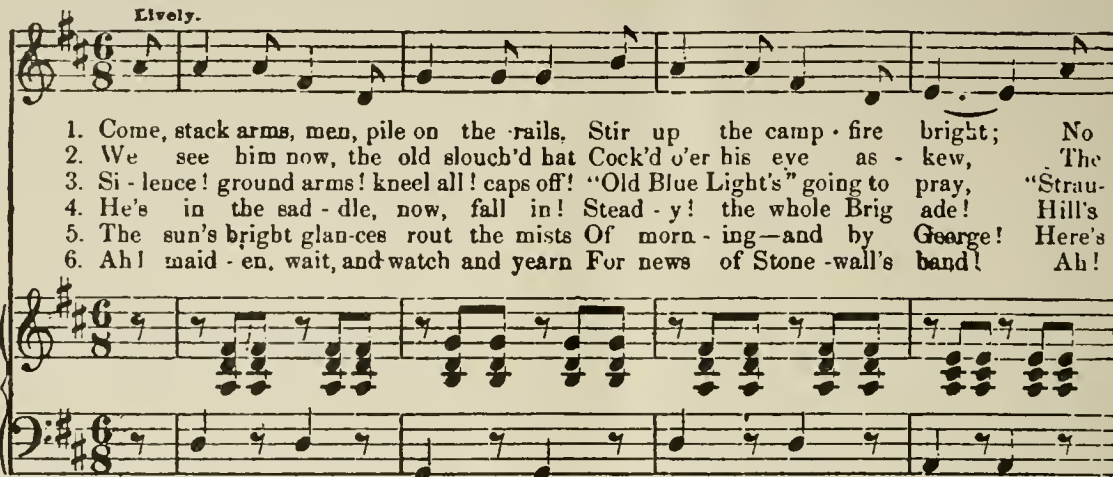
REUNION OF NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

The annual reunion of North Carolina veterans was held in Raleigh during October with good attendance. Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, was appointed chairman of a committee to mark the sites on the Gettysburg battle field where Generals Pettigrew and Ramseur fell. One of the features of the meeting was an address by Mrs. Jacksie Daniels Thrash, President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C.

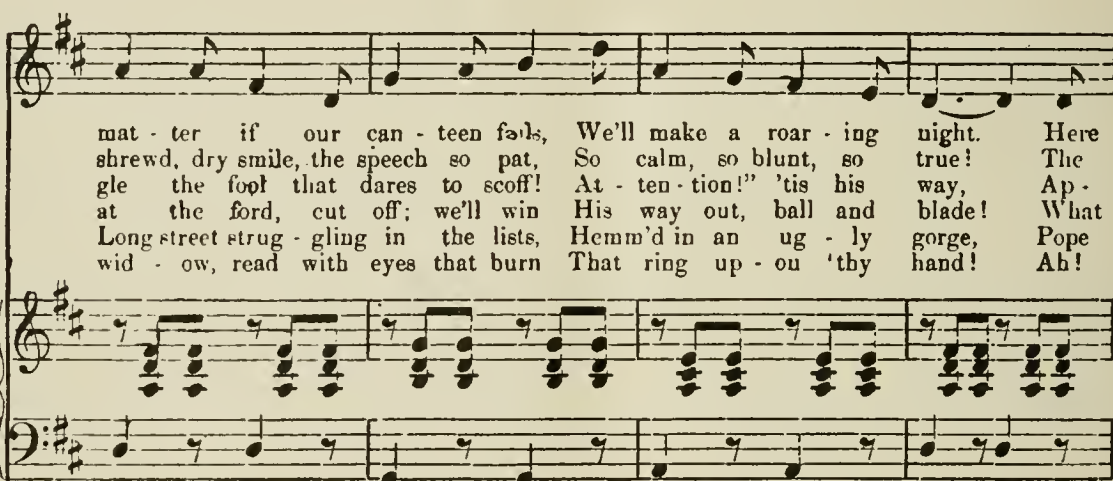
The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: Division Commander, Gen. James I. Metts, Wilmington; Adjutant, Maj. H. A. London, Pittsboro; First Brigade, Gen. A. H. Boyden, Salisbury; Second Brigade, Gen. W. A. Smith, Ansonville; Third Brigade, Gen. R. H. Ricks, Rockingham; Fourth Brigade, Gen. J. M. Ray, Asheville. For the Veterans' Association, Maj. W. A. Graham was reelected President and Mr. J. C. Birdsong Secretary.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

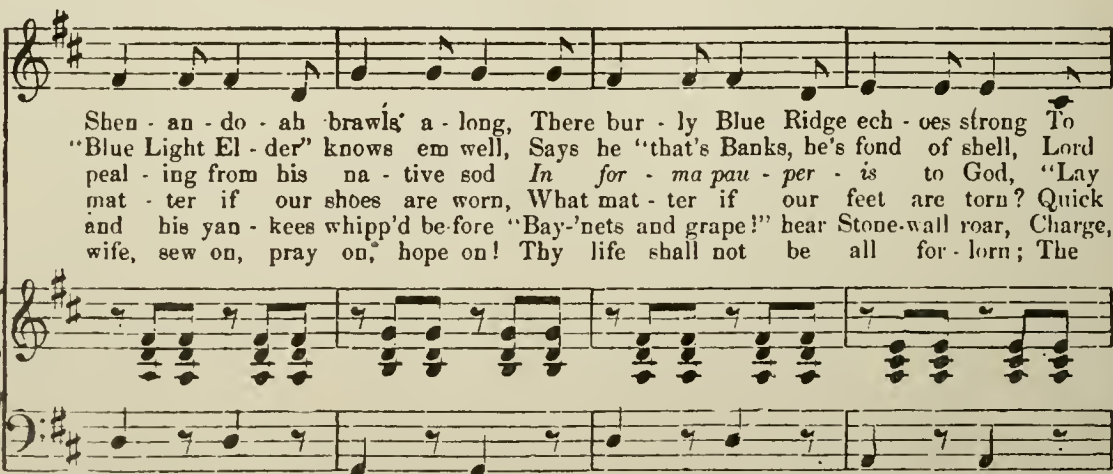
Lively.



1. Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails, Stir up the camp - fire bright; No
 2. We see him now, the old slouch'd hat Cock'd o'er his eye as - kew, The
 3. Si - lence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off! "Old Blue Light's" going to pray, "Strau-
 4. He's in the sad - dle, now, fall in! Stead - y! the whole Brig ade! Hill's
 5. The sun's bright glan - ces rout the mists Of morn - ing—and by George! Here's
 6. Ah! maid - en, wait, and watch and yearn For news of Stone - wall's band! Ah!



mat - ter if our can - teen fails, We'll make a roar - ing night. Here
 shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat, So calm, so blunt, so true! The
 gle the fool that dares to scoff! At - ten - tion!" 'tis his way, Ap -
 at the ford, cut off; we'll win His way out, ball and blade! What
 Long street strug - gling in the lists, Hemm'd in an ug - ly gorge, Pope
 wid - ow, read with eyes that burn That ring up - ou 'thy hand! Ah!



Shen - an - do - ah 'brawls' a - long, There bur - ly Blue Ridge ech - oes strong To
 "Blue Light El - der" knows em well, Says he "that's Banks, he's fond of shell, Lord
 peal - ing from his na - tive sod In for - ma pau - per - is to God, "Lay
 mat - ter if our shoes are worn, What mat - ter if our feet are torn? Quick
 and his yan - kees whipp'd be - fore "Bay - nets and grape!" hear Stone - wall roar, Charge,
 wife, sew on, pray on, hope on! Thy life shall not be all for - lorn; The

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

swell the brig - ade's rous - ing song Of Stone-wall Jack - son's way! Of
 save his soul, we'll give him—" well, That's Stone-wall Jack - son's way! That's
 low thine arm, stretch forth thy rod, A - men!" that's Stone-wall's way! A -
 step! we're with him be - fore dawn!" That's Stone-wall Jack - son's way! That's
 Stu - art! pay off Ash - by's score In Stone-wall Jack - son's way! In
 foe - had bet - ter ne'er been born That gets in Stone-wall's way! That

Stone - wall Jack - son's way, Of Stone - wall Jack - son's way; To
 Stone - wall Jack - son's way, That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way; Lord
 men!" that's Stone-wall's way, A - men!" that's Stone-wall's way; "Lay
 Stone - wall Jack - son's way, That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way! "Quick
 Stone - wall Jack - son's way, In Stone - wall Jack - son's way! Charge
 gets in Stone-wall's way, That gets in Stone-wall's way; The

swell the brig - ade's rous - ing song Of Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 save his soul, we'll give him—" well, That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 low thine arm, stretch forth thy rod, A - men!" that's Stone-wall's way.
 step! we're with him be - fore dawn!" That's Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 Stu - art! pay off Ash - by's score In Stone - wall Jack - son's way!
 foe had bet - ter ne'er been born That gets in Stone-wall's way.

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C. M. Wright, of Fulton, Ky., makes inquiry for some one who can testify to the service of William Wright, who is old and feeble and in need of a pension. He served in Company B, 7th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, and was transferred in June, 1863, to the wagon service.

J. N. Lawson, of Ore, Tex., writes that his father, J. N. Lawson, enlisted in the Confederate army from Benton, Polk County, Tenn., and was last heard from in a skirmish known as the Horse-shoe Bend, on the Tennessee River. Any information would be gladly received by his son and two daughters.

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E. W. Smith, of Kenedy, Tex., is in need of a pension and wants to hear from some comrade who served with him in the 10th Arkansas Cavalry, Huey's company.

J. P. Humphreys, of Collierville, Tenn., writes: "I would like very much to get in communication with Lieut. James Walker, of the 2d Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, 1861, or some of his family, or with the commander of this regiment at that time."

Mrs. M. A. Mitchell, of Vinson, Okla., wants some information of George W. Mitchell, who joined the Confederate army in 1862 or 1863 from Polk County, Ark. Mrs. Mitchell is greatly in need of a pension and would be glad to hear from some one who knew her husband.

G. T. Shrader, 102 Barton Street, Little Rock, Ark., is trying to secure a pension for his mother and would like to correspond with some one who could testify to his father's service. George N. Shrader enlisted from McMinnville, Tenn., at the age of sixteen, under Colonel Ward. This regiment was known as "Ward's Ducks" and was under General Morgan.

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VOL. XXV.

DECEMBER, 1917

NO. 12



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President General United Daughters of the Confederacy



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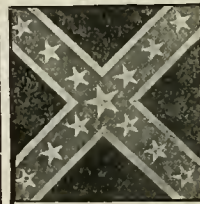
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Confederate Veteran.

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

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.
Date given to subscription is the month of expiration.
All remittances should be made to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
and all communications so addressed.
Published by the Confederate Veteran Company, Nashville, Tenn.



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VOL. XXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1917.

No. 12.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
FOUNDER. }

"WHAT MEAN THESE STONES?"

BY D. G. BICKERS, ATHENS, GA.

There have been heroes in the years that were to whom
Their fellows or their followers upreared a monument;
There have been leaders whose rare light was seen to loom
Above the lesser lights, and to their memories was lent
An added and enduring luster in one, two, three piles
Or shafts in places prominent; there have been battles fought
And won—the victory was marked for time in miles
Laid out from great memorial in stone. * * * But I have
thought

It unsurpassed in all the history of man that there should be
Thousands of shafts in memory of the men who marched with
Lee.

Through all the land he loved scarce any county site or town
Or city is without its modest monument—to whom? To
crown,

To victor, to success? Nay, but to heroes of the rank, to those
Who died—aye, equally to those who lived—to men who chose
The way of right as they had calmly thought it out, despite
the cost.

However precious, and who did their noblest, best, and—lost!

SEEKING THE TRUTH.

The following letter presents a situation confronting students from the South in Northern universities:

"Being an unfortunate schoolgirl stranded in Northern schools, and possessing Southern Confederate ideals and principles, I have involved myself in a dilemma in the 'Civil War' history class. I have consulted such authorities as Davis, Pollard, Bulloch, Stephens, in addition to Confederate documents and records. Now I must turn to you for aid. Can you help me refute these assertions?

"1. That the per cent of illiteracy in the South was greater than in the North.

"2. That only about seventy-five thousand people in the South were wealthy and educated and that they dominated and tyrannized over the poor and illiterate minority.

"3. That the South had no railroads in comparison with the North. (Is it true that the South built twice as many

railroads as did the New England and Middle States in the ante-bellum days?)

"4. That before the war the South had no free public schools."

While the VETERAN went to the rescue in this instance by furnishing data and references that should have helped "to educate the Yankees to an appreciation of the Southern Confederacy," in the words of this young student, yet there should be a means of educating the whole country to a just appreciation of the South before and since the war. Not alone does the North need educating along this line, for many of our own people have never realized what the South has done in the building of the nation. The attitude of the North toward this section has ever been one of criticism and unjust comparison without considering the reasons which brought about conditions in either section.

If the South had been as vigilant to record her accomplishments as has been done in the Northern section, there would not be the need of the present to defend her claim to any achievements of distinction. Failing that, in the education of our young people we can see that books taught in our schools do the South justice from every standpoint. While much has been done in that direction by the efforts of the U. D. C., much remains to be done to overcome the sentiment which has been inculcated by partisan histories and which is still being industriously disseminated to the detriment of the South by teachers largely trained in Northern schools. As the educational work of the U. D. C. is not to be dropped during the war period, a stronger impetus might be given this phase of it just now.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—His own country is the only civilized nation that has failed officially to recognize Matthew Fontaine Maury. Honored by kings and emperors and the recipient of a greater number of medals and memorials than any scientist of the New World, this great genius has not even his name inscribed in the mosaic of our National Library in Washington.—*Matthew Page Andrews.*

CHARLES CARROLL, OF CARROLLTON, DIED 1832.—A man most interesting from his varied and extensive acquirements, and especially as being the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.—*W. C. Macready, of England.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication 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.

WOMAN'S WORK IN WAR.

The address made before the Chattanooga convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, by Mrs. Josephus Daniels, in which she appealed to them to emulate their mothers in the spirit of self-sacrifice for the benefit of their country, brings to mind a picture of those trying days of war in the sixties when every home in the South had felt the call of patriotism in some form of sacrifice. Though almost every community now has its circle of workers in war relief work, not yet have we felt the deprivation of our comforts. We are giving out of our abundance of means and leisure, and it has not yet meant that heavy burden which fell to the lot of our Confederate mothers in their work for the soldiers of the South. "All of us boast of the Red Cross work and the Y. M. C. A. work," says James Callaway in the *Macon Telegraph*; "but the women of the Confederacy were all at work for the soldiers. Every farm had its spinning wheel and its Joe Brown cards. The wool was spun and made ready for the loom, and the jeans turned out was warm and comfortable. In the towns the ladies gathered regularly at night, and all sorts of Red Cross work was prepared for the hospitals. They also had great quilting festivals, and warm woolen quilts were made to serve as blankets. There were no idlers. Every young lady and every mother did her part, as the women of England and France and our own America are doing to-day. Every home was a knitting machine, and they supplied the soldiers with socks. There was not that speech-making by women as now, nor any parade made over what they did. It was just a matter of course. Soldiers' relief societies were everywhere. No village was without them."

What a difference! Instead of having the yarn supplied to them by the government, our mothers took the wool just from the sheep's back and converted it into the thread for knitting socks or weaving cloth, and the articles into which it was turned were well made. Much has been said and written of the helplessness and dependence of Southern women before the war, but never did women of any country give strength to an army as did the women of the South. Sending their husbands, sons, and brothers to fight in the ranks, they nobly filled their places on the farms and elsewhere and largely supplied the necessities of the country by the work of their unwearying hands.

The article in the *VETERAN* for May, 1916, by Mrs. Anna F. G. Fry, of Alabama, tells of the ingenuity of these women in overcoming the lack of certain materials. Dyes could not be secured, but from the woods they obtained bark, leaves, and roots that gave the necessary coloring matter. "The wild myrtle yielded a nice gray dye for woolen goods; sumac berries and walnut hulls dyed a beautiful brown; the root of the pine tree, a beautiful garnet; the pokeberry, a dark, rich magenta; the wild indigo, a lovely blue; hickory bark, combined with alum, a brilliant green; the rare 'queen's delight,' a jet-black; while the pine and sweet gum boiled together made our own beautiful Confederate gray, to which

there is no color under the sun equal and none so dear to the Southern heart. These colors had to be set with copperas, which was also made by placing a small quantity of salt and vinegar in a vessel and casting in old iron, rusty nails, etc."

In those Confederate days drugs were so high that few could afford to buy them when procurable, and again resort was had to the woods and fields for roots, berries, and wild fruits which furnished the necessary remedies.

What a lesson is here given of the resources of this great, rich country of America, which has been so dependent upon foreign countries for dyes and drugs that an interruption of trade in those imports has sent prices skyward! and what a lesson it should be to this country to develop those resources and make itself secure against dependence on any country save itself!

"We took advantage of every resource," wrote Mrs. Fry, "and we laughed at our privations and inconveniences. We not only fed and clothed the people of our county, but aided and helped to feed the people of the entire South, civil and military. And we felt proud of our independence and fortitude * * * and wondered that we were able to accomplish what we did."

TRUE TO HIS FATHER.

Dear Veteran: I have just read in the last number of the *VETERAN*, page 488, "from the son of a veteran: 'My father died last March; so, of course, I shall ask you to discontinue the subscription.'" He is a son of a veteran in name only. I too am a son of a veteran. I have bought every copy of the *VETERAN* issued since 1895, since I first saw a copy a few years ago. I shall continue to be a subscriber so long as I live or so long as it lives. The memory of his father, much less the principles for which he fought, must not be held so very, very dear to the "son" who orders the subscription discontinued.

Yours truly,

DELOS R. JOHNSON, Franklinton, La.

THE BATTLE OF SELMA, ALA.

The *VETERAN* gives its thanks to H. A. Montgomery, of Anniston, Ala., for correcting a glaring error as to the date of the battle of Selma and censures itself for failing to verify date before publication. Mr. Montgomery writes:

"In the November *VETERAN* I notice an article by Capt. J. M. Browne entitled 'Forrest's Last Exploit.' As to most of the statements in it I take no issue, but he says that the battle of Selma was fought on the 9th of April, 'the day Lee surrendered.' I was 'one of those present' at the last fight of Forrest, and I assert without fear of contradiction that Captain Browne has his dates mixed. The fight was on April 2, 1865, as all histories state, and I have a very feeling recollection of the time. I got to Selma on the morning of April 2 from my home, in Georgia, where I had been on furlough. The boys were hungry and ate all the 'remains' of rations I had brought from home. I escaped after the fight and got out with General Armstrong, who had about one hundred men left. I was a member of Terrell's Georgia Battery, and we carried our gun that night two miles farther than any other, but lost it in crossing a slough when pushed too close by our pursuers.

"I am seventy-one years old and still hale and hearty, with hopes of living many years yet."

INVIDIOUS COMPARISONS.

BY MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, BALTIMORE, MD.

Recently the Washington *Post* published an interview with Col. Henry Watterson in which he gave his ideas of a comparison between the Southern Confederacy and the Prussianized Germany of to-day. Colonel Watterson has expressed these views in one form or another several times without having for them any foundation in fact. It is difficult to comprehend how he can go so far astray of the truth, unless he has been misled by the works of partisan writers. In other words, Colonel Watterson has not kept up with modern historical interpretation. My friend the late Charles Francis Adams had made a partial collection of these historical myths. Colonel Watterson's remarks bring my attention to at least two of these.

Colonel Watterson says that in 1861 "the South was far better prepared for war than the North. It was peopled by a fighting race inured to the idea of war." The first part of this statement is not only not in accord with the facts, but almost the exact opposite of the truth. Before speaking, the Colonel should have thought of the material resources of both the Federal and the Confederate governments and of the possession by the North of the Federal machinery of government, its army and navy, its prestige and commerce and population. The Lower South was not even prepared to feed itself, much less manufacture any supplies and munitions of war. It is scarcely too much to say that the South was not prepared to manufacture even so much as a tenpenny nail. The Confederate States were less prepared for war than any power in modern times, barring none.

The second part of Colonel Watterson's statement revives, by inference at least, the unfortunate misconception fairly prevalent in the South before the war that the Yankees were a nation of clerks and mollicoddles. This is as unjust to my Northern kin as the even more prevalent opinion in the North that my Southern kinsfolk were either degenerate slave drivers or effeminate weaklings. These mutual misunderstandings helped to bring on the war. Such misconceptions as Colonel Watterson has published help to keep alive sectional prejudices. His gift for trenchant phrases should be employed in the cause of the truth rather than in the perpetuation of historical error. At present he argues along the lines of least effort in actual thought. In similar fashion the schoolboy, against the dreaded "examination" day, comprehensively sums up the causes of the American Revolution in the phrase, "taxation without representation." He does not burden his powers of analysis with the more difficult consideration of questions of local self-government that comprised the real basis of contention between the colonists and the mother country.

In almost precisely the same way Colonel Watterson superficially assumes, or gives the impression, that the Southern people fought for the right to hold slaves, intrenching themselves behind the "right divine of slavery," as Germany has "thrown down the gauntlet of the right divine of kings." I would ask him if he went to war to hold on to his slaves or, if he did not own any, in order to enable some of his neighbors to hold on to theirs, thus, as he says, defying the "moral sentiment of the world," which was "arrayed against the Confederacy."

I should like to know if Colonel Watterson has read carefully Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural address, in which he denied any purpose to interfere with slavery, or his denuncia-

tions of the violent abolitionists whom he held up to "just execration" for obstructing the progress of emancipation. Does Colonel Watterson know that only one person in a score or more throughout the South ever owned slaves? My Northern grandfather and nearly all my Virginia relatives were working for abolition, yet they were united in regarding the cause of the Confederacy as one involving the American principles of local self-government and slavery incidentally, if at all. Can Colonel Watterson explain such an apparently preposterous inconsistency by such afterthoughts as he has set forth? These afterthoughts of his are simply echoes of partisan history written shortly after the great sectional conflict, and they are entirely out of harmony with the views of Lincoln on the one side and of Lee on the other. What did Charles Francis Adams mean, after a careful review of the causes of conflict, by the statement that "both sides were right"?

If war had broken out twenty years earlier, when South Carolina defied the Federal government in 1831, does Colonel Watterson think that the issue would have been based on his fine-sounding phrase, "the right divine to hold slaves"? Or suppose the question of "peaceable dissolution" had come to a head on any one of the numerous occasions when the New England States threatened to exercise the "right of secession." Does he think that the cause of the conflict would have lain in the social or moral issue of slavery—that is, had the South attempted to force Massachusetts or the Northern States back into the Union against their will? Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, a distinguished German immigrant in this country, has explained the economic and political issues at stake which Colonel Watterson, a thoroughgoing American, has failed to see. Moreover, the French historian, De Tocqueville, understood it and wrote of it as early as 1835. On the other hand, Colonel Watterson takes the viewpoint of the German historian, Von Holst, who, like the Kaiser, probably could not understand American history if he would.

Instead of further obfuscating the interpretation of American history, it is to be hoped that Colonel Watterson will use his very able pen in clearing up these misconceptions. It is to be hoped also that the editor of the *Courier-Journal* will take time to read the writings of Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Charles Francis Adams, Horatio C. King, and a host of other Americans who have explained these matters and then do his duty as he will see it. Few writers are better equipped than Colonel Watterson for presenting these issues in an attractive manner. If he has done so well with fiction, what may he not accomplish when he offers facts?

A TIMELY WORD.—J. Wilson Shivers, of Williamson, Ga.: "I love the old VETERAN and all it stands for. I was with Lee and Stonewall for four years, and I know what it is to be a soldier. I carry the mark that I received at Sharpsburg, when every man but two in my company was killed or wounded. We had thirty-three men in the company when the fight opened, and ten were killed and twenty-one wounded. Our colonel and adjutant were both killed. The regiment lost many of its best and bravest men. I truly hope the old Confederates will not forget the VETERAN and will stand by it in these trying times."

Miss Rena E. Coyner, San Jose, Cal.: "My father was a Confederate soldier, having served under J. E. B. Stuart all during the four years of the war; and though we three daughters are Californians, we are also Southern to the backbone."

THE BOY COMPANY OF RICHMOND.

BY THOMAS PETERS, ATLANTA, GA.

About a year ago there "passed across the river" Capt. Edward S. Gay, of Atlanta, Ga., whose early manhood was spent in Dallas, Tex., and whose boyhood was memorable in the early days and years of our civil conflict in and around Richmond. Many deserving tributes were placed on record by his associates and the many organizations with which his active business career was so earnestly connected.

The purpose of this, however, is to dwell upon the services which won for him the military title he so worthily wore, to which he became entitled in a signally unique military service in command of a company of mere boys who gallantly volunteered and in line of duty acquitted themselves handsomely under the galling fire of the enemy. His early characteristics will thus be seen to have given promise to his brilliant career in after life.

A fitting introduction to the record is the following expression from the honored soldier, T. O. Chestney, of Macon, formerly major and assistant adjutant general department of Richmond and chief of staff to Lieutenant General Ewell, which comes with emphatic tone: "The patriotic and gallant services performed by Capt. Edward S. Gay and his company of boys (many of them scarcely half grown) have never been properly recorded, though deserving the highest praise. Their conduct under fire earned for them a unique reputation in the organization known as the 'Local Defense Brigade of Richmond,' and they proudly accepted their full share of the hardships and dangers experienced by the veterans of the army whenever duty called them to the front. At the time of these occurrences I occupied a position which gave me official knowledge of them, and the brief statement above is but an inadequate mention of the estimation in which Captain Gay and his youthful company was held by his superior officers as well as by the patriotic citizens of Richmond during the latter part of the great conflict."

Fortunately, Captain Gay made a memorandum of the organization of the company and tersely placed on record the salient points of its service; but with becoming modesty he wrote of others and left much unsaid because he himself was one of that noble band of boys, the like of whom are not given in the annals of that terrible struggle.

From this memorandum we find that at the breaking out of the war his father, Edward S. Gay, Sr., was captain of a company of boys in Richmond, Va. This company was excellently drilled, and many of its members were appointed as drillmasters to various commands and camps of instruction. In 1862 the employees of the departments at Richmond were organized into companies and regiments for purposes of local defense. To this regiment was attached a company of boys commanded by Capt. Frank Wise. Edward S. Gay, Sr., was second lieutenant and afterwards captain of Company G, 3d Virginia Regiment of Local Defense Troops, under Col. John McAnerney, Custis Lee's brigade, Ewell's Corps. This company was mustered in for six months. On March 1, 1863, after their term of service expired, when Richmond was threatened by the famous raid of Dahlgreen, these boys went voluntarily with their regiment to meet the raiders. After quite a gallant fight at Glenburnie Farm, on the Westham Road, these youngsters acquitted themselves with such credit that they were again organized into a company under the command of Capt. Edward S. Gay, Jr., then sixteen years old. This regiment was called to the front at various times

for short periods of field service in 1864. When the army moved from the Wilderness to the James River, this command joined it just after the battle of Cold Harbor and remained with it, occupying the trenches north of the river from Chaffin's to Fort Gilmore in front of Fort Harrison. While these youngsters, all under eighteen years old, were as much obscured as possible, they cheerfully offered their lives to the defense of their country and saw some hard service.

The muster roll of the company was carefully preserved and was published by the *Richmond Times* in February, 1900, with a well-merited reference to the representative character of the membership of the company; and as the renewed publication will be appreciated by many even at this late day, it will add much to this sketch to insert the roll.

The muster roll of Company G, of the 3d Regiment, shows



CAPT. EDWARD S. GAY, JR.

that the company was recruited entirely from Richmond boys. The roll is a carefully treasured relic of one of the former members of the company who, though not a wealthy man, would not part with it for money. Most of the names on this roll of honor will be recognized by Richmond people. Indeed, some of the "babies" of the war are now prosperous business men in the City of Seven Hills. The captain of this brave company was only seventeen years of age. Some of his privates were but fourteen. Here is the roll complete:

COMPANY G, THIRD VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

Officers: Edward S. Gay, captain; Waverly Anderson, first lieutenant; Samuel Taylor, second lieutenant; Wilton Randolph, third lieutenant; John B. Purcell, first sergeant; W. R. Cowardin, second sergeant; William M. Hill, third sergeant; R. G. Ryan, fourth sergeant; John B. Faris, fifth ser-

geant; L. G. Battelle, first corporal; George L. Davidson, second corporal; Portieux Robinson, third corporal; Swift Johnson, fifth corporal; Thomas J. Walsh, sixth corporal; Benjamin Shepherd, seventh corporal; Charles Quarles, eighth corporal.

Privates: Roscoe Chesterman, James Walsh, Edward A. Willis, Alphonso Debbrell, John Womble, R. H. M. Harrison, Henry Grant, Waverly Yarbrough, C. N. Nimmo, Edgar Jones, R. M. Thompson, George Bridges, G. Kennon Wrenn, C. A. Slater, William R. Tyree, Gynn Lyle, Marion Randolph, Richard Brooke, George Semple, Thomas Murphy, Gray Doswell, W. J. Johnson, C. I. Broggs, Claiborne Barksdale, Charles Williamson, Walter Sydnor, Jim Gibson, J. P. Quarles, Simon Cullen, E. B. Lewellen, John Herman, William Mathew, William Hammond, Beverley D. Tucker, J. Randolph Tucker, E. D. Taylor, G. Watson James, Frank Brooke, Robert Gilliam, James A. Peebles, Charles Brown, James Carr, C. R. Devins, Temple Doswell, W. C. Templeton, A. W. Timberlake, George Watt, R. E. Hendricks, L. G. Wood, G. B. Doggatt, R. Willis Thompson, Thomas M. Rutherford, E. S. Cardoza, Wallace Deane, George Ferneyhough, W. B. Newell.

TRIBUTE TO THE BOY COMPANY.

The anniversary of Hick's Farm has an interest for the people of Richmond, a continued and continuing interest, it may be said. That interest centers in the history of Richmond's boy company. Save for this company, the battalion was composed largely of men from all parts of the South who had been retired from active service on account of wounds or other disabilities and detailed in the departments. Captain McAnerney was among the number, and these department clerks were virtually all veterans. The battalion had no connection with the militia organizations or other reserves, nor had the regiment into which it was enlarged. Company G, as to personnel, was in a sense the successor of the Junior Volunteers, a company of striplings formed just before the war, who were armed with "cut-off" carbines, drilled at the State armory, and whose first service was in the Pawnee War. The carbines were cut off by order of Governor Wise, so as to accommodate them to the youth and size of the juniors. Company G was organized in July, 1863; and because none of its members were old enough to be subject to military duty, the government required "individual" receipts for its new arms.

The original paper, along with others bearing on the company, has been turned over to the Virginia Room of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society.

Many of the names on the roll will be identified with the oldest families in Richmond and with the rebuilding of the city materially, financially, commercially, and otherwise after the evacuation fire. Company G served to the end of the war, taking part in the operations against Butler on the south side, in those supporting Stuart at Yellow Tavern, and in the movements at Fort Harrison. The average age of its members when the war ended was about seventeen years. Between its organization and the end several of its members on or before attaining military age joined other commands.

Colonel McAnerney pays this tribute to the members of the boy company: "One of the most interesting features of the night's work was the splendid action of a large number of the younger sons of the best families of Richmond who, on account of their youth, were not permitted to enter the (regulars) army and, chafing under the restraint, joined my

command and were in the thickest of the fight. Many of them received saber cuts and other injuries. These young men afterwards organized (reorganized) the famous Company G, under Captain Gay, and were regularly attached to our regiment, doing valiant service and undergoing all hardships to the close of the war. Many of them are now the leading bankers, merchants, and professional men of Richmond, and I will always remember the courage and fortitude they displayed until the close of the war."

CONFEDERATE VETERANS IN CALIFORNIA.

Referring to the article in the VETERAN for August (page 344) on "Surviving Confederate Veterans," Mrs. Lydia Field Starks, of Los Angeles, Cal., says:

"I should like to tell you about four veterans here at the Los Angeles County Farm.

"Capt. John Murdock Reeves enlisted at Montgomery, Ala., in 1st Company, 1st Alabama Regiment, under Gen. W. F. Perry; was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg in both legs; has to wheel himself in a chair, which was given to him at Sacramento, Cal., by the Y. M. C. A. The chair is about worn out, and he sees no way of replacing it unless I can raise the money for him. He feels his condition keenly.

"John Jones, Atlanta, Ga.; enlisted at Rockmart, Ga., in the Merckerson Scouts; also a cripple in a chair.

"George Washington Meadows, Mayfield, Ky.; enlisted in Company E, 3d Kentucky, Buford's Brigade. He served under Col. Chris Holt.

"Jefferson Thompson, Galveston, Tex. I have not his company; found him sick in hospital.

"On October 11 several members of our Chapter, the John H. Reagan, No. 1002, U. D. C., went to the Farm with a nice dinner and a suit of clothes for each man; they needed them badly. And how they did enjoy the dinner! It is a shame that our dear veterans in California have to be cared for by the county and to be buried in the potter's field when they pass away. Another injustice to them is that when they are away from their States two years they are not eligible to the Confederate Homes unless they return to their States and live there two years.

"If any one will assist in helping them, it will certainly be appreciated. My daughter, Mrs. W. H. Sykes, President of John H. Reagan Chapter, and I are doing all we can for them. We got the clothes for them."

LACK OF PREPAREDNESS.—E. V. Tarrant, of Waco, Tex., sends the following: "It was one of those beautiful Indian summer days peculiar to Virginia, in the month of November, 1861, upon the occasion of the presenting of battle flags to every regiment and battery of the Army of Northern Virginia by order of General Beauregard. At the close of a grand review by the commanding general of infantry, artillery, and cavalry on the plains near Warrenton, Adjutant General Jordan, in order to get the army in close and compact array, gave the command, 'Column close *en masse*,' which was repeated by division, brigade, regimental, and company commanders in succession. In those early days of the war many of our high officers had but slight acquaintance with military technicalities. A certain colonel of an Alabama regiment who had equipped an entire company at his own expense was completely nonplused when the order came down the line to him from his brigade commander, and he passed it on in this fashion: 'Column close *en messe*, messes, or whatever it is.' And every captain passed it on with much emphasis."

"PRIVATE" JOHN ALLEN.

BY J. B. GAMBRELL, DALLAS, TEX.

The Hon. John M. Allen, of Mississippi, twenty years a Congressman from that State, was one of the unique characters of the nation. His name is known in every part of the country. I knew him from his boyhood, and he served in the Confederate army under my command.

Some twenty-eight months of the War between the States I served in the Army of Northern Virginia, mostly as a scout. I was then transferred to Mississippi and West Tennessee, under a special commission issued by the war office and signed by President Davis, to raise a company of scouts and to keep the territory open from Memphis down into Mississippi as far as the advanced posts of the Confederates.

John Allen, then a boy, was one of the first to join in this service. He was rather small, even for his age, and brave to the last limit. He exhibited through all the services and under all circumstances the same rich humor which made him a national figure. There was no better soldier in the army. He seemed to be absolutely without fear, and his good humor never forsook him for a moment.

On one occasion a citizen came up to John, sitting on his horse, and, inspecting John's carbine, remarked: "I guess that is a mighty good gun." John drawled out: "Yes, it used to be; but I shot it uphill one day and strained it, and it has not been so good since."

On another occasion six or seven of us had been chased for more than a mile through a rough country by sixty-odd Federals. We did not care to fight, but directed all of our efforts to getting away. It became evident, however, that we had to fight in order to get away. Suddenly turning on the Federals, we made a sharp attack, fighting hand to hand, making it a very bad half minute for the Federals. They jumped off of their horses and took to the trees for protection; then we went on, and some of their horses followed us. One Yankee with a vein of humor in him got up on the fence and called out: "Bring back my horse." John Allen replied: "Come and get him."

Another time a small band of us attacked a good many times our number. The land was very hilly, and we concealed our horses back in the woods. Contrary to our expectations, the Yankees did not run. As they were getting ready to put up a stiff fight, we considered it our duty to run. When we got to our horses, one of the men, rather corpulent, was very badly winded and between gasps for breath said: "I—would—not—take—that—run—again—for—\$1,000." John, gasping for air, replied: "I—would—not—either—but—I—wish—I—had—\$1,000—for—taking—it—this—time."

Perhaps I might give another anecdote. We had been on quite a campaign, riding day and night, on account of the special activities of the Federals. Our horses were worn out; it had been impossible to secure food for them regularly. Withdrawing to a secluded place in the great canebrakes above Memphis, we stopped with a farmer to recruit our horses. We had a pasture for them and unlimited corn. Billy Beanland, another boy about John's age, had a horse that was especially thin. Billy came to me and said: "Captain, my horse won't stay in the pasture." John Allen, who was lying on his back on the ground with his hat over his face, raised his hat and said: "Billy, tie a knot in his tail."

These are simple stories of a brave boy soldier who became an eminent man. He fought his last battle in his home at Tupelo, Miss., recently, and I pay this tribute to the brave comrade who rode in my company during the sixties.

*HONORARY COMMANDER VIRGINIA DIVISION,
U. C. V.*

At the last meeting of the Virginia Division, U. C. V., held in the city of Petersburg, Lieut. Gen. J. Thompson Brown was unanimously elected Honorary Commander of the Division for life.



In 1861, at the outbreak of war, J. Thompson Brown, then a student at Randolph-Macon College, went at once to Richmond and enlisted in what was afterwards Company A, of the 20th Virginia Regiment, Col. John Pegram. He was made orderly of his company and served with it at Laurel Hill and Rich Mountain, where General Garnett lost his life. The regiment was then ordered to Richmond to recruit.

Young Brown then enlisted in Parker's Battery and was successively promoted from junior lieutenant to captain, thus serving to the end of the war. He participated in seventeen active engagements: Rich Mountain, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Chattanooga, Knoxville, the Wilderness, North Anna, Howlett Line, Sharpsburg, Marye's Heights (wounded and captured there), Gettysburg, Campbell Station, Bean Station, Spottsylvania C. H., Cold Harbor, and Sailor's Creek. He was again captured at the latter place and was in the Old Capitol Prison, in Washington, the night of Lincoln's assassination.

One of the leading Confederate veterans of his State, General Brown has served as Commander of the Virginia Division and of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V. He is a prominent business man of Richmond, actively interested in the city's growth and welfare. He brought to Richmond the first trolley railway of its kind in the world.

GENERALS LEE AND JACKSON.

[Address by Col. (now Brig. Gen., U. S. A.) L. D. Tyson before the Knoxville (Tenn.) Chapter, U. D. C., on January 19, 1917, in celebrating the joint anniversaries of Generals Lee and Jackson.]

Words, even when spoken by the most eloquent of our orators or written by the greatest of our historians, but feebly convey to our minds the real greatness and nobleness of Robert Edward Lee. It would not be fitting for me to attempt to pass any eulogy on this great soldier, this true gentleman, this devoted Christian, this martyred patriot. His name and his fame are inseparably connected with the South and all that it holds dear. The mere mention of the name of Lee brings before our vision the picture of the great struggle through which the South passed, and ever in the forefront we see a noble figure, gray-haired, gray-bearded, kind, benevolent, commanding, and almost superhuman. We see the picture of a man who represents in his own person all that line of noble, brave, and chivalric men who were the best product of the Old Dominion during the first hundred and fifty years of our country's existence.

I shall, therefore, confine myself largely to a statement of facts in regard to General Lee, for I have little hope of presenting anything new about him, and I can only expect to refresh the memory of most of you on some facts which you may have forgotten and present others at a little different angle from the way you may have viewed them in the past.

We celebrate to-day the birthday of the great hero of the South, for Robert E. Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Va., near the banks of the majestic Potomac, on the 19th of January, 1807. He was the fourth son of Gen. Henry Lee,

familiarly known as "Light-Horse Harry," and Anne Carter, of Shirley, on the James River.

The Lees were of the oldest, wealthiest, and most patriotic families in Virginia. They were among the earliest of the settlers of the commonwealth and were of the best blood of England. The original ancestor was Richard Lee, who settled in Virginia as early as 1640. From that time the Lees were among the foremost men in every walk of life in the Old Dominion.

The mother of the young Robert Edward was the direct descendant of Robert Carter, perhaps the greatest landed proprietor who ever lived in Virginia and who, because of his great position, positive character, and vast possessions, was known as "King Carter."

The house in which Lee was born was known as Stratford. It was the ancestral home of the Lees and remained in the family until the last generation and may belong to them now. This old home is said to have been one of the finest, most stately, and massive examples of colonial architecture to be found in this country.

General Lee was distantly related to Washington and was brought up in the same county in which Washington was born, surrounded during his boyhood by that atmosphere of patriotism, stateliness, and nobility of spirit that characterized the neighborhood in which Washington made such an impress during his lifetime.

"Light-Horse Harry" Lee had served in the Congress of the United States and was three times Governor of Virginia. On the death of Washington he was selected to deliver the oration, and it was he who spoke the immortal words that are as familiar in every American house as the Lord's Prayer: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." So you see that the best blood of old Virginia on both sides of his house coursed in the veins of Robert Edward Lee. If he did not accomplish great things, it was not because of his blood. In order to maintain the traditions of his house and to be worthy of his ancestors, it behooved him to do something more than usual, and we will all agree that right worthily did he meet the greatest hopes and expectations of his admirers.

The records are not clear, but I have an idea that all had not gone particularly well with the Lee family in a financial way. General Lee's father died when he was only eleven years of age, and the family had moved to Alexandria, Va., where Lee studied very hard and was a most exemplary boy. He worshiped in the same church that Washington had attended. Lee's mind naturally turned to the profession of a soldier. He got an appointment to West Point and graduated in 1829, second in his class, and was assigned to the corps of engineers. Even while at West Point it is said his bearing and manner were so distinguished and so marked that he was thought then to have shown many of the characteristics of Washington.



From the painting by Julio.

LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON.

He was married to Miss Mary Randolph Custis on the 30th of June, 1831. Miss Custis was heiress to the grand and beautiful estate known as Arlington, now owned by the United States government and the most famous burial ground in this country.

General Lee's services in the United States army were highly creditable and even distinguished before the Mexican War. This war gave him his first opportunity to show his great military talents. General Scott made him his chief of staff, and it is said that he really planned most of the important battles fought by General Scott in the Mexican War. His services were so brilliant that he won more renown in that war than any other officer, except General Scott and General Taylor. General Scott said of him: "He was the very best soldier I ever saw in the field." And after the Mexican War he declared that Captain Lee was the greatest living soldier in America. General Scott further said long before the beginning of the War between the States: "If I were on my deathbed to-morrow and the President of the United States were to tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country and asked my judgment as to the selection of a commander, I would say with my dying breath: 'Let it be Robert E. Lee.'"

It will thus be seen what a reputation General Lee had at the outbreak of the war. He has been greatly censured and condemned by the Northern people and Northern writers for having left the regular army of the United States and joining the Confederacy to fight against his country. His enemies claim that he was guilty of treason in having sworn as an army officer to defend the Constitution of the United States, then having resigned and joined the Confederacy and becoming the chief instrument to aid in destroying the Union. This was one of the charges against General Lee when he was indicted and cited for trial after the war.

That General Lee loved the Union with a great love is unquestioned. He was one of the last to resign of the officers of the army who joined the Confederacy. As you know, Virginia was one of the last of the Southern States to leave the Union, and this was not done until after Mr. Lincoln had called out seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down rebellion in South Carolina and other Southern States which had already left the Union and after Virginia had been called on to furnish her quota of these seventy-five thousand men to fight for the Union.

When Virginia left the Union, Lee, who had been waiting on her action, promptly sent in his resignation and stated to General Scott that, his State having gone out of the Union, he owed his first allegiance to her and that he could remain in the service of the United States no longer.

It was with a heavy and sorrowing heart that General Lee took this action. He saw all the greatness of the North and her inexhaustible resources in men and money, and he knew full well the poverty in materials and money of the South; but he felt that all his traditions, his family, his home, and his dearest sympathies were with the people of Virginia. He realized that, while the South was not without blame, the North was the aggressor, and he felt that his first duty was to Virginia. He believed in States' rights and that a State was a sovereign and could leave the Union at any time the majority of her people determined to do so, and that his first allegiance was to his State. He could not bear to fight against his own people, those dear Virginians whose good opinion and love he considered more precious than life itself.

His father, speaking in the Congress of the United States

on the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions in the year 1789, had said in debate: "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me."

His father had written Mr. Madison a letter in 1792 in which he said: "No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part, however gratifying to me, which could be construed into disregard of or faithlessness to this commonwealth."

And right here is an opportunity to look somewhat more fully into General Lee's character. In refusing to remain in the United States army he had given up the chief command of a great army and the prospects of a great reward. He well knew the great disparity between the resources of the North and of the South. He knew that if the North put forth all of her strength in the struggle the chances were greatly against the South's gaining her independence. He was not deceived as to the relative chances of the sections. In fact, I have always felt that he did not see how the South could be successful. But, notwithstanding that, he was determined to fight for and, if need be, to die with the people of Virginia in any way that the majority of the people of his State decreed. He believed it was his duty, and to do his duty had ever been the paramount object of his life.

The South began the war with a white population of about 5,500,000. Of these, the military population numbered about 1,065,000; and of this military population, 200,000 were inhabitants of the mountain regions, which strongly espoused the Union side.

The North began the war with a white population of 22,000,000. Of these, her fighting men whom she could call into the field numbered about 3,900,000. The North enrolled of this fighting strength 1,700,000, besides enlisting 700,000 foreigners and 186,000 negroes.

The South enlisted not exceeding 900,000 men all told during the war.

The North had a completely organized government—State, War, Navy, Treasury, and Justice. The South had nothing and was compelled to organize everything, and, further, she fought on the principle of States' rights, a principle of such disintegrating influence as to enable any State to neutralize the action of the Confederacy at any time.

The North had \$11,000,000 of taxable values against \$3,000,000 in the South, outside of the slaves. The North had all the manufactories, all the best means of transportation, and an incalculable superiority in equipment. When war broke out the South could hardly manufacture a tin cup or a frying pan, a railroad iron or a carpenter's tool. The North also possessed great superiority in firearms and munitions of war. The South had no arms, no powder, no munitions. The South had no navy, and this was the most fatal of all her defects. Had the South possessed even ten good ships to prey upon the commerce of the United States and one secure naval base, the result of the war would certainly have been in doubt. The navy of the United States, with its 200,000 men, enabled it to seal up all the harbors of the South and to shut it off from all the supplies from the outside world and finally starve it into submission, and no man was more fully aware of the odds against the South than General Lee.

Who will say that General McClellan or General Grant was as great a soldier as General Lee? Who will say that, had General Lee been placed in McClellan's place and McClellan in Lee's place, Lee would not have destroyed him within six weeks? Who will say that, had Grant been in Lee's

place and Lee in Grant's place, Grant would have held out a single month?

Grant's success, taken at the tide, placed him in the White House and gave him the plaudits of the world, the greatest of positions, great emoluments, and great honors. Who will say that, had Lee been willing to sacrifice his convictions or been lacking in convictions, he might not have had all that Grant had and perhaps more? But no; he preferred to do what he considered to be his duty—to take the chances with his own State and people for weal or woe, believing he would experience mostly woe.

All honor to the martyr to principle who would rather stand by his convictions and be buried in a martyr's grave amid the plaudits of the people he loved so well than to sit in the President's chair of the greatest republic of the world!

As soon as his resignation was accepted General Lee went to Richmond, where he was at once given by the Assembly of Virginia the chief command of the forces of that grand old commonwealth and commissioned a major general. The Confederate Congress was in session at that time; and although Lee had been commissioned by the State of Virginia, he had not been commissioned by the Confederate government, and it is said that it was necessary to get him to resign his State commission and take a lower position under the Confederate government in order that his services might be utilized. It was a trying time for the Confederacy, for Lee was so popular in Virginia that, had he refused to take a lower rank, there would have been great difficulty in appeasing Virginia, and she might not have joined the Confederacy, but might have remained a separate State, fighting for her own independence. But Lee with that unselfishness which ever characterized him said his whole heart was given to the cause for which Virginia was fighting and that he was not to be considered.

His first campaign in the Southern army was not successful. He was sent to West Virginia and there met with indifferent success through no fault of his, but by reason of the had discipline of the Southern officers under him. This was to prove a blessing in disguise, for he was sent to North Carolina and South Carolina to build fortifications, and so successfully did he carry out this work that the fortifications which he laid out never were taken until the very last months of the war.

At this time, owing to his failure in West Virginia, Lee was not considered in the front rank of generals, and the authorities of South Carolina asked President Davis not to send Lee, but to send them a better general. Mr. Davis replied: "If General Lee is not a general, then I have none to send you."

Had Lee's career ended here, he would hardly have been known to history; but President Davis knew and appreciated his worth and, believing him to be the ablest officer in the Confederate army, assigned him as his chief of staff, with headquarters at Richmond. In his order assigning him as chief of staff it was expressly stated, however, that General Lee was under the direction of the President. This was a natural and proper order, as Mr. Davis was the President of the Confederacy and as such was the commander of the army and navy of the Confederate States. It had a very restraining influence, however, on General Lee and no doubt tied his hands many a time when he might have acted differently and very much more effectively.

Very little had been done by the Army of Northern Virginia from the battle of Manassas, in July, 1861, up to the

month of June, 1862, except to organize and recruit. In May, 1862, the Army of Northern Virginia did not number more than 40,000 men, all stationed at Manassas, where the first battle of the war had been won for the Confederacy; while the Northern army, under McClellan, numbered over 150,000 and was the grandest and best-equipped army that had ever appeared in modern times.

In the first of the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond in June, 1862, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was in command, was seriously wounded, and General Lee was placed in command of the Army of Northern Virginia; and from that time forward he commanded this noble army, the like of which had never been seen in the world before; an army composed of the very flower of the South; an army made up of men who felt that they were fighting for their homes, their firesides, and the sacred rights guaranteed to them under the Constitution which their forefathers had helped to establish; an army whose imperishable deeds will reflect glory on the South to the end of time; an army that never went into battle when it was not confronted by terrible odds, but which knew only victory save on three great occasions—at Sharpsburg, when it was a drawn battle, at Gettysburg, and again when, with numbers reduced to one-fifth of its adversaries and starving, it was compelled to lay down its arms at Appomattox.

The renown and the fame of Robert E. Lee are inseparably connected with this mighty army. He made it, and it made him. It is possible that neither could ever have been so great without the other. Without disparagement to others, I think I can truthfully say that no such general has ever been found on this continent and no such army has ever lived in all the tides of time. These are strong words, but I challenge any man to refute them.

In order to give you some faint idea of the magnitude of the struggle between the armies of the North and of the South, I call your attention to the fact that in the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, which were really only one battle, the killed and wounded in General Grant's army by the army under General Lee were far more than the aggregate killed and wounded in all the battles of all the wars fought by the English-speaking people on this continent from the discovery of America by Columbus to the time of the War between the States. The total losses in killed and wounded in Grant's Army of the Potomac in 1864 to the surrender at Appomattox, in April, 1865, were 124,000 men, or as many men as Lee had in his whole army during all that time.

At Waterloo, considered by many the greatest and most decisive battle ever fought in Europe, the English, under Wellington, lost 9,061 in killed and wounded, and the Prussians, under Blucher, lost 5,613, a total of 14,674 men, or two thousand less than the Northern army alone lost at Gettysburg and only a little more than two-fifths of the combined losses of the Northern and Southern armies at Gettysburg. I mention these facts and figures to show the marvelous courage of the men who followed Grant; and as the Confederate army was always greatly outnumbered in every battle fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, you can get some faint idea of the sublime courage of the men who followed Lee.

I contend that the courage displayed by both armies has never been equaled before or since by any soldiers of the world. Notwithstanding the awful war now raging in Europe and that millions, instead of hundreds of thousands, are now

engaged in this greatest war in all history, and notwithstanding the new and terrible engines of destruction now in use, I doubt if as great a proportion of the men engaged are being killed and wounded as were killed and wounded in the great battles of our war. We cannot understand how flesh and blood could have withstood the terrible ordeal which those men on both sides endured day after day for four long and terrible years..

When Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia on June 3, 1862, the cause of the Confederacy was at a lower ebb than it ever was again until the dread winter of 1864-65, when Lee and his army were slowly fighting themselves to death and freezing and starving before Petersburg. During the spring of 1862 nothing but the brilliant movements and victories of Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of Virginia kept the Confederacy from despair. The defeat of McClellan by Lee in June, 1862, was a staggering blow for the Union cause, and from that day until the surrender at Appomattox the Union side was engaged in an awful struggle against one of the best armies and one of the greatest captains the world has ever seen.

Lee showed his ability as an organizer, a disciplinarian, a strategist, and a tactician, combining all the qualities of a great and successful general.

We have not the time to follow the great captain in all those marvelous battles which he fought with his indomitable army from Seven Pines to Appomattox. There never was greater or better or more daring strategy than was displayed in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, at Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg, at Spottsylvania and the Wilderness, at Cold Harbor, and there never was a grander or a better defense made than at the siege of Petersburg.

General Lee has been classed by some as only a defensive general, but there never was a greater mistake. He never failed to take the offensive when it was possible to do so. He was on the offensive the whole of the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, at Second Manassas, at Chancellorsville, at Antietam, at Gettysburg, and at Spottsylvania. In fact, there were times when I think he made a mistake in taking the offensive, especially at Gettysburg. There he was greatly outnumbered by the enemy, and yet he continued to attack for three days the impregnable heights of Gettysburg, defended by many more men than he had in his whole army. Had he taken up a position at Cashtown, near Gettysburg, with the heights of South Mountain at his back, as he at first intended, or if he had moved around to the south and east of Gettysburg, or had he not been deprived of his cavalry on this occasion, thereby preventing his gaining any knowledge of the enemy, I believe he would surely have won this decisive battle.

That General Lee ultimately failed is not evidence of his lack of greatness as a soldier. In weighing the ability of any general we must always consider his resources and the conditions by which he was surrounded.

We have already shown how meager were the resources of the Confederacy as compared with the North, and the Confederacy was further hampered and burdened with the faulty system of allowing each army unit to elect its own officers. This was a constant source of weakness and disintegration. Each Southern State was a sovereign and could demand that its troops be sent to protect its own borders.

The greatest captains of the world are Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, Napoleon, Gustavus, Eugene, Marl-

borough, Washington, Cromwell, Wellington, Lee, and Grant. Of these, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Frederick, and Napoleon not only commanded their own armies, but were dictators at home, and all the resources of their countries were at their own command. Lee had only what the Confederacy could give him, and we know how little that was, and he had no authority to demand anything. And although success and immortal fame were the reward of most of these captains whom I have mentioned, final and irrevocable defeat was the fate of others, and these the greatest, Hannibal and Napoleon.

Although Lee finally failed, he seems greater in defeat than his opponents in victory. He had all the elements that go to make a great captain. He had the capacity to plan and to carry out the great movements and coördination of armies on the theater of operations necessary to insure success, and he had the capacity of selecting the right men to aid him and the magnetism to inspire all under him with the determination to die, if need be, in executing his orders. General Lee the man never shone so splendidly as he did after the war. There will never be a sublimer example of a great and noble and Christian figure, ready to suffer and die for his people, than that of General Lee at that time.

Refusing to allow that name which was already great and to become still greater as the years went by to be tarnished by any spirit of commercialism, he never appeared to better advantage than when refusing many flattering offers at a high salary; and he accepted the position of President of Washington and Lee University at the meager and inadequate salary of \$1,500 a year, determined to devote the remainder of his life to teaching the sons of the men who had followed him through victory and defeat. It was the action of a sublime character. He was assailed as a traitor and indicted and never was allowed to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. It was General Grant, his old antagonist, who had the magnanimity and the courage to demand of President Johnson that the indictment against General Lee be withdrawn, threatening to resign his great place as head of the army of the United States if this was not done.

All honor to the brave and noble Grant for all his generosity! * * * We know that General Grant gave the most generous terms to General Lee ever given under similar conditions by any other general perhaps in the history of the world; and, furthermore, General Grant's determination to protect General Lee on account of his parole at Appomattox had a much more far-reaching effect than we dream of in protecting hundreds of other Confederate officers who were on parole at the end of the war. I think the South should give honor to whom honor is due and that Grant should be the man to receive the credit for generosity to the South.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

I shall be compelled to speak briefly of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, known the world over as Stonewall Jackson, and I fear that I shall not be able to present to you anything worthy of this great soldier. Like Lee, he was a Virginian, born on the 21st of January, 1824. Lee was seventeen years older than Jackson.

Jackson's family had come to this country sometime in the eighteenth century and settled beyond the Alleghenies in the Valley of Virginia, and there Jackson was born. His parents, unlike those of Lee, were always poor, and, while highly respectable people, they had none of the old colonial blood of Virginia, as was the case with Lee. In fact, Lee and Jackson were very different in many ways, as you can

well imagined. Jackson was left an orphan and was reared in great poverty, his father having died when he was but three years old. He seems to have been a boy of great determination and began even at a tender age to show that indomitable will which was to make him the hero of many battle fields and to render his name famous for all time. It is said that at this immature age he ran away from the home which had been provided for him; and when a kind aunt remonstrated with him and urged him to return to it, he replied with great calmness: "Maybe I ought to go back, ma'am, but I'm not going to do it."

Jackson had very poor opportunities for an education, but he was always persistent at anything he undertook. He knew that he had no influential friends and that he had to make his own way in the world. Hearing that there was a vacancy at West Point from his district, he determined to get it, and the only way it could be gotten was by going to see his Congressman. He had been appointed constable of his district, and he resigned this, to him, important position. He set out for Washington to see his Congressman, walking a long way in the mud and the mire with his baggage on his back in order to catch up with the stage. He finally reached Washington, presented himself before his Congressman, and stated to him: "I know I am very ignorant, but I can make it up by study. I know I have the energy and believe I have the intellect." He secured the appointment, went to West Point, and graduated seventeenth in his class. The first year he was there he stood low in his class, but the next year he was better. Each year he advanced in scholarship, and his classmates said that if Jackson had stayed there four years more he would have graduated at the head of his class.

At this time he was an awkward, unprepossessing youth and was largely a joke with his classmates. He never seemed to realize that he was different from others. He was not sociable, but good-natured and kind-hearted withal. He seems to have had a great desire to get into battle, and when the Mexican War broke out he was greatly pleased and anxious to go immediately to the front. He had been assigned to the artillery and was finally sent with General Scott's command to Vera Cruz and was in all the great battles that were fought by General Scott and in which General (then Captain) Lee took an active part, from Vera Cruz to Mexico City.

It is not generally known that Jackson won great distinction even in the Mexican War and was considered one of the finest artillerymen in the army. He seemed to glory in battle, and nothing pleased him so well as when the cannon balls were flying around him.

With all his piety and kindness, General Jackson liked the excitement of battle, and he loved it to his dying day. Although he went into this war only an obscure brevet second lieutenant, so gallantly did he conduct himself that he was several times mentioned specially in orders, was repeatedly promoted for gallant conduct in battle, and came out of the war with the rank of brevet major.

After the Mexican War his health gave way in the unhealthy climate of Florida, and he accepted the position of professor of natural and experimental philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute. With this his friends thought he had given up all his dreams of military glory. When he became professor he bade farewell to all that pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war which he loved so well. He was a curious anomaly. So modest, so unassuming, and yet it is said that there was never another man who loved his sword better than Jackson nor one who enjoyed more the

tense excitement and danger of the battle field. His competitors for this professorship were McClellan, Rosecrans, and Reno, who were afterwards generals in the Northern army, and General Smith, of the Confederate army.

Many amusing stories are told of him while at the Virginia Military Institute. The boys all liked him and called him "Old Tom Jackson," and they used to point significantly to their foreheads and say: "Not quite right there." It was while there that Jackson professed religion and became an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and he remained a devout Christian to his death.

There was one special trait of Jackson's character that every one who knew him had agreed on long before he became famous, which was that he possessed an indomitable fearlessness and integrity in the discharge of every duty.

As soon as Virginia seceded, unlike Lee, Jackson had no qualms of conscience, no question of where his duty or his inclination lay. He had no offers of command from the North. He marched to Richmond and immediately offered his services to the Governor of Virginia. The Governor nominated him for the position of colonel of one of the regiments. There was some objection to appointing him colonel, and the Assembly of Virginia, knowing little of his Mexican War record, asked: "Who is this Maj. T. J. Jackson who has been nominated for a colonelcy?" Another said: "I will tell you who he is. If you put him in command at Norfolk, he will never leave it alive unless you order him to do so."

Jackson was appointed a colonel, and from that day his great career as a soldier began. He was sent to the Valley of Virginia and at Harper's Ferry organized that celebrated brigade which gained immortal fame—the "Stonewall Brigade." He was gradually raised in rank until he commanded all the troops in the Valley of Virginia and won his name of "Stonewall" at Manassas. He fought those wonderful battles and made those terrible marches in the spring of 1862 in the Valley of Virginia that have gone down in history as some of the most extraordinary ever recorded in the annals of war. With less than one-half of the forces opposed to him, he defeated in turn three separate and distinct armies under Generals Fremont, Banks, and Shields, fighting the battles of Kernstown, Winchester, Strasburg, Cedar Run, and Port Republic, capturing thousands of prisoners and millions of dollars in stores, marching and countermarching in such a manner as to keep the authorities at Washington constantly frightened for the safety of the Federal capital, and, furthermore, keeping the Federal army under McClellan before Richmond from being reinforced at a critical moment, thereby insuring a great victory under the army of Lee and saving the capital of the Confederacy from capture.

We cannot go into any detail in regard to the extraordinary campaign of Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of Virginia. Of all the campaigns fought in our war, it is considered the most remarkable by strategists. Before the present war in Europe nearly every summer there was to be found some English army officer in the Valley of Virginia studying and collecting data and making maps of this great campaign of Jackson's. In this campaign he made such a reputation that he was looked upon by the people of the South as one of the greatest of their generals, and the Northern armies had a dread of him. They considered him invincible, no matter how few his numbers.

From June, 1862, he was with Lee and fought with his corps in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond. He fought at Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, at Cedar Run,

at Gravelton, at Fredericksburg, and finally at Chancellorsville.

Lee always intrusted Jackson with the great flanking movements with which he struck the Federal army such terrific blows. It was to Jackson that he intrusted the great movement by which the Confederate army marched clear around the right of the Federal army under General Pope at the second battle of Manassas, completely flanked Pope out of his position, and captured millions of dollars' worth of stores at Centerville, enabling Lee to win the great battle of Second Manassas.

Of all the battles in which Jackson was engaged, the battle of Chancellorsville was the greatest and the one in which his talents shone the brightest. He had, under the direction of General Lee, used his favorite movement of marching around the flank of his enemy and getting in his rear and then falling suddenly on his foe before he had time to get ready for action. The battle of Chancellorsville was one of the most remarkable battles ever fought. It was a very great victory. The Northern army was in a selected position with vastly superior numbers, and while Lee held the enemy at bay by attacking his whole front with greatly inferior numbers Jackson was stealing his way to the right and rear of the enemy, and before that enemy knew that he was within ten miles of him Jackson fell upon him and rolled him up for perhaps the greatest victory of the whole war; and but for the fact that night came on and Jackson was mortally wounded by his own men and afterwards died, there is no doubt that the whole Federal army might have been captured or put to hopeless rout and ruin.

When General Lee heard that Jackson had been mortally wounded, he was inexpressibly grieved and said it would have been better if he himself had been killed; that any victory was too dear, however great it might be, which was won at the cost of the life of Jackson.

Lee called Jackson his great right arm, and he had never failed to accomplish any task that General Lee set for him. He had been in all the great battles that Lee had won to that time, and Lee's army had never known anything but victory during Jackson's life, save at the battle of Sharpsburg.

With the exception of Lee, the South had lost its best and greatest leader. With Jackson at his side, Lee was practically invincible; and although he won many victories after Jackson's death, from that time forward the Confederacy was on the defensive. Lee had splendid generals, but only one Jackson.

As I have said, Jackson loved to fight. He was always ready to fight and never was so restless as when inactive. He was the man of mystery, never revealing his plans to any one. Jackson's great idea was to invade the North. He said on the evening of the battle of First Manassas: "Give me ten thousand men, and I will capture Washington to-night." And he would have done it, and it might have won the war.

The policy of remaining on the defensive was fatal to the South. Jackson said after the Valley Campaign that if the Confederacy would give him sixty thousand men he would invade Pennsylvania and take Harrisburg. He always said that the only way for the South to win the war was to pursue the policy of Scipio Africanus and invade the North from every point possible.

It has been a great question with some, and especially Europeans, as to whether Jackson was not a greater soldier and strategist than Lee. There is no doubt that he was one of the most aggressive soldiers of the century and certainly the most aggressive soldier of the War between the States,

and no one can say what he might have done had he been placed continuously in command of a large army. I do not believe he was as great a soldier as Lee, as he never commanded a great army such as Lee commanded. We certainly cannot say that he was as great a soldier as Lee. Jackson never knew when to quit, and seasons of the year counted but little with him as to when to make a campaign. He would fight summer or winter, wherever he could find his foe.

Jackson was seventeen years younger than Lee and therefore had greater physical endurance, and he was absolutely merciless with his men. His idea was that by compelling his men to fight at all times, no matter what their condition, he could strike such terror into the hearts of his enemies that his soldiers would be invincible, and thereby many lives would ultimately be saved. Notwithstanding Jackson was the hardest taskmaster in the Confederate army, his soldiers adored him and would follow without murmuring wherever he led.

He was a most religious man and prayed fervently for victory both before and during a battle, when he was often seen with his right hand raised and face and eyes upturned to heaven, and his men knew that old Stonewall was then pleading with his God to give him victory.

After this mighty soldier was wounded and on his death-bed, his hours numbered and his spirit drifting slowly toward eternity, the pale lips murmured: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

In the Valley of Virginia his body lies and will lie until eternity. Though dead, wherever the memories of great soldiers and heroic men are honored his name shall live to the end of time, and especially will his memory be forever enshrined in the hearts of the Southern people.

THE MEMORIAL TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

There is one other thing which I think it appropriate to speak of here. I was delighted to see through the papers a few days ago that a monument three hundred and fifty feet high is to be erected at Fairview, Ky., in honor of Jefferson Davis.

Daughters of the Confederacy, you have assumed a great obligation and a beautiful one. You have assumed the duty of seeing that the memories of those who worked and fought and died for the Confederacy shall not be forgotten.

Lee and Jackson and other great leaders of the Confederacy are spoken of and praised freely in every company with admiration and applause. Not so Jefferson Davis. His name is rarely mentioned even among our own people and never in the North. * * * If Lee and Jackson deserve credit, the head of that great Confederacy which fought for four years the greatest war in history certainly deserves at least as much. Does the South need to apologize for Davis? Does the South need to apologize for the war? Was she right, or was she wrong? If wrong, she should be glad to apologize. If right, she should be ashamed to do so.

Many Northern newspapers and people and some Southern are even claiming that Lincoln is the greatest American. When I hear it, I inwardly ask: Could Lincoln have won the Revolutionary War as Washington did? And I ask: Is there any doubt that Washington could have won the War between the States as Lincoln did? And also I ask: Could Lincoln have fought a war and held out for four years for the South had he been in Davis's place? And further I ask: Could not Davis have won the war for the Union had he been in Lincoln's place?

If Lincoln deserves credit for winning the war for the

North, does Davis not deserve as much credit for being able to fight against such terrible odds for four years for the South? Who had the harder task, Lincoln or Davis? Who died the greater martyr, Lincoln or Davis? Davis suffered in chains and died an exile in his native land; Lincoln's death helped him to immortal fame.

The place the people of the South will have in history depends upon themselves. The history of this country has been largely written by Northern writers. Unless the people of the South see to it, history will continue to be written by Northern writers, and it behooves us to see that the South gets justice, and the only sure way to receive it is to write our own history.

I yield to no man in loyalty to my country and to the Stars and Stripes, but I cannot help feeling that history has not always been correctly written. I can hardly read the story of the war, it is so sad to me, but I know it is due those brave men who worked and toiled and laid down their lives for what they believed was right to see that justice is done to them and that their deeds are not forgotten.

I am proud of the fact that my father was a Confederate soldier and fought throughout the war. I have always believed, from a constitutional standpoint, that the South was right, though I feel that the policy of disunion was very unfortunate, and I never approved of it; but had I been old enough when the war broke out, I know that I should surely have been standing shoulder to shoulder with the men in the Confederate army.

I have always thought it was too bad that some way was not found for the North and the South to settle their differences without bloodshed, but doubtless the questions at issue had stirred up too much of bitterness and hatred for them ever to have been settled except in a sea of blood.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Daughters of the Confederacy, yours is a noble cause. The women of the South during the war of the sixties were, in my judgment, the bravest that ever lived. They were even braver than the men, if that is possible, for they stayed at home and watched and waited and suffered and sorrowed with dauntless courage. Gentle and simple, they gave their husbands, their brothers, their fathers, and their sons to the South, sorrowing that they too were not able to go forth and stand at their sides. They nerved the arms and gave courage to the men of the army in the darkest hours of trial. They scorned a man who was not ready to give his life for his country, and the men of the South dreaded the scorn of the women at home more than the deadliest fire of the enemy, and they valued their smiles more than all honors.

It has even been said that it was the women of the South who kept up the war, for the men did not dare return except in honor. When a man went forth from the South to war, he was cautioned to remember the injunction of the proud old Roman mother to her son as he went forth to battle—either to bring home his shield or be borne home upon it. This it was that made the Southern armies almost invincible.

BEN HILL'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

I can think of nothing so appropriate with which to conclude my remarks as the eulogy which was delivered by Senator Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, on General Lee in his address before the Southern Historical Society at Atlanta, Ga., on the 18th of February, 1874. This eulogy is so true, so beautiful, so fitting, and so accurate that, in my judgment, nothing has ever been said and nothing can ever be said

which more completely does justice to this great, this noble, this sublime man. Senator Hill said of him: "When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high toward heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar, without his ambition; Frederick, without his tyranny; Napoleon, without his selfishness; and Washington, without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

"Ah, Muse! You dare not claim a nobler man than he;
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee."

RELATION OF THE STATES TO THE GOVERNMENT.

JAMES CALLAWAY, IN MACON TELEGRAPH.

It is well to keep in mind the relations between the States and the Federal government. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, a man thoroughly conversant with our system of government and a profound scholar, thus defined those relations: "The United States is sovereign as to all matters delegated to it by the Constitution; it is without any sovereignty, jurisdiction, power, or function as to all matters not placed within its power by the Constitution. The topics which lie outside of national legislation greatly exceed the number to which the power of State legislation does not extend. * * * The people of each State compose a State, having its own government and endowed with all the functions essential to separate and independent existence. * * * The preservation of the States and the maintenance of their governments are as much within the care and design of the Constitution as the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the national government."

Bancroft, the historian, said: "Aside of the sphere of the Federal government, each State is in all things supreme, not by grace, but by right."

Alexander Hamilton wrote: "The State governments are essentially necessary to the form and spirit of the general system."

George Clinton said: "The sovereignty and equality of the States are the only stable securities for the liberties of the people against encroachment of power."

Ben Hill said: "Let it be written upon every forehead that he is truest to the Union who is most faithful to the States; a Union without States is a country without freedom."

L. Q. C. Lamar said: "The powers of each are sovereign, and neither derives its power from the other."

Such are the views of the South, and such is her creed. The people of the South represent the true American citizen, which makes them the hope and salvation of this Union.

THE GENIUS OF LANIER.

BY DR. HENRY E. SHEPHERD, BALTIMORE, MD.

The imperial State of Georgia, rich in every phase of material development and seemingly invincible in every type of broadening emprise, has never been accorded rank among the commonwealths which have contributed to the glory of literature or have proved fertile in any of the nobler spheres of purely intellectual achievement. Yet in the city of Augusta alone, fascinating in its unborrowed Southern grace and charm, lie Hayne, Randall, and Richard Henry Wilde, no one of whom was a Georgian by birth, though all were in greater or less degree associated with the fame of the land in whose generous and hospitable soil they found their place of rest. The fame of Wilde is assured by his "Summer Rose, or Captive's Lament," a poem which as an ideal illustration of the rhythmic and melodious possibilities of English speech has not been surpassed in the records of our literature. The edition of this poem, issued under the auspices of the Georgia Historical Society, is in itself sufficient to vindicate the State from the charge of indifference or apathy in reference to the memory of her adopted son, whose notes have compassed the globe with their mournful, melancholy, but matchless music.

"Out of the Georgian fields too our master came," for Sidney Lanier was born at Macon on February 3, 1842; he died in the remote mountain region of North Carolina on September 7, 1881. When a lad of nineteen years, the pillar of fire in the form of war descended upon him; the pillar of cloud in the guise of relentless disease and unresting poverty pursued him until he rested, like Browning's "Grammarian," amid lofty peaks and inaccessible ranges, no remote distance from the point at which a quarter of a century preceding one of the martyrs of American science had "trode the downward slope to death."

Lanier, like Bacon, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and a goodly host of other names foremost in the files of literary achievement, was disposed to set slight value by his college training as an inspiring or stimulating power. Only one of his instructors in the "farcical" institution which he attended seemed to command his regard or appeal to his sense of reverence, the late Rev. Dr. James Woodrow, the maternal uncle of President Wilson. With the complex forces of adversity against which he grappled—poverty, war, implacable disease such as had carried Keats, Hood, and Timrod to an early grave—it was beyond the possibilities even of genius that Lanier should develop during his brief span of life into a scholar of the first magnitude; his comment upon Poe and his attainments might be applied to himself in all gentleness and charity of judgment. In view of the conditions, we can only marvel at the results.

In the calm retrospect of the years that are linked with his fame and memory the conviction asserts itself with increasing force that Lanier can never become what is termed in ordinary phrase "a popular poet." I submit the accuracy of this judgment to future ages, the greatest vindicators as well as the greatest of innovators, if I may be pardoned for modifying Bacon's dictum. His theory of the unity, or identity, of music and verse was advocated with a subtlety and keenness of analysis rarely excelled, and his blending of the musical and poetical faculty recalls that revelation of the power of the artist in rhyme as in the sphere of the painter, which is illustrated in the life of the pre-Raphaelite Rossetti.

Lanier's theory of composition, however, dominated his creative faculty as a poet. It was not the harmony of which

the Elizabethan lyrist sang with fadeless charm three centuries ago, but a preëstablished conception rigidly pursued to its inevitable result. Spontaneity was unattainable by the very standards he had set up as his controlling principle—the canon and the criterion of ideal art. Detached passages, stanzas severed from their context, a fleeting line here and there will survive the scrutiny of time and become in classic phrase "possessions forever"; but the mass or body of Lanier's poetry will never be assimilated by the popular consciousness nor absorbed into the heart even of the intelligent world. Had Lanier lived under auspicious conditions, in vigorous health, free from ceaseless anxiety, with a competence at his disposal, and thus enabled to develop his native gifts to the full measure of their potentialities, he would have taken rank with the foremost interpreters and oracles of literature in the modern world. In the sphere of criticism his supreme strength lay. "The viewless arrows of his thought were headed and winged with flame." The "Childe Roland" of our modern literature, it is a suggestive circumstance that in a time when iconoclasm and irreverence form part of our daily routine of novelty and sensation no finger of "the many-headed beast" has been lifted against Lanier. To those who can recall his pallid features as he sat at his desk in the Peabody Library he seemed ever "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." During his last series of lectures (1880-81), as he withstood the relentless assaults of his immitigable enemy with amazing constancy, it was almost possible to see "the god within him light his face." He was traveling the Via Dolorosa trod by all inspired masters, and the laurel crown laid up for him was clearly described by the eye of faith.

Literature, as well as chivalry, has its golden romances, its stainless knights, and to their eyes the vision of the Holy Grail is revealed as to the Galahads and Percivals of the Arthurian circle.

CORN.

Look, out of line one tall corn captain stands
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands
And waves his blades upon the very edge
And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er mayst walk nor talk,
Still shalt thou type the poet soul sublime
That leads the vanward of his timid time
And sings up cowards with commanding rhyme—
Soul calm, like thee, yet fain, like thee, to grow
By double increment, above, below;
Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace like thee,
Teaching the yeomen selfless chivalry
That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;
Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness tense,
By every godlike sense
Transmuted from the four wild elements.
Drawn to high plans,
Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal man's,
Yet ever piercest downward in the mold
And keepest hold
Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
That gave thee birth;
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,
Serene and brave,
With unremitting breath
Inhaling life from death,
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

—Sidney Lanier.

*"THE STATUS OF THE SOUTH IN THE PAST; ITS
DECADENCE AND RESTORATION."*

RESPONSE TO THIS TOAST BY COL. ROBERT BINGHAM, OF ASHEVILLE,
N. C., AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE NEW YORK
SOUTHERN SOCIETY IN DECEMBER, 1904.

I.

Janus, the old Roman god of gates and beginnings, entrances and undertakings, was always represented with two faces, one looking backward and the other looking forward; and at the beginning of each year and of any important undertaking costly sacrifices were offered before each face of the god, thanking him for past and supplicating him for future good. In honor of this god of gates and beginnings the Romans named the first of their year Jannarius, and we perpetuate the name in our month January, thus measuring one-twelfth of our time as the Roman measured one-twelfth of his time, by a name derived from this double-facing god of gates.

There are times in the history of a people when it becomes them to look backward in order to compare their past with their present and forward in order to provide for or against their future, and such a time has come to the people of the Southern States. Looking backward, our past is luminous. It was Thomas Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence, which ranks with the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights as one of the three greatest and most far-reaching State papers among men. It was George Washington who established that independence. It was James Madison who, as the constructive thinker, did more than all others to create the Constitution and to secure its ratification. It was John Marshall, that prince of jurists, who as Chief Justice for thirty years settled the relations of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the government.

John Fiske, New England historian and Harvard professor, says that these four, Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Marshall, with Alexander Hamilton, "are distinguished above all others, and in an especial sense they deserve to be called the founders of the American Union." Hamilton was foreign-born and -bred. The other four were Virginians.

Of the fifteen Presidents from 1789 to 1861, eight were from the South, and a ninth, William Henry Harrison, was born and educated in Virginia. During the seventy-two years between 1789 to 1861 Southern Presidents occupied the executive chair forty-eight years, or two-thirds of the time, and five of them were reelected. Northern Presidents occupied it but twenty-four years, one-third of the time, and no one of them was reelected.

It was Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, who inaugurated the Southern Democratic policy of expansion and added the Mississippi Valley to our, at that time, narrow and most vulnerable domain. It was James K. Polk, of Tennessee, who added Texas and the Pacific Slope to our domain; and, in pursuance of this Southern Democratic policy of expansion, during the incumbency of President Johnson, of Tennessee, Alaska was added; and as Jefferson gave us our oceanic river and Polk made us an interoceanic power with the most impregnable continental position among men, the possession of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands gives us control of the North Pacific, while the possession of the Panama Canal Zone (the thing of the most far-reaching importance in our history since the acquisition of the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Slope) and the possession of Hawaii, Guam, and Manila, the only insular additions to our domain by a Northern President,

Porta Rico excepted, make an attack on our Pacific Coast impossible except by the English; and the United States and England, the mighty mother and her mightier first-born, are natural allies in the Anglo-Saxon's manifest destiny to command all seas and to control the commerce and manufactures of all lands.

It seems absolutely incredible now that the addition of the Mississippi Valley, of Texas, and of the Pacific Slope was each bitterly opposed by New England with threats of "secession," of a "dissolution of the Union," of a formation of a "Northern Confederacy," "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," said Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, the contention that the Union was dissoluble having been constantly maintained by the New England States till after the Mexican War. The right of secession was taught at West Point as late as about 1840; and if Jefferson Davis or any others of the West Point cadets had been tried for treason, the textbooks in which they had been taught the right of secession would have been put in evidence. None of them were tried, and if they had been tried they could not have been convicted.

From 1831 to 1860 Garrison's *Liberator* had proclaimed that the Constitution was a "league with death and a covenant of hell," because it licensed slavery, and that slavery must be abolished, which "could not be done," he reiterated, "except by dissolving the Union." And while the Republican party, with such a secession record of its most influential members, suppressed secession in the United States of North America with force of arms between 1860 and 1865, the same Republican party supported secession in the United States of South America by force of arms in 1903, only forty years later. "O consistency, thou art a jewel!"

It thus appears that the men of the South have been preëminent in statesmanship. They brought the republic forth, they maintained its infancy, they cherished its growth from a narrow strip of territory along the Atlantic Coast to its interoceanic manhood, and they steadily opposed its dismemberment, which dismemberment at every period of its growth to manhood New England steadily and repeatedly proposed up to 1860, while the famous proclamation of the Southern Democrat, Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, put an end to nullification in South Carolina in 1832, the only time that secession was talked of in the South before 1860, and that was about a tariff tax, as the War of 1776 was about a tea and stamped paper tax.

And as the men of the South had been preëminent in peace, so have they been preëminent in war. It was George Washington, of Virginia, who won the war against England, leading an army almost constantly defeated on Northern soil to ultimate victory at Yorktown, whither the British were driven by defeats at Cowpens and King's Mountain at the hands of Southern troops, and by their Cadmean victory at Guilford Courthouse, which left Cornwallis so crippled that he must needs seek the sea.

In the War of 1812 the victories on land were won by Harrison and Scott, of Virginia, and Jackson, of Tennessee; while the opportunity of adding Canada to our domain both in the War of the Revolution and in the War of 1812 was lost by Northern generals leading Northern troops against an enemy on their own soil and a standing menace to their own frontier, and the region beyond the lakes and the St. Lawrence is still England's instead of ours.

The Mexican War was won by Scott, of Virginia, and Taylor, of Kentucky, ably seconded by younger officers, mostly from the South, among whom R. E. Lee, T. J. Jackson, and

G. T. Beauregard were the most conspicuous. Four-fifths of the rank and file were from the South; and when in 1861 President Lincoln asked General Scott how it was that ten thousand men had taken him into the City of Mexico in six weeks, whereas one hundred thousand men had failed to take him into the city of Richmond in six months, General Scott replied: "Mr. President, the very men who took me into Mexico are keeping me out of Richmond."

When the War between the States broke out, the command of the armies of the United States was offered to Robert E. Lee, as he says in his own words on page 100 of White's Biography. But he had been taught at West Point that the Union was dissoluble and that if it should be dissolved allegiance to it reverted to the States which created it, and he obeyed the call of duty rather than the call of ambition. As Washington led an almost constantly defeated army to ultimate victory, Lee led an almost constantly victorious army, not to defeat, but to extinction. Lord Wolseley, late commander in chief of the English army, ranks Lee with Marlborough and Wellington as the three greatest captains which the English-speaking race has produced. Later English military critics place Jackson and Forrest above all others on either side except Lee, and President Roosevelt in his "Life of Benton," page 38, says: "The world will never see better soldiers than followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank, without exception, as the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth."

The Confederates did not have a ship on any sea; but our torpedoes and ironclads entirely revolutionized naval warfare. We had in all a little less than six hundred thousand men, without arms, without machine shops, without transportation, without ships, and but scantily supplied with food and clothing; but it took more than twenty-eight hundred thousand men (five to one), perfectly equipped, four years to wear us out. And with their enormous advantages in equipment, numbers, and supplies as a "military necessity," they said, they declined to exchange prisoners, and again as a "military necessity," they said, they nullified the Constitution and freed our slaves in order to cut off our scanty supply of food.

For four long years the Confederates stood like an isolated rock in the mighty, all-pervading sea. Wave after wave dashed against them and was broken. McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Hooker, Burnside, and Grant led such waves; but they were hurled back one after another, Grant losing twice as many men from the Wilderness to Petersburg as Lee had in his whole army. But the rock, without any support but its own steadfastness, could not always stand against the waves; and at length the mighty multitudinous sea, gathering strength from all the shores, undermined the rock, and it sank beneath the great waters and remains only a memory, but it is a memory which should be glorious alike to the victor and vanquished, because it is the joint heritage of the whole American people. The Greeks erected no monuments to commemorate victories in their civil wars and preserved no trophies of such factional strife, but claimed the brave deeds of both sides as the heritage of all Greece and mourned the dead on both sides as the dead of all Greece. The victors in our Civil War reversed this wise decision of the Greeks and have erected to the vanquished the most stupendous monument ever erected by man to any man or to any cause. It is their pension roll, which, after nearly forty years, numbers nearly twice as many of the disabled as the Confederates had in the field from Bethel to Appomattox. This magnificent tribute to the vanquished is already three billion dollars high

and is growing one hundred and forty million higher every year. * * *

II.

I yield to none in my devotion to the Old South. I trace my ancestors back through generations of slaveholders. I raised a company of one hundred and twenty-eight men for the Confederate army, of whom all but four belonged to the nonslaveholding class, and I and the remnant of them were with Lee's 7,892 armed men at Appomattox Courthouse; so "I speak that I do know, and testify that I have seen" of the slaveholder, the nonslaveholder, and the slave.

The Old South had crystallized into three strata, so to speak, which were almost as fixed as the strata of geologic ages. The slaveholder and large landholder, without effort on his part, occupied an assured social, financial, and political position of superiority. The nonslaveholder accepted that superiority very much as the feudal retainer accepted the superiority of the feudal lord, and the slave accepted his position of inferiority to the white man and of servitude to his master. The stimulus of necessity scarcely touched the highest stratum; the stimulus of aspiration was lacking to the middle stratum, and the slave had neither stimulus nor opportunity; and so the three strata crystallized into a sort of three-sided prism; and though it showed rainbow and radiant colors of grace, beauty, and tenderness, it refracted the white light of the world and made clear vision impossible. In this refracted light our leaders did not seem to see that geography (which is only earth-writing, as telegraphy is far-writing and as photography is light-writing) is sharply divided into political geography, or man's earth-writing, which is feeble, ephemeral, and often accidental, and physical geography, or God's earth-writing, which is strong and eternal, predetermining climate, population, and the history of nations.

In Europe we find nationalities separated by natural barriers. The Pyrenees separate France and Spain; the Alps separate Austria and Italy; the Rhine is the natural boundary between Germany and France; the thread of silver sea between England and the mainland has been a wall of fire which no alien enemy has dared to cross since the days of William the Norman. Nor has any alien enemy's foot ever defiled the soil of Japan, with an insular position off the east coast of Asia very similar to the insular position of the British Islands off the west coast of Europe.

The philosophy of the separation of nationalities since time began by natural barriers seems to be that civilization, like solids in solution, does not crystallize while motion continues. A natural barrier stops migration, and a national religion, a language, and other peculiarities crystallize during the temporary rest. But when the peoples on opposite sides of an intervening barrier evolve organization enough to overcome the barrier, they meet with developed peculiarities which make them different and which make them enemies.

In the United States we find physical features bold enough for barriers between nations in the Appalachians, in the Mississippi, in the Rockies; but these lines of God's earth-writing run north and south at right angles to the lines of population, and they did not stop migration. A father reached the Appalachians; a son and daughter settled on this side of the mountain; a son and daughter crossed the mountain, and the mountain separated a homogeneous population. The same was the case with the Mississippi, the same was the case with the Rockies. But our leaders, in the face of the plainest teachings of history and of physical geography since time began,

undertook to establish a nationality along a line of three thousand miles from east to west where there was not a stroke of God's earth-writing to separate one nationality from another; and the Almighty, who had written this country one with his earth-writing pen, spurned our efforts, though man fought for a nationality never more boldly before.

In the Roman world nine-tenths of the people were slaves. Three hundred and fifty years ago Queen Elizabeth was extensively engaged in the African slave trade. When the Union was formed, only one hundred and fifteen years ago, every one of the original thirteen States was a slave State. The slave was distinctly engrafted on the Constitution as only three-fifths of a man, and that three-fifths belonged not to himself, but to his master, and gave every slaveholder five-fifths of a vote in the electoral college for himself and three-fifths for each adult slave, while the nonslaveholder had only his own personal five-fifths of a vote.

But the conscience of the world had awakened. England had freed her slaves and paid for them. France had freed her slaves and had paid for them. The abolition party was gaining strength. Even Russia had freed her serfs, and the company we found ourselves in as slaveholders was the mixed Spanish peoples in South America, the Turks in Europe and Asia, and the slave-hunting negro tribes in Africa. But our leaders claimed slaveholding as one of the rights guaranteed by the Constitution and could not or would not see that all this evolution meant revolution. Nor could they see that it was insanity for one man without any basis of credit, without arms, ships, or machine shops, and without the skilled labor necessary to produce these things, to undertake to fight five men perfectly supplied with all the appliances of war themselves and able to command them from the whole world.

With the prevision of political genius, Calhoun foresaw it all and warned the South of its danger. But he was regarded as a political Cassandra. With the prevision of military genius, General Lee saw it all, freed his slaves, and urged all the slaveowners to free theirs and arm them for their protection. But he was a military Cassandra, and instead of taking the initiative ourselves and breaking the backbone of the opposition at home and securing intervention abroad, to which our slaveholding was the only bar, we left the foredoomed emancipation of the slave to the enemy, and a nascent nation was brought to the birth without strength to bring forth.

Then followed the period of Reconstruction, the horrors of which it has taken the people of the North forty years to begin to get some true conception of. But leading men at the North are beginning to discuss it clearly and strongly, especially since the necessity of dealing, not only with the black men and with the remnant of the red men in continental America, but with the black, brown, and yellow men in our new island possessions, numbering some ten million, has made our race problem no longer sectional, local, and more or less sentimental, but one of our most important national questions. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the Outlook of December 23, 1903, says of the Reconstruction period: "Then came what must be regarded in the light of to-day as one of the worst periods of misgovernment and maladministration in the history of any civilized community, a period of appalling misgovernment, a period which General Armstrong called a 'bridge of wood over a river of fire.'" Carl Schurz says in McClure's Magazine for January, 1904: "It is difficult to exaggerate the extravagances, corrupt practices, and downright robberies perpetrated under the (Reconstruction) gov-

ernments. That the Southern people should be unwilling to tolerate such shameful and ruinous misrule is not surprising. But that statesmen of good character and high position in the national government should have been willing to sustain such misrule, the historians will find it difficult to explain. Expecting to keep the Southern States under Republican control and thus to fortify the Republican majority in Congress and in the electoral college, the party leaders insisted on supporting the carpetbag government to an extent now hardly credible." The celebrated English historian Lecky, in his "Democracy and Liberty," gets the still clearer perspective of a foreigner on this period, which he characterizes as "a grotesque parody of government, a hideous orgy of anarchy, violence, unrestrained corruption, undisguised, ostentatious, insulting robbery such as the world had scarcely ever seen." We who lived through it know that it was a period of fearful compression, repression, suppression, depression, and oppression, when for the first time since time began a white race undertook to put the feet of a colored race on the necks of men and women of their own blood and breed. But the men of the South, of the purest Anglo-Saxon blood now left on the earth, inspired by the strongest instinct of this strongest of races, the intense instinct of local self-government, recovered what they had lost in the "imminent deadly breach"; and every Southern State has regained its autonomy, though at the cost of an entire change of the South's historical and traditional attitude toward politics. Before 1860 we had a leisure class with a genius for politics and with the highest positions open to us. Since 1860 we have had no leisure class, and the "door of hope" in national politics had been closed to Southern men by the sectionalism which has dominated the North since the outbreak of the war between the sections, and it will probably be many years before a man of Southern blood and antecedents can aspire to even the second place on the national ticket unless he had left the South and had gained name and fame for successful political leadership in some Northern State. A few of our foremost men have been so strongly demanded by their States that they served their States most ably, though with the certainty that they could aspire no higher. In order to regain our local autonomy, the thing of paramount importance, all our energies were concentrated on our local affairs, and national affairs were neglected. There were giants in the Old South in those days; there are giants in the South in these days. Against what seems overwhelming odds we overthrew negro and carpetbag domination. With no capital but the ground we stood on, in fifteen years we had doubled, and now we have more than tripled, the cotton crop, largely by white labor in some of the cotton States—a very significant fact. The wealth of the Old South from its very nature was unstable. Our wealth now is in the cotton mill, in the rice field, in the cotton field, in the cotton exchange, in the sugar mill, in the cattle ranch, in the smelting furnace, and is stable. Many who have been giants at home have transferred their place of residence, but not their hearts, to the North, where they have become "magni inter aquales" in their adopted homes.

In 1865 there were more than three million armed men in the United States, the small minority demoralized by defeat, the large majority demoralized by victory. But in a few years a soldier was almost as rare as before 1860; and when the Spanish-American War broke out, it took two months to get ten thousand men to Santiago, armed with obsolete rifles and black powder, while even the Spaniards had long-range rifles and smokeless powder. Such an absolute subsidence

of such a volcanic wave of armed men the world had never seen before. * * *

The people of the North settled their local white race problem by disfranchising all illiterate white men, their local black race problem by disfranchising all illiterate black men, their local red race problem by exterminating the red man, and their local yellow race problem by expelling the yellow man from the whole country at the dictation of a small minority of white men on the Pacific Coast. With this record of the disfranchisement of illiterates, white and black, at home, of extermination for the red man, and of expulsion for the yellow man, in 1867 they undertook to settle our local black race problem by enfranchising all black men among us. But we have reversed their proposed settlement of our black race problem, and all they propose to do about our following their example with their black illiterates is to cut down our representation in the electoral college and in Congress. * * *

Having our race question settled, temporarily at least, we must see the white light instead of seeing nothing but black. We must divide on new and vital issues. There were Whig States and Democratic States in the Old South, and both sides sought us. There is but one party now, and that is as much an asset of the Democratic minority at the North as the negro was formerly an asset of the Republican majority at the North. * * *

III.

But the South's great mission for the future seems to be on a higher plane. It is evident to all who choose to see that the people of the North are drifting away more and more from the basic principles of Anglo-Saxon self-government. By tariff legislation for the classes and by pension legislation for the masses, from which the South has been mercifully delivered, the fallacy that the government must support the people is being enthroned; the sound Democratic doctrine that the people must support the government is being dethroned, and the Declaration of Independence is being displaced by a Declaration of Dependence.

Furthermore, this vicious tendency is fostered in the Northern States by the fact that with the very large infusion of foreign blood the intense Anglo-Saxon instinct of local self-government is being bred out. And so with the phenomenal increase of wealth and luxury, which in all ages has been accompanied by a decline of civic virtue and righteousness, a government of the plutocrat, by the plutocrat, and for the plutocrat is displacing a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

But plutocracies have always been tyrannical and short-lived. In the South we have the purest Anglo-Saxon blood in the world. We have had but little immigration in the past, and we shall have but little in the near future, as immigrants seek cheap bread and avoid negro competition. We fought a terrific war, not for slavery, not for secession, but for right of local self-government. Whatever else we lost, we saved our manhood and our instinct of local self-government, and this instinct is more emphasized and more intensified to-day in the South than anywhere else where God's sun shines.

And when the time comes for the plutocrats and the autocratic bosses to be displaced and for a government of the people, for the people, and by the people to be enthroned again, the lionlike leaders of this reformation, if it can be a reformation, of this revolution, if it must be a revolution, will be supported, as of yore, by the conservative men of both sec-

tions alike, working cordially together, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, hand in hand; and these leaders will come largely from the South again, as in days of yore, for it is in the South where most of the lionlike leaders of Anglo-Saxon self-government have been born and bred and nourished and kept in training. And then the scepter will return to the South, and the lawgiver will be between our feet again, for all things come to those who wait and who keep pure and grow strong while they wait.

"But new occasions teach new duties. Time makes ancient good uncouth.

They must onward and still upward who would keep abreast of truth.

Lo, before us lies the future; in it let us motors be;

But we ne'er must try that future's portal with any weak, dishonored key."

MEMORIAL TO THE SOLDIERS OF KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

ADDRESS BY JAMES A. PEARCE AT PRESENTATION OF MONUMENT
TO CONFEDERATE AND FEDERAL SOLDIERS AT CHESTERTOWN,
MD., AUGUST 11, 1917.

In erecting this memorial to the Confederate and Union soldiers in the war of 1861, my motive was to pay just tribute to men whose convictions of right and duty in a great crisis of our country's history led them to devote their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the cause they each believed to be just and righteous; and in thus honoring them fifty years after the close of that great struggle my earnest hope is, at least in our own little county, to draw together the minds and hearts of our reunited people and to commit to oblivion the unhappy differences which then divided and distracted us. This purpose in this day of peril to our liberties should appeal irresistibly to every thoughtful and patriotic man and woman in our midst, for the time has come when, however we may have differed in the past, we should feel that we are one nation, with one mind and heart upon the question of the day and hour, and with one fixed and high purpose—that the principles of free government shall not perish from the earth and that the blessings which our fathers bought with their blood we will defend and preserve with our own blood.

From the foundation of the Constitution of the United States to the close of the War between the States there were two distinct schools of constitutional construction in this country—one holding the doctrine of ultimate State sovereignty, embracing the right of withdrawal from the Union whenever the State should deem it essential to the preservation of its reserved rights; the other maintaining the absolute sovereignty of the Union and the denial of the right of withdrawal for any cause. These divergent views were held by men of equally distinguished ability as constitutional statesmen and of undisputed integrity and patriotism. The question was not sectional in its origin or its development. It grew out of honest differences of opinion upon fundamental principles inherent in the science of government and which were speedily brought into sharp conflict by the opposing material interests of the Northern and Southern States, resulting from different climatic and economic conditions and from the wide difference in the prevailing avocations of the sections. But the right to withdraw from the Union was

frequently asserted as openly in the North as in the South. In 1803 and 1804 there was an open and wide movement in the New England States for a Northern Confederacy, supported by such men as Timothy Pickering, Theophilus Parsons, and George Cabot.

Josiah Quincy said in Congress in 1811 that the admission of Louisiana as a State would be "tantamount to the dissolution of the Union" and that "in such event it would be the right of all and the duty of some definitely to prepare for separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must."

Senator Lodge, speaking in 1877 of the discussions in the Hartford Convention of 1812 of the dissolution of the Union, says: "It must be remembered that the question of nullification and secession was an open one."

John Quincy Adams, in a discourse on the Constitution delivered in 1839, said: "To the people alone is there reserved as well the dissolving as the constituent powers, * * * and the people of each State * * * have the right to secede from the Confederate Union."

George Lunt, the distinguished editor of the Boston *Courier*, writing in 1866 of certain resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1845, said: "It is quite clear that they enunciated the assertion of the right of nullification and secession."

William Rawle, of Pennsylvania, one of the most eminent of American lawyers, in his "Commentaries," written in 1829, described the Union as "an association of the people of republics" and said: "The States may wholly withdraw from the Union. The secession of a State from the Union depends on the will of the people of such State."

St. George Tucker, of Virginia, in his "Commentaries" in 1802, laid down the same explicit doctrine, and these two commentaries on law were used as textbooks in the United States Military Academy at West Point up to 1840 and during the period when Jefferson Davis, Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Gens. Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston were students at West Point.

It will thus be seen that the constitutional right of secession continued to be, in the language of Senator Lodge, an open and disputed question until the Gordian knot was cut by the sword in 1865 and the doctrine of Federal sovereignty was established through constitutional amendments as the unquestioned law of the land.

I do not intend to waste your time or my own in the discussion of dead issues, but have said what I have to show that no reproach can justly be cast upon any one who participated on either side in that memorable struggle. It is to the credit of Northern and Southern men, free men alike by inheritance, that, being profoundly convinced of the justice and importance of their respective causes, they pledged their lives and fortunes to their maintenance. From Stonewall Jackson and General McPherson to the humblest private soldier on either side who died for his cause their sons may say that,

"Leaving in battle no blot on his name,

He looked up to heaven from the deathbed of fame."

And now, fifty-two years after, I trust we can all agree with the words of President Wilson in his greeting to the Confederate veterans in Washington on the 5th of last June, in which he said: "The wise heart never questions the dealings of Providence, because the great, long plan as it unfolds has a majesty about it and a definiteness of purpose, an elevation of ideal, which we were incapable of conceiving as

we tried to work things out with our own short sight and weak strength; and now that we see ourselves part of a nation, united, powerful, great in spirit and in purpose, we know the great ends which God in his mysterious providence wrought through our instrumentality, because at the heart of the men of the North and of the South there was the same love of self-government and of liberty; and now we are to be an instrument in the hands of God to see that liberty is to be made secure for mankind. At the day of our greatest division there was one common passion among us, and that was the passion for human freedom. We did not know that God was working out in his own way the method by which we should best serve human freedom by making this Union a great, united, indivisible, indestructible instrument in his hands for the accomplishment of these great things."

A great French writer, Ernest Renan, has said: "The essence of a nation is that the individuals who compose it should have many things in common and that they should also forget much. Language, interests, religious affinities, geography, military considerations do not suffice if to these be not added the joint possession of a rich legacy of memories and a desire to live together. To have common glories in the past, a common will in the present, to have done great things together, to wish to do more is the essential condition in order to be a people."

Let me attempt to interpret by an illustration from another the significance of Renan's thought. Dr. John A. Wyeth, one of the greatest surgeons of America, founder of the Polyclinic Hospital of New York City, known and honored throughout the world for his brilliant contributions to the cause of science and to the relief of human suffering, was, when an Alabama boy of seventeen, one of General Morgan's famous Confederate cavalymen. He still lives in New York, beloved and honored in that Northern city as few men have been before him. In his charming book, "With Saber and Scalpel," he relates an incident which serves to show how the animosities of war are forgotten by brave and honest foes and which may well teach us, their descendants, the duty of forgetting strife which lies behind us and of doing all in our power to promote the love of our reunited country.

The incident is this: In 1890 Dr. Wyeth, with Drs. Keen, Roberts, and Wier, all eminent American surgeons, were seated at Carlsbad in a hall where were assembled nearly a thousand members of the International Surgical Congress. Dr. Keen and Dr. Wier had both served in the Union army, Dr. Wyeth in the Confederate army, and Dr. Roberts was the son of a Confederate officer. All knew the Rebel yell. The many bands played the various national airs, and the representatives of each country responded with enthusiastic applause. The four Americans were anxious to outdo their foreign brethren in this respect and agreed that when the "Star-Spangled Banner" was rendered and as the last strain was floating on the air they would all stand on their chairs and give the Rebel yell. They gave it with all the vigor and fire which could only be given by brave men who had uttered it and other brave men who had heard it in actual charge and countercharge. The effect, Dr. Wyeth says, was indescribable. The audience, as one man, stood in their chairs, took up the chorus, and would not be satisfied until both the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the Rebel yell had received three encores. Thus "one touch of nature makes the whole world akin."

I may refer to another proof of the restoration of fraternal feeling which permeates the country in the erection of a

handsome memorial at Indianapolis, Ind., exclusively through the contributions of old Confederate soldiers, to that noble man, Col. Robert Owen, of the Federal army, commandant of the Confederate prison at Camp Morton, who endeared himself to the thousands of prisoners in his charge by the sense of justice and humanity which governed him in his treatment of captive and helpless men.

And again within the present year the remnant of the Confederate armies, whose deeds half a century ago evoked the wonder of the world and the unstinted praise of their adversaries, received a welcome in the capital of the country which came from the heart of the North and went straight to the heart of the South.

And so it is well that we in our own small field should pay our modest tribute in this joint memorial to the gallant men of Kent County who fought for their respective beliefs of constitutional rights and their convictions of personal duty.

The Old South and the Old North are at one again. They are answering to the call of their common country as they answered in the days of 1776, when Massachusetts called to Maryland and New York called to Virginia, when Bunker Hill and Long Island were answered by Cowpens and King's Mountain.

The Old South brings to the altar of the country to-day, in the words of the poet laureate of the South,

"Not the stars and bars she has laid away,
Nor the bended forms in their jackets of gray,
Her wondrous pledge to the past,

But the spirit that stirs through the dust of the grave
Whenever the flags of the Union wave;
The valor the God of her heroes gave
To freedom and liberty.

She has kept untixed through her years of pain
America's blood in its purest vein;
As she gave in the past, she gives again
For the glory of her land.

With a patriot's faith in the days to be
She is pressing the seal of destiny
With the fame of her Jackson and her Lee
The heritage of her sons.

And she sees in her ruddy boy to-day
In his khaki coat her lad in gray,
And back of the drums her heartstrings play
When the bugles shout and call.

They are marching out with a shadowy lance
With the sons of sons to the fields of France,
And they stand at the guns while the bullets glance
Where England fights to win.

O hallowed earth of the brave and the free!
O pledges of life and of liberty!
They are keeping the tryst on the land and the sea
Of a nation forever one."

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.—Of his wider usefulness, it may be said that the thanks of all American patriots are due to him as an untiring champion of constitutional government and State rights, as opposed to threatening encroachments of the Federal branch of our dual system.—*Louis Pendleton.*

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

For success in war one of the strongest factors is the confidence of the army in its commander; and when, in addition, men are inspired by affection for their leader, they will go withersoever he commands with unquestioning trust in his leadership. The great generals of history, from Hannibal to Napoleon, have had this enthusiastic devotion of their soldiers.

It is sometimes the tribute of brave men to dauntless courage; sometimes it is inspired by manifest skill in conducting a campaign or in directing a battle; sometimes it is the answer of men enduring hardship and danger to the thoughtful care of their commander for their welfare, which refuses to sacrifice their lives needlessly or recklessly. It is always the testimony of true men to the personal character and ability of a true man. And when he determines that the time for action has come, his men will hesitate at no difficulty or danger in obeying his commands.

In the War between the States, 1861-65, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston manifested all those characteristics which appeal to men—courage, persistence, brilliant strategy, and care for their comfort—and none of our generals won more completely the enthusiastic devotion of all who served under him. And yet none of our generals was so hampered in the execution of his plans by obstacles and antagonisms from those who should have been his most efficient supporters. Thus his most skillful plans were rendered futile when most promising of success. He was thus deprived of the honor which his great ability and military skill deserved.

It is true that since the war the leading generals who were his opponents and such competent military critics as Lord Wolsley and Colonel Chesney, of the English army, accredit General Johnston as the equal of General Lee in strategy and tactics.

The beginning of General Johnston's service for the Confederacy was his assignment to command the forces for the protection of the Valley of Virginia in May, 1861. By his masterly evacuation of Harper's Ferry and retreat to Winchester in face of a far superior Federal army he secured a position from which he could not only defend the valley, but could easily form a junction with General Beauregard at Manassas, where they won the brilliant victory of July 21, 1861.

Afterwards, in command of the division of Northern Virginia and of the Peninsula, by the skillful withdrawal of his forces from Centerville and Yorktown he concentrated his strength in front of Richmond, to which point he had been followed by General McClellan with an immense army. There began that series of Seven Days' Battles which resulted in the complete defeat of the Federal army; but at the very moment when success was almost in reach he was stricken down with a wound that disabled him for many months. As soon as he could take the field, though still weak and suffering, he was ordered to the command of a department embracing the Army of Tennessee, under General Bragg, and the Army of Mississippi at Vicksburg. In this position of divided responsibility, confused by varying and often conflicting orders from Richmond, he insisted on assignment to one or the other field. And so in May, 1863, he was sent to take charge of the army for the defense of Vicksburg against General Grant's immense army, then crossing the Mississippi River and seeking to invest that fortress. There had been two battles fought,

at Port Gibson and Raymond, Miss., by utterly inadequate Confederate forces against overwhelming odds, which checked the enemy for a day or two. General Johnston ordered General Pemberton to evacuate Vicksburg and concentrate all the divisions of the department to attack General Grant before he could transport his entire army to the eastern side of the river. For he realized that if the army of thirty thousand men under General Pemberton were shut up in Vicksburg their surrender was only a matter of time, as no adequate force could be gathered for its relief. General Johnston said that if General Grant's men were defeated it would be easy to regain Vicksburg. But his orders were disobeyed persistently; and after being defeated at Baker's Creek, where he had only a part of his army, General Pemberton led them back into the fortress, where they were besieged and after a heroic defense of nearly two months were surrendered.

To indicate that if our whole force in Mississippi, thirty thousand at Vicksburg and probably twenty thousand at other points, had been concentrated the Federal army might have been defeated before it could unite all its divisions, I may mention an incident that was related to me by the Rev. John W. Neil, a Presbyterian minister. Dr. Neil was in poor health, but when a battle was fought anywhere near him he always managed to be in it. In the battle of Port Gibson General Bowen led the Confederates, and the corps of McClernand and McPherson formed the Federal army opposed. The battle lasted all day, May 1, General Bowen holding his ground until night. Dr. Neil was a volunteer aid on his staff, had his horse killed under him, and escaped death only by a bullet striking his watch and being deflected from his heart. He told me that at night Generals Bowen and McPherson met under a flag of truce to care for the dead and wounded. They had been close friends in the old army. Dr. Neil heard their conversation. General McPherson said: "Bowen, honor bright, tell me how many men you had in the fight to-day." General Bowen answered: "We had five thousand." The other officer seemed dazed and said: "Bowen, it seems impossible. We had thirty thousand men, first and last, in the engagement to-day." That showed the quality of our soldiers.

After General Pemberton's refusal to obey the order to evacuate Vicksburg, it was speedily invested by General Grant. General Johnston spent the next six weeks in marching back and forth, seeking some feasible point to attack the Federal lines and open a way for the escape of the beleaguered garrison. I well remember those wearisome marches through heat and dust, with a scarcity of water to drink, relieved now and then by a rest in some pleasant camp. Just when the Confederate commander thought he had found the desired point of attack and was preparing to get information to the garrison so as to secure their cooperation, information came that Vicksburg was surrendered, with its army of from twenty thousand to thirty thousand defenders.

Our little army began its retreat before the vastly superior Federal army. We made a stand at Jackson, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy and removing all of our stores. We were pursued no farther. I was sent to a hospital, blind from exposure to dust and heat, where I remained three months, and I saw no more of General Johnston until the North Georgia campaign of 1864, from Dalton to Atlanta.

It is needless to enter into the details of that campaign, in which General Johnston, confronting an enemy more than twice his own numbers, in a retreat of a hundred miles from Dalton to Atlanta put out of service as many men of the opposing army as he had in his own army. And yet he

turned over to his successor an army thoroughly trained, tested in battle, and confident of final victory. At Dalton in December, 1863, he had taken command of the demoralized Army of Tennessee after the disaster of Missionary Ridge. In a little while he reorganized it in all departments, securing abundant supplies of food, restoring courage and confidence, and subjecting it to strict discipline until it became a splendid and effective instrument of war in his hands. In that long retreat he drew his enemy farther and farther from his base of supplies and forced him to attack us in our fortifications, thus inflicting heavy losses upon the attacking force and reducing the disparity in numbers until he had reached a point in front of Atlanta where he felt that he could attack General Sherman's army with confident hope of victory. But at that very moment, on the 18th of July, 1864, he was ordered to turn over his command to General Hood, a brave and impulsive soldier, who would undertake an aggressive campaign. The subsequent history of that army to its destruction at Franklin and Nashville is well known. In the last expiring days of the Confederacy General Johnston was called back to the command of it, to be enthusiastically welcomed by the remnant of it and by his skill to win one more battle for it at Bentonville, N. C., then to make the best possible terms for its surrender. It had fought to a frazzle.

It was in the North Georgia campaign that I especially noted the devotion of the men to General Johnston. Naturally a constant series of abandonment of positions would discourage men; but again and again I heard this expression from officers and privates: "Well, I don't know what this means, but 'Old Joe' knows what he's about; we'll get 'em when he gets ready." And they would have followed him cheerfully to the Gulf of Mexico. I well remember the scene when he was relieved of command. At first report of it the men refused to believe it, and when the order was read before our brigade I saw numbers of the best men sit down with guns across their knees, saying: "Well, if 'Old Joe' goes, I don't know what's to become of us."

It was a note of utter discouragement. They loved the man who had cared for them and who led them to victory at New Hope Church and Kennesaw Mountain. Let me record a little instance of his care for us. At Dalton, just after the disaster of Missionary Ridge, our rations were both scant and very poor. The commissary department seemed utterly demoralized and was sending from Atlanta the poorest beef I ever saw—cattle kept on the way four and five days without food or water and meal of the poorest quality. One morning, two or three days after the General took command, I was coming very early from one of the hospitals, where I had several sick men. I saw General Johnston, attended only by an orderly, riding leisurely along. As he met men going to their daily duties he would stop them, speak kindly to them, and ask to look into their haversacks. He examined the rations and passed on. But in less than a week there was wonderful improvement in our commissary, and my comrades will remember that on that campaign we occasionally had fresh vegetables issued to us.

There were several causes that conspired to hamper General Johnston's action and to thwart his plans. There was, first of all, a serious lack of harmony between him and the administration. At the beginning of the war there was an unfortunate personal controversy and misunderstanding with President Davis which warped the judgment of each as to the other's motives. But more serious was the difference of their views as to the conduct of the war. General Johnston

believed in the concentration of all available forces to secure the highest efficiency and to strike most telling blows on the enemy, and he was willing to give up positions temporarily, if need be, to obtain this concentration. Thus he gave up Harper's Ferry in the beginning of the war. Afterwards he ordered the evacuation of Vicksburg and the junction of its garrison with his army in the field, that he might strike a telling blow on General Grant's army while it was scattered in several divisions. He was confident that if he could thus defeat General Grant the recapture of Vicksburg, if necessary, would be easy.

On the other hand, the policy of the administration was to hold on to territory, and that made it necessary to scatter our forces to resist attacks by the enemy, and of course aid could not be sent oftentimes to the larger armies as needed. As an illustration, General Forrest was in West Tennessee and North Mississippi repelling raids from Memphis. General Johnston, sorely pressed by General Sherman's far stronger force, asked that General Forrest be withdrawn from mere protection of territory and be put in the rear of General Sherman's army to destroy his communications and force his retreat, thus giving opportunity for aggressive tactics by the Confederates. The request was refused.

It can be said in defense of the President that he had to consider the political as well as the military situation. The territory of each State was "sacred soil" that must not be polluted by the invader's step. So as the enemy advanced on to this sacred soil, there was a chorus of criticism of the administration from State authorities echoed in the newspapers. Moreover, as territory was given up, the means of supplying our armies with necessary food and clothing was more and more limited. And the administration was constrained to consider our sources of supply. So by personal feeling and by difference of policy the President failed to give to Johnston that support which he should have had.

Of course the divided responsibility for the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Mississippi and the order to Mississippi when it was too late for him to arrange an effective campaign for the relief of Vicksburg and the positive and flagrant disobedience of his orders by General Pemberton, in which he was upheld by the President, all assured the failure of that campaign in 1863. Then General Johnston's terrible wound at Seven Pines made it impossible for him to carry out the plans that resulted in the hurling back of General McClellan's huge army from Richmond.

In what I have written there has been no intention to deny nor to depreciate the splendid character or the great services of President Jefferson Davis, the highest type of statesman and patriot. But, as every human being does, he made mistakes, and I believe his treatment of General Johnston was a mistake that had grievous consequences. Like every one who served under him, I felt the deepest affection and respect for the noble man, sincere patriot, the great soldier who led us in those trying campaigns of 1863-64. From a military point of view, of course my opinions are worthless. I was only a private soldier, serving most of the time by detail as chaplain. I lived with the "boys," went with them into every action, cared for the wounded, buried their dead, knew them intimately, as grand a band of true, brave men as was ever gathered together, and I only record their judgments and sentiments as they observed the course of events daily passing before them, expressing their confidence in their great leader and their love for "Old Joe." I believe my comrades will join me in this tribute to his memory.

A PRIVATE WITH GENERAL HOOD.

BY GRANVILLE H. CROZIER, DALLAS, TEX.

Val Giles, Bill Calhoun, and I were members of the same company, the Tom Green Rifles, and left Texas at the same time for the seat of war. The company was organized at Austin early in the spring of 1861, but did not leave Texas till about July and then went to Richmond, Va., and was assigned to the 4th Texas Regiment as Company B. John B. Hood was appointed colonel, and later on it was called Hood's Old Regiment and by General Hood "My Old Regiment."

B. F. Carter was elected captain of the company. He was a warm-hearted, humane man, well up in military matters, and a thorough infantry officer. It was said by General Hood that Captain Carter knew more about infantry tactics than he did. Captain Carter was killed at Gettysburg.

Lieut. Robert Lambert was a handsome, military-looking young man and a natural-born soldier. He was mortally wounded at Gaines's Mill and died in Richmond.

The other company officers were all fine men and popular with the command. Some of the best families in Texas were represented in the ranks. Lieutenant McLaurin was in command when the company surrendered at Appomattox.

I was not naturally a soldier, always having an instinctive shrinking from the hideous details of war, and I could never learn to love the wild "excitement and thrill" so beautifully described by the poets, who happen never to be near where a general engagement takes place. Those noisy death-dealing missiles disgusted me, and I had a perfect abhorrence for the carelessness with which the Yankees handled their guns when we were approaching them.

We had been on duty for weeks and weeks in the Chickahominy swamps in front of and close to the enemy and almost constantly under fire. One morning we were relieved from duty on the picket line, marched to Richmond, put on the cars, and sent to Staunton, where we joined Stonewall Jackson, and with his command returned via Ashland to the Chickahominy swamps and in the rear of McClellan's army. It was upon this occasion that General Jackson issued his famous order that we were to know nothing when questioned. No doubt his motive was to get behind the Federals and give them a surprise before they knew we were coming; but the warm reception they gave us shows that his ruse was a failure.

Gaines's Mill was the second of the Seven Days' Battles and up to that time was regarded as the severest of the war. We had been marching in line of battle for quite a distance under a terrific fire. The grape and canister were coming thick and fast, and it seemed as though those screaming, shrieking shells bursting around us would never stop. We ran down a hill, then waded a sluggish stream that was waist-deep to me, and I held up my cartridge box in order to keep my ammunition dry. Beyond the stream we climbed its back, then crossed an old field, and were halted behind a skirt of woods.

During the short time we were held there I had an opportunity to realize all the horrors of a terrible battle. The continued roar of small arms, the rattle of cannon, the confused groans and shrieks of the wounded, and all the hellish sounds of conflict strung my nerves to the highest pitch. The smoke hung thick over the field, and the air was stifling with the smell of gunpowder. Though the sun was shining brightly, the day was nearly as dark as night.

The Confederates had made charge after charge during the afternoon, only to be repulsed. On the success of their attack hung the fate of Richmond, and it began to look as if the day were lost. All at once I saw General Hood ride at a gallop away from a group of officers out into an opening on our right. I knew what to expect. He was looking for a good position for us. He was trying to find where the enemy were thickest, where their ranks were strongest.

Twenty-six field pieces were playing on us at one time, and General Lee had just remarked, "Unless that battery is silenced, we cannot hope for success," to which General Hood replied: "I can take that battery with my old regiment." We knew he was going to try it. Hood always looked grand in battle. Now he looked sublime. Every man in the regiment was watching him. Suddenly he wheeled about and, in a voice that could be heard even above that awful noise, said: "Come to me, my old regiment."

There was a dash and rush to him, and we were in the midst of it instantly. The Minie balls were coming thick and fast. A riderless horse dashed through our lines with his lower jaw shot off. There was a cry from a screeching voice: "Close up that gap!" I looked and saw a mounted officer bareheaded and with blood streaming down his face. He pitched forward on the neck of his horse for an instant, then fell to the ground.

The gap was closed up and another one made and closed up. The Federal artillery was "getting in its work" now, and great gaps were made in our ranks at every step; but swiftly and silently we swept on.

At that period of the war we were in Whiting's Division, consisting of Hood's and Law's Brigades, and in that particular fight we were on the Confederate right. Without firing, we rushed down a slope and answered with the Rebel yell, the roar of the union musketry sweeping out the first Federal line, which in its flight and fright carried with it the second line also. About this time the whole Confederate line from right to left swept forward in one grand charge and sent McClellan and his army skedaddling away toward his gunboats. But I was "not in it." A Minie ball had struck the hammer of Val Giles's gun and, glancing, had entered my diaphragm just below the belt, and I was quietly reclining on the side of the hill, awaiting further orders.

The success of the Southern army in the Seven Days' Battles should have brought grander results to the Confederate States. The siege of Richmond was raised. The Federals were driven under the protecting care of their gunboats with a loss of fifty-two cannons, more than 35,000 small arms, and not less than 20,000 men in killed, wounded, and captured. As the Confederates in every instance attacked strongly entrenched lines, their losses in killed and wounded were heavier than those of the Federals. Various estimates have been made of the Federal loss, the lowest being 15,000. The Confederate records are imperfect, as many of them were lost at the evacuation of Richmond in 1865. It was rumored among the soldiers that the maneuvers of the Confederates just prior to the Seven Days' Battles were known to McClellan and that his escape was at the connivance of a Confederate officer high in rank.

This may be true, or it may not be; but General Lee, with 80,000 effective men against McClellan's 105,000, won every battle and at one time had the Federals surrounded, and their escape ought to have been prevented. The capture of McClellan and his army would have ended the war. As it was, the Federals were as badly frightened as they were at

Bull Run, and President Lincoln issued a call for 300,000 more men.

General Lee, relieved of all fear for the safety of Richmond, sent Jackson northward, who, moving with his usual rapidity, was soon in the rear of the Federals and between them and Washington.

On account of the wound received at Gaines's Mill, I did not rejoin my command till a few days before the Second Battle of Manassas. We were then on the Confederate right, under Longstreet.

Among the many verses manufactured by the soldiers at that day, there was one, if I remember right, something like this:

"Steady, boys, steady; you have nothing now to fear,
For Longstreet's on the right wing and Jackson's in their rear."

The Federals did not seem to be aware of the presence of Longstreet; and although we remained in line of battle nearly all day, they failed to shell us. Fighting had been going on all morning on the Confederate left and center, and it was two o'clock or later in the afternoon before we were ordered to charge.

It was a magnificent sight, the Confederates marching for several hundred yards across a plain in straight line and as calm as if on drill, and under different conditions it would have been an enjoyable sight. At the foot of the hill in a ravine we encountered the New York Zouaves, and a short distance beyond the ravine we captured a battery. We had gone perhaps fifty yards past the battery, and I was beginning to congratulate myself on the fact that the battle would soon end and I was still living, when my left arm suddenly became so numb that I looked to see if it had not been shot off. It was still there and, with the exception of a dull, torpid feeling, had no pain. I quietly but briskly retreated and took up a position under one of the big guns. The horses were lying down, and a Federal officer was lying under the ammunition box. Presently the horses began kicking, when the officer raised up and rested on his elbow. He looked at me, and I looked at him, but neither spoke. I was just going to ask him if he didn't wish this "cruel war was over," when I saw our command falling back.

I had never seen Texans retreat before, and I asked Lieutenant McLaurin what was the matter. He said they had whipped the Yankees and had just come back to the shade to rest. He told me to go to the rear and have my wound dressed. At the field hospital I saw the encouraging (?) sight of men carrying out arms and legs and piling them on the ground. I thought my arm would soon be added to the list; but the surgeon, after pushing his fingers through the wound and picking out fragments of bone, said he thought he could save it and asked me if I could drink out of a bottle. I told him that it had been a long time since I had tried, for the lack of opportunity; but as it was his orders, I was willing to make the attempt. I think the surgeon's name was Scott.

In a few days we were all sent to Warrenton, and there I found Bill Calhoun wounded in the right arm. He had on neither pants nor shoes and told me he had lost them at the field hospital. He said he did not care, as it was so warm that he would not need them till he got back to the army. He had a new ten-dollar Confederate bill, which he said Henry Johnson, the captain's cook, had given him after he was wounded, and asked me to carry it, as he had no pockets.

At Calhoun's suggestion, he and I got into a government

wagon going to the terminus of the railroad for supplies and started south. Our destination was Richmond. At Rapidan we found a man acting as commissary and tried to draw rations, but he refused to give us anything because we had no pass or requisition. We had eaten nothing since leaving Warrenton except two roasting ears of corn. At Gordonsville we found the train for Richmond ready to start, but the guard put us off because we had no pass.

We went into camp under a large cherry tree near the railroad, and, as Calhoun had no shoes or pants, I went out prospecting. I found a sergeant in charge of some commissary stores, and he readily gave me a lot of hard-tack and bacon and said we could get all we wanted. I also found the only free-lunch counter I ever saw. There were no cheap cigars nor stale beer to buy, but you could get a plate of hot soup at any time during the day "without money and without price." Calhoun said it was made of boiling twelve small Irish potatoes in five gallons of clear water without salt. The few small greasy-looking globules floating on the surface, he said, came from the perspiring brows of the cook.

We boarded every train fronting toward Richmond, but were always put off. Calhoun suggested that if I would go into the country a few miles I might be able to get some eggs or fruit or something a little better than hard-tack and bacon or free soup. One morning I started out after Calhoun had cautioned me to be very careful about the prices I paid and to look out for counterfeit money.

I took both haversacks and both canteens. Calhoun said to take the canteens because I might find some buttermilk or applejack. I started about daylight and went down the railroad for about two miles, then turned off to the left and made a house-to-house canvass, returning to camp late in the afternoon with both haversacks and both canteens empty.

Just before reaching camp I met an old lady in a two-horse wagon who told me she had been to town with a load of watermelons which she sold to the soldiers as fast as she could pick them up at prices ranging from five to ten dollars. She had only three left. In consideration of this fact I could have my choice for \$2.50. I gave her the \$10 bill, received the change in shinplasters, picked up the watermelon, and went to camp.

"Just what I thought you would do," said Calhoun as soon as he saw me. "I ought to have had better sense than to let you go. What kind of money did you bring back, or did you bring back any?"

I threw down a roll of bills nearly as large as a man's arm, which he scrutinized for fully ten minutes; then, taking a one-dollar bill, nearly a foot long, he rolled it up like a taper and placed it behind his ear. "This is the only one worth a d—n," he said. "Why don't you cut the watermelon?"

"I have no knife," I curtly replied.

"Fetch it here." With his left hand he broke it open and disclosed the fact that it was green.

The sun was disappearing in the west, and the cherry tree was throwing a long shadow across the railroad. A little brown butterfly hovered for an instant over the green watermelon, then flew away in disgust; but only the wind heard Calhoun's curses, for I had gone to the free-lunch counter.

The days dragged by slowly and wearily. We passed the time in trying to board the trains for Richmond and in visiting the soup stand. I wrote a pathetic letter, dictated by Calhoun, to the Secretary of War, asking for transportation to Richmond, but that gentleman treated us with silent contempt. The commissary sergeant would come to see us oc-

asionally, and Calhoun would entertain him with marvelous tales about fighting Indians and chasing wild horses in Texas. He told the sergeant of a beautiful snow-white stallion with black mane and tail, that ranged on the prairies between the Nueces and Brazos Rivers, that hundreds of men on the fastest horses had tried to catch, but had failed, till he, on a little mustang he had trained for the purpose, galloped close up to him on the San Saba River one morning and roped him. The next day he rode him into Austin and sold him to Gov. Sam Houston for four hundred dollars in gold.

Seeing there was no chance to go to Richmond, we quit trying, and one morning we got on a train loaded with wounded soldiers and went to Lynchburg. Shortly after arriving there Calhoun was transferred to Richmond, and the last time I saw him was when I told him good-by one Sunday afternoon at the Lynchburg depot. Val Giles, in his roster of the company, said: "The last ever heard from Calhoun he was running a ferryboat on the Calcasieu River, in Louisiana, with a grocery on each bank, singing:

"Upon the wings of love I fly
From grocerie to groceri."

ARMY RELIEF WORK BY WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

MRS. FANNIE E. SELPH, IN NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN AND
AMERICAN.

The inception of the Red Cross organization as it exists to-day has been accredited to Henry Dunant, a native of Switzerland, who reviewed the bloody battle field of Solferino in 1859, where forty thousand dead and wounded lay for three or four days without any attention. He was deeply moved and began planning in his heart how he could relieve such conditions of war. In February, 1863, he appeared before the Society of Public Utility at Geneva and presented his plans. In October of the same year an international congress convened at Geneva, at which fourteen nations were represented. This led to a second conference at Geneva in 1864, and the famous articles known as the "Geneva Convention or Treaty" were adopted. The United States did not send a representative, because the War between the States was then in progress. The Red Cross is an offspring of that convention.

Strangely coincident with this, however, there appeared in the Nashville press August 3, 1861, the following:

"The relief committee of the 'Soldiers' Friend Society' and all who are interested and willing to coöperate with the relief committee in sending hospital supplies to the Tennessee volunteers in Virginia are requested to meet at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning at 38 Cedar Street.

MRS. ROBERT M. PORTER, *Chairman.*"

Again, the following circular was issued in 1861, the first year of the Confederacy:

"To the Friends of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers of the South: The Soldiers' Relief Society of Tennessee, having been authorized and desired by the Secretary of War and by the medical director of this division of our army to perform the services in the Confederate States hospitals which they have discharged under the direction of the Governor in the State Hospital, have assumed a similar charge and supervision of the following hospitals: State Hospital, First College Street Hospital, Front Street Hospital, Cedar Street Hos-

pital, and Elliott Hospital. These are now filled with patients from the armies of the Confederacy, and every effort is being made to provide others as fast as the increasing necessities of the service demand additional accommodation.

"We have entered upon the discharge of our duties with a determination to do all in our power, at whatever cost of personal comfort or convenience, to alleviate the misfortunes and to contribute to the wants and comforts of the gallant defenders of our soil who may be stricken down by disease or by the casualties of war.

"We are receiving liberal contributions to aid us in our work from every portion of the Confederacy; but the demands upon us are daily increasing, and we send forth this appeal to the generous citizens of the South for further assistance, with the confident expectation that it will be promptly and favorably responded to by every Southern heart. The contributions most needed are money, blankets, flannels, underclothing, provisions, or any articles which may be useful or necessary for the sick, the wounded, or the convalescent. These when received are distributed to the different hospitals under the supervision of the eminent medical director, Dr. Yandell. However small may be the intrinsic value of articles contributed, let it be borne in mind that if there is a multitude of contributors the aggregate will be large.

"Contributions should be addressed to Mrs. Felicia G. Porter, 38 Cedar Street, Nashville, Tenn., and where it is practicable and proper to do so the wishes of the donors in regard to the disposition therewith will be complied with.

"From the patriotic citizens of the Confederacy we anticipate a prompt and generous response to this, our appeal, in behalf of the gallant soldiers who have consecrated their lives to our noble cause and who have been prostrated while defending our homes from the aggressions of a ruthless invader.

"Felicia Grundy Porter, President. Vice Presidents, Mesdames John M. Bass, Sterling Cockrill, Matthew Watson, Orville Ewing, Andrew Ewing, Paul F. Eve, John Waters, Thomas Maney, James B. Nichol, M. A. Knox, Philip Fall, George Goodwin, Jane Watkins, Richard Cheatham, John Bell, Mary Crockett, Liston Stones, R. B. C. Howell, General Harding, Player, Acklin, John O. Ewing, W. F. Bang, Jo Woods, Jr., R. C. Foster, V. K. Stevenson, George Cunningham. Mrs. Thomas Marshall, Secretary; Mrs. L. D. Hut-ton, Treasurer.

"N. B.—All articles to be shipped to Mr. Henry W. Conner, New Orleans, La., and to Pickett, Wormley & Co., Memphis, Tenn."

These relief societies were officially authorized by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, Confederate States of America.

This was the beginning of the part played by the women of the Confederacy in that thrilling war drama. The activities of the Red Cross and army relief of to-day are but the echoes of their heroism and sacrifices, though they were not called by that name.

While the great conference of Geneva was formulating the famous treaty of supply and relief, these good women, with no rules or formulas to guide them except the instinctive promptings of patriotic love and mercy, were actively engaged in working out a system that made a worthy historic precedent.

It was a great revelation. Custom had withheld from the Southern woman opportunities for activities involving pub-

licity and hardships. She knew nothing of bread-winning. Her mission had been that of a quiet home maker. Consequently she was looked upon as very shrinking, modest, and exceedingly dependent. This sudden development into heroism, courage, independence, resourcefulness, and womanly daring was startling.

The impulse was spontaneous and general throughout the South, but organized service seemed to have begun in Nashville; and as their statistics are best available, this article will deal more especially with their work, which will serve as an illumination of the whole.

They found these hospitals poorly equipped. There was no absorbent cotton then. In their resourcefulness they took their own linen sheets and tablecloths, patiently scraped them into lint, and then carded it with the old-fashioned cards into a fluffy, light material for surgical dressing. Woolen dresses and shawls were made into soldiers' shirts. After their own supply of blankets had been used up, they resorted to the carpets on the floors to supply this necessity. The South had no factories for cloth. The old-fashioned loom and spindle were brought into use. With their own delicate fingers these loyal women spun the thread for socks and gloves and "kits," as they are called to-day, and they knit and knit and knit. Then the looms were kept busy by them, and sewing circles converted the cloth into uniforms and blankets and comforts for the soldiers at the front. "Black mammy's" quarters, as well as the homes, became veritable factories to supply this necessity for army relief. The homespun dress came into being to supply the silk and woolen that had been used for banners and army comforts and was looked upon as a proud luxury.

Anæsthesia had not found its full use then, and these good women stood by the tables holding the limbs while the surgeons did their work and with their prayers and soothing touch strengthened the wounded through the ordeal of amputation. Medicines were scarce, and the good mothers, with the aid and advice of "black mammy," who was versed in all the science of herbs and barks for teas and lotions, improvised many practical prescriptions. They were not trained in the Red Cross technique of to-day, but they became efficient nurses, relieving suffering by their tender ministrations, and, bending over the dying, received their last messages to loved ones at home and attended their interment with devotional observance. There were no lines drawn. All who wore the gray were objects of their tender solicitude.

They did not practice "conservation of food." As long as their own supply lasted pies, delicacies, bread, etc., were generously served in the hospitals and camps that could be reached. When their supply became scarce, substitutes were improvised. Rye, okra, corn, and bran were substitutes for coffee; raspberry leaves, sassafras root, and corn fodder for tea; sorghum for sugar; and the "corn pone" was a veritable luxury. It was not conservation that was needed in the food line, except that the home use be cut down, but a generous expansion and suggestions for substitutes.

From the battle field to the hospital, wherever woman could serve, were recorded deeds of sacrifice and heroism. She also played a conspicuous part in the way of "scout," crossing the lines to obtain medicines and supplies for the army. This feature covers some of the most thrilling stories of daring and resourcefulness ever recorded in history.

It may be well here to mention "a bit" of history that should be known, because it is unwritten history and history that counted.

The popular Southern novelist, Augusta Evans, known after her marriage later as Augusta Evans Wilson, was one of the most efficient and faithful of hospital nurses. It was while she served in this capacity that she conceived the plot of her "Macaria" and wrote the story which created such a sensation at the time, and especially among the soldiers. It was one of the few works of literature copyrighted by the Confederate States of America. It was first published in Richmond on the old brown paper of the Confederate press, and these editions were sold for the relief of Confederate soldiers in hospitals. The sales were phenomenal, and the fund resulting proved a blessing to the cause.

When the Federals took possession of Nashville, many of the homes of these loyal women were taken for headquarters for the officers, and many of the owners left the city. Many other homes were used for hospitals for Confederate prisoners. The loyal women who remained continued their tender ministrations to the end; but their work became hard, because much of it had to be done through quiet diplomacy and strategy.

At the close of the war many of these good women who survived its horrors returned to Nashville to find their homes and conditions generally very much changed. But these changed conditions opened up new fields for patriotic service, which these good women immediately prepared to meet. Many soldiers, having lost their limbs, were disabled and, not financially able to supply them, were incapable of taking up the duties of life again. A "Benevolent Society" was at once organized, with Mrs. Felicia G. Porter again President and Mrs. Thomas L. Martin Secretary. The following appeared in the Nashville press in April, 1866:

"*Ladies:* You will please permit me to call your attention to the organization and object of the 'Benevolent Society of Tennessee.' There are many Confederate soldiers who have lost their limbs during the late war whose unfortunate condition appeals to the benevolent sentiment of our State, and it only needs that this sentiment may be united in its effort to meet the demand made upon it. We therefore invite your assistance by organizing a branch society. It is deemed advisable that the different religious denominations shall be represented in your board of managers and that your officers be a vice president, secretary, or treasurer. It is desired that you engage and have in regular rehearsal all the amateur talent within your reach for a concert and tableaux. Mr. Green Morrow will travel throughout the State and superintend these entertainments. Your society will be expected to coöperate with and give him all the assistance he may require. The object of this noble work has been approved by Major General Thomas. We are sure the appeal we make to the Christian benevolence of Tennessee will be cordially responded to.

"You will report to the State society at your earliest convenience.

MRS. FELICIA G. PORTER, *President*;

MRS. THOMAS L. MARSHALL, *Secretary*."

The Nashville branch of the Benevolent Society of Tennessee was formed at once, with Mrs. Felicia G. Porter as President; Mrs. Washington Barrow, Vice President; Mrs. Thomas L. Marshall, Secretary; and Mrs. Mary Paul Maquire, Treasurer. A series of concerts and tableaux were arranged, and the following ladies were selected as managers:

From Christ Church: Mrs. John Kirkman, Mrs. Godfrey M. Fogg, Mrs. George Cunningham, Mrs. John C. Burch, Mrs. William Cooper, Mrs. Robert F. Woods, Mrs. Fannie Leigh, Mrs. Charles E. Hillman, and Mrs. Robert Martin.

From Church of the Advent: Mrs. J. M. Ellis, Mrs. R. C. K. Martin, Mrs. George Heyward, Mrs. Hiram J. Jones, Mrs. Addie Neal, and Mrs. John H. Callendar.

From First Presbyterian Church: Mrs. John O. Ewing, Mrs. Thomas D. Craighead, Mrs. A. J. Duncan, Mrs. George W. Fall, Mrs. R. C. McNairy, Mrs. R. B. Cheatham, Mrs. C. D. Elliott, and Mrs. J. C. French

From Second Presbyterian Church: Mrs. William Clare, Mrs. Louise Aiken, Mrs. Turner Foster, and Mrs. J. Lucien Brown.

From Howell Baptist Church: Mrs. R. B. C. Howell, Mrs. Albert G. Ewing, Mrs. Jane Watkins, Mrs. J. Darden, Mrs. J. Dudley Winston, and Mrs. W. W. Craig.

From Christian Church: Mrs. Henry Watterson, Mrs. Fox Wharton, Mrs. N. Wharton, and Mrs. Alex Fall.

From Cumberland Presbyterian Church: Mrs. Andrew Allison, Mrs. W. E. Ward, Mrs. David C. Love, Mrs. Joseph W. Allen, and Mrs. R. L. Weakley.

From McKendree Church: Mrs. Washington B. Cooper, Miss Jane Thomas, Mrs. I. C. Nicholson, Mrs. R. F. Nevins, Mrs. Matt McClung, Mrs. H. K. Walker, Mrs. Thomas G. Pointer, Mrs. Liston Stone, Mrs. J. O. Griffith, Mrs. William Evans, Mrs. F. Furman, and Mrs. M. G. L. Claiborne.

From Catholic Church: Mrs. William Heffernan, Mrs. J. Felix DeMotive, Mrs. Thomas Farrell, Mrs. M. L. Cartwright, and Mrs. Buddeke.

One of the benefit entertainments gotten up by this organization was a play, "The White Crook," written by Albert Roberts, known in his writings as "John Happy." The characters were selected from the Confederate soldiers and young men of the city. It proved a great success and was repeated several times by request to crowded houses. It will be recalled that "John Happy" was one of the editors of the *Little Rebel*, of Confederate fame, which had such a thrilling career.

It was estimated that this society raised \$9,603.10 for its noble purpose.

Two names not recorded in the cabinet of officials, but who did beautiful hospital service and are worthy of special memorials, are Mrs. John B. Nichol and Mrs. Alfred Hume, the wife of the founder of the Nashville public schools and the mother of Mrs. William Hume. They were sisters. Each contracted pneumonia and camp fever while nursing in the hospitals and died within a week of each other.

Father Ryan, the poet-priest, was one of the clergy of Nashville and was a strong inspiration and help to these good women. This patriotic work was the corner stone upon which the great organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was built.

When wintry days are dark and drear
And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray snow-laden clouds appear
Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
From farmhouse chimneys—in such weather
Give me old Carolina's own,
A great log house, a great hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or brier,
And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

—John Henry Boner.

IN THE YEARS OF WAR.

COMPILED BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

FROM "OFFICIAL RECORDS," SERIES II., VOLUME III.

Slaves of Loyalists.—On May 26, 1861, General McClellan wrote the Union men of Western Virginia: "Notwithstanding all that has been said by traitors to induce you to believe that we will interfere with your slaves, understand one thing: not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand crush any attempt at insurrection on their part." On December 6 Simon Cameron, United States Secretary of War, said: "The representatives of the people will unquestionably secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country." And here is where they both side-stepped the issue.

A Clergyman's Baggage.—On December 30, 1861, W. H. Seward wrote General Wool, U. S. A.: "The Rev. Dr. Wilmer, of Philadelphia, is proceeding to Virginia. I will thank you to allow him to pass freely." But as they found in his possession 107 spools of silk, 31 rolls of tape, 26 new shirts, 48 pairs of boots, 650 envelopes, 6 reams of paper, 31 pairs of socks, 2 gross of pens, 15 penholders, 11 silk vests, 2 silk dresses, 2 dozen handkerchiefs, 2 pieces of silk, 25 gross of buttons, 50 papers of pins, 100 papers of needles, 50 spools of thread, 5 pieces of gray cloth, 10 pounds of coffee, and 50 pairs of pants, the reverend gentleman was considered as carrying too much weight for his profession, and the above articles were confiscated.

Stilted Correspondence.—On December 22, 1861, Col. J. W. Geary, 28th Pennsylvania, wrote the adjutant general of the United States army: "I forward a communication from J. P. Benjamin, so-called Secretary of War of the Confederate States of America." On March 9, 1862, Col. R. Cutts, U. S. A., wrote Halleck: "I proceeded to Boston, having in charge Generals Buckner and Tilghman, of the so-called Confederate army." On March 12 J. C. Clapp, United States marshal, wrote: "The privateer Beauregard was captured with a letter of marque signed by Jefferson Davis, President of the so-called Confederacy." But they bravely got over this later.

Lincoln Staying Executions.—On January 13, 1862, Col. W. A. Phillips, U. S. A., wrote Major Foreman: "I desire to call your attention to the fact that no prisoner can be put to death without the sanction of the President." But this wasn't carried out everywhere by any means.

Y. M. C. A.—On March 7, 1862, John V. Farewell, President of the above Association, wrote Secretary Stanton that the chapel they had built at Camp Douglas was being used as a place of confinement for prisoners and asked its discontinuance. So we see that these people had started their good work as early as this date.

Civilian Idea of Treatment of Prisoners.—On August 28, 1861, James Phelan, of Aberdeen, Miss., wrote President Davis: "Let the Yankee prisoners be confined and then give notice to the United States government that after a certain day no more food, clothing, or medicine will be furnished said prisoners by the Confederate States, and that the United States must take care of them. Should they refuse, let them starve. We have delivered our souls." And on September 5 Tazewell W. Trice, of Cotton Plant, Ark., wrote: "The people of these parts are complaining at the disparity of treatment of prisoners on the part of the Yankees and that of the Confederacy; and while we regret the necessity of

retaliation, yet we see no alternative left but to do so, and Lincoln and his partisans think we are afraid. We would suggest that all that you have of the Lincoln party in the East be handcuffed and sent to Fort Sumter, there to be placed upon bread and water, and, further, that Generals Pillow, Hardee, and McCulloch be instructed to break the left legs of all that they now or hereafter may have in their possession and then turn them loose." This carries out the adage, "The bravest are the tenderest."

First Prisoner Captured by the Confederates.—On April 22, 1862, Lieut. Maniel C. Causton, United States infantry, wrote General Winder, C. S. A., from Salisbury Prison, North Carolina: "I was captured on the first day of June last and was the first prisoner taken and held by the Confederate government." And I have no reason to doubt the Lieutenant's statement.

Negro Prisoners.—On June 11, 1862, Secretary Randolph, C. S. A., said: "Negroes will not be treated as prisoners of war subject to exchange, but will be confined until Congress passes an act with regard to them." But they were forced to exchange at last.

Captured Horses and Santa Anna's Carriage.—On February 28, 1862, E. A. Hitchcock wrote General Halleck: "Touching the claim of a prisoner to his horse as private property, I can give you no settled rule. The practice in Mexico was to regard them as public rather than private, although General Scott returned the carriage of Santa Anna taken at Cerro Gordo." The Confederate regulations read that prisoners' horses were taken for the army. So they were not classed as personal belongings.

Religious Bodies Opposed to War.—On March 31 S. B. Baxter, in Richmond, Va., said: "I have examined a number of Dunkards, Mennonites, and Tunkers. They claim that their religion forbids the shedding of human blood." And it is the same to-day.

Status of Surgeons.—On May 27, 1862, General Beauregard wrote General Pope, U. S. A.: "By a convention entered in on the 10th of April it was stipulated that surgeons and attendants of both armies should not be held as prisoners of war." And on June 6 L. Thomas, adjutant general of the United States army, ordered that "medical officers shall not be held as prisoners, and all so held shall be immediately released." And that settled the matter.

SERIES II., VOLUME IV.

Amenities of War.—On August 12, 1862, Gen. John Pope, U. S. A., ordered that "Sergt. James A. Neil, of the ambulance train of the enemy, and Private Jesse Hurdleston, of the 19th Georgia, who were taken prisoners while in the act of relieving the sufferings of some of our wounded upon the field, be unconditionally released in consideration of the humanity displayed by them." On October 19 General McClellan wrote to General Lee: "I have the honor to return twenty-seven wagons and teams furnished by Gen. A. P. Hill at Harper's Ferry in September last for the transportation of baggage belonging to paroled officers of the United States army." And as the wagons had been captured from McClellan's army, it must have been a bitter pill to swallow.

Women Prisoners.—On September 12, 1862, General Dix, U. S. A., wrote the Confederate authorities: "I send you back Miss Walters, of Norfolk. She was detected in conveying letters surreptitiously from Aikens to Norfolk, and we have advised her not to come again within our lines." I tell you those Yankees were brutes, for sure.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged for at 20 cents per line. Engravings, \$2.50 each.

"Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world very weary,
Into the rapture of rest."

GEN. ANDREW J. WEST.

Andrew J. West was born in Monroe County, Ga., May 27, 1844, and entered the Confederate service on March 4, 1862, at Lagrange, Ga., as a private in Company E, 41st Georgia Regiment. He was then corporal, sergeant, and after the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, was made captain. At the close of the war he was serving on the staff of Gen. H. D. Clayton. He entered into eternal rest on the 11th of October, 1917, at his home, in Atlanta, Ga., holding the honorable positions of Past Commander of Atlanta Camp, No. 159, and Major General commanding Georgia Division, U. C. V., respectively.

Few Georgians were more widely known throughout the State than was General West, and the reputation which he so justly won at home for public spirit, patriotism, devotion to the welfare of all sections of our country, together with his brilliant talents, lofty character, warm friendship, hospitality, and geniality, did not fail to attract attention beyond the borders of his Southland. These qualities endeared him to his fellow citizens generally; but his valiant services as a soldier, his conspicuous gallantry on the bloodiest of battle fields, the wounds which he bore (received when in front of his command), his patient endurance of physical suffering for the great cause he advocated, his subsequent activity in promoting the general welfare of his veteran comrades, his Chesterfieldian courtesy toward them, and eloquent advocacy of all aids to them—these unquestionably endeared him to the representatives of Shiloh, Bethel Springs, Purdy, Tupelo, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Big Black, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the Atlanta campaign, Franklin, and Nashville. They liked to meet at their reunions the hero whom they had twice promoted on those bloody plains and whom they remembered as the eighteen-year-old private and nineteen-year-old captain they followed when the bravest and stoutest felt that they were rushing on to death and needed some one to nerve and inspire them. Yes, they pictured mentally the boy soldier, West, at Perryville pressing forward, heedless of danger, the first to reach the enemy's lurid cannon. Then it was that "Dick" West's company, E, of the 41st Georgia Regiment, went in with seventy-five men, of whom forty-

three were killed and wounded. The regiment lost forty per cent of its men and all of its field officers. West's conduct on this occasion won the attention of the Confederate Congress, and a special act was introduced by Senator Benjamin Hill rewarding West with a captain's commission. After many narrow escapes when in service with Johnston, he surrendered with him at Greensboro, N. C.

After the war he prospered in business, and, to encourage the military spirit of his people, he generously organized and equipped at his own expense the Fulton Blues, of which he was captain for many years. He was on the staff of four Governors, beginning with Governor Gordon, and as quartermaster general of the State troops General West demonstrated an unexcelled qualification, and his commission was renewed by subsequent Governors. Through his energy the State military encampments were instituted. He was Adjutant General and Chief of Staff to Gen. C. A. Evans, U. C. V., for several years. At the reunion of the blue and gray at Evansville, Ind., in October, 1899, General West responded to the speech of President McKinley and was congratulated by the President in the presence of a vast multitude of seventy-five thousand veterans. He was a conspicuous committeeman at the notable reunion at Gettysburg.

General West was a director of the Cotton States and International Exposition, a prominent Mason, and a member of the Methodist Church. His attributes, especially his loyalty to every cause in which he believed, marked his entire career. In the present war he was as zealously true to America as he ever had been to the Confederacy. Among the last acts of his life was his patriotic service as a director of military relief in the Southern division of the American Red Cross.

General West's record throughout the War between the States is a golden legacy to his family and friends. The community esteemed him for his sterling citizenship, his veteran comrades of the gray loved and honored him as one well worthy of their knightly ranks, and all who had the privilege of close friendship cherished it. We shall miss his gentle presence, his ever-responsive personality, and that patience for errors and shortcomings in others. Character survives, goodness lives, love is immortal.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

"For with the morn those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

[J. Colton Lynes, ex-Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Georgia Division, U. C. V.]

WILLIAM HENRY KEARNEY.

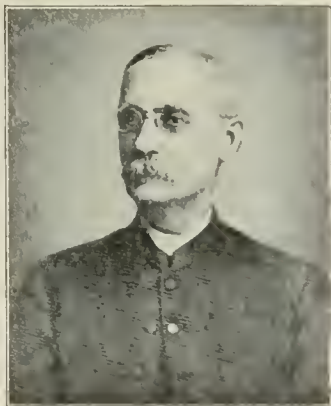
William Henry Kearney was born in Madison County, Tenn., January 9, 1844. He served in the Confederate army from 1862 to 1865 as a member of Company L, 6th Tennessee Regiment, and nothing pleased him more than to talk of war times. As a soldier he was true and brave; he feared no foe nor shirked a duty. As a man he was upright and honest, a clean Christian, always standing for the right and the uplift of his community. He was married three times and is survived by his wife, four sons, and three daughters, also two step-sons and eighteen grandchildren. He calmly and peacefully fell asleep July 29, 1917, after weeks of suffering. Truly a good man has gone from us. Peace be to his ashes and rest to his eternal soul!

REV. HORACE E. HAYDEN.

After a long period of failing health and a month's illness of complications, Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden slept quietly into death at his home, in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., aged eighty years, six months, and four days. His wife and only son, Horace Edwin Hayden, Jr., of College Station, Tex., were with him when the end came.

Mr. Hayden was born at Catonsville, Md., on February 18, 1837, the third son

of the Hon. Edwin Parsons Hayden, of Maryland, and a grandson of Dr. Horace H. Hayden, of Baltimore. He received his preliminary education at St. Timothy's Hall, Catonsville, and then entered Kenyon College, Ohio. Leaving college to teach and enable himself to continue his education, the War between the States broke out and put an end to his studies. On June 1, 1861, he enlisted in the Howard County Dragoons, under Col. Angus MacDonald. Before the first battle of Manassas, his company was transferred to the command of Col. J. E. B. Stuart. In the battle he carried the colors of his company. In March, 1862, he reenlisted for two years in the 1st Virginia Cavalry and the 1st Maryland Cavalry, and in 1864 he was transferred to the 3d Virginia Infantry. During a part of this time he was detailed to special duty under the surgeon general as hospital steward, serving in hospitals in Richmond, Rich-



REV. HORACE E. HAYDEN, 1917.

land, and Charlottesville. On December 31, 1864, he was discharged in order to complete his theological studies and reenlist as a chaplain. He entered the Theological Seminary of Virginia, temporarily located at Staunton, but the war ended before his ordination. In June, 1867, he was ordained deacon by his cousin, Bishop Johns, and was advanced to the priesthood in 1868 by Bishop Whittle. From 1867 to 1873 he was rector of Christ Church, Point Pleasant, W. Va., from 1873 to 1879 rector of St. John's Church, West Brownsville, Pa., and from 1879 to 1912 assistant in St. Stephen's Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., after which he was made assistant emeritus. For many years, and until his death, he was Corresponding Secretary and Librarian of the Wyoming Valley Historical and Geological Society, of Wilkes-Barre. He was an ardent student of history and



HORACE E. HAYDEN, C. S. A.

genealogy and was the author of "Virginia Genealogies," as well as other works in similar fields.

Mr. Hayden was a member of the Order of the Cincinnati, the Sons of the Revolution, and numerous other patriotic societies; of a great number of historical societies, including those of Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, and the Southern Historical Society; of Lodge No. 60, F. and A. M., of Pennsylvania; of Franklin-Buchanan Camp, No. 747, U. C. V., of Baltimore, Md., and of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, of Maryland.

DEATHS IN WASHINGTON CAMP.

John T. Callaghan, Chairman Membership Committee, reports the following deaths among members of Camp 171, U. C. V., Washington, D. C., during the past year:

John H. Lewis, lieutenant Company G, 9th Virginia Infantry. Died March 26, 1917; buried at Portsmouth, Va.

H. L. Gunnell, lieutenant 1st Virginia Battalion Infantry. Died April 19, 1917; buried at Arlington Cemetery.

Isaac C. Haas, Chew's 4th Maryland Battery. Died May 1, 1917; buried at Charlestown, W. Va.

J. E. Rudd, Company F, 15th Alabama Infantry. Died May 29, 1917; buried at Arlington Cemetery.

D. J. Mohler, Company II, 43d Virginia Battalion of Cavalry. Died June 5, 1917; buried at Arlington Cemetery.

R. M. Harrover, Company B, 43d Virginia Battalion of Cavalry. Died June 23, 1917; buried at Arlington Cemetery.

W. W. Sinclair, Company C, 8th Virginia Infantry. Died June 25, 1917; buried at Arlington Cemetery.

J. L. Parsons, 23d Virginia Infantry. Died June 30, 1917; buried at Congressional Cemetery.

W. C. Muse, 45th Virginia Infantry. Died July 4, 1917; buried at Westmoreland County, Va.

J. W. Drew, captain Company F, 23d Virginia Cavalry. Died July 31, 1917; buried at Arlington Cemetery.

John S. Duffie, surgeon 23d Arkansas Infantry. Died August 3, 1917; buried at Glenwood Cemetery.

A. J. Cooper, 35th Virginia Cavalry Battalion. Died October 12, 1917; buried at Arlington Cemetery.

Messrs. Gunnell, Rudd, and Muse were not members of the Camp, but were buried under its direction.

CAPT. WILLIAM C. HOPKINS.

Col. J. Z. McChesney, Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, Charleston, W. Va., reports the death of Capt. William C. Hopkins, who was born May 2, 1826, at Red Sulphur Springs, Monroe County, Va. He enlisted in the Confederate army at Boone C. H., Va., in June, 1861, and was elected captain of a company in Gen. H. A. Wise's command. He served as captain until after Wise retreated from the Kanawha Valley to the White Sulphur Springs, where the company, not having the legal quota, could not be mustered in; so he and his men joined Captain McSherry's company in the 36th Virginia Infantry, and he was elected third lieutenant in that regiment, where he served until the reorganization in the spring of 1862. He did not reenlist, but in the fall of 1862 he assisted in raising another company, of which he was made first lieutenant, and was assigned to the 14th Virginia Cavalry. In April, 1863, this company was transferred to the 36th Battalion Virginia Cavalry and became Company E of that battalion, where he served until after General Lee's surrender. His command was disbanded at Lewisburg, W. Va., about the 10th of April, 1865.

Captain Hopkins was in the battles of Carnifax Ferry, Fort Donelson, Gettysburg, Rogersville, Tenn., Lee C. H., Va., and many other skirmishes, and was never wounded nor taken prisoner.

Maj. J. Coleman Alderson, who knew Captain Hopkins during the war, regarded him as a brave and capable officer and always spoke of him in the highest terms. Captain Hopkins had been a member of R. E. Lee Camp for the past eight years and was an officer in it at the time of his death. He was a consistent Christian gentleman and was held in the highest esteem by all of his comrades.

STERLING B. SHEARON.

At a meeting of Frank Cheatham Bivouac on November 2, 1917, the death of Comrade Sterling B. Shearon was announced, and a committee was appointed to prepare a suitable memorial to be spread on our records. The following was adopted:

"Sterling B. Shearon was born in Davidson County, Tenn., in June, 1839. He enlisted in Company B, Maney's 1st Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A., May 10, 1861. He was severely wounded in the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, and was captured and exchanged. On May 1, 1865, he was paroled with the Army of Tennessee. He was a charter member of this Bivouac and its President for two years, 1913-15. Since the war he had been identified with the Typographical Union and had served as its President. He was a member of Grace Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. He died October 24, 1917, survived by his wife, two sons, and a daughter.

"In giving this brief outline of the life of our comrade, faithful and true, we would record our appreciation of his many noble traits of character and of his service to his fellow men. He was a man of the highest and purest ideals, and he strove with unbending courage to realize them. He was a humble, sincere Christian, seeking ever to do his Lord's will. As a citizen and patriot, his convictions of duty were clear and strong. In his business relations he was honest and upright. In social life he was a loving and devoted husband and father and a friend kind and true, to be trusted absolutely. As a soldier he proved himself brave and loyal to his cause, and to the day of his death he cherished his affection for that cause and for the comrades of these old heroic days.

"Now that he has answered the call to higher life and service, we here express our love for him and our deep respect for his memory, and we extend our tender sympathy to his family, to whom he leaves the heritage of a stainless name.

"Committee: J. H. McNeilly (Chairman), D. J. Roberts, C. H. Eastman."

DR. E. A. SHELTON.

Dr. E. A. Shelton was buried in the Confederate Cemetery near Chattanooga, Tenn., May 22, 1917. He was an old and respected citizen of Graysville, Tenn., one of the kind-hearted physicians who cared for the poor as well as those more fortunate. During the War between the States, as soon as he could be accepted, he volunteered in Company C, 3d North Carolina Regiment, and served in the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston with a distinction which characterized the boys of that time.

At Graysville, his home for more than thirty years, Federal and Confederate veterans alike were his friends. Among the former was Capt. C. W. Smith, who enlisted in May, 1861, and served in the Western armies under Lyon, Blount, and

Reynolds, beginning with the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., where his brother, of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, C. S. A., was wounded. In a feeling tribute Captain Smith said: "As a Union soldier I desire to pay my tribute to the memory of my friend, and what higher tribute can a sincere man pay another than in that expression, 'My friend'? Our ancestors were neighbors in the Carolinas and were with Marion and Sumter during that long struggle for freedom in the Revolutionary War. Destiny had located one of us in the cold North and one in the fair Southland; hence we served in the opposing armies. Had our locations been reversed, we would have been in the armies, but in reversed positions. It was our purpose to attend the Confederate Reunion appropriately held in the city of Washington and march with each other in the parade, I to represent my dead brother, a Confederate soldier, and wear his badge with my own. It was an experience which we talked over and looked forward to with much pleasure."

JAMES PURDY.

The oldest citizen of Brunswick County, Va., and one of the most progressive of his section was lost in the death of Mr. James Purdy recently at his home, near Lawrenceville. He was a faithful member of Camp No. 70, U. C. V., of Brunswick, and at the age of ninety-one was a constant attendant. Quiet and unassuming, he always had the confidence and respect of his comrades. He was a lifelong member of the Methodist Church.



JAMES PURDY.

Mr. Purdy was born at Portadown, Armagh County, Ireland, November 15, 1827, and was married in May, 1847, to Miss Jane Wells, of Lurgan, Down County, who was one year younger than himself. Two weeks later they sailed for America; and as sailing vessels only were then used, they were six weeks and four days making the trip. They settled near White Plains, in Brunswick County, Va., remaining there for some years, then bought a farm in the eastern part of the county, where they lived until about twenty-five years ago, removing

then to a place near Lawrenceville and living with their daughter, Mrs. P. I. Bostick.

At an early period of the War between the States Mr. Purdy enlisted and served as a private soldier in Company A, 56th Virginia Infantry, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division. His wife survives him, and four sons and a daughter are left of their numerous family. He was a member of Brunswick Lodge A. F. and A. M., and his funeral was conducted by this lodge. In Ireland Mr. Purdy had been an active Orangeman.

MAJ. JULIUS J. WAGENER.

Maj. Julius J. Wagener, one of the boy heroes of the Confederacy, youngest of those who fought so heroically in defense of Fort Walker in the battle of Hilton Head, S. C., died on August 10, 1917. His death followed closely that of Rear Admiral John H. Upshur, who was the oldest survivor of that famous fight, in which he commanded one of the gunboats of Admiral Dupont's formidable fleet. Major Anderson's evacuation of Fort Moultrie on the night of December 26, 1860, was followed on the afternoon of the 27th by its occupation by the Washington Artillery, the Marion Artillery, Lafayette Artillery, and the German Artillery, all companies of Charleston and belonging to the South Carolina Militia. In the ranks of the German Artillery that memorable day was Julius J. Wagener, a brave and attractive youth, one of the youngest of the spirited sons of the South whose names illumine the Confederate roll of fame. He was a son of Col. John A. Wagener, who was in command of the companies of German Artillery at Fort Walker, and his courage and skill in defense of the garrison until it was completely destroyed by the bombardment of Dupont's fleet form some of the brightest pages in the history of the war for Southern independence. Among the heroes of Fort Wagoner was Julius J. Wagener, whose conspicuous courage when he daringly and defiantly replaced the flag after it had been shot away was publicly recognized in the following:

"On December 19, 1861, the following resolution was introduced in the State House of Representatives:

"Whereas Julius Wagener, of the age of sixteen years, a son of Col. John A. Wagener, of the 1st Regiment of Artillery, S. C. M., did in the battle of Fort Walker demean himself with a gallantry and a heroism worthy of the highest commendation and which reflects honor on the land of his adoption, having replaced the flag of his country after it had been shot down by the enemy; therefore

"Resolved, That the said Julius Wagener be and he is hereby appointed a State cadet and that the Board of Visitors of the State Military Academy be respectfully requested to receive him as an appointee of the State in that institution."

This flag is now among the treasured war relics of the German Artillery, whose brilliant service and sublime sacrifice of its members are interwoven with its every thread.

He also served in the Spanish-American War with credit as major of the 2d Regiment South Carolina Volunteers and had offered his services in the present war with Germany in any way they could be utilized. He was a patriotic citizen, and his death was deeply regretted. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

NICHOLAS BISCHOFF.

Nicholas Bischoff, who died at his home, in Charleston, S. C., on October 4, 1917, was a native of Casselbrook, Germany, having gone to Charleston at the age of fourteen years. As a Confederate soldier in the War between the States he made a splendid record, serving throughout as a lieutenant in one of the batteries of the German Artillery. He fired the last gun just before it was dismounted by one of the more than three hundred and seventy guns of the United States fleet. The German artillerists of Charleston, with many others of their public-spirited countrymen, were among the first to take up arms in defense of their adopted land and displayed courage and fortitude on every battle field of the war.

In Charleston since the war Mr. Bischoff had established a

splendid reputation as a caterer for many years. At the time of his death he was a member of Camp Sumter, U. C. V., German Artillery Veteran Association, Knights of Pythias, and other organizations. He is survived by his wife and five children, three sons and two daughters.

SAMUEL B. HEARN.

Samuel B. Hearn, who died at his home, in Port Royal, Va., on October 9, 1917, was a native of Delaware, where he was born January 28, 1841; but he had lived in Virginia since the close of the War between the States, in which he served gallantly as a member of the 1st Battalion of Maryland Cavalry. While living north of the Mason and Dixon line Mr. Hearn's convictions led him to oppose his brothers, who fought in the Northern army, and during the excitement of the war's beginning he slipped away to join forces with the South. Crossing Chesapeake Bay with twelve companions on August 22, 1862, he reached Richmond three days later and on August 30 became a member of the 1st Maryland Battalion, which went into camp of instruction at Charlottesville. His first march with the troops was through Maryland into Pennsylvania, and he took part in the battles of Gettysburg, North Mountain, Brandy Station, and Second Manassas; later he took part in the battle against Kilpatrick and Dahlgren in their raid around Richmond.

Early in 1864, while returning from a furlough to his old home in Delaware, he was captured at the mouth of Hollins Straits and taken to Baltimore, charged with being a spy. He and three others were convicted and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted, and he was sent to the Al-bany penitentiary. When the Confederate authorities learned of his whereabouts, an exchange was effected, and he returned to Richmond in February, 1865, and was there when the city was evacuated. With others, he started to join General Johnston in North Carolina, but, learning that he had surrendered, returned to Richmond and was there discharged from the army.

The Old Dominion had a hold on his heart, and in December, 1869, he settled near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock River, and there he was married to Miss Mary Virginia Gibbs, and their home was at Hickory Grove, near Port Royal.

Mr. Hearn was a quiet, forceful man, devoted to family and friends. For forty-one years he was superintendent of the Sunday school of his Church. He is survived by his wife and ten children, three sons and seven daughters, all residents of the State except one son, who is in the United States navy.

JAMES E. DANIEL.

James E. Daniel, who was born in Mississippi County, Ark., in 1837, removed to Henry County, Tenn., with his parents when a small boy and grew up to be a high-toned Christian gentleman. He volunteered as a Confederate soldier in 1861, joining Company F, 5th Tennessee Infantry, and made a gallant soldier through the war. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, but soon recovered and rejoined his regiment and stayed to the end.

He was a charter member of Fitzgerald Camp, U. C. V., No. 1284, of Paris, Tenn., and was Commander of the Camp at the time of his death, which occurred at Little Rock, Ark., on the 24th of October, 1917, while on visit to his son. His remains were taken back to Paris and laid to rest in Maplewood Cemetery with appropriate ceremonies by his comrades.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. PETER YOREE, Shreveport, La. *First Vice President General*
MRS. C. M. ROBERTS, Hot Springs, Ark. *Second Vice President General*
MISS JENNIE PRICE, Lewisburg, W. Va. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT, Chatham, Va. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. LUTIE HAILEY WALCOTT, Ardmore, Okla. *Cor. Secretary General*

MRS. R. E. LITTLE, Wadesboro, N. C. *Treasurer General*
MRS. CHARLES R. HYDE, Chattanooga, Tenn. *Historian General*
MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, Johnson City, Tenn. *Registrar General*
MRS. E. T. SELLS, Columbus, Ohio. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. FRANK ANTHONY WATKE, Norfolk, Va. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, U. D. C.

Patriotism was the keynote of the U. D. C. convention in Chattanooga November 14-17. Judging by the tone of addresses, reports, and other utterances, the U. D. C. will not be behind any patriotic society of the country in its contributions of whatever kind to this war work. The report of the President General showed large participation in affairs connected with national preparation in the war that shall make "the world safe for democracy," and all Division reports showed wonderful activity in the work of the Red Cross, national defense, food conservation, etc., evidence that this Confederate organization has extended the scope of its work into national interests. Indeed, a resolution adopted during this convention restricts all new work of the organization during the present war to activities in behalf of our soldiers and allies. The investment in liberty bonds by Daughters of the Confederacy individually was reported as approximating \$9,000,000.

Welcome evening on Tuesday, November 13, opened the exercises of the convention. The presiding officer was Miss Sarah Frazier, President of the A. P. Stewart Chapter, of Chattanooga, the hostess Chapter of the occasion. Addresses of welcome were made by Hon. Lewis M. Coleman for the State, representing Governor Rye, who could not be present; by Mayor Jesse B. Littleton, for the city; by Gen. Bennett H. Young, former Commander in Chief U. C. V.; by Mrs. Birdie Askew Owen, for the U. D. C. of Tennessee; by Mrs. Thomas L. Polk, representing the D. A. R. of the State; by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V.; and Capt. Phil Whitaker, Commander of Bachman Camp, S. C. V., of Chattanooga. Response for the U. D. C. was made by Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va. The invocation was by Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., and members of N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of Chattanooga, were honor guests on the platform.

In addition to these addresses of welcome, some brief speeches were made by distinguished visitors, Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Gen. Bennett H. Young (who told of the splendid memorial to Jefferson Davis at Fairview, Ky.), Mrs. Charles R. Bryan, and others; and appropriate musical numbers added to the enjoyment of the occasion, the musical recital, "A Boy of the Sixties," being a unique contribution by Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, of Mississippi, and closing the program. Mrs. Daniels's talk was along the line of sacrifice for our country's sake at this time of stress, in which she said:

"Let the daughters of the mothers of the Confederacy forget luxuries in the spirit of their mothers. And let them, like their mothers, glory in the willingness to make sacrifice without complaint. The work the women are doing in this war touches every phase of the struggle. They are the

mothers of the soldiers and sailors and have sought to train them so they will be ready for any duty. They give them to their country with faith and prayer, but not without tears and apprehension. In a million homes preparation has been made for the sons called to the colors, and in more homes the deft hands of women have been busy knitting for soldiers and sailors. It is a service into which love goes with every stitch. There is a feeling of conservation behind this plying of needles, voiced by Katherine Hale in her poem, 'Grey Knitting,' which closes with:

"I like to think that soldiers, gayly dying
For the white Christ on fields with shame sown deep,
May hear the fairy click of women's needles
As they fall fast asleep."

"On the farms and in their gardens and in their dairies and poultry yards women have turned their attention to increasing the supply of food which the man of war demands. If it be blessed to make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, how great will be the blessings to the women whose hands have grown hard in the service they are freely giving!"

The first business session opened on Wednesday morning, November 14, with all general officers present except two, the absent ones being Mrs. Lulu A. Lovell, of Colorado, Third Vice President General, and Mrs. J. Norment Powell, of Tennessee, Registrar General. The report of the Credentials Committee was first on the program, but, not being ready, the roll call of States was given, response being made by delegates from the following: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, and West Virginia.

The President General gave her report, reviewing the work of the year and making some recommendations, here noted:

NEW PROJECTS.

I strongly recommend that all new undertakings involving the raising or expenditure of money proposed at one convention be referred to the next following convention for action. The interval will permit of a crystallization of opinion on the subject on the part of all our members and preclude impulsive and immature procedure. In my opinion, it is also eminently desirable that we confine our efforts to one object at a time. When I entered office three projects claimed our efforts, two of which still remain unaccomplished, although the balance due on one of them has generously been assumed by one of our members, who has offered also to loan the sum due on

the second. This method does not appeal to my sense of right, however magnanimous it may be on the part of the donor. We should assume a liability only after mature deliberation, and when we have assumed it we should unitedly see it through to a successful conclusion.

OUR WOMEN OF THE SIXTIES.

We have collected thousands of dollars on the floor of our conventions for various objects, we have raised thousands of dollars for monuments, we are contributing thousands of dollars for war relief work, but what are we doing for our women of the sixties?

Year after year appeals have been made to us by our chairman of the Relief Committee with very inadequate response on our part, and the time has come when we must face the situation and act upon it. How many of our women of the sixties have lived and died in want we may never know, but it is within our knowledge that those who survive will not long remain with us. Each year now will diminish their number until within a decade few will remain. This solemn fact should arouse us to immediate action. There is no question of our ability to care for them provided we make determined effort, and I urge an immediate, concerted, and systematic canvass for a fund sufficiently large to meet all requirements for all time. The time is short, but the urgency is great. No undertaking in which we are engaged or in which we may become engaged should take precedence over this. The war, with the resulting high cost of living, is already causing suffering; and when we are asked for bread, shall we offer a stone? Monuments emblazoned with the deeds of our heroic men and women are but mockeries when participants in those deeds are suffering for the necessities of life.

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

All prominent organizations have their official publications, recording matters of interest and import to their members. Subscriptions to these periodicals vary and in some cases are as high as three or more dollars a year. In others the expense is borne by the association at the cost of many thousands. Yet in one way or another they are liberally supported by those who subscribe to the principles they expound. In the CONFEDERATE VETERAN we have a publication which abounds in matters of vital interest to the cause to which we are pledged. Every one of our members should read it monthly. It is our official organ, published at a nominal sum, \$1 a year, and each of us who can possibly spare that sum should subscribe for it. So impressed am I with the importance of this that I urge a canvass for subscribers to the VETERAN be made a special object of endeavor by the Daughters.

MEMORIAL TO MR. SUMNER A. CUNNINGHAM.

Strenuous efforts are now being made to raise the fund for the proposed museum at Nashville, Tenn., which is to take the place of a monument, in memory of Mr. Sumner A. Cunningham. It will contain relics, pictures, library, etc., and also be used as a meeting place for Veterans, Daughters, and such other patriotic organizations as help to build it. About \$3,800, including the U. D. C. contribution of approximately \$600, has been raised, and it is hoped to complete the fund at an early date. The purpose of the Cunningham Memorial Association is to perpetuate in the most creditable form the work of Mr. Cunningham, the founder of the VETERAN.

ORGANIZING SECRETARY.

Our constitution states in Article IV., section 4: "No Chapter shall be chartered in any city or town in which a Chapter already exists except by and with the consent of a majority of the officers or the advisory council of that Division." My two years' experience has proved to me that this ruling is detrimental to the growth of our society, and I urge that in the forthcoming revision of the constitution it be amended by the addition of an Organizing Secretary General to our official board, who will be empowered to pass upon proposed new Chapters whose formation is opposed. Unless means are taken to regulate the undue influence of large Chapters in Division affairs and to enable those who for any proper cause desire to form new Chapters, incalculable harm will eventually result, harm that will shake the foundation of our structure. Instances have come to my attention where opposed Chapters have finally been formed that have added luster to our name, while others which might have done equally good work have been refused the right.

After memorial hour the rest of Wednesday afternoon was devoted to business. The reports of the Corresponding and Recording Secretaries General were read and accepted. The Treasurer General made an exhaustive report, showing total receipts of the year of \$20,884.02; disbursements, \$11,339.34. Among the receipts was the fund of \$859.44 to the S. A. Cunningham Memorial, \$3,518.32 for the memorial window, \$2,000.27 from the sale of badges and medals, and other amounts for the Arlington and Jefferson Davis memorials. The report as read was referred to the Finance Committee.

The report of the Historian General was given at the Wednesday night session and was received with high appreciation. With her report, Mrs. Newbill also gave a report of the work of the late Mrs. Rose as prepared by her son.

The election of officers was set for the Thursday morning session, but this order was not concluded when the convention adjourned for lunch, only the President General having been chosen. Delay in reaching this part of the proceedings was caused by long discussion of the reinstatement of the J. J. Finley Chapter, of Gainesville, Fla., which, it seemed, still had not paid its *per capita* tax. After much discussion, the debated question was found to be out of order, having been settled by the Executive Board at the Dallas convention. A clear understanding of what should be allowed to come up in the convention would conserve considerable time often wasted in useless discussion.

The supplemental report of the Credentials Committee, given by Mrs. W. E. Wheelock, showed the voting strength of the convention to be 746 Chapters, 41,751 members, 1,965 votes, which, with the vote of nine officers, twenty State Presidents, and eight chairmen of standing committees, brought the voting strength to 2,002.

The session of Friday morning completed the election of officers for the following year, which are as follows:

President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, South Carolina.

First Vice President General, Mrs. Peter Youree, Louisiana.

Second Vice President General, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Arkansas.

Third Vice President General, Miss Jennie Price, West Virginia.

Recording Secretary General, Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Virginia.

Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. Lutie Hailey Wolcott, Oklahoma.

Treasurer General, Mrs. R. E. Little, North Carolina.

Registrar General, Mrs. J. Norment Powell, Tennessee.

Historian General, Mrs. Anna Bachman Hyde, Tennessee.

Custodian of Crosses of Honor, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Sells, Ohio.

Custodian of Flags and Crosses, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Virginia.

The only contest of any moment was in the election of Historian General, the competition in this being between State Divisions rather than candidates. The name of Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, of Mississippi, was placed in nomination by Mrs. Stone, of Texas. Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, who had been appointed to the unexpired term of Mrs. Rose until the meeting of the convention, had not understood that she was not expected to come up for reelection. Her name was placed in nomination by Mrs. B. A. Owen, President of the Tennessee Division, but Mrs. Newbill withdrew it in a forceful speech. Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Virginia, then presented the name of Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, of Chattanooga, who was elected to the office.

The President General explained that it had been her desire to leave the office vacant following the death of Mrs. Rose; but the constitution requiring an appointment, and there being three candidates from Mississippi, it was decided to place Mrs. Newbill temporarily in the office as one who would not come up for reelection. However, by some oversight Mrs. Newbill had never been informed of this condition, and her dignified action in withdrawing her name was highly commended.

Mrs. Price had also withdrawn her name when it seemed that there would be unpleasantness, but later decided to make the race. Mrs. Hyde was not a candidate and begged that her name be withdrawn, but she was overruled. She is the daughter of the beloved Chaplain General U. C. V. and one of Chattanooga's most prominent women, largely identified with the U. D. C. and D. A. R. work and capable in every way.

Following these elections a hearing was given to Mrs. Fannie E. Selph, of Nashville, successor to Mrs. Hickman as director of the U. D. C. fund being raised for the Cunningham Memorial. Action on this was deferred. Neither was any action taken at this time on a resolution introduced by Mrs. F. M. Williams, of North Carolina, former Recording Secretary General, restricting all new work of the organization to war relief only. She moved "that until this war is over the United Daughters of the Confederacy spend its entire fund, excepting the educational fund and that for the needy men and women of the sixties, for our boys at the front and for the needs of our allies. When women and children ask for food, shall we tell them that we have to build monuments and memorials?"

Of special interest was the report of Miss Poppenheim as Chairman of the Educational Committee. Of the seven hundred and five scholarships in the hands of the U. D. C., valued at \$62,681, fifty-seven of them, valued at \$7,175, are exclusively directed by the general organization, the remainder being under control of Divisions and Chapters.

The names of Miss Mary Custis Lee, only surviving child of Gen. R. E. Lee, Mrs. A. D. Sullivan, of New York, and Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Georgia, were added to the list of Honorary Presidents General to fill the vacancies caused by the death of Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. T. J. Latham, and Mrs. John McIntosh Kell. Other Honorary Presidents

now are: Mrs. William Pritchard, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. John S. Williams, Mount Sterling, Ky.; Mrs. Sarah D. Eggleston, Raymond, Miss.; Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. John W. Tench, Gainesville, Fla.; Mrs. Daisy Hampton Tucker, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. John B. Richardson, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, Galveston, Tex.; Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. William M. Parsley, Wilmington, N. C.; Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, Virginia.

Much unfinished business went over to Saturday, which was already full; and though the sessions were extended into that night, the convention closed with much left undone. Among the things coming up in these last hours was the adoption of Mrs. Williams's resolution not to expend anything further on monuments and memorials until this war is over, but to use their funds for war relief work; the appropriation of \$600 for the maintenance of a bed at the American military hospital in France, which will be a memorial to Jefferson Davis; indorsement of the Cunningham Memorial Association's work; authorizing the creation of a general committee on war relief work which will be in cooperation with the Red Cross; authorizing the President General to appoint a parliamentarian and to select a committee to draft a uniform constitution and by-laws for the Children of the Confederacy. Resolutions were adopted adding the name of Matthew Fontaine Maury to the list of men whose birthdays are commemorated by the organization.

Authority was given for the creation of a \$10,000 loan endowment fund for needy girls seeking an education, and the plans and purposes of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association were indorsed.

A part of this last session was devoted to the reports on the Shiloh monument, which was fully paid for before completion, and the \$700 left from that fund will be used to mark the trench of the ten thousand dead; the committee was dissolved, its work having been completed, and the members were given a rising vote of thanks by the convention. The indebtedness on the Arlington monument and the Red Cross window was taken up by subscriptions, the last \$500 on Arlington being a contribution from Mrs. James Henry Parker, of New York City.

An appropriation of five hundred dollars was made to the fund in behalf of the needy women of the sixties, following the report of Mrs. N. V. Randolph, chairman of that committee.

Mrs. Newbill read the report of Miss Mildred Rutherford on Southern literature and presenting a list of books which had been donated for the Confederate library.

Resolutions were adopted voicing a protest against the singing of the "hymn of hate" ("Marching through Georgia") in the schools of the South or on public occasions. This resolution was introduced by Mrs. Wilson, of Georgia.

An invitation to meet in Louisville, Ky., in 1918 was extended by Mrs. James B. Camp, President of the Kentucky Division, and unanimously accepted.

MEMORIAL HOUR.

The annual memorial service was held on Wednesday afternoon. The program was prepared by Mrs. Annah Robinson Watson, of Memphis, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, the exercises being presided over by Mrs. Price, of Mississippi. The list of those whose dear faces would not again be seen in the U. D. C. assemblies was long this year. Of these were:

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, late Historian General, whose devotion and zeal in the work were lovingly told by Mrs. Price.

Mrs. Kate Litton Hickman, former Recording Secretary and Honorary President at the time of her death, by Sister Esther Carlotta, of Florida.

Mrs. T. J. Latham, organizer of the first Chapter, U. D. C., in Memphis, Tenn., and known for her many benefactions, by Mrs. W. C. Swalmeyer.

Mrs. Mollie Macgill Rosenberg, of Galveston, whose great philanthropic work in Texas endeared her far and wide, by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone.

Mrs. John McIntosh Kell, of Georgia, Honorary President General, widow of Lieut. John McIntosh Kell, of the Alabama, by Mrs. H. W. Franklin.

Mrs. Patton Anderson, of Florida, widow of Gen. Patton Anderson, by Mrs. McCreary.

Mrs. L. H. Manson, former President of the Illinois Division, by Mrs. Lee.

Another touching memorial to Mrs. Rose was by Mrs. Walke, of Virginia.

A beautiful feature of this memorial service was the children's ceremonial, when eight little boys, singing "Angels of Light," marched down the aisle, followed by four little white-robed girls, carrying red and white carnations, who ascended the platform and wove the flowers into the greenery of a large cross in the center of the stage. The flowers, contributed in memory of the departed, were very beautiful and were afterwards sent to the hospital at Fort Oglethorpe.

HISTORICAL EVENING.

Historical Evening was observed at the Thursday night session, presided over by the Historian General, Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, of Tennessee. The program consisted of historical papers, readings, and music. An interesting feature was Mrs. Newbill's paper on the Ku-Klux Klan, and other papers on Southern history were given by Division Historians. The contest prizes were also presented, the Raines Banner going to Mrs. Fore, of North Carolina, for her Division as having done the best historical work. The Rose loving cup went to Missouri through Mrs. Allen Lowery Porter, of Kansas City, whose splendid paper was given as an oration during the evening.

Colorado won the Rutherford medal for the best historical report, through Mrs. Rosa Marian Bowden.

Two prizes went to Virginia. Ten dollars of the Youree prize went to Capt. C. T. Allen, through the Mildred Lee Chapter, of Richmond, for the best paper on war reminiscences of a veteran; and the Annah Robinson Andrews medal went to Mrs. Cabell Smith, of Martinsville, Va., for the most correct answers to the "Test Questions in History."

Ten dollars of the Youree prize was awarded to Miss Florence Barlow, of Pewee Valley, Ky., for the best reminiscences from a Confederate woman.

Occupying front seats in the auditorium were veterans of the sixties, guests of honor on this occasion. As a fitting close of the exercises, after the singing of "The Star-Span-gled Banner," they gave the Rebel yell with a will.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

The social features of the convention were many, and much was said in praise of the entertainments offered, in which the gracious hospitality of the people of Chattanooga was well sustained. The most unique entertainment was the buffet luncheon given by the Kosmos Club on Friday at the Masonic

Temple, which was decorated to represent a camp fire scene of Confederate days. The stage was concealed in the back-ground with autumn leaves and pine trees. In the center a log fire was burning. Around the fire were seated several veterans in uniform—W. A. Terrell, Col. L. T. Dickinson, W. P. McClatchey, W. T. Tyler, and Captain Chambers—who sang Confederate camp fire songs. The floor of the stage was scattered with autumn leaves, and on each side of the stage were American and Confederate flags. In the hall and on the stairway the pines, trees, and branches of autumn leaves prevailed, and the entrance to the temple was draped with an American and Confederate flag. During the luncheon the Richmond Howitzers' Quartet, from Fort Oglethorpe, sang Southern melodies and modern war songs. Attractive menu cards in red and white were presented the guests at the door, which read: "Salad a la Chickamauga, Bragg ham sandwich, Lookout fruit sandwich, hard-tack, Confederate coin, and navy bean coffee."

The luncheon given by the Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter on Wednesday was the first of the series of courtesies extended, all more or less elaborate, and was followed that afternoon by a reception at Hotel Patten. On Thursday the D. A. R. of Chattanooga—the Chickamauga, Nancy Ward, and Judge David Campbell Chapters—were hostesses of a patriotic luncheon at the Read House complimentary to the U. R. C. Just after this the guests were given a motor party to Chickamauga Park and Fort Oglethorpe, where a special review of the troops was given by Colonel Pickering in honor of the visitors. The luncheon by the Kosmos Club on Friday was followed by a tea at Hotel Patten with the Frances Walker Chapter, U. D. C., as hostess. On Friday night there was a brilliant reception and ball at the Hotel Patten, and on Saturday a luncheon was given by the ladies of the city at the Country Club.

The Chattanooga *Times* comments on the elaborate entertainments proffered at this time and raises the query as to whether an opportunity was not lost for the practice of needed economy in social entertaining as a valuable lesson on conservation when conservation is so sorely needed, quoting one of the distinguished visitors as saying that such an opportunity was lost. And much time was lost from the business of the convention.

THE NEW PRESIDENT GENERAL.

The new President General, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina, has the special distinction of having been elected without opposition, every vote cast being in her favor. Although the candidacy of Mrs. Charles R. Bryan, of Tennessee, had been announced by her Chapter, the J. Harvey Mathes, of Memphis, she decided not to allow her name to go before the convention, but placed in nomination the name of Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy and a prominent U. D. C. of North Carolina. In making acknowledgment of this, Mrs. Daniels said: "No greater honor could come to me than the presidency of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. May I ask you to bear in mind how much I love you, how willing I am to serve you in any capacity I can? But I must ask you to allow me to withdraw my name."

Miss Poppenheim's name was placed in nomination by Mrs. Robert D. Wright, of South Carolina, who spoke at length of her work and ability. The nomination was seconded by Mrs. Carter, of Illinois, by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, of Texas, ex-President General, by the Mississippi and Virginia

delegations, and by several members of the Executive Board. It was moved that the election be made unanimous; but some objection arising, the vote was taken by delegations, showing every vote cast in favor of Miss Poppenheim.

A sketch of Miss Poppenheim in the VETERAN for June shows her South Carolina ancestry on both sides for six generations back; and her Confederate ancestry comes from both sides, her father having served in Hampton's Legion, while her mother had two brothers in the service. In every other way the fitness of Miss Poppenheim for this position is amply demonstrated.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.

The first meeting of the Executive Board under the new President General was held in Chattanooga following the convention, with the following members present: Miss Poppenheim, South Carolina; Mrs. Little, South Carolina; Mrs. Walcott, Oklahoma; Mrs. Walke, Virginia; Mrs. Roberts, Arkansas; Mrs. Sells, Ohio; Mrs. Hyde, Tennessee. Miss Poppenheim outlined the U. D. C. work for the coming year, presenting it in five vital forms: First, membership; second, care of veterans; third, relief of the women of the sixties; fourth, war relief to cover every form of war activities; fifth, education.

Mrs. J. A. Rountree, of Birmingham, Ala., was appointed chairman for the war relief committee; Mrs. Norman Randolph, of Virginia, chairman of relief for Confederate women.

The President General enters her new office with no debts to carry over, everything being paid for with the exception of the memorial Red Cross window in Washington, which is arranged for and will be paid in January.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. AGNES HALLIBURTON, LITTLE ROCK.

The Arkansas Division, U. D. C., held its annual convention October 24-27 in Prairie Grove, a little town up in the Ozark Mountains. Just beyond the town was fought the bloody battle of Prairie Grove, December 2, 1862, in which about twelve thousand Confederates under Gen. T. C. Hindman and about sixteen thousand Federals under General Blunt engaged. The battle raged all day, and it is said the dead literally covered the field. When darkness came and the firing ceased, the Confederates held the field, but had to retreat during the night because their ammunition was exhausted; they had no rations, and their supply train was thirty miles away. The U. D. C. Chapter, with the help of friends, has bought a part of the ground on which this battle was fought and hopes some day to have a beautiful battle field park, the only one west of the Mississippi.

The convention was a success in every respect, the Chapter reports showing great work. The State Treasurer was instructed to buy a liberty bond for the Division, many of the Chapters having already invested in these bonds. An earnest plea was made for Mrs. Trader and pledges taken. Twenty-five dollars was pledged by Memorial Chapter to be sent immediately. All of the Division officers were reelected except the Historian, who declined reelection on account of ill health.

The veterans held their State meeting in Little Rock this week and were beautifully entertained by the Confederate Council. A luncheon at the Hotel Marion closed the convention.

A STATEMENT FROM MRS. NEWBILL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: In justice to myself and to express my high appreciation to the Daughters of the Confederacy who have been my staunch supporters and loyal coworkers during the past six months, I feel impelled to make this statement.

I have never been a candidate for any office in the gift of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, believing that in this organization the office should see the woman; and believing with my whole heart that the cause of the Southern Confederacy is too sacred to be embittered by dissension and self-seeking, I have been more than content to labor in the ranks except on a few occasions when my own Division has honored me with preferment. And so in no sense a candidate for the office of Historian General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, totally unaware of the meeting of the Executive Board in Washington, D. C., on June 7, 1917, at my home, in Pulaski, Tenn., I received the following telegram:

"Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, Pulaski, Tenn.: It gives me great pleasure to announce to you that the Executive Board of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in session in Washington this morning elected you to be Historian General to fill the unexpired term of Mrs. Rose."

No restrictions expressed, but a plain statement made.

In the July number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN we find a letter from the President General U. D. C. mentioning this committee meeting and quote from this letter as follows: "While desiring to leave the office of Historian General vacant until November out of respect to the memory of our beloved Mrs. Rose, we felt compelled to follow By-Law II., Section I., of our constitution. Five names were placed before us, and Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, 212 Madison Street, Pulaski, Tenn., was elected to serve until November, when the office will be filled by the convention." No restrictions here.

My friends felt and so announced that because of faithful service rendered it would be their great pleasure to support me for reelection, and, feeling that I had the work well in hand and finding joy in this service, I consented to allow them to use my name for Historian General U. D. C. Arriving in Chattanooga, the Executive Board met in session on Monday, November 12, 1917. Sitting with this Board all day Monday and until late Monday night, no mention was made of any time limit or proviso concerning my election to this office. On Tuesday morning I was met in the corridor of the hotel by a member of the Executive Committee, who asked a private conference with me. I consented and was informed by her that the "Executive Board in session in Washington in June had pledged themselves that I would not offer for reelection in November." Amazed that any body of women would take the liberty of pledging my name without consulting me, I was more astonished a little later when I met a "Daughter" from another Division, who informed me that the office had been promised to her Division. Earnest and sincere in my love for the cause, trying always to do the honest part, and being unwilling to lower the high office of Historian General U. D. C. by any unseemly wrangle and to maintain my own self-respect, I was constrained to withdraw my name from before the convention when there were already enough States pledged to insure my election.

To the Historians of Divisions in this organization, I shall

ever be grateful for your hearty response to my every appeal to you, for the wonderful work you have done, making possible the grand accomplishment you have attained this year along historical lines. And I shall not be forgetful of the hearty support you have given me at all times and under all circumstances. I congratulate you sincerely because of the fine leader you will have in your new Historian General, Mrs. Hyde, of Chattanooga. Be loyal to her as you have been to me, and the work will not fail. It has been an honor and a privilege to serve you, and I shall ever hold in tender remembrance your loyalty, your constancy, and your unfailing courtesy.

Most cordially,

MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. E. B. BURKHEIMER, WILMINGTON.

The North Carolina Division met in annual convention at Kinston October 9-12, 1917, with the A. M. Waddell Chapter as hostess. Arrayed in the galaxy of autumnal beauty, the city was never more attractive, and the cordiality of its citizens vied with the radiancy of nature in giving us hearty welcome.

On Tuesday evening the Grand Theater was the scene of the welcome meeting, when assembled on the stage were the State officers, citizens, members of the hostess Chapter, and distinguished guests. Among the latter was our President General, Mrs. Odenheimer; Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy; Mrs. Thomas W. Bickett, wife of the Governor of North Carolina; and Gen. James I. Metts, Commander of the North Carolina Division, U. C. V.

Mrs. James F. Parrott, President of the hostess Chapter, opened the twenty-first annual convention of the North Carolina Division, introducing each distinguished speaker. After telling of the historic part Kinston had taken in the struggle for American independence and in the War between the States, Mayor F. I. Sutton gave the city's welcome to the Daughters. Perhaps the most anticipated part of the program was the presentation of President General Mrs. Odenheimer by our State President, Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash. Mrs. Odenheimer's talk was mainly on woman's part in the nation's present crisis, our U. D. C. war relief work, national Red Cross, national defense, and general conservation, calling on us for concerted effort. Gen. James I. Metts spoke feelingly of the veterans and their loyalty to home and country.

On Wednesday morning, October 10, the convention opened for business. The Queen Street Methodist Church was appropriately decorated for the sessions with groupings of national, Confederate, and State flags and everywhere nature's rich gift of beautiful autumnal flowers. Reports showed that our Division had never been more active than during the past year. The State's splendid Confederate Widows' Home at Fayetteville is the Division's special charge and pride. It is a home in every sense; the furnishings of the rooms are all personal gifts in memory of loved ones. One wing was the magnificent gift of Mrs. Thrash, State President, in memory of her husband. Mrs. Hunter Smith, whose untiring efforts secured this Home, is truly its ministering angel.

The Division has purchased two liberty bonds, one of them being a gift from the State President. The Rocky Mount Chapter has equipped and given an ambulance to be sent to France, this being but one of the features of service of this

splendid Chapter, which this year has made and disbursed \$1,000.

The State Educational Department is diligent and thorough in its endeavors, giving a number of scholarships to the boys and girls of North Carolina.

Every Chapter reported united effort in Red Cross, national defense, food conservation, home canning, and war relief service; and all are loyal to any call of our nation. Mrs. F. W. Williams, of Newton, Past Recording Secretary General, moved that "North Carolina go on record not to engage in any new project or appropriate any funds for monument work during the period of the present war, but to conserve our every effort for our boys at the front." The motion was carried, but this does not apply to work now pledged by the Division.

Every Chapter of the Division was urged to incorporate in its opening exercises a special prayer for the soldiers and sailors who have been called to the colors, and each Chapter was asked to keep an accurate register of the volunteers and selectmen from its county, noting in the record the descendants of Confederate soldiers, which will be valuable information for future generations.

A splendid report was made of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Raleigh, which is in fine condition, the inmates all happy and contented.

A feature of this convention was the presentation of a gavel made from the wood of a tree at Fort Fisher, one of the strongholds of the Confederacy, guarding the mouth of Cape Fear River, at Wilmington. This gavel was presented by Capt. Edgar Williams, of Wilmington, to the State Historian, Mrs. J. A. Fore, who had it presented to Mrs. Odenheimer as a gift from the North Carolina Division, to be presented officially by her to the general convention at Chattanooga, Tenn. The presentation was made by Mrs. William Creecy, of Wilmington, State Recording Secretary.

Memorial hour was observed, always touching, when we lay aside business for a time to dwell in spirit with loved members just beyond the veil.

Thursday night was observed as Historical Evening with a historical and musical program. Again Mrs. Odenheimer addressed the audience, as did Mrs. Daniels and others. The William Watson Banner, each year presented for the best all-round work in Children's Chapters, was awarded to the Jane Hughes Chapter, of Newbern. Patriotic music closed a delightful evening.

The election of officers was held on Friday morning and resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Jacksie Daniel Thrash, Tarboro; First Vice President, Mrs. James F. Parrott, Kinston; Second Vice President, Mrs. Thomas W. Bickett, Raleigh; Third Vice President, Mrs. Eugene Glenn, Asheville; Recording Secretary, Miss Nannie Gary, Halifax; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Powell, Tarboro; Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Pless, Marion; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. R. L. Gwynn, Lenoir; Registrar, Mrs. Herbert McCullers, Clayton; Historian, Mrs. J. A. Fore, Charlotte; Assistant Historian, Mrs. W. L. Hill, Warsaw; Chaplain, Mrs. D. H. Witherington, Faison; Leader of Children's Chapters, Mrs. Towns, Lumberton. Mrs. Odenheimer was made an Honorary President of the State Division.

The social features of this convention were delightful. Luncheons were given each day by the various business organizations, and there were several very beautiful receptions.

The convention in 1918 will be held at Wilson, N. C.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. W. J. BEHAN.....*President*
New Orleans, La.
MRS. JOHN E. MAXWELL.....*Treasurer*
Seale, Ala.
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....*Recording Secretary*
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.
MISS MARY A. HALL.....*Historian*
1105 1/4 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.....*Corresponding Secretary*
113 Third Street South, Richmond, Va.
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....*Poet Laureate*
1045 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.



Next Convention to be held in Tulsa, Okla.

VICE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....Mrs. J. Garside Welch
FLORIDA—Pensacola.....Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....Mrs. A. McD. Wilson
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Vicksburg.....Mrs. E. C. Carroll
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Raleigh.....Mrs. Robert H. Jones
SOUTH CAROLINA—Charleston.....Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....Mrs. Charles W. Frazer
VIRGINIA—Front Royal.....Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy

FLAG-RAISING ON HISTORIC ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. EMMA T. ONY, SECRETARY JEFFERSON DAVIS PARKWAY COMMISSION, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

It was significant that September 14 should be chosen as the date on which "Old Glory," emblem of liberty and justice, should be thrown to the breeze in Jefferson Davis Parkway, New Orleans. As the country for which Mr. Davis fought so valiantly and so bravely is now struggling to "make the world safe for Democracy," so on September 14, 1874, did the brave sons of Louisiana fight to save their commonwealth from negro and carpetbag rule and make their State safe for democracy. Thus did the occasion of the flag-raising serve a dual purpose: it commemorated a historic event of the past and stood for patriotism and loyalty in the present and the future.

The flag, the largest and handsomest in the South, measuring 20x30 feet and made of the best government bunting, waves in the soft Southern winds, just back of President Davis's statue. The pole stands in a concrete base twelve and one-half feet in the ground and reaches up to a height of eighty-five feet. At the ceremonies of raising the flag Mr. John M. Parker was the orator of the day. The mayor of the city, to whom much gratitude is due for Jefferson Davis Parkway, welcomed his people to one of the beauty spots of his city. Other splendid addresses were made by prominent citizens connected with the flag-raising committee. Colonel Owen, commander of the Washington Artillery, was present with a large detachment of his regiment and the famous artillery band. Soldiers and marines, Confederate men and women came in numbers to pledge allegiance to their country. The flag was raised by two of the oldest Confederate veterans in the city, Messrs. Alfred Cowan and Alfred Kingsley, assisted by two of the youngest members of the Washington Artillery and the Honor Guard Girls.

A coincidence in this connection was that the Christian name of both veterans was Alfred, both were seventy-eight years of age, and, though enlisted in different regiments, both fought side by side in the Virginia campaign. Just seventeen days, on the very same day of the week, after the flag-raising, Mr. Alfred Cowan answered the last roll call, and the flag he had so proudly helped to raise was half-masted in his honor.

As the flag reached the top of the pole, amid the cheering of the thousands present and the playing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," the sun in the last dying moments of the day spread itself for a second over the Stars and Stripes and seemed to circle it in a halo of glory. After the formal ceremonies were over, the Shalemar Grotto Marching Club gave an exhibition drill, and the pupils of Mrs. Mae Haines and Miss Stella

Mercadel entertained the assembly with fancy and folk dancing until the midnight hour rang out.

To a committee of gentlemen from the Third and Fourth Wards of New Orleans is due the credit of raising the hundreds of dollars necessary to purchase the flag, and their untiring patriotic services brought the affair to a successful realization. This committee was composed of Messrs. J. T. Kern, Louis Bauer, D. J. Mermes, G. W. Seiffert, J. Abadie, W. F. Daly, P. P. Cresap, V. Sehrt, A. Landry, E. J. Richard, H. G. Grelle, H. Dressel, with Mr. Louis Bauer as master of ceremonies and Messrs. Kern and Daly president and secretary, respectively, of the committee.

OUR HERO.

BY SAM M. GAINES.

(To Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee.)

You ever brought best love and cheer
To one I loved with tenderness,
And through his brilliant, high career
I feasted on his power to bless.

How blest, how sacred, strong, and sweet,
How richer than earth's sordid store,
And with life's best rewards replete
The bond which binds us evermore!

What bliss to reign in such a heart,
Where all was sweet and pure and good,
Thou, reflex of his better part,
Queen of exalted womanhood!

Our hero lost the fight, but pause,
Think on what followed from his fighting:
The much-despised Confederate cause
Our land with human rights is lighting.*

We can but view with keen amaze
The North's stand for State sovereignty;
The principles his deeds emblaze
Are arc lights of our liberty.

*The Confederacy stood for what we are now blessed with, State sovereignty, the right of the people to rule; Lincoln stood for the consolidation of our Federal system into a nation, which would have destroyed liberty by transferring supreme authority from the people to the general government.

THE SHELLING OF FREDERICKSBURG.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MRS. FRANCES BERNARD GOOLRICK, WHO WAS A LITTLE GIRL AT THE TIME.

As the stormy winter of 1862 came on, my mother, a widow, with three little children, was still in her native place, Fredericksburg, Va. Many of the inhabitants had long since left for Richmond and other points farther south, for the town, lying just between the hostile armies, was the constant scene of raids and skirmishes, and no one knew at what instant everything might be swept away. Separated from her relatives by the fortunes of war, my mother decided that it would be best for her to remain where she was and thus probably save the household effects she had gathered around her. The strongest arguments had been used by friends in town and relatives at a distance to induce her to leave for a place of more safety, but so far without avail; and though we were often alarmed by raids into the town, as yet we had sustained no injuries of any description. In the fall the

Federal army, under General Burnside, was on the Stafford Hills, just across the river, and it was constantly rumored that the town would be bombarded; but, lulled to an insecure rest by many false alarms, the people had little faith in these rumors. * * *

At four o'clock on the 11th of December one of the most cruel and heartless acts of the war was to be perpetrated: the town of Fredericksburg was to be bombarded, with no one in it but a few invalid men and helpless women and children. As quick as thought we were up and dressed, and my aunt, being very rapid in her movements, was the first to reach the cellar. My mother had long since had some chairs and other pieces of furniture placed there in case of an emergency. Being the first child dressed, I ran out into the yard, and as I turned toward the cellar steps I beheld what seemed to me the most brilliant light that I had ever seen. As I looked my aunt reached out her arms and pulled me, quivering with terror, into the cellar. A shell had exploded at the back of the garden, in reality at some distance, but to me it was as if it had been at my very feet. The family soon assembled, including the servants; we had also additions in the way of two gentlemen from Stafford, who had been detained in town, and a Lieutenant Eustace, of Braxton's Battery, who was returning from a visit to his home; also a negro family, Uncle Charles and Aunt Judy, with two or three children.

The work of destruction now began, and for long hours the only sounds that greeted our ears were the whizzing and moaning of the shells and the crash of falling bricks and timber. My mother and we three children were seated on a low bed with Ca'line, a very small darky, huddled as close as she could get, trying to keep warm. The two gentlemen occupied positions of honor on each side of the large old-fashioned fireplace, while my aunt was cowering inside; every time a ball rolled through the house or a shell exploded she would draw herself up and moan and shiver. Lieutenant Eustace was a great comfort to my mother, and having some one to rely on enabled her to keep her courage up during the terrible ordeal of the cannonading. Although my brother, sister, and I were all frightened, we could not help laughing at the little darkies, who were positively stricken dumb with terror, old Aunt Judy keeping them close to her side and giving them cuffs and bangs if they moved so much as a finger.

As we began to feel the pangs of hunger, Aunt B—— in the most positive manner ordered the cook to go up to the kitchen and make some coffee, telling her that she knew she was afraid, and we would all be satisfied with only a cup of coffee for the present. I believe Aunt Sally would have gone without a word if my mother had told her, but this from an outsider she could not bear. (Aunt B—— was my uncle's wife, and the family servants had seen very little of her.) She, therefore, demurred; and when Aunt B—— called her a coward, she arose in a perfect fury and, with insubordination written upon her from her rigid backbone to her flashing eyes, said that she "warn' no mo' a coward dan de res' of 'em, but [she] didn't b'lieve Mars Gin'l Lee hisself cud stan' up making coffee under dat tornady." Just about this time Uncle Charles sprawled himself out upon the floor in ungovernable terror and called upon the Lord to save him and his family. "Pray for us all, Uncle Charles," screamed my aunt, her voice just heard above the roar of artillery. The cannonading was now something fearful. Our house had been struck twice, and the shrieking balls and bursting bombs were enough to appall the stoutest heart. My aunt being very brave in speech, but in reality very timorous, and Uncle



MRS. FRANCES B. GOOLRICK.

The author of this article, now the wife of Judge John T. Goolrick, of Fredericksburg, was formerly Miss Frances B. White, a niece of Gen. Daniel S. Ruggles, C. S. A., and a great-granddaughter of George Mason, of Gunston Hall, author of the famous Bill of Rights and of Virginia's first constitution. Mrs. Goolrick is President of the oldest Confederate Memorial Association, also President of the Marye's Heights Chapter, U. D. C., and of the Mary Washington Hospital, where a free bed is kept for and free treatment given to Confederate soldiers. She is Vice President for Virginia of the Mary Washington Monument Association, and she issued the first appeal to the women of America to erect this handsome memorial to the mother of Washington, which is the only monument in this country erected entirely by women, to a woman.

Charles "a bright and shining light" among the colored persuasion, she again requested him to pray. Aunt Judy by this time began to bewail that she had "lef' ole Miss's cow in the cow shed," and, mistaking the moaning of the shells for the dying groans of the cow, she lamented it in true darky fashion. Uncle Charles meanwhile was very willing to pray, but Aunt Judy objected strenuously, saying: "Dis ain't no time to be spendin' in pra'ar, Char's Pryor, wid dem bumb-shells flying over you and a-fizzlin' around you and ole Miss's cow dying right dar in our sight." But when the house was struck for the third time, Aunt B—— in despairing accents begged Uncle Charles to pray; so he fell upon his knees by an old barrel in the middle of the cellar floor, upon which sat a solitary candle, whose flickering light lit up his hushed and solemn countenance, and in tremulous tones, with many interjections, offered up a prayer. * * *

My mother thought of my father's portrait, and, afraid of its being injured, she determined to get it herself and bring it into the cellar. Without telling any one of her intention, she left the cellar and went up into the parlor; the portrait was hanging just over a sofa, on which she stood to take it down. She had just reached the door, opposite the sofa, when a shell came crashing through the wall, demolishing the sofa on which she had so recently stood, as well as many other articles of furniture. She reached the cellar white and trembling, but with the portrait unhurt in her arms.

At one o'clock the cannonading suddenly ceased, and for one hour we were at liberty to go above and see the damage that had been done. My mother's first efforts were directed toward getting a lunch, of which we were all sorely in need. With the aid of one of the frightened servants, she succeeded in getting a fire and having some coffee made, and, with some cold bread and ham, we had a plentiful repast.

What a scene met our eyes! Our pretty garden was strewn with cannon balls and pieces of broken shells, limbs knocked off the trees, and the grape arbor a perfect wreck. The house had been damaged considerably; several large holes were torn through it, both in front and back. While we were deploring the damage that had been done, Lieutenant Eustace returned in breathless haste to say that he had just heard an order from General Lee read on Commerce Street, saying that the women and children must leave town, as he would destroy it with hot shell that night sooner than let it fall into the hands of the enemy, who were rapidly crossing the river on pontoon bridges. He urged my mother to take her children and fly at once from the town. After resisting until the gentlemen in despair were almost ready to drag her from her dangerous situation, she finally consented to leave. The wildest confusion now reigned, the servants wringing their hands and declaring they could not go without their "chists," which they all managed to get somehow and put upon their heads; but the gentlemen insisted so that we had time only to save our lives that they would not even let my mother go back into the house to get her purse or a single valuable. So we started just as we were. My wrapping, I remember, was an old ironing blanket, with a large hole burnt in the middle. I never did find out whether Aunt B—— ever got her clothes on, for she stalked ahead of us, wrapped in a pure white counterpane, a tall, ghostly figure, which seemed to glide with incredible rapidity over the frozen ground. * * *

We plodded along under a heavy cross-fire, balls falling right and left of us. We left the town by way of the old plank road, batteries of Confederates on both sides. The ground was rough and broken up by the tramping of soldiers

and the heavy wagons and artillery that had passed over it, so it was difficult and tiresome to walk; and as the sun was warm by this time and the snow was melting rapidly, the mud was indescribable. * * *

At last we reached the reservoir, a wooden building over Poplar Spring, about a mile from town. I had lost one of my shoes several times, because of having no string in it, and my little brother insisted on giving me one of his; so we sat down by the reservoir, feeling very secure, but were terribly alarmed in a few moments by a ball coming through the building and whizzing very close to our ears. No, this would not do; so on we went, footsore and weary. Sometimes we met a soldier who would carry one of us a short distance. All of our servants except Ca'line, who was only seven years old, had taken some other direction. When we got about two miles from town, we overtook many other refugees; some were camping by the way and others pressing on, some to country houses, which were hospitably thrown open to wanderers from home, and others to Salem Church, about three miles from Fredericksburg, where there was a large encampment. Our destination was a house not far from Salem Church, which we now call the "Refuge House." Exhausted, we reached the house by twilight and found some friends who had been there some weeks and who kindly took us into their room and gave us every attention. And so great was our relief to feel that we had escaped from the horror of that day that such small matters as having to sleep in the room with a dozen people, having no milk and no coffee, our principal diet consisting of corn bread, bacon, and sorghum, seemed only slight troubles.

We remained at the "Refugee House" for three weeks, my mother in the meantime making efforts to get into town, wading through mud knee-deep almost to the outskirts, only to be turned back by the sentries. The day after the battle of Fredericksburg she and a companion did succeed in reaching town, my brother and I following at a respectful distance to keep from being sent back. We had to cross the battle field, a horrible sight for our young eyes, too harrowing to describe—dead bodies piled up in every direction, the houses sacked and pillaged, everything in horrible confusion. The papers and books of one of my uncles, an officer of high rank in the Confederate army, being at our house caused the Federals to do it as much damage as possible. One room was piled more than halfway to the ceiling with feathers from beds ripped open, every mirror had been run through with a bayonet, a panel of each door cut out, furniture nearly all broken up, the china broken into bits, and everything of value taken away. The confusion and dirt were appalling, and it required a stout heart to begin to put things straight. With only the help of us children, mother cleaned up the house and got enough furniture together for one room, where we all stayed that winter. One day of each week we children had to stay in bed while she washed and ironed our clothes, for there was no money to buy with and nowhere to buy; but at last she succeeded in getting sufficient to make us more comfortable. Every night we were brought a pitcher of milk and a loaf of bread by a negro man, Beverly Brooks, who had managed to keep his cow and all his belongings, and we sat around the stove and toasted our bread on the point of an old bayonet which my brother had found on the battle field. In the spring we went to Danville, where we stayed till the war was over.

Never will I forget the horrors of the "shelling" or the subsequent events of that memorable winter.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1917-18.

Commander in Chief, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Dr. J. G. King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
California, A. B. Ellis, Hollywood.
Colorado, H. W. Lowry, Denver.
District of Columbia, E. W. R. Ewing, Washington.
Florida, Dr. S. L. Lowry, Tampa.
Georgia, Walter P. Andrews, Atlanta.
Kentucky, Robert W. Bingham, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, J. Mercer Garnett, Baltimore.
Mississippi, B. A. Lincoln, Columbus.
Missouri, R. A. Doyle, East Prairie.
Oklahoma, Tate Brady, Tulsa.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, E. P. Bujac, Carlsbad, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Richard I. McClearen, Nashville.
Texas, S. W. Scott, San Antonio.
Virginia, E. B. White, Leesburg.
West Virginia, G. W. Sidebottom, Huntington.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va., Chairman.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex., Secretary.
Garland P. Peed, Norfolk, Va.
John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
W. O. Hart, New Orleans, La.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

CONFEDERATION NOTES AND NEWS.

Commander in Chief Baldwin is now located at Anniston, Ala., as first lieutenant of a machine gun company and expects to be on the firing line in France before spring.

The members of the Mississippi Division, S. C. V., are actively at work endeavoring to secure an increase in pensions for the veterans of that State.

Comrades throughout the Confederation will regret to learn of the death of Comrade J. F. McKinstry, Jr., of Gainesville, Fla., a faithful and loyal member of the organization.

The sympathy of the Confederation is extended to Dr. R. F. McConnell, of Attalla, Ala., Commander of the Alabama Division, in the loss of his beloved wife.

Comrade Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo., came all the way from that city to Vicksburg, Miss., to deliver the greetings of the Sons to the blue and gray veterans at the peace jubilee held on October 16-18, having been selected by Commander Baldwin for this occasion.

Adjutant Forrest reports the organization of new Camps at Amory and Liberty, Miss., and at Paris, Tenn.

The members of the Gray Book Committee are rapidly completing the work upon which they have been engaged for several months, and the book will be ready for publication in a short time.

All Camps are requested to notify Adjutant Forrest of any deaths among their members, so that a suitable memorial service may be held, as provided under resolutions adopted at Washington.

Camps are also commanded to notify Adjutant Forrest of any change in its officers.

All Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders are urged to make regular monthly reports to general headquarters, so that they may be published in this department.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

The reunion of the Alabama Division, S. C. V., was held at Birmingham, Ala., on October 10 and 11, and fifteen Camps were represented in the convention.

The meeting was called to order by Comrade Thomas Dozier, Commander of Camp H. D. Clayton, of Birmingham, and the invocation was delivered by Rev. Albert Sidney Johnson. The address of welcome was made by Comrade Dozier and the response by Dr. R. F. McConnell, Commander Alabama Division. The annual address was delivered by Hon. John H. Wallace, Jr., of Huntsville.

The following committees were appointed:

Relief Committee: W. B. Bankhead, Jasper; W. T. Andrews, Opelika; A. S. Vandergraaf, Tuscaloosa.

Historical Committee: Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery; W. W. Brandon, Tuscaloosa; D. W. Oden, Birmingham.

Monument Committee: Dr. A. S. Johnson, Birmingham; Thomas Dozier, Birmingham; J. H. Wallace, Jr., Montgomery.

A resolution was adopted providing that all former officers of the Division be required to contribute \$5 per annum toward the expenses of the Division Commander.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Division Commander, Dr. R. F. McConnell, Attalla.

First Brigade, T. W. Peagler, Greenville.

Second Brigade, J. L. Moulton, Mobile.

Third Brigade, J. H. Knowles, Samson.

Fourth Brigade, J. H. Wallace, Montgomery.

Fifth Brigade, Thomas Dozier, Birmingham.

State Historian, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery.

The next reunion of this Division will be held at Mobile.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

The annual reunion of the Florida Division was held at Jacksonville, Fla., on October 9 and 10, the meeting being called to order by Division Commander Spencer, of Tampa, who also made a report outlining the work done during the year and advised that there were twelve active Camps in the State.

The following resolutions were adopted:

1. Urging the expulsion of Senator La Follette from the Senate.

2. Indorsing the administration of President Wilson.

3. Reducing the time of residence in the State for pensions from eight years to six years.

4. Indorsing Division Commander Charles H. Spencer as Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department and thanking him for his excellent work as Division Commander.

The following officers were elected:

Division Commander, Dr. S. L. Lowry, Tampa.

First Brigade, Y. R. Beasley, Tampa.

Second Brigade, W. P. Moore, Wellborn.

Third Brigade, P. S. Thomson, Quincy.

Fourth Brigade, Charles W. Tucker, Jacksonville.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

The annual reunion of the Mississippi Division was held at Vicksburg, Miss., on October 15. The convention was called to order by Burton A. Lincoln, of Columbus, Commander of the Division, the invocation being delivered by Rev. T. B. Holloman, Chaplain of the Richard Griffith Camp, of Vicksburg.

For the first time in the history of the organization the Veterans had adjourned their convention to meet with the Sons, and the City Hall, where the convention was held, was crowded with Veterans, Sons, and their official women. The general organization of Sons was represented by Adjutant in Chief Forrest, W. McDonald Lee, Past Commander of the Virginia Division, Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo., Past Commander of the Southwest Division, and others. After music by the 1st Mississippi (155th Infantry) Band, Commander Lincoln delivered an able address, welcoming the Veterans and outlining the work of the Division during the year. Following this came the address of welcome by Comrade B. W. Griffith, Commander of the Richard Griffith Camp, of Vicksburg, who in eloquent words welcomed the visiting comrades and their official ladies.

The response to this address was delivered by Comrade Carl Hinton, of Denver, Colo., who had been selected by Commander in Chief Baldwin to represent the general organization at the reunion and peace jubilee. The annual address was delivered by Col. R. P. Linfield, of Biloxi, Miss., Commandant of the Gulf Coast Military Academy, who made a splendid address, showing clearly that the people of the South had always responded and taken a leading part in every crisis in our national affairs and urging that every assistance be given the President in the matter of the liberty loan.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the convention:

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

Whereas the present space in the Capitol at Jackson, Miss., that is assigned to the Department of Archives and History is inadequate to accommodate that department, which has grown under the able administration of Comrade Dunbar Rowland; and whereas it was clearly understood by the department and also by the people of the State of Mississippi that the second floor of the old Capitol building, which is now being restored, was to be assigned to and occupied by the Department of Archives and History; and whereas this department is considered one of the most important in the State and is accomplishing results of untold value to the present and future generations; therefore be it

Resolved by the Mississippi Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled at Vicksburg, Miss., this 15th day of October, 1917, That the officers of the State of Mississippi and the members of the legislature be and hereby are urged to allot the necessary space in the old Capitol building for the said department. The officers and members of the Mississippi Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, hereby pledge their best efforts to secure this space.

Whereas it has come to our knowledge that Confederate crosses of honor have been made the objects of barter and sale; and whereas this is highly repugnant to our sense of honor and is an insult to the Confederate Veterans and an indignity to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who provide and bestow these insignia of patriotism, devotion, and honor; therefore be it

Resolved, That the legislature of the State of Mississippi be petitioned to enact a statute making the selling or buying of a Confederate cross of honor a crime against the peace and dignity of this State and punishable with appropriate penalty.

Resolved, further, That a copy of this resolution be sent to each and every Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans in the State with the request that it be taken up with the Senators

and Representatives from the several districts and counties and enlist their coöperation in securing the passage of the act as indicated herein.

Whereas it is the sense of the Mississippi Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans that the pension now allowed by the State of Mississippi to its Confederate veterans is entirely inadequate and that a just appreciation of their heroic services demands a more liberal treatment; therefore be it

Resolved, That each Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans within the State be instructed to petition the legislature at its next regular session to increase the pensions of Confederate veterans as follows: That all Confederate veterans not otherwise provided for shall be allowed a pension of not less than \$10 per month, and those who are in Homes, provided in whole or in part by the State or county, shall be allowed not less than \$2 per month, provided that this shall not apply to a veteran who has an annual income of not less than \$800 or property valued at not less than \$2,500.

Whereas we are at war with the imperial government of Germany; and whereas our President exhausted every honorable means to avoid such war by diplomacy and otherwise; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Mississippi Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled at Vicksburg, Miss., this 15th day of October, 1917, indorse every act of our President prior to the declaration of war, also in declaring war and in the conduct thereof, and we hereby extend our moral and material support and pledge the resources of our commonwealth as far as our influence can be exerted.

Resolved, further, That we denounce as undemocratic, unpatriotic, and un-American all opposition to the policies established by the President.

Whereas the Mississippi Divisions of the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Confederate Veterans, in joint session assembled, have viewed with pride and admiration the course which the President of the United States has pursued, both prior to and after the declaration of war between the United States and the German Empire; therefore be it

Resolved by ourselves, both as individuals and as organizations, That we hereby pledge our undivided support to the administration and our country during the war between democracy and autocracy as exemplified by Woodrow Wilson, on the one hand, and Kaiser William, on the other.

BEAUVOIR.

At the request of Commander Lincoln, Adjutant Forrest made an extended report in behalf of the Board of Directors for Beauvoir, outlining conditions at the Home and giving the plans of the Board for its future. This report was received with applause by the delegates and members of the Division, and all of the Camps present approved it. An appeal was made for funds to rebuild the bathing pier at the Home and to repair and paint the buildings, and every Camp represented contributed. It was decided to make an active campaign at once to restore the property to its proper condition, and Commander Lincoln was instructed to ask all Camps and members of the Division for contributions for this purpose and in addition to make a like appeal to the people of Mississippi. All funds are to be sent to N. B. Forrest, Treasurer Beauvoir Board, Biloxi, Miss., who will receipt for same. All moneys received will be expended only upon the order of the Executive Board, composed of B. A.

Lincoln (Chairman), of Columbus, Dr. T. R. Henderson, of Greenwood, and O. L. McKay, of Meridian. Several Chapters of Daughters have already contributed to this fund, and it is hoped that every Chapter in the State will do likewise.

The Board of Directors of the property is composed of the following members: B. A. Lincoln, Columbus, Chairman; E. C. Sharp, Booneville, Secretary; N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Treasurer; James R. McDowell, Jackson; T. U. Sisson, Winona; W. P. Shinault, Oxford; S. H. Bagnell, Port Gibson; Dr. T. R. Henderson, Greenwood; and O. L. McKay, of Meridian.

The Board of Directors were instructed to make regular visits to the Home, so that the Division might be advised regarding the needs of the veterans therein.

The attention of the members having been called to the various reports that have emanated from different sections of the State recently regarding the future of the Home and to the plans to have the property deeded to the State, it was unanimously decided that the title to the property should remain vested in the Sons of Confederate Veterans. A canvass had been made of the various Camps of Sons in the State, and, without a single dissenting voice, they opposed any transfer of the title of this property, deeming that the best interests of the veterans in the Home demand that the present arrangements be continued.

Plans are already under way looking to the future of the property after it is no longer needed as a Soldiers' Home, and it is contemplated erecting on the grounds a magnificent museum and reference library, with perhaps a military school. A number of liberal contributions have already been promised for this purpose.

Many of the most prominent Veterans and Daughters were present at the reunion and expressed their unqualified approval at the decision of the Sons to retain possession of this property. It is the earnest desire of the Sons that the management of the Home and the control of the property be so arranged that no political upheaval may interfere to the detriment of those occupying the Home.

The election of officers resulted in the unanimous reelection of B. A. Lincoln as Division Commander, with authority to appoint the various Brigade Commanders.

THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

J. T. Crawford, of Pampa, Tex., appeals to survivors of the Army of Tennessee in the following:

"As I receive each monthly edition of—shall I say our valuable paper? for to the real Confederate soldier it is the most valuable of all monthly publications—I am impressed, sad to say, with the feeling that each edition contains less real history of events that transpired during the four years' war. This is notably true of the Army of Tennessee, commanded respectively by Gens. A. S. Johnston, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and John B. Hood. I am writing this with the hope that you will publish it as an appeal to the veterans yet living of that gallant army of the Confederacy to put it upon record in the columns of the *VETERAN* as a potent factor of the war. Why is it that this branch of the Confederate army is so negligent? Many of the younger generation of the West do not appear to know that any other army existed in that war except the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Comrades of the Army of Tennessee, let us set about the task of at least bringing enough of the facts of history be-

fore our children and grandchildren to insure ourselves a place in history to be read by them. Your appellant is a veteran of the 26th Tennessee Infantry and of the 5th Tennessee Cavalry, also the son of a veteran."

To this the *VETERAN* adds its appeal for such contributions from surviving comrades of all departments of the Confederacy. There is much valuable history written in this way.

AN AMERICAN LITERARY CLASSIC.*

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT.

The bare facts of Southern history are so romantic and its true romance so historical that it is futile to draw a definite line between the two. No more illustrative example may be found than in Miss King's "New Orleans, the Place and the People," so imbued with the poetic, the heroic, the charming, and the chivalric as to lift it above stock academic history, and in the "Pleasant Ways of St. Medard," a work so accurate, so discriminating, so authentic in its historical value as to lend itself to the test of footnote references for events that form the basis and scene of the story as to give it rank above mere fiction. Here we have the full grace and expression of the trained scholar and historian, giving to those who would seek deeper knowledge of a country than can be found in the records of political parties and martial achievement the defining of civilization by one of its citizens: what "mine own people" means to a Southerner. Such interpretation is never questioned by a student and is finally accepted by the world at large. As well doubt that Sir Walter Scott knew his Highlands, Charles Dickens his cockney London, or the Brontes their English moors as to doubt that the South is truly presented in the writings of such Southerners as Thomas Nelson Page, Grace King, Joel Chandler Harris, standing for definite types and sections. These names and others are already known to Europeans as our ambassadors to the court of letters. Their writings show unsullied those traits, those distinctions, those principles which should belong to the armorial bearings of the Old South.

A mind attuned to the delicate vibrations of spirit belonging to the literature of all ages will find the true classical note in Grace King's "St. Medard," speaking for all time from the heart of the South. No Southerner born and bred can read it without feeling a responsive thrill with the claim, "Here are my people." This claim is the heritage of descendants of those who lived in the Old South, the Confederates who fought the battles of bullet and bayonet in the four years' war, and the survivors who fought out the decade in that "white man's revolution," that struggle of unspeakable frightfulness misnamed Reconstruction; that bitter fight against destruction and degradation for home, for civilization, for the honor of the Caucasian race.

"St. Medard" is a story of the latter half of the decade, and for one book to tell its story none is truer. The exquisite etching of the scenes, the delicate portrayal, the inimitable coloring of the miniatures of character, the faultless suggestion of the brutal, of the base, of the cruel crushing of the finest, the best, with the holding fast during all wreckage to education, religion, and principles, will find response in all compatriots, proving the solidarity of our Southern people.

*"The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard." By Grace King. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Price, \$1.40.

Can the Cause of Deafness Be Removed?

Science at Last Discovers a Remarkable Method

For centuries Science has been baffled in its attempt to discover some means of restoring the hearing to sufferers from deafness.

Anxiously the results of investigation and experimentation have been awaited, for only those who are deaf can know how much it would mean to them to find relief from their affliction, to be able once more to take their places in life, freed from the handicap that has stood in the way of their happiness and success.

Why Ordinary Hearing Devices Fail

Many times the hopes of the deaf have been raised. Announcements have appeared of new discoveries for the aid of hearing. Their merits have been described in glowing terms. Nearly every deaf person has tried some such device, only to find in it disappointment, or at best a small measure of temporary benefit. In many cases these devices have been worse than useless, for they have resulted in actual injury to the hearing organs.

The best that can be said about most of them is that they are makeshifts and not true aids to hearing. They must be classed as unscientific, because they do not get at the cause of deafness—they do nothing to relieve the condition of the affected parts—they have no **restorative** power whatever.

The Cause of Deafness

Out of every 100 cases of deafness 95 are caused by catarrh of the middle ear. A congested condition is developed which interferes with the action of the various parts of the ear structure. The partial deafness and sense of fullness experienced by persons with cold in the head is due to the same cause. This condition, however slight, should not be neglected, as the ear drum itself thickens and withers from disuse, and the result is complete deafness.

It will readily be seen that every effort should be made to compel the congested parts to exercise themselves, as the hearing organs, like every other organ or muscle of the body, become dormant or paralyzed from disuse.

Wonderful Aurasage

By working with these facts as a basis, in the search for a true method for relieving the cause of deafness, a wonderful new instrument has recently been produced, called the Aurasage, which is so simple and so amazingly effective that it requires just a few applications each day at home. It gives the ear a

vibratory massage, the purpose of which is to break down the catarrhal congestion and stimulate the healthy circulation of blood through the affected parts.

The Aurasage operates in conformity with Nature's own method; for just as ordinary sound waves produce vibrations of the normal ear drum, so does the Aurasage provide vibrations of the proper intensity to exercise the affected organs of the ear, stimulate the dormant nerves, and remove the congested condition.

It must be remembered that the Aurasage is not an ear phone, but a **treatment** to relieve the cause of deafness and improve the natural hearing. In many cases two or three treatments—sometimes only one—have enabled men and women to hear music, whistles, bells, and noises of the street that they had not heard for years.

In fact, the results obtained through the use of the Aurasage are so remarkable that it will pay any one who is hard of hearing, or who is troubled by head noises—an almost certain indication of oncoming deafness—to write for the free booklet, "The Treatment of Deafness," which has been prepared by the manufacturers of this new instrument, and which describes in full the principle and operation of the Aurasage.

Whether you are just a little hard of hearing or almost totally deaf—if you are troubled with head noises or catarrhal colds—if you experience a sense of fullness in the head—if you find that you are not able to hear even slight sounds clearly and distinctly, you should get this booklet at once, as the tendency of deafness is to get worse all the time unless the cause is removed promptly.

If, after reading the booklet, you should decide that you would like to see and try the Aurasage, you can do so without paying a penny in advance. So sure are the makers that it will actually relieve your deafness and improve your natural hearing that they are willing to send it to you by prepaid parcel post for ten days' free trial without deposit.

In addition, in order that you may secure the benefits of hearing without waiting until entirely relieved of deafness, the manufacturers will send, without additional cost, one of their remarkable new Mears 96-Tone Intensitone Ear Phones, which can be used during the period of Aurasage treatment.

But first write for the booklet, "The Treatment of Deafness," which will be sent to you without cost or obligation. A post card addressed to The Mears Ear Phone Company, Dept. 2412, 45 West 34th Street, New York City, is all you need send—but do it now, before this important matter slips your mind.

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WANTED—Copies of VETERAN for January, 1894, and January, 1902, in good condition; also the volume for 1893. Address the VETERAN.

W. T. West, of Thurber, Tex., is in need of a pension and would like to hear from some one who can testify to his service. He was a member of Company L, 5th Alabama Cavalry, under the following officers: Orderly Sergt. Jack Loggins, Lieutenants Hart and Simpson, Capt. Andy Patterson, and General Roddy.

Mrs. Sallie A. Thompson, 567 Poplar Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., is trying to secure a pension and needs to establish the record of her husband's service after June 30, 1864. A. W. Thompson enlisted at Oxford, Miss., in Company K, 4th Mississippi Cavalry, under Capt. John B. McEwen and Col. C. C. Welborn. In 1864 this regiment, with others, was attached to Buford's Division.

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A WAR RELIC.—After the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., my grandfather, Charles D. Thompson, found a fife, which evidently belonged to a fifer on the Confederate side. He could not find the owner, so he brought it home with him. We still have the fife, which bears the initials "W. K.," and we would be glad to give it to the owner if he be living or to his relatives. Address George T. Campbell, Georgetown, Ohio. Reasonable proof of ownership of same will be asked.

Wouldn't You Like to Get Rid of That Catarrh?



Well, here is your opportunity. I am going to give away, during the next ten days, two thousand packages of Gauss Combined Treatment to those who need it, and if you want relief, sign the coupon at the foot of this notice, and the free package will be forwarded to you at once by parcels post.

I want to prove to you that Gauss Combined Treatment will relieve your catarrh. The method is effective, because it strikes at the root of the trouble and gives permanent relief by removing the cause. This is the only correct way to treat catarrh, and if you want quick and lasting results, send at once for the free package. Fill out the coupon below and package will be sent to you by return mail.

FREE

This coupon is good for a package of GAUSS COMBINED CATARRH TREATMENT, sent free by mail. Simply fill in your name and address on dotted lines below, and mail to C. E. GAUSS, 3241 Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

Mrs. M. A. Swartwout, 188 Rawson Road, Brookline, Mass., would like to hear from some one who knew Charles Krebs, son of Judge Krebs, of Baltimore, Md., who served as a private in Pegram's Battery.

Mrs. John T. Greene, 101 West 5th Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn., wants to hear from any one who can furnish the following books: "In Richmond During the War," "Our Women in the War," and "Phoebe Y. Pember in Hospital Life." In writing please quote condition and price.

In 1861 Lyman Howard Lyon, of Lyons Falls, N. Y., was living in Louisiana as a civil engineer and joined the Confederate army. His widow, Mrs. L. H. Lyon, is now living in Tarboro, N. C., and is anxious to get in communication with any survivor who served with him and can give her any information concerning his services.

Col. L. T. Dickinson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that a Confederate cross of honor was found several months ago on the golf links of the Country Club there, and from its appearance it had been lost for some time. On the bar is the name, "C. A. Ells, Massenburg Battery." He will be glad to turn it over to any one who can rightfully claim it.

Mrs. W. E. Langston, 500 Taylor Street, Fort Worth, Tex., wants to hear from some one who knew her father, Maj. J. J. Longmire, who organized a company at Camden, Ala., in 1861, of which he was captain. The first lieutenant was George A. Moye; second, J. W. Steen; third, Postell Threadgill. This company was under Col. F. K. Beck. Mrs. Langston wants to know when he was promoted from captain to major.

William E. Crozier, Route 4, Dallas, Tex., would like to hear from any one who served in the Confederate army in Tennessee regiments with Wilberforce Ramsey, Alexander Ramsey, John C. Ramsey, John C. Deaderick, Robert Deaderick, Inslee Deaderick, Thomas O. Deaderick, Etheldred Crozier, John C. Kellar, David Kellar, Willie Kellar, and Barton Kellar, or from comrades of Orlando Crozier and Hugh V. Crozier, who served in Mississippi regiments, and Robert Ramsey, an officer in the Confederate navy.

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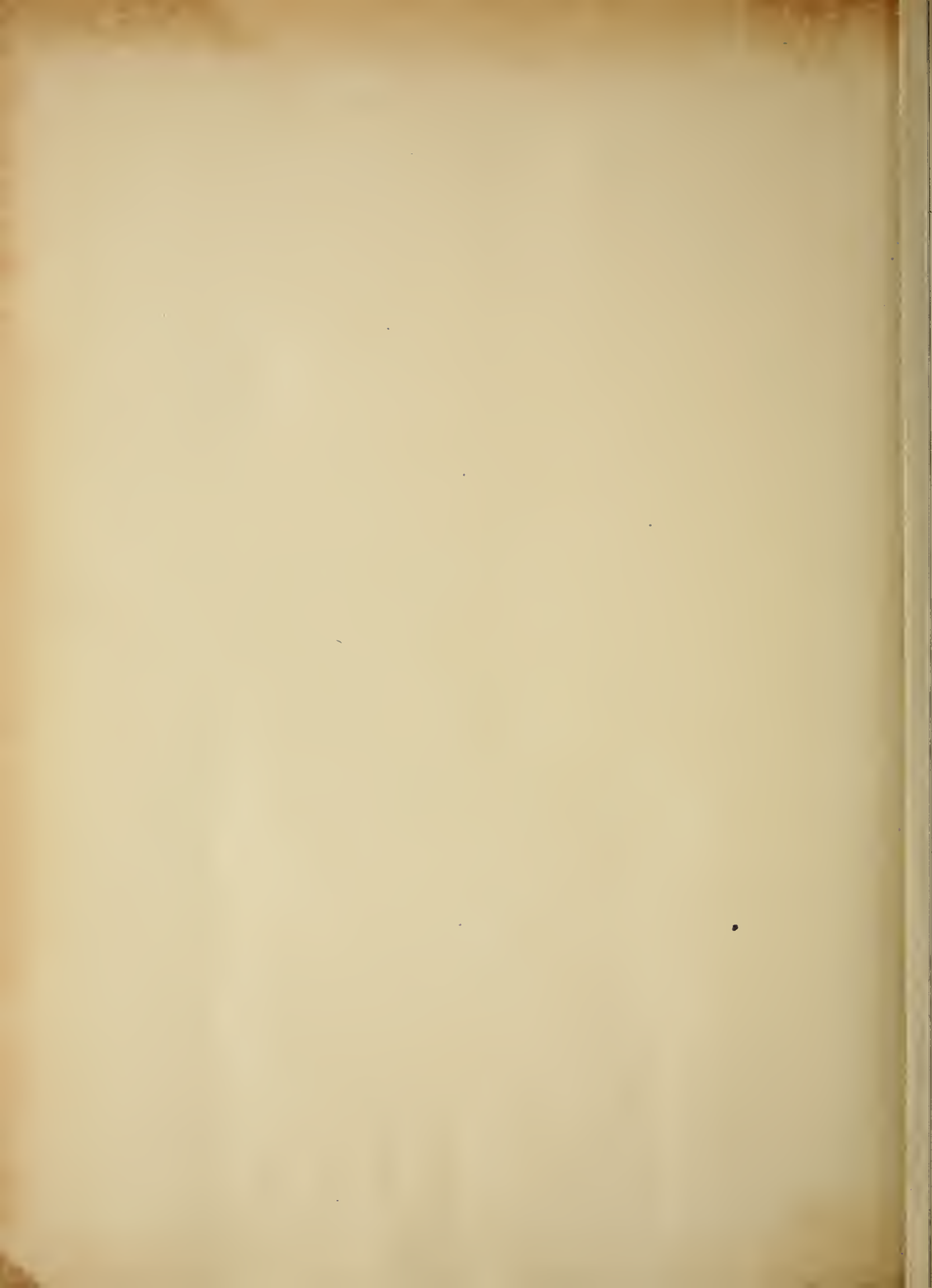
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