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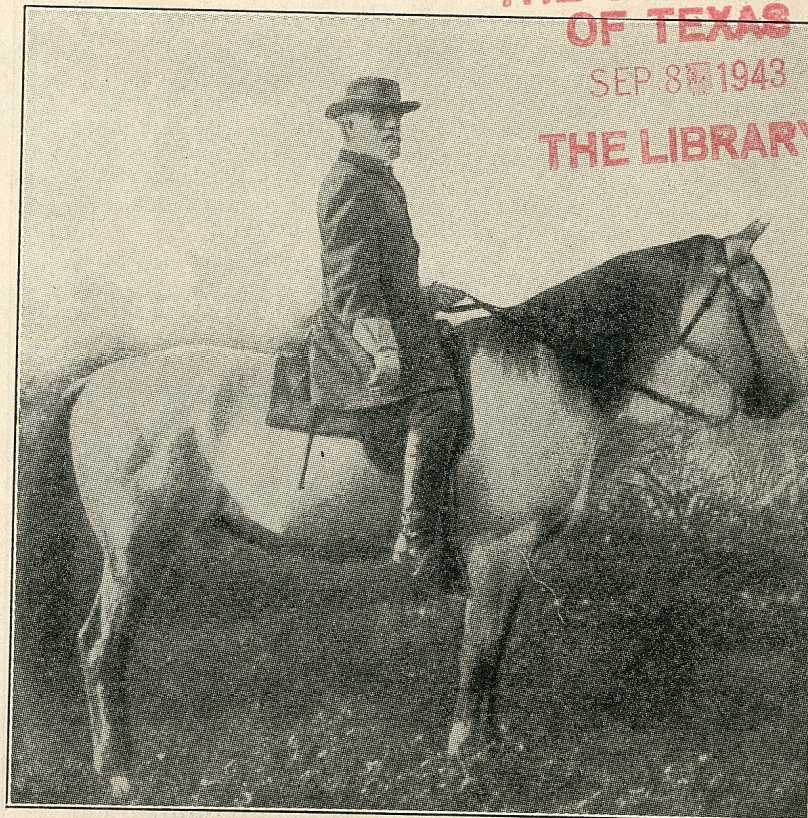
Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XL

DECEMBER, 1932

NO. 12

THE UNIVERSITY
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GENERAL LEE ON TRAVELLER

"I can only say that he is a Confederate gray"

See page 428

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A Colonel at Gettysburg and Spotsylvania

By Varina Davis Brown

Part I.—The Life of Colonel Joseph Newton Brown.

Letters, 1861-62, from Charleston Harbor, the Coast, and Virginia.

Colonel Brown's description of **The Battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863**, the day of Confederate victory, in which he led the 14th South Carolina Regiment, which, with the 1st South Carolina, captured Seminary Hill.

Papers by Colonel Brown on **The Bloody Angle at Spotsylvania**, May 12, 1864, where he commanded McGowan's Brigade.

Part II.—A general view of all commands in these battles, with correction of errors, some new interpretations, and proofs of facts ignored by, or unknown to, historians.

"... rescues and clarifies important and thrilling instances of Southern heroism."—Mr. David R. Coker.

"... written incisively, clearly, always with restraint, with scrupulous adherence to provable facts."—W. W. Ball, in the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

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Miss Edith Pope, long connected with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, offers her services in locating out-of-print and scarce books, and in furnishing information on Confederate history, sketches of Confederate leaders, etc., at a nominal charge. Address her at 306 Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.

The general impression seems to be

that unless America cancels the war debt it is going to be impossible for Europe to start another war.—*Exchange*.

IMMENSE SPRING.

The largest single spring in America, called the Big Spring, and situated near Van Buren, Mo., has a maximum daily yield of 711,000,000 gallons of water.—*Exchange*.

A Small Boy's Recollections of the Civil War

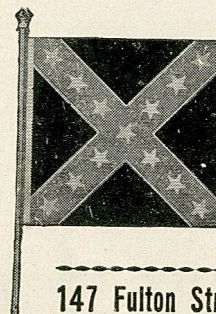
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NOTICE

147 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. John H. Anderson, Historian General, U. D. C., 617 North Blount Street, Raleigh, N. C., is trying to locate a copy of a book called "Aunt Phyllis' Cabin," by Mrs. Mary Eastman, of Virginia. It is now out of print, and anyone knowing where a copy could be procured will please write to Mrs. Anderson.

SAYINGS OF NOTED BRITONS.

We are not living in easy times, and in order to meet our liabilities we must be prepared to make even greater sacrifices.—*Sir John Gilmour*.

The courage of faith, even though it be a false faith, will always outstay the courage of wrath.—*Bernard Shaw*.

The chariot of peace cannot advance along a road cluttered with cannon.—*David Lloyd George*.

The fundamental thing is peace. We are going to see great changes in the next few years, in months perhaps. The whole energies of Great Britain will be directed to the work of the peace movement.—*Baron Craigmyle*.

In these hard times people need humor and song more than ever before.—*Sir Harry Lauder*. [From the British-American.]

MONEY FOR YOU.

Search your old trunks and send all old envelopes used before 1880. Highest prices paid. George Hakes, 290 Broadway, New York.

Confederate Veteran

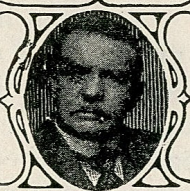
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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

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

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR. { VOL. XL.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1932

No. 12

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FOUNDER.

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GEN. C. A. DESAUSSURE, Memphis, Tenn. *Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Matthews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

THE OLDEST VETERAN.

Max Gentry, of Atlanta, Ga., celebrated his 102nd birthday on November 24 in excellent health, and the expectation of many more years. He was born in Spartanburg, S. C., November 24, 1830; served in the 14th Georgia Regiment, C. S. A.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

It has always been the rule with the VETERAN to continue subscriptions beyond expiration, as it is not always possible for subscribers to pay in advance, and many patrons have expressed their appreciation of this favor. However, there are also many who have not responded as they should in the passing of time, and consequently their subscriptions have gotten in arrears. To these a special letter is being sent and appeal is here made that they respond immediately, for the VETERAN is depending upon their payments to help meet its obligations in the closing of this year. To remit at once the small amount due should be no hardship to anyone, yet the loss in the aggregate means much to the VETERAN, and those who appreciate its work and the favor extended in continuing their subscriptions will not fail to respond to this appeal.

Subscribers are always notified at time of expiration, so there should be no misunderstanding of what they are due; and notices are sent from time to time asking for payment, which is sometimes long delayed. The necessity for prompt attention now is thus brought to their attention in this way—and your response will help to meet this crisis.

BOOK SALE.

Attention is called to the list of books offered in this number, which contains many valuable works on Confederate history at very reasonable prices. This is an opportunity to add to such collections at less cost than may be possible again. While disposing of its stock in full at this time, any inquiries for books not in this list will have attention, as the VETERAN has connection with dealers all over the country. Also note list of Confederate pictures in the November number.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

THE VETERAN PASSES.

The end is here.

After forty years of earnest effort in a great cause, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is compelled to surrender to the irresistible force of financial pressure, and with this number its publication ceases.

Needless to say that its length of days would have been much less but for the loyal devotion of the veterans of the South, who hailed its establishment as a means of communication between them, for the recording of the true history of the South's struggle for independence and their experiences as soldiers in that struggle. Established in the interest of this veteran soldiery, they helped to build it up in its early years and to the end of life itself held it dear to them next to the Bible. With their passing, the Daughters of the Confederacy nobly took up the work of giving it needed support, and have thus helped to carry on the effort to record the history of the Southern Confederacy. That this organization now finds it inexpedient to continue this work makes it necessary to suspend publication.

To all these, and to other loyal friends whose continued interest and patronage have helped to sustain it, the VETERAN renders grateful appreciation, and parts from them in sorrow. Surely, there was never a publication which so held the hearts of a people.

FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

The world cries for peace, yet world peace is never with us. A great opportunity for service in that direction now rests with the United States. With the leading countries of Europe hopelessly in debt to this nation, America may well play the part of philanthropist in granting further time for payment—yet on condition that these countries promise to reduce armaments to the sensible basis, and make them understand that America will tolerate no more war by furnishing supplies of any kind—arms, money, food, clothing. Though this necessitates the placing of an embargo on such shipments from manufactories of this country—for many fortunes are built on war orders—the end would justify the means. Rather let us use our efforts to stimulate trade between nations in time of peace and thus help

them to become able to meet their war debts, which absorb three-fourths of every dollar collected by a government.

While America can never forget the outstretched hand of France in her war for independence, through the voluntary service of LaFayette and his men, the people of this Southern section have as good reason for wishing to favor England in this crisis. When the South was struggling for her independence in the sixties, England furnished the only market for her staple product, on which largely depended the hopes of the Southern Confederacy, and the English people bought Confederate Bonds with their "promise to pay," taking a long chance on their redemption; and from England came an offer of home and lands and income to our beloved Lee when his own country, which he had served through the greater part of his life, had disfranchised this great son. Surely our Southern congressmen whose ancestors followed Lee to the bitter end of that immortal struggle, and with him lived and worked through reconstruction to make the South again a great part of the American Union, will remember this and favor a leniency toward the "Mother Country" in payment of her war debt. This she has no intention of repudiating, but needs more time and extension of trade to enable her to meet it. This country cannot afford to play the part of a Shylock and exact the life of a great nation by forcing it into the abyss of bankruptcy.

What a fine gesture it would be on the part of Southern congressmen to advocate giving England credit for those losses in Confederate bonds—and this United States Government could well afford to make this restitution from what was taken from the South in years of war and reconstruction. Give this a thought, Mr. Congressman—the while.

"Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.

A mighty mother turns in tears

The pages of her battle years,

Lamenting all her fallen sons."

"Let us have peace!"

THE TIME DEMANDS—MEN!

The following was sent by Capt. John J. Chase, of Point Pleasant, W. Va., as copied from a Republican paper of that place, the *State Gazette*, and he thinks it suitable for reproduction in the VETERAN. Especially will the writer's opinion of the Confederate soldiers be appreciated. The writer refers to the statement in another paper

regarding the policy of the next administration, that "First of all comes the need of generous provision for all who are still in want and distress," and he says:

"It is easy to get into a state of want and distress. The knowledge that 'generous provision' will be made for those in this condition will undoubtedly have a tendency to increase the number.

"The desire to make one's own way in the world is not overwhelming, unless my observation is greatly at fault. I was a youth about the time the Union veterans of the Civil War were engaged in establishing their incapacity to earn a living. They practically all succeeded in doing so. I was always amazed at the vigor of the Confederate veterans. Their backs seemed much stronger than the backs of the Union veterans and their eyesight was correspondingly better.

"While the Union veteran, with but few exceptions, was merely existing on his pension, the sturdy Confederate was plugging away at his business, walking straight in the sight of God and man, and earning a place in the world for himself and his children.

"Making 'generous provision' for all who are in want might easily prove the undoing of a Nation that has grown great and strong through the independence and self-reliance of the vast majority of its citizens. History would have but to repeat itself.

"When great numbers of men and women become flabby and unable to sustain themselves through their own well-directed efforts, the Nation will probably not be worth saving."

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Although the story of the Great Seal of the Confederacy, its disappearance and recovery, has been given in detail through many publications, there is still much speculation upon the subject and fanciful stories are still afloat as to its whereabouts. The fact that replicas of the Great Seal were sold widely in this country in the early seventies should have been evidence that the original was in the hands of some one then and could not be classed as lost, yet in the thirty years before it was located no one is known to have made any special search for it. The story of its recovery is told in the following:

The Great Seal of the Confederacy was provided for by joint resolution of the Confederate Congress, April 30, 1862, at Montgomery, Ala., the design for it is said to have been made by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, C. S. A. It was to

be a "device representing an equestrian portrait of Washington after the statue which surmounts his monument in Capitol Square, at Richmond, surrounded with a wreath composed of the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy," and was to be of the best material. The design was intrusted to Hon. James M. Mason, Confederate Commissioner to England, who placed the order for the seal with the firm of J. S. Wyon, London, "the Queen's chief engravers," and it was made of silver (as not so liable to rust) by that firm at a cost of some six hundred dollars. The seal was packed with the press and other appliances and ready for shipment in July, 1864, and Mr. Mason wrote the Confederate Government that he was sending it to America by Lieut. R. T. Chapman, C. S. N., under orders to deliver it to Secretary Benjamin. A statement by Lieutenant Chapman shows that he thought it best to repack the seal in a valise he had had made especially for it, so that he might carry it himself and thus give it better protection in case of emergency. He made the voyage to America on the Cunard liner *Africa* from Liverpool to Halifax, and from Halifax to the Bermudas on the steamboat *Alpha*; and while running the blockade to enter the South, Lieutenant Chapman was constantly prepared to throw the seal overboard, in the event of capture by the enemy—and he had placed lead in the valise with the seal to make it sink quickly. He must have thought it too hazardous to undertake to bring in the package containing the press and other appliances through the blockade, and it was evidently stored somewhere in the Bermuda port and never reached the Confederate Government. The March (1932) number of *The Bermudian* carries out this theory in a story telling of the press having been found there in a castaway condition, and is now in the possession of a prominent family of the Bermudas as a prized relic of the Confederacy. It is hoped that some day it may be secured for the Confederate Museum in Richmond.

After reaching Wilmington, N. C., by running the blockade, Lieutenant Chapman was unfortunately taken ill, and had to intrust the precious package to a comrade, Lieutenant Campbell, who reported having delivered it safely to Mr. Benjamin. Of that there is no doubt, but there is no record of its ever having been used on any State papers, doubtless because the press and other appurtenances were missing.

The fate of the Great Seal was connected with the downfall of the Confederacy, for upon the

evacuation of Richmond many valuable papers were left in the care of one William J. Bromwell, a clerk in the State Department, and by him these official papers and the Great Seal were hidden in a barn near Richmond. Later, as the story goes, the seal was taken out of Richmond in the bustle of Mrs. Bromwell, and then to Washington. In 1868, William Bromwell got in communication with Col. John T. Pickett, then a lawyer in Washington, but who had been the "sometime" Confederate Commissioner to Mexico, and an officer on the staff of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, who acted as his attorney in the effort to dispose of these papers. They were taken to Canada, and from there negotiations were entered into with the government at Washington. The government's agent, Capt. Thomas O. Selfridge, U. S. N., was sent to Canada to inspect the papers, and in April, 1872, the sale was closed at \$75,000.

As a token of his appreciation, Colonel Pickett presented the Great Seal to Captain (later Admiral) Selfridge, but he borrowed it in 1873 and had the replicas made and sold widely. The location of the seal in the possession of Admiral Selfridge was discovered by Gaillard Hunt, Chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, in going over some papers of Colonel Pickett which had come into the possession of the Library, and he at once opened negotiations with Admiral Selfridge for the return of the Great Seal to the Southern people. It was eventually acquired by purchase on the part of several public-spirited citizens of Richmond, Va.—Eppa Hunton, Jr., William H. White, and Thomas P. Bryan—and by them placed in the Confederate Museum, where it has a place of honor in the Solid South Room, an object of much interest to the thousands of visitors to the Museum yearly.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

TO ROBERT Y. CONRAD, FALLEN AT VERDUN
OCTOBER, 1918.

Life brought him joy his brief years through,
And Love and Hope him kept,
Then like the cry the bugle blew,
And straight his answer leapt.

With the first throbbing drum he turned,
His face set for the long, long quest;
The spirit of his father burned,
A white star, in his breast.

Sweet are the dreams of peace and youth,
But when the skies grow black with strife,

He counted comfort less than truth,
And honor more than life.

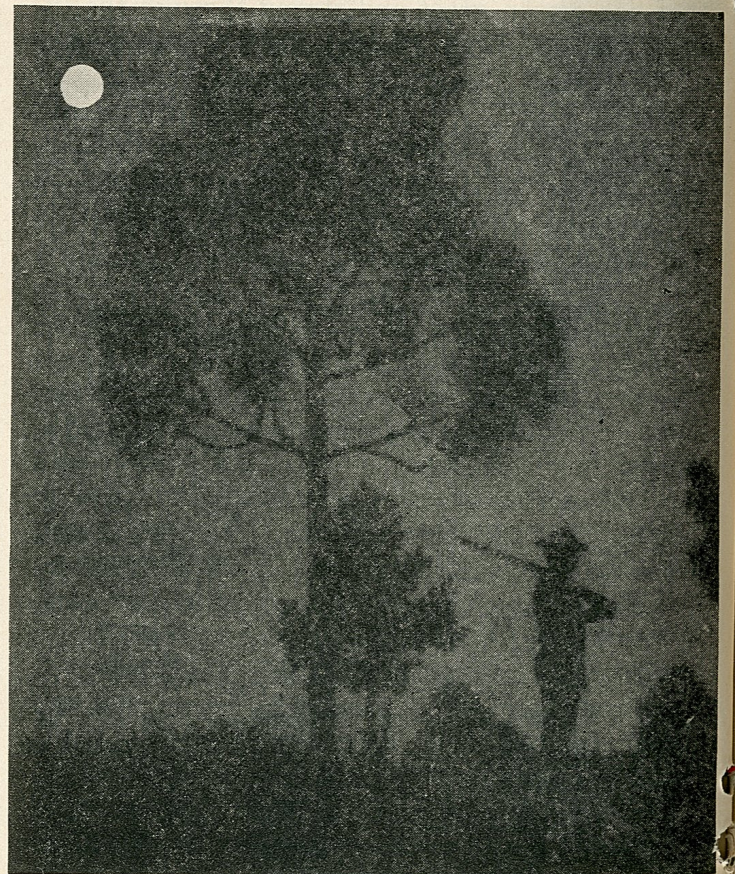
Death waited in the smoking ways,
But he—he would not be denied.
What can we find to speak but praise?
What can we know but pride?

So young, so strong, so gladly giving!
Life loved him from his earliest breath.
But there are gladder things than living,
And sadder things than death.

The long years shall write his story,
And men shall mark the way he trod,
Who gave his manhood in its glory,
For liberty and God.

—Nancy Byrd Turner.

Capt. Robert Y. Conrad commanded Company I, 116th Infantry, 29th Division, in the World War, and was fatally wounded near Samogneux, France, October 8, 1918, leading his Company with great gallantry. He died the same day at Glorieux, the hospital at Verdun, where he was buried, and later removed to Romagne.—*The Virginia Guardsman*.



A SENTINEL OF THE MACHINE GUN COMPANY, 116TH INFANTRY, 29TH DIVISION, AT ANNISTON, ALA., 1917.
(Courtesy of the *Virginia Guardsman*)

THE FORT SUMTER MEMORIAL.

Dedicated "To the Confederate Defenders of Charleston Fort Sumter 1861-1865," a handsome memorial stands on the Battery at Charleston, S. C., facing that historic pile of masonry guarding the entrance to Charleston harbor and which defied for four long years the hammering of Federal guns to reduce it to silence. This tribute to its heroic defenders in those four years was made possible by the bequest of \$100,000 left to the city of Charleston by the late Andrew B. Murray, "whose benefactions during his life and bequests at his death make a rich chapter in the civic record of Charleston."

The monument stands some twenty-five feet high, with its bronze group and granite base rising in the center of a circular granite pavement. The group shows a youthful warrior with short sword and shield, in an attitude of unyielding defense, and behind and above him is a figure representative of the womanhood which inspired such faith and courage, "significant of the spirit of Charleston."

About the base are shown scenes depicting the workers at Fort Sumter bringing up bags of sand to fill the breaches made by Federal guns, and there are stars to represent the States of the Confederacy. The warrior's shield carries the coat of arms of South Carolina.

The dedication of this great memorial was on October 20, 1932, with imposing ceremonies. The only survivor of the defenders of Fort Sumter now living in Charleston, Col. William Robert Greer, rendered tribute to his comrades "who for their faith and their courage endured a great fight." The address of the occasion was by Gerald W. Johnson. The veil was drawn by Mrs. J. Stuart Walker, of Durham, N. C., granddaughter of Col. Alfred Rhett, first commanding officer of Fort Sumter, Miss Lavinia Inglesby Huguenin, granddaughter of Col. Thomas Huguenin, last Confederate commander at the Fort; Miss Ann Stuart Barnwell, grandniece of Maj. Stephen Elliott, second in command under Colonel Rhett; and Miss Camilla Floride Bissell, granddaughter of Maj. John Johnson, Confederate Engineers, who was stationed at the Fort.

A colorful scene was enhanced by the presence of military companies, old and new, with their distinctive uniforms and headdress—such as the Washington Light Infantry, the Sumter Guards, and the cadets from the Citadel.

In the following, Mr. John Grimbail Wilkins, of

Charleston, gives the story in characteristic vein, with fact and sentiment interwoven.

THE DEFENDERS OF FORT SUMTER.

At the end of the Revolutionary War, when the treaty of peace was made between the thirteen original colonies, and when the Constitutional Convention met, England recognized each Colony as a separate and independent power. Before South Carolina ratified that Constitution, it was made plain that the sovereignty of the State was guaranteed.

So, on the ninth of January, 1861, when the Union sea power tried to send supplies to Major Anderson at Fort Sumter, that sacred guarantee of "State Rights" was violated; it was an overt act on the part of the North—not *South Carolina*.

Early on the morning of January 9, 1861, Cadet G. E. Haynesworth, of Sumter, S. C., fired the first shot of the War between the States from Cummings' Point, Morris Island, on the "Star of the West," and the thunder and vibration of that gun were heard around the world.

April 12, 1861, about three months after the above occurrence, Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, was fired upon, and after a three days' siege, the Stars and Stripes came down, and in its place waved the "Southern Cross" in the warm, sweet air of Dixie.

Let the school children read the true history of the South. It is a heritage for them to have and to hold and be proud of through all generations.

South Carolina must never forget the words of her greatest statesman—John C. Calhoun—who is buried here in Charleston, in old St. Philip's Episcopal Churchyard, "the *Westminster Abbey of the South*"—"Truth, Justice, and the Constitution."

On the Battery just where the two streets meet, at the end of the beautiful park, in view of the sea and splendid harbor, has been dedicated a magnificent monument to the "Defenders of Fort Sumter—1861 to 1865." A spirit of romance and glorious victory seems to cling to the name of that fortification in history and song, because it *never surrendered*—and out near the Atlantic Ocean it stands today defiantly at the entrance of the Bay, and, beyond its walls, the sea beats relentlessly. The bronze figures were molded in Paris, designed by the celebrated New York sculptor, Herman A. McNeil, and it came from across the water to stand on a granite base to remind the new gen-

eration of the matchless achievements and valor of the Confederate soldiers, where deeds will grow brighter as the years roll on, and all people and nations can study and understand that they gave up their lives for "State Rights and Democracy."

The men who wore the gray and fought with Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson in the Wilderness, and, after four years of the bravest fighting the world ever knew, furled their banners—the "Southern Cross"—at Appomattox, will never be forgotten by the people here in the South, and on Memorial Day in May we will pick the sweetest flowers—the white and red roses—and dress their graves in the churchyards where the bright sunlight falls from the bluest of Dixie skies, and on the graves we will lay a small Confederate flag and think of the beautiful words of the poet:

"All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
The lights of the watchfires are gleaming,
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above with their glittering eyes
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping!"

A perfect day! The harbor of Charleston, once the storm center of the Confederacy, seems so peaceful. But in the lovely Bay the ships ride idly at anchor, swinging on their chains. Everywhere is the sea, as the waves dash up against the big rocks on the High Battery with that constant splash that is the voice of the ocean, for there is "Music in its swells." From Dixie skies the clear sunlight falls on the Old South—"The Mother of the Nation"—the sweetest chapter in history; and so is Charleston, S. C. today, in the memory of us older ones, "The sweetest chapter in history."

As a Southerner stands on the East Battery and looks across the Bay toward the sea, there stands "Old Fort Sumter" still on guard, and memories of a glorious past make them proud that they belong to the South of their dreams. If the day is Sunday, the sweet chimes of St. Michael's bells will float out to sea, and the old city will always be an inspiration to those who, like Frank L. Stanton, were born here; for when he felt the end of life coming, he turned back to Charleston by the sea and the sweet music of the bells of old St. Michaels:

"They are ringing now as ever, but I know that,
not for me,

Shall the bells of old St. Michael's ring welcome
o'er the sea.

I have knelt within their shadows, where my
heart still dreams and dwells,
But I'll hear no more the music of sweet St.
Michael's bells.

Ring welcome to the hearts at home—to me—
your sad farewells,
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet
St. Michael's bells.

This is a sincere tribute to the defenders of Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, and the beautiful bronze figure has been unveiled to stand in all the years to come to keep in the memory of future generations the matchless valor of the *Soldiers in Gray*.

The old State of South Carolina has made history, and so has Virginia. These two States that seem to have felt the war so painfully, so deeply, can never forget the defense of the old Fort out in the Bay where the ocean tides ebb and flow about its walls.

In the early morning, as the sun rises beyond the line of the sea, its bright rays will fall so softly over the peaceful harbor, and around the Old Battery at sunset the skies over the Ashley River will be turning pink far above the tall pines in St. Andrew's, and the white clouds floating away above the horizon, sometimes changing from silver to the purest gold as the silence of twilight comes.

SEMMES CAMP, U. C. V.

BY R. A. LAMBERT, MOBILE, ALA.

It may be of some interest to hear something of the few veterans remaining in the membership of the once large Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., here in Mobile, Ala., of which I am serving the third successive term as Commander. This honor, I suppose, came to me largely because I am able to do more for the Camp in a general way than any other member of it now, and I get a lot of pleasure out of doing such.

The ages of our present membership range from eighty-three to ninety-two—and our ninety-two-year-old member is more at himself than some of the younger ones, who were not in the war until right near the close of it, as they were then mere boys.

I have now passed my eighty-ninth milepost, with two others just a little older. Only two of us can boast of battle scars, but the other com-

rade had two severe wounds, while mine was not at all severe, though I had two other holes put through my clothing in addition to the holes that were already in them. The occasion was in the siege of Atlanta, near Peachtree Creek.

The wounds of my comrade are worth describing, and the battle was Chickamauga, Ga., a three days' battle, where we drove the Yankees back at the rate of two miles a day, and where we won, but with heavy loss of life. My wounded comrade's name is S. W. Morgan, of Company H, 25th Alabama Regiment. In the battle mentioned, he was shot down the second day (which was on Sunday) with a ball in one hip, and then had a ball sent into his foot on the opposite side, evidence that he was in the thick of the fight where the missiles of death were flying thick and fast. This Chickamauga battle was about ten miles from the railroad, with bad road to same, and ambulances inadequate for the great number to be cared for; hence my comrade Morgan was not taken up to be carried to a hospital until the eighth day afterward. After receiving the wound in his foot, he says it felt like both legs were off, and during his time of waiting to be taken up he had only water given to him to drink. He almost died from loss of blood.

Now for an amusing incident which took place on the battle field a day or so later. One of my comrades, whose shoes were in bad condition, decided to walk over the battle field where a good number of Federals lay dead, to try to spy out one who had on a suitable pair of shoes for himself. Finding a dead Yankee with a pair to suit him, he sat down on the ground beside the body and pulled off the dead man's shoes, then pulled off his own and put them on the dead man, then gave him a kick and said, "Those will do you, sir."

I am now moved to mention the Daughters of the Confederacy in the city of Mobile, but I feel unable to express fitting words of praise for the work they are doing here for the real entertainment of the Confederate veterans who live in and near the city of Mobile. There are several Chapters of them, and it seems at times that every U. D. C. Chapter is trying to do more for us than some other Chapter has done. They arrange for an entertainment, then phone to let us know of time and place, and ask if each of us can attend, and then arrange for cars to come for all who can attend and to return us to our homes at the close of the social affair, where they entertain us with readings, talks, music, etc., and both drinks and eats. These affairs are always in the

daylight hours, which enable us to get much more out of them than we could otherwise. Recently, while one of our organizations was celebrating the birthday of Admiral Semmes and Capt. John Pelham, they found out early that morning that my birthday was that particular day, so they included me also, even to having a cake with age designated by eighty-nine candles, a portion of them formed into the proper figures, and then put the honoree to the task of blowing them out, his efforts creating much merriment. There were only eight of us in attendance, the rest of the Camp members not feeling strong enough to attend, and about thirty of the Daughters. May the good Lord bless all such patriotic souls is my prayer.

PRESENT MEMBERSHIP OF SEMMES CAMP, No. 11, U. C. V.

R. A. Lambert, Commander; served first year of war with Company C, 2d Alabama Regiment; was then with Company A, 42d Alabama, to the end; was in the siege of Vicksburg, Rocky Face Mountain, the siege of Atlanta, and many other battles of his command up to Bentonville, N. C.; was wounded at Atlanta.

S. J. Marston, Company G, 15th Alabama Cavalry.

D. C. Greer, Company H, 2d Alabama; was at Spanish Fort and Mobile Bay.

W. N. McVoy, Company E, 21st Alabama; was at Spanish Fort and Fort Gaines.

S. W. Morgan, Company H, 25th Alabama; at Shiloh and Chickamauga.

Harry Pillons, Engineers Corps.

James Powers, Company B, Pelham Cadets.

E. J. Phelan, with Thomas R. Ware, Paymaster, C. S. N.

A. D. Shelnut, Company D, 6th Georgia Cavalry; at Lookout Mountain, Franklin, Tenn., Kennesaw Mountain, siege of Atlanta, etc.

William A. Silver, Company A, Alabama State Cadets.

Albert Taylor, Company A, 21st Alabama; at Shiloh and Spanish Fort.

H. E. Courtney, Company C, 5th Alabama; in battles around Richmond, Va.

J. A. Pulham, Company I, 46th Mississippi; at siege of Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Kennesaw, siege of Atlanta, Franklin, etc.

Jules Delchamps; lives at Fowl River, Ala.

W. J. Walker, Company —, 63d —, Infantry.

William H. Bancroft, Pelham Cadets.

*THE OLD SOUTH—WITH SPECIAL REGARD
TO ITS STATESMEN.*

BY MISS ANNIE BELLE FOGG, FRANKFORT, KY.

[Winner of the Andrews Medal, U. D. C. Convention, November, 1932.]

The Old South has not been lacking in men to speak and write about it. The Old South will always be a profitable study, as it is a unique page of our national history. Romancer, poet, historian, and philosopher have gathered from it material and inspiration. The seed of American liberty was first planted and fostered at Jamestown. The first spoken word that fired the Colonial heart and pointed the way to freedom from Great Britain was in the Old South. One from the Old South framed the immortal Declaration of National Independence. It was from this same section that a general was called to lead the ragged Continentals to victory. Seventy-two years intervened, and fifteen Presidents succeeded between the last gun of the Revolution and the first gun fired on Fort Sumter in 1861. Nine out of the fifteen Presidents and fifty of the seventy-two years are to be credited to the statesmanship of the Old South. What Washington did with the sword for the young republic, Chief Justice Marshall of Virginia made permanently secure by the wisdom of a great jurist. After him came a long line of worthy successors from the Old South in the persons of Judges, Vice-Presidents, Cabinet officers, officers of the Army and Navy, who were called to serve in the high places of the government. The fact is that whatever unique quality of greatness and fame came to the Republic for more than half a century after it was begun was largely due to the wisdom of Southern statesmanship.

As with the statesmanship, so with the military leadership of the Old South. It seems that the genius for war has been one of the South's gifts to her sons, as they were born commanders, tacticians, and strategists. In the two wars of the Republic, Great Britain and Mexico felt the skill and courage of the Southern general and rifleman. In the War Between the States, the generals who commanded, as well as the Presidents who commissioned them, were Southerners, and carried into their exalted places the spirit of the Old South. In the extension of the Republic from the seaboard to the great central valley, and beyond to the mountains and the Pacific Coast, Southern generalship and statesmanship led the way. The purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas and the Southwest were conceived and executed chiefly by Southern men.

For more than fifty formative years of our history, the Old South was the dominating power in the nation, as it had been in the foundation of the Colonies out of which the republic came, and later in fighting its battles of independence and framing its policies of government. I think whatever strength the republic had acquired at home or reputation it had achieved abroad in the early crucial years of its history was largely due to the patriotism and ability of Southern statesmanship. One likes to recall the good old days when the Old South sat at the head of the table and directed the affairs of the nation. The Old South needed to produce great thinkers, and produced them. The Southern man by tradition, inheritance, choice, and by virtue of a certain philosophic temper which seemed to adhere in his race, was trained to think and speak clearly upon grave matters of public import. He was a born politician in the best sense of that much-abused term. Like Hannibal he was led early in life to the altars of his country and dedicated to its service.

The Southerner coveted the power and authority of the rostrum rather than the pen. In the song, sunshine, historical incidents, and beauty of the South he had ample inspiration and material for his pen if he cared to use it. While the Old South was not without its writers, there was no distinctive profession of letters for the reason that the concentration of thought and learning was placed in politics and plans of government. The entire lack of commercialism were reasons why the Old South contributed comparatively little to the stock of permanent literature. The gentleman of the Old South had a fine library and read the best books on all subjects, ranging through science, art, literature, theology, history, and biography. A man's books were his most intimate friends. Many tributes were paid to the scholarly attainments of the Southern gentleman. One feature of scholarship was the mastery of the classics. It was not an uncommon feat for a boy of fourteen, upon entrance as a freshman in a college of the old order, to read Virgil and Horace with a grace and finish that would do credit to a post-bellum alumnus.

The academy and college of the Old South was a source and inspiration of culture. There was something intensely stimulating in the spirit and method of the old classical school. There were noble intellectual exemplars in the Old South. The great thoughts of Patrick Henry, Calhoun, and Clay were ever before the people. John C. Calhoun had the approval of the great Virginian,

Thomas Jefferson. The great principle of Thomas Jefferson's life was absolute faith in democracy. Only one other American has enjoyed the real distinction of being a national "sage," and that was Andrew Jackson.

The development of the South under Jefferson was rapid. While in Congress, Calhoun led in the work of internal improvements in making great highways and canals. He was an ardent patriot, and was the ablest War Secretary the Government ever had till Jefferson Davis came to the same office in 1853. Calhoun lives today in a sense that no other American leader lives. No man doubts what Calhoun stood for, and the people of the South know he prepared the way for secession. Leaders of the South in Congress in the last palmy days of the ante-bellum South were Jefferson Davis, Howell Cobb, R. M. T. Hunter.

The spell and genius of Edgar Allan Poe was upon the literature and literary men of that time, also that of Hayne, Timrod, and Sidney Lanier. Lanier was of the Old South, though fame came to him in the New. He was one of the South's greatest poets. Famous orators of this period were Jefferson Davis, Robert Toombs, Ben Hill, Alexander Stephens, Judge Lamar, and many others. Men of ability and character aspired to political place and honor. There were certain old-fashioned political maxims that constituted the code of every man who would become a candidate for office, as, for instance, "The office should seek the man, not the man the office."

If the Old South had one characteristic more than another, it was the reverent and religious life and atmosphere which was diffused among all peoples. There were great preachers in those days. The strange and beautiful social life of the Old South was Arcadian in its simplicity and almost ideal in its conditions. The Old South had its aristocracy, which was of threefold structure. It was an aristocracy of wealth, blood, and honor. Here and there mansions of the old order of Southern aristocracy are standing as reminders of the splendor and luxury of the ante-bellum days. The charm of the wonderful hospitality and home life of the Old South has been set forth by pencil and pen. The old-time Southerner took pride beyond that which he felt in material wealth. Aristocracy of wealth was nothing as compared with aristocracy of blood. An old family name that had held its place in the social and political annals of his State for generations was a heritage far dearer to him than wealth. He never forgot the honors his forbears had won in field and forum. It seems

a noble sentiment to take pride in the linking of one's name and fame with the history of one's country, and to be more self-respecting because of the virtues of a long line of ancestors.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the Old South is this devotion to the memory and traditions of its ancestry. It was the ambition of the younger generation of that period to walk worthily in the steps of their fathers. In no country on the face of the earth was a good name and family distinction more prized and potent than in the Old South. Linked with this pride of good blood and wealth was the aristocracy of honor. Proud of their homes, positions of leadership, and their high descent, the aristocrats of the Old South erected an ethical system that defined and regulated personal and public matters and became the unbending code of every Southern gentleman. Its foundation was laid on a man's honor, and the honor of a gentleman was the supreme test and standard of every relation, public and private. It was not exceptional for many men of large business affairs, whose whole fortunes depended on the passing of a word, who would have surrendered their fortunes to make good "that word of honor."

Pictures of the old Southern gentleman at his best have been best drawn by the pens of Page, Harris, and Hopkinson or Smith—courtly, genial, warm-hearted, gracious, and proud of his family. His race will soon be extinct, and only the kindly voice and pen of those who knew him will truly perpetuate his memory.

The woman of the Old South was not only the queen of the household, but to her patient teachings and personal training are due the civilization and Christianizing of the negro. Many queens of the drawing-room were competent executive business managers, as shown in cases where women, left widows with large families and several plantations to care for, proved successful financiers. The Southern woman's responsibility was directed mostly as a complement to her husband's and sons' endeavors. No section of the country has given more men, who really influenced and helped mold the nation, than the Old South. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, Robert Toombs, Robert E. Lee, and Raphael Semmes stand out as brilliant illustrations of this fact.

Whatever else may be said of the old Southern leaders, whatever their shortcomings in democratic standards, there can be no doubt that they stood forth in their leadership, as examples of distinction, charm, order, force, and character.

They led. The younger generation do not stand out as did the leaders of the Old South. There are still living individuals of the Old South whose abilities, personalities, and achievements in a fair field of opportunity and support would easily rank among the first order in any larger company. Influence, environment, and precepts of the Old South helped mold the character of the immortal Woodrow Wilson, a great leader and statesman.

In the future, as the spirit of the Old South passes by, we will find that a halo of love and glory shines around her fair head. The good that she did lives after her.

SECESSION OF THE COTTON STATES.

BY CAPT. S. A. ASHE, RALEIGH, N. C.

In a general way, history speaks of the secession of the Southern States as being an incident of slavery. Seven States seceded in the winter of 1860, and, on March 11, 1861, formed a new Confederacy with virtually the same Constitution. The other Southern States seceded later when called on to engage in a war against this new Confederacy. Why was that first secession? Had there been no Africans held in slavery, there might have been no secession. African slavery had existed in every colony and State, and was particularly recognized and cared for in the Constitution, every State agreeing to return to the owner any fugitive slave.

In time, the Northern States abandoned slavery. Still every man who held office swore to support the Constitution under which (Article 1, Sec. 8) Congress has to provide for the general welfare of the United States, and has to make all laws necessary and proper.

At length the Abolition sentiment grew at the North, so much so that some persons there wished to abolish slavery in the Southern States; and, to bring that about, they promoted negro revolt and insurrections. Thus it came about that a joint committee of the two Houses of the Legislature in North Carolina, in 1831, reported they were satisfied "that an extensive combination now exists to excite in the minds of the slaves and colored persons of this and the other slave States feelings and opinions leading to insurrections." They also reported "the actual detection of the circulation of the incendiary publications and discovery of the designs," etc., "and we are led to fear the most ruinous consequences." (This was in 1831.)

While Nat Turner's insurrection occurred in Virginia, a similar attempt was made near Wil-

mington, N. C. After that, year by year, abolition sentiment continued to grow at the North until, at length, a dozen Northern States nullified the Constitution and Acts of Congress, and, in Massachusetts, even burned them! It was declared that these States "have permitted the open establishment of societies whose avowed object is to disturb the peace of other States." "They have incited by emissaries, books, and pictures the negroes to servile insurrection."

In 1857, a defamatory book was written, "The Impending Crisis," and at the election of 1858, it was indorsed by the Republican Congressmen and widely circulated throughout the North. Its effect was notable. That party increased its membership in Congress from sixty-seven to nearly double that number. In it the author said to the slaveholders: "Henceforth, Sirs, we are demandants—not suppliants. It is for you to decide whether we are to have justice peaceably or by violence. For what consequences—we are determined to have it one way or another. Would you be instrumental in bringing upon yourselves, your wives, and your children a fate too terrific to contemplate? Shall history cease to cite as an instance of unexampled cruelty the massacre of St. Bartholomew because the World—the South—shall have furnished a more direful scene of atrocity and carnage?" Such was the picture of slaughter proposed by the fanatic abolitionists.

Then John Brown, after raising a considerable sum of money in Boston and elsewhere and obtaining a supply of arms, on Sunday, October 16, 1859, started on his mission. With a force of seventeen whites and five negroes, he captured the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, expecting the slaves to rise and begin the massacre of the white slaveholders. The military was able to prevent that, and Brown was tried and executed. Then, throughout the North, John Brown was said to have gone straight to heaven—a saint!

In the Senate, Stephen A. Douglas, pursuant to the Constitution, introduced a bill to punish those people who seek to incite slave insurrections. "Abraham Lincoln, in his speech at New York, declared it was a seditious speech"—"his press and party hooted it." "It received their jeers and jibes." (See page 663, Stephen's Pictorial History.)

When Congress met on the fifth day of December, 1859, the Republicans proposed John Sherman for Speaker. Thereupon, some Democrats offered a resolution that no man who indorsed "Helper's Impending Crisis" was fit to be Speak-

er. That raised such a conflict that a riot ensued, the members carrying pistols; and it was not until February 22 that the House organized by electing as Speaker an old line Whig. The House would not approve negro insurrections after a conflict lasting more than two months.

Then came the election of President. The party of negro insurrections swept the Northern States. The people of the South had realized the possible results. With the people and the State Governments of the North making a saint out of a man who had planned and started to murder the slaveholders—the whites of the South—and the Northern States all going in favor of that party which protected those engaged in such plans, naturally there were in every Southern State those who thought it best to guard against such massacres by separating from those States where John Brown was deified.

When the news came that Lincoln was elected, the South Carolina Legislature, being in session, called a State Convention. When the Convention met, it withdrew from the Union. In its declaration it said: "Those States have encouraged and assisted thousands of our slaves to leave their homes; and those who remain have been incited by emissaries, books, and pictures to servile insurrection. For twenty-five years this agitation has been steadily increasing, until it has now secured to its aid the power of the common government." So, to escape insurrections, South Carolina began the secession movement.

At the last of August, 1862, General Pope, who was in command of the army near Washington, was defeated, and, in September, President Lincoln thought that by threatening to free the negroes at the South he might help his prospects in the war. Delegations from the churches in Chicago also addressed him. He said he hesitated. It was to be a war measure. There were those who deemed it a barbarity to start an insurrection of the negroes. As to that, President Lincoln said: "*Nor do I urge objections of a moral nature in view of possible consequences of insurrection and massacre at the South.*"

The French newspaper at New York said: "Does the Government at Washington mean to say that, on January 1st, it will call for a servile war to aid in the conquest of the South? And after the negroes have killed the whites, the negroes themselves must be drowned in their own blood."

Many other newspapers asked the same question. But Mr. Lincoln contented himself with

what he had said. Governor Morton of Indiana was for the insurrection! Charles Sumner in his Speech at Farneuil Hall said of the Southern slaveholders: "When they rose against a paternal government, they set an example of insurrection. They cannot complain if their slaves, with better reason, follow it." And so the North was for the insurrection!

At length, in May, 1863, it was arranged that there should be a general insurrection throughout the South, as the following discloses (Official Records—Series 1, Vol. LI, Part II, Supplemental, p. 736):

War Department, C. S. A.,
Richmond, Va., July 18, 1863.

"His Excellency T. O. Moore,

Governor of Louisiana, Shreveport, La.

"Sir: I have the honor to enclose a copy of a letter from A. T. Montgomery, found in the mail of a Federal steamer plying between New Bern and Norfolk which was captured by our troops. You will perceive that it discloses a plan for a general insurrection of the slaves in the Confederacy on the 1st of August next. . . .

JAMES A. SEDDON, *Secretary of War.*"

(Confidential)

"Washington, D. C., May 19, 1863.

"General: A plan has been formed for a simultaneous movement to sever the rebel communications throughout the whole South, which has been sent to some general in each Military Department in the seceded States, in order that they may act in concert and thus secure success.

"The plan is to induce the blacks to make a simultaneous movement of rising, on the night of the 1st of August next, over the entire States in rebellion; to arm themselves with any and every kind of weapon that may come to hand, and commence operations by burning all railroad and country bridges and tear up railroad tracks, and to destroy telegraph lines, etc., and then to take to the woods, the swamps, or the mountains, where they may emerge as occasion may offer for provisions and for further depredations.

"No blood is to be shed except in self-defense. The corn will be ripe about the 1st of August, and with this and hogs running in the woods, and by foraging upon the plantations by night, they can subsist. This is the plan in substance, and if we can obtain a concerted movement at the time named, it will doubtless be successful.

"The main object of this letter is to state the time for the rising that it may be simultaneous

over the whole South. To carry out the plan in the department in which you have the command, you are requested to select one or more intelligent contrabands, and, after telling them the plan and the time (night of the 1st of August), you will send them into the interior of the country within the enemy's lines and where the slaves are numerous, with instructions to communicate the plan and the time to as many intelligent slaves as possible, and requesting of each to circulate it far and wide over the country, so that we may be able to make the rising understood by several hundred thousand slaves by the time named.

"When you have made these arrangements, please enclose this letter to some other General commanding in the same department with yourself, some one whom you know or believe to be favorable to such movement, and he, in turn, is requested to send it to another, and so on until it has traveled the entire round of the Department, and each command and post will in this way be acting together in the employment of negro slaves to carry the plan into effect.

"In this way, the plan will be adopted at the same time and in concert over the whole South, and yet no one of all engaged in it will learn the names of his associates, and will only know the number of Generals acting together in the movement. To give the last information, and before enclosing this letter to some other general, put the numeral 'I' after the word 'approved' at the bottom of the sheet:

"And when it has gone the rounds of the department, the person last receiving it will please enclose it to my address, that I may then know and communicate that this plan is being carried out at the same time.

"Yours respectfully, your obedient servant,
"ALEXANDER S. MONTGOMERY.

Indorsement

"Department of North Carolina.

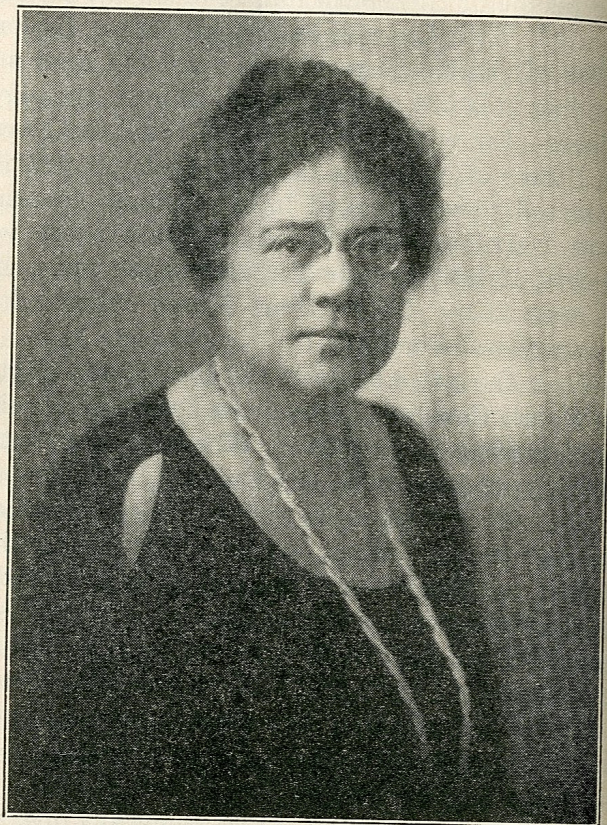
"Approved."

"18."

This letter declaring this plan was sent to the military, but the copy sent to the Federal Governor or General at New Bern, falling into the hands of the Confederates, the plan miscarried. Such an insurrection, arranged for by the Government, was not exactly what the people of the South apprehended when they withdrew from the Union. The apprehension was that the John Browns would give trouble and inaugurate a race

war. It was feared that the Government would not seek to prevent John Brown insurrections, and, the better to guard against them, the cotton States withdrew from the Union. The proposed general uprising of the African slaves speaks for itself.

FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL, U. D. C.



MRS W. E. MASSEY, OF ARKANSAS

"The Arkansas Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, presents Mrs. W. E. Massey, Past Division President, Past Third Vice-President General, Past Recording Secretary General, for the office of President General, the election to take place in Baltimore, Maryland, November, 1933. Mrs. Brown Rogers, President; Mrs. Jess Martin, Corresponding Secretary."

Mrs. Massey is an able executive, efficient, capable, and constructive in her policies, and has had many honors other than those bestowed by the U. D. C., which she has served in almost every capacity. She served as President of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs, 1924-1926, and was the first woman honored with membership on the Board of Trustees of the Ouachita Baptist College. She is also a writer of ability, being the author of many missionary tracts and a book, "At the King's Command," written for the Woman's Missionary Union of Arkansas. She was Chairman of Finance and co-hostess for the General U. D. C. Convention at Hot Springs in 1925, and editor of the first U. D. C. folder of information (1928); and she also issued the first printed program for use of the Children of the Confederacy when she was Third Vice President General.

FAMOUS WAR HORSES.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

The favorite horses of Confederate commanders and the old army negroes should have a place in history along with their masters, and the story should be preserved in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. So, with this thought in mind, I write my recollection of three outstanding war horses.

As every one must know, General Lee's Traveller takes first rank. No horse ever won more interest, more sentiment, and attention after the war than was heaped upon Traveller. Famous in war, he became the special pet of the Southern people in peace. No horse at any time in history has ever been given greater admiration.

Traveller was raised on the Andrew Davis Johnston farm near Blue Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County (now West Virginia). While his pedigree is somewhat in doubt, it is known that he was of the "Grey Eagle" stock, the grand-sire an old Arab; the dam a famous mare, "Flora." As a colt he was called "Jeff Davis," and he took prizes at the Lewisburg Fair in 1859 and 1860. He was four years old in the spring of 1861, and it was in the fall of that year that he became the property of Maj. Thomas L. Broun, of Charleston (now West Virginia), who paid \$175.00 in gold for him. Major Broun tells how, as Major of the 3rd Infantry of Wise's Legion, when on Sewell Mountain during that campaign of 1861, he rode the horse, "which was greatly admired in camp for his rapid, springy walk, high spirit, bold carriage, and muscular strength. He needed neither whip nor spur, and would walk his five or six miles an hour over the rough mountain roads of West Virginia with his rider sitting firmly in the saddle and holding him in check by a tight rein, such vim and eagerness did he manifest to go right ahead when he was mounted."

Major Broun goes on to tell how General Lee, when he took command of the Wise Legion and Floyd's Brigade, encamped at and near Sewell Mountain in the fall of 1861, saw the horse and took a great fancy to it. Later on, the horse was offered to him as a gift, and while he would not accept it, he said he would gladly buy him if willingly sold. General Lee saw the horse again in South Carolina, being ridden by Capt. Joseph M. Broun, a brother of Major Broun, and in February, 1862, the horse was bought by the General for \$200.00, the difference in price being on account of the depreciation of currency at the time. General Lee changed his name to "Traveller,"

doubtless because of his agility in getting over the rough roads.

This writer served the first two years of the war as a member of the 18th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. I remember seeing General Lee on Traveller many times. I saw him in camp, on the march, and in battle. No effigy of Traveller that I have seen looks like him. The bronze figures make his neck and head in the shape of a fishhook. Traveller always carried his head up—little higher than his body. It was often said by the soldiers that Traveller resembled General Lee. He was never excited.

As my brigade went into action at Sharpsburg, Monday, September 17, 1862, we passed the Rock-bridge Artillery in action. General Lee, astride Traveller, stood by a caisson. The enemy's shells were exploding all about the battery. It was an exciting moment. We cheered him.

I saw General Lee on Traveller at Malvern Hill, July 2, 1862. I saw him at Fredericksburg, as he rode along Barksdale's picket line on the Rappahannock River.

When the war ended, General Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, now Washington and Lee, and moved to Lexington, Va. He built a brick stable for Traveller next to the house, connected by a covered passage, and wrote joyously to a member of his family that now he and Traveller were "under the same roof."

But Traveller had more hardships coming than he knew in the war. College students were constantly plucking a hair out of his tail to send home to the folks as a priceless souvenir. In time, they almost gave Traveller a hairless rat-tail. "The boys have plucked hairs from Traveller's tail until he looks like a plucked chicken," General Lee wrote his daughter at Hot Springs. "The poor fellow is plainly showing how ashamed he is." Traveller walked with drooping head, he said.

Traveller survived General Lee several years. Then he stepped on a nail, contracted lockjaw, and died in great suffering. Gen. Custis Lee, oldest son of Gen. R. E. Lee, accompanied by four little girls, and helped by three negroes, buried Traveller, wrapped in his blankets, under a large tree in the ravine behind Washington and Lee University. In 1907, Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, Va., gave funds, and Traveller's skeleton was exhumed, mounted, and now stands inclosed in a glass case in the Lee Museum at Lexington, Va., not far from the resting place of his master.

General Lee had other mounts: Richmond,

Brown Roan, Ajax, Lucy Long, but none of them could stand the hardships Traveller stood. He went days and nights with the saddle hardly off his back. He traveled countless miles in snow and hail and icy rain and blistering heat.

Two years ago, the Virginia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy erected a tablet on the old stable behind the President's home in memory of Traveller, with the inscription: "The last home of Traveller, through war and peace the faithful, devoted and beloved horse of General Lee."

After the war, in response to an artist who asked for a description of Traveller, General Lee dictated to his daughter Agnes the following:

"If I were an artist like you, I could draw a true picture of Traveller—representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail. Such a picture would inspire a poet, whose genius could then depict his worth and describe his endurance of toil, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, and the dangers and sufferings through which he passed. He could dilate upon his sagacity and affection, and his invariable response to every wish of his rider. He might even imagine his thoughts through the long night marches and days of battle through which he has passed. But I am no artist; I can only say he is a Confederate gray. I purchased him in the mountains of Virginia in the autumn of 1861, and he has been my patient follower ever since. He carried me through the seven days battle around Richmond, the Second Manassas, at Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, the last days at Chancellorsville, to Pennsylvania at Gettysburg, and back to the Rappahannock.

"From the commencement of the campaign in 1864 at Orange, till its close around Petersburg, the saddle was scarcely off his back, as he passed through the fire of Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and across the James River. He was almost in daily requisition in the winter of 1864-65 on the long line of defenses from the Chickahominy, north of Richmond, to Hatchies Run, south of Appomattox. In the campaign of 1865, he bore me from Petersburg to the final days at Appomattox. You must know the comfort he is to me in my present retirement. He is well supplied with equipments. Two sets have been sent to him from England, one from the ladies of Baltimore, and one was made for him in Richmond; but I think his favorite is the American saddle from

St. Louis. . . . You can, I am sure, from what I have said, paint his portrait.

Although Traveller loved all the Lees, he wanted only General Lee to ride him. And when Robert E. Lee, Jr., had won his commission as a cavalry officer, and visited his father at Orange Courthouse to celebrate, General Lee, temporarily unable to ride because both his arms were severely strained, turned Traveller over to Lieut. Robert E. Lee, Jr., to ride to Fredericksburg, thirty miles away. Traveller showed what he thought about it by launching into a buck trot, a short high trot, that jolted young Robert E. Lee, Jr., into an aching mass of bruises, and kept it up for thirty miles. "I could have walked the thirty miles with less discomfort and fatigue, sir," son reported to father a little later.

Next in fame to Traveller, among the Confederate commanders' horses, is the war horse of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson, known to all the world as "Stonewall" Jackson. In the earliest days of the war, Jackson's horse was known as "Little Sorrel." But in the years that followed Stonewall Jackson's tragic death, and in the years following the war, when the horse grazed around the campus of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, the animal became known as "Old Sorrell." Nobody seems to know how the additional "l" was added to his name, or how he changed from "Little" to "Old."

I first saw Little Sorrel in the morning following the battle of Savage Station. I saw him again at Malvern Hill, and last at Sharpsburg.

Little Sorrel was as well known to Jackson's soldiers as Stonewall Jackson himself. The men bragged of the war horse's endurance as they bragged of their commander's strategy and courage.

It was on the night of May 3, 1863, that Stonewall Jackson fell from the back of Little Sorrel at Chancellorsville, mortally wounded by his own men by mistake. The horse had carried the general safely through the battles of Manassas, Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester, Port Republic, Cross Keys, Cedar Mountain, Harper's Ferry, Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, and Sharpsburg. When that rifle volley rang out in the dark, and his master pitched from the saddle, Little Sorrel bolted into the darkness among the trees toward the enemy. He was recaptured next morning by the Second Corps under the command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and never got out of Southern hands again. He was the treasured souvenir

of the South's great general, who won eternal military fame by his thirty-ninth birthday.

Thirty-six years old, just three years younger than his master at death, Little Sorrel died in the Virginia for which he had campaigned so long before. His body was mounted and now stands in a great glass case in the museum of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Richmond. Thousands view it every year.

The third of that trio of famous Confederate war horses was King Philip, the mount of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy, whose strategy has become immortal.

King Philip was a gift to General Forrest. The last week of May, 1863, the Federals sent an expedition of 2,200 picked men and a battery of rifled artillery commanded by Colonel Streight, distinguished Union officer, into Georgia, with orders to destroy Gen. Braxton Bragg's line of supplies and communications, and destroy, too, every source of that country's sustenance.

General Forrest, with 1,000 cavalry and one battery, went in pursuit. He killed or captured the entire command of Federals in a terrific action a short distance from Rome, Ga.

The ladies of Columbus, Ga., to express their thanks to the Confederate commander who had saved their home from pillage, bought and gave him the finest horse they could find in Georgia. Like Lee's Traveller, King Philip was Confederate gray, with black main and tail. He was sixteen hands high, and weighed 1,200 pounds. His name at first was simply "Philip," but presently Forrest's men christened him "King Philip." He was as unmoved amid exploding shells as Traveller, and, at close range, he was as ferocious a fighter as his master; and Forrest could fight hand-to-hand with pistol and sabre as ferociously as the strongest man under his command. Biting, kicking, and plunging, with Forrest in the saddle slashing and shooting, those two were the ideal leaders of a cavalry charge.

On the retreat of Hood's army from Nashville, in December, 1864, Forrest was in the saddle almost continuously on King Philip, five days and nights.

"I doubt if there was a horse in either army that could have endured what King Philip endured then."

In 1865, General Wilson, of the Federal army, was at Jasper, Ala., with 15,000 cavalry, 2,000 infantry and five batteries of artillery, to make a diversion to help the operations against Mobile.

He had a pontoon train of fifty wagons. Forrest with 3,000 men confronted him. And Forrest, riding with his staff and escort, some seventy-five men, came in sight of a big body of Wilson's Federal cavalry moving southward. Instantly, General Forrest formed his seventy-five men in a column of fours, and at their head charged straight into the enemy. King Philip, with his mighty strength, knocked down half a dozen Federal horses and riders as the charge drove home, a stampede followed, and Forrest and his seventy-five men held the field.

As the enemy approached Selma, Ala., Forrest and his staff were engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with a party of Federal cavalymen. Forrest himself, on King Philip, was attacked by four troopers. He shot one as they came on. The remaining three, sabres drawn, dashed upon him, with three other Federal cavalymen galloping up to join them. Six against one, and Forrest's staff and escort were too far away to reach him in time. On either hand the roadway was hedged by a dense thicket. To the rear it was choked by a covered army wagon, which had turned over. The mêlée which had preceded this sudden flurry had given King Philip a pistol ball in the hip, and General Forrest's right arm was weakened from terrific sabre play in which he had killed three of the enemy. Escape looked impossible. But Forrest wheeled King Philip, drove him at the wagon gave him the spur, and the gallant animal rose to leap clear over the wagon as a jumper would clear a barred gate.

After the war, General Forrest returned to his plantation in Coahoma County, Miss. There King Philip grazed, in peace at last. He had one final battle. A troop of Federal cavalry rode into the field where King Philip was grazing. He leaped at them like a tiger, kicking, biting, and drove them out.

Then General Forrest consented to have King Philip shown at a benefit in Memphis for sick and wounded Confederate soldiers. Jerry, the general's negro body-servant, and Pat, his Irish orderly, began grooming King Philip and feeding him quantities of green corn. Naturally, the horse died of colic, enormously swollen. Crouching beside the body, as General Forrest looked on, weeping with grief, Pat nevertheless managed to gulp out to the general: "Sir, I want you to look at the fat I put on King Philip before he died!"

A grave was dug on the Forrest plantation, and General Forrest wrapped his own old army blanket about King Philip before he was laid at rest.

*SIDNEY LANIER, POET, MUSICIAN,
SOLDIER OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

BY MRS. MATTIE A. WATKINS, WATER VALLEY, MISS.

[1932 winning essay for the prize offered by Tennessee Division, U. D. C., in memory of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White.]

In the Hall of Fame for Great Americans at New York University are inscribed the names of sixty-nine men and women. Many of these names deserve beyond any doubt or objection to be inscribed there, but of a number of names so inscribed may one well ask, "Why are they here?" And yet from this Hall of Fame one name is missing, a name as bright and glorious as any in our American history. Surely, among the names of America's great men and women the name of Sidney Lanier, poet, musician, soldier of the Confederacy, should be inscribed. Let us see to it that before another election to this assembly of the great takes place in 1935 so vigorous a campaign shall have been waged in behalf of Lanier that not again, as in 1930, will his name fail to receive the fifty-one out of a hundred votes of the committee on elections necessary to inclusion. But to many it will seem strange that any propaganda should be needed to bring about Lanier's selection; he has so long taken rank among "the first princes of American song."

In his own day Lanier was honored by being appointed to write the words for the official cantata sung at the opening exercises of the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, in the presence of the President of the United States and representatives of foreign nations. It was recognized by some discerning critics even then that his verse was more tuneful and melodious, more spontaneous and stirring, than most contemporary verse. It was appreciated because it was not weighted down with stories as Longfellow's was, nor spoiled by too partisan purpose like Whittier's and Lowell's, but was pure poetry, noble and inspiring, and based on themes drawn from the life and nature that Lanier knew, being in all ways thoroughly American, though not blatantly, even vulgarly, so, like Whitman's. By many he was in his own day ranked second only to Poe.

Lanier's "collected" poems, published in 1884, three years after his death at the age of thirty-nine, have gone through many editions, a new one appearing almost every year. Popular interest in Lanier and all he did inspired and justified the publication of verse and essays that remained unpublished during his lifetime, and the inclu-

sion of a biography of him by Dr. Edwin Mims in the "American Men of Letters" series. Dealers in rare books report an increasing demand for copies of the rare first editions of his work, and such copies are offered at increasingly high prices. Prominent place is given to Lanier in the anthologies and textbooks used in the countless new courses on American literature inaugurated in our schools and colleges as a result of new attention given our national past. Degrees of Doctor of Philosophy have been awarded to writers of these on Lanier at Princeton, Johns Hopkins, and the University of Chicago. One of his poems, "The Ballad of Trees and the Master," with one of several excellent musical settings, is to be found in the hymnal of practically every Christian sect. By all lovers of poetry Lanier has been for long acknowledged great—and such modern poets as Richard Hovey, Vachel Lindsay, and Amy Lowell reveal his great influence on them.

But though Lanier is remembered best as a poet, he earned a livelihood as a musician. He was first flutist of Asger Hamerik's excellent Baltimore Peabody Symphony Orchestra, and, if ill health had not prevented, he would have become a member of Theodore Thomas' orchestra—than which there was none better in the United States. Thomas, Hamerik, and Dr. Leopold Damrosch called him the most able flutist in America; Adelina Patti said that his flute-playing put her singing to shame. High praise for one who never had a formal lesson before he made his New York début!

As a musician and a poet, Lanier became interested in the verbal music of poetry, and wrote a treatise on it called "The Science of English Verse." In this he insisted that time is the basis of rhythm, and that verse must be scanned in relation to underlying tune, not in accordance with any set of artificial stresses inherited from the Greeks. His book is still widely used and accepted as a standard work on the subject. Mr. T. S. Omond, a scholar of Oxford, England, asserts the year 1880 will be forever memorable in the history of prosody because in that year Lanier's treatise was given to the world.

No other American poet was a skilled musician; none other so versatile as Lanier. He was invited to lecture at the Johns Hopkins University, which prided itself on the distinction of its lecturers, the scientist Huxley being brought from England to make the inaugural address. Lanier gave a series of sympathetic lectures on Shake-

speare, presenting a description of the man drawn from a study of his work, that are most illuminating, and another series on English novelists, probably the first such series ever given as a college course. In many ways he was an educational innovator, and in literary research an able scholar, but he did research work in botany, zoölogy, physics, and climatology as well as in literature. And yet he was not above editing books for boys to acquaint them with the classics of our literature. The present popularity of the King Arthur stories is said to have begun with his publication of an addition of Malory, which librarians still prefer in introducing modern children to the old legends.

Lanier as a poet is known nationally, even internationally. His books have sold well in England. The London *Times* asserts that "Lanier has become in England the most popular of American poets." Scholarly articles on Lanier have been published in England and France. But we of the South love him best because he was so typical a Southerner. A soldier of the Confederacy commended for bravery in action, he died of a disease contracted in Point Lookout Prison, after a career made tragic by the hardships the era of reconstruction produced, but he never complained, never lamented his fate—and always preached forgiveness for the sins of the war. He belongs in the Hall of Fame because he so beautifully typifies the best in Southern life. Neither a political nor a military leader, he was in a notable way the sort of man Southern culture at its best can produce. It was no Southerner but a New Englander, the late Gamaliel Bradford, widely known for his penetrating biographical portraits, who said of him: "Sidney Lanier, in the face of poverty and disease, accomplished more than any subject I have ever studied"; and "who shall say that the young men of the whole country do not need and cannot profit by his noble example?" His life was an inspiration to all, and an inspiration that remains to us, enshrined in his precious poetry and his beautiful letters.

More and more is this being recognized. In Montgomery, Macon, and San Antonio great new high-school buildings have been named in honor of Lanier, to present his name as a stimulus to the young. Memorials have been erected to him in a dozen cities, and not all of them Southern. It is in Los Angeles that his name has been given to a beautiful new public library, lines from his poems being inscribed on the walls of the building. It is in the marvelous Huntington Library of San

Marino, Calif., in the Harvard College Library, and in the Library of the Johns Hopkins University that the finest collections of his manuscripts and of first editions of his books have been gathered. And it is in no Southern newspaper—that could be accused of sectional pride—but in the great New York *Times*, foremost among the newspapers not only of the United States but of the world, that the anniversary of Lanier's birth is regularly observed with a fitting editorial. Lanier was a Confederate soldier, and we claim him as a Southern poet, but as man and poet he belongs to the nation.

His national eminence is symbolized by the inclusion of his portrait on the frontispiece of "An American Anthology," published in 1900 by Edmund Clarence Stedman, greatest and perhaps most unerring of American critics. On the title-page of this collection of the best in American poetry Stedman placed a picture of the grave of Emerson. On the frontispiece he reproduced portraits of Longfellow, Poe, Whitman, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Lowell, and Lanier, placing the portrait of Lanier there in spite of some opposition, especially from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, an overrated poet and a partisan critic who thought FitzGreen Halleck more significant than Lanier! One by one the names of the poets Stedman inscribed in the poetic Hall of Fame have been inscribed in the national Hall of Fame; Longfellow and Emerson in 1900, Whittier and Lowell in 1905, Poe, Bryant, and Holmes in 1910, Whitman in 1930. Of the names in the one Hall of Fame only one is missing from the other, and that is the name of Sidney Lanier. Let the slight done him by previous exclusion be righted in 1935. He was as sweet a singer, as noble a teacher, as true a prophet, and a more catholic man than any man of letters yet honored by admission to this galaxy of America's great.

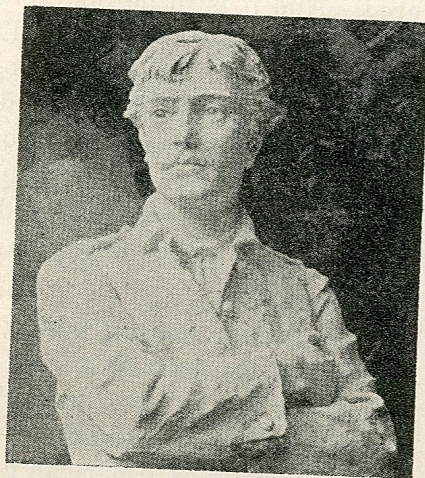
As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space twixt the marsh and
the skies;

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

—Sidney Lanier.

THE BOY HERO OF TENNESSEE.

Sixty-nine years have passed since Sam Davis, a young Tennessee soldier of the Confederacy, sacrificed his life on the gallows at Pulaski, Tenn., to his high sense of honor. His native State now holds his boyhood home at Smyrna, Tenn., as a memorial to her gallant son, and visitors from all over this country go there as to a shrine, for it is hallowed by the memory of a noble deed. In



SAM DAVIS

tribute to this Confederate hero, a handsome bronze tablet has been placed on the great boulder under an old oak tree on the lawn to mark the place where Sam Davis hid his horse on the night of his last visit home just before his capture in November, 1863, and this gift from Nashville Chapter No. 1, U. D. C., was dedicated on November 6, 1932, with appropriate exercises.

Many inquiries still come for information about this boy hero of Tennessee, and it seems fitting to reproduce the interesting story of his life and death as written by the late Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, a close friend of the late S. A. Cunningham, Founder and Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who placed on record all that could be learned of this brave boy and worked through many years to make up a fund for a monument to his memory. This monument stands on Capitol Hill in Nashville.

THE STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

Sam Davis was his name. He was born on a farm near the little town of Smyrna, Tenn. His parents were old-fashioned people, God-fearing, simple-mannered, neither rich nor poor, and Sam grew up in the quiet ways of the Southern country boy. Just as he had passed out of his teens, and was yet a big boy in face and spirit, he died on the gallows at Pulaski, Tenn., a sacrifice for his friends and country.

Sam Davis spent his boyhood days in the fields and under the great trees of his father's farm, companion with mocking bird and bee and butterfly, and with the patient brutes that serve the

farmer's need. There was no hint of the hero to come in the peaceful, humdrum life of the farm. True, the war clouds were gathering above and the air was becoming electric with exciting speech and prophecy; and in every village was springing up a holiday soldiery, parading in glittering uniform to the sound of fife and drum.

Out of the tenseness of these stirring years that ushered in the great war Sam's strange heroism may have been fashioned; but I prefer to trace it back to the old-fashioned mother and father and the simple, sincere life of the boy of the Rutherford County farm. Somehow the old fable of Antaeus' strength coming back to him only when in contact with mother earth is often confirmed in the strength and heroism of the men who have come to greatness from the life of the farm.

When the war finally came and drum and fife and soldier in a twinkling were transformed into the machinery of real battle, Sam put aside his schoolbooks at Nashville, and bade goodbye to the two teachers who, as Generals Bushrod Johnson and Edmund Kirby-Smith, became distinguished soldiers of the Confederacy. He enlisted as a private in the 1st Tennessee Infantry, and soon found place of drudgery and danger in the army of General Bragg.

The life of the private soldier anywhere or at any time in real warfare is not a pathway of roses. Least of all, as the writer of his own experience can testify, was it a place of comfort in the armies of the South. The flags that flashed forth their stars and bars so bravely were soon blackened by smoke and rent by bullet. The bright uniforms soon bore the marks of the clay hills and the camp fires and soon grew tarnished and torn. Even the martial music changed its note from the sparkle and rush of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and the "Girl I Left Behind Me" to the minor tones of "The Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena."

General Bragg, whatever criticisms may be put upon his generalship, was an insistent fighter, and his men were used to being in the thick of battle. It was so with our boy Sam. The peace and beauty of the Smyrna farm gave place to the wearisome tramp, the pangs of hunger, the cries of the wounded, and the pale faces of the dead. Those who knew the boy speak much of his courage and faithfulness. "His record was such," writes one, "that when Bragg ordered the organization of a company of scouts by Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Sam Davis was chosen as one of the number because of his coolness and daring and power of endurance."

Capt. H. B. Shaw was given command of these scouts, and the field of their earlier endeavor was Middle Tennessee, which, in 1863, was practically in the hands of the Federals.

Captain Shaw assumed a disguise within the Federal lines, posing as an itinerant doctor and bearing the name of "Dr. E. Coleman" among the Federals, and of "Capt. E. Coleman, Commander of Scouts," among the Confederates, even in his official communications to General Bragg, this double deception being deemed necessary to the prosecution of his dangerous duty as a spy. Scout or spy, whatever the term applied, one who enters the lines of the enemy to secretly gather information for use of the opposing army, under the rules of warfare, becomes a "spy," and if caught is executed as a spy. There is no mawkish sentiment in war, and small mercy is shown one who seeks to discover the secrets of the enemy.

But, as with Major Andre of the Revolution and with many others, the occupation of scout and spy is a necessity of warfare to which any soldier is liable and upon which no just odium can be cast. No soldier of the Revolution, from Washington down, condemned the gallant young officer who, under military law, died bravely as a spy. On the contrary, one who, under the hard usage of the camp, is commissioned as a military spy, is usually chosen because of superior intelligence, courage, and devotion to his army and colors. His vocation is full of deadly peril by day and by night. If caught, he usually dies the most ignominious death under conditions that inspire contempt in the spectators, to the end that swift judgment and odious death may deter men from seeking the office of the spy. Over his supreme self-sacrifice the epitaph is commonly written, "Died on the gallows as a spy," without those added words which justice demands: "Under military appointment and for his country's cause."

It fell to the lot of my Tennessee hero to be assigned to "Captain Coleman's Scouts" and to be given a place of peculiar difficulty and danger, soon to terminate in death. The appointing officer said it was the "boy's record" that gave prominence and promotion to one so young. He had learned as a country boy two hard lessons that few men learn in a lifetime—to fear nothing and nobody but God, and to obey orders. He had a peculiarly bright and winning way about him, an utterly fearless eye, a frank and gentle speech, and the self-poise of a great soul. Next to his God, above even his tender love for his mother and home, Sam Davis cherished that old-time

sense of "honor" so sacred among the traditions of the Old South, when one's "word of honor" meant more than wealth or fame or life itself.

In November, 1863, the 16th Army Corps under Gen. G. M. Dodge, U. S. A., was centered at Pulaski, Tenn., not far from the Tennessee River and the Alabama line. General Dodge had started from Corinth, Miss., to Chattanooga, Tenn., to reinforce General Grant. On all roads his cavalry kept sharp lookout, especially to break to pieces the Coleman band of scouts, who were here and there, watching every movement of the Federals, and by persistent and accurate reports to General Bragg were making havoc of General Dodge's peace and plans—so much so that the General put on its mettle the famous Kansas 7th Cavalry, nicknamed the "Jayhawkers," to run to earth and capture Coleman and his scouts. So active and alert was the entire corps that capture was at most a matter of a few days only.

Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, summoned Davis and committed to his care certain papers, letters, reports, and maps giving late and important news to General Bragg. In his shoes and in the saddle seat were hidden the dangerous documents; and Sam, with Coleman's pass, started southward to Decatur, Ala., thence to take the "scout line" to the headquarters of General Bragg. His last route began and ended November 19. Run down and arrested at the Tennessee River by the Jayhawkers, along with other prisoners was hurried to Pulaski, and by night was in jail. Elsewhere, on the same day, Captain Shaw himself was captured and imprisoned also in the town. Davis' papers and reports were placed in the hands of General Dodge, who twice had him brought to his headquarters, urging him in strong but kindly way to disclose the name of the one who had committed to him the captured papers.

As shown throughout the Davis tragedy, General Dodge was proven to have been a man of kindly spirit. Something about the Tennessee boy evidently touched the General's heart. Of him he wrote at length to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, paying long cherished tribute to Davis' memory, saying that "he was a fine, soldierly looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal coat, an army soft hat, and top boots; he had a fresh, open face, which was inclined to brightness; in all things he showed himself a true soldier; it was known by all the command that I desired to save him. I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis' comrades understand his soldierly qualities, and propose to honor his memory. I take pleas-

ure in contributing to a monument to his memory." And with it came the General's personal check. Of Davis' arrest and trial, he further writes: "I was very anxious to capture Coleman and break up his command." (General Dodge did not know, nor did any Confederate prisoner in the Pulaski jail give the slightest hint, that the "H. B. Shaw" captured the same day as Davis, and probably prisoner in the same building with him, was the veritable "Coleman" himself.) "I had Davis brought before me. His captors knew that he was a member of Coleman's Scouts, and I knew what was found upon him, and desired to locate Coleman and ascertain, if possible, who was furnishing information so accurate to General Bragg. Davis met me modestly. I tried to impress on him the danger he was in, and as only a messenger I held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully my questions. I informed him that he would be tried as a spy and the evidence would surely convict him, and I made a direct appeal to him to give me the information I knew he had. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. I pleaded with him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life. I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with highest character and strictest integrity. He replied: 'I know, General, I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and if I have to die, I shall be doing my duty to God and my country.'"

There was nothing more that General Dodge could do. A military commission was convened within three days, which tried Davis and sentenced him as a spy to death on the gallows Friday, November 27, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.—one week from the day of his capture. You may be sure it was a long and lonely week to the brave boy, especially those last three days that intervened between his sentence and the day of doom. Somehow, though not strangely, there sprang up in all hearts an ever increasing interest in one who by a single word could open the door of his prison, yet chose to die in place of another "for duty's sake." With "Coleman" probably in touch of his hand and sound of his voice, he gave no sign or hint of his identity. "He is worth more to the Confederacy than I," he said. I doubt it.

Again and again Federal soldiers sought Sam in his cell, pleading with him to disclose the informer's name and save his own life. Chaplain James Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, was his

constant visitor and comforter, to whom the last messages and tokens were committed for delivery to his home. On the last morning, for "remembrance's sake," Sam gave him the Federal overcoat that his mother had dyed, which Mr. Young lovingly kept until in his seventy-third year, not long before his death, he sent it to the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, saying: "My promised remembrance is fulfilled. I am seventy-three years old, and could not reasonably expect to care for it much longer. I have cut off a small button from the cape, which I will keep. The night before he died we sang together, 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and, as he desired, I was with him constantly, and at the end I prayed with and for him." Dear old Chaplain! He and Sam are together now under brighter skies with the Master whom they served.

Provost Marshal Armstrong, who had charge of prison and gallows, became Sam's ardent friend, and, rough soldier though he was, could scarcely perform his painful duty. Captain Chickasaw, Chief of Dodge's Scouts, also took a strong liking to the boy, and made a last effort to save him.

A copy of a faded little war paper issued from the camp of Dodge's Corps gives the Federal account of Davis' last hours on earth. "Last Friday," it reads, "the citizens and soldiery of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so terrible; and though sanctioned by its usages, it is no more than brave men in their country's service expose themselves to every day." Then it goes on with its generous tribute to the young hero whom the bravest soldier might look upon with pride even upon the gallows.

Friday morning came all too swiftly, and at ten o'clock sharp the drums were beating, the execution guard under Marshal Armstrong was marching to the jail, while the soldiers of the 16th Corps by the thousands, with muskets in hand, were being marshaled in line about Seminary Ridge where the gallows was upreared in waiting. A wagon, with a rough pine coffin, on which Sam Davis sat, headed the march. In sight of his fellow prisoners, Sam waved his goodbye with a smiling face, and at the gallows dismounted and sat under a tree, unfalteringly looking above at the swinging noose and around at the sympathetic faces of the soldiers.

"How long have I to live, Captain Armstrong?" he inquired.

"About fifteen minutes, Sam."

"What is the news from the front?" And Armstrong told him of General Bragg's battle and defeat. "Thank you, Captain; but I'm sorry to hear..." And then, with one last quaver in his voice of loving remembrance of his comrades in gray: "The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

Captain Armstrong broke down: "Sam, I would rather die myself than to execute sentence upon you."

"Never mind, Captain," was the gentle reply. "You are doing your duty. Thank you for all your kindness."

It was then that Captain Chickasaw came swiftly on horse and, leaping to the ground, sat himself by Sam and pleaded in that last fierce moment of youth for the word of information that would send him to his home in freedom.

Sam arose to his feet and, with flashing eye and uplifted face, made his last answer: "No, I cannot. I would rather die a thousand deaths than betray a friend or be false to duty."

A Federal officer who was looking into Sam's face, wrote of him long after in the *Omaha Bee*: "The boy looked about him. Life was young and promising. Overhead hung the noose; around him were soldiers in line; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead him to disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to so easily avoid. For just an instant he hesitated, and then put aside forever the tempting offer. Thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, in the midst of enemies, with courage of highest type, deliberately chose death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable."

The steps to the gallows were firmly mounted, and Sam's last words, "I am ready, Captain," followed the Chaplain's prayer—when in a moment he had passed through the gates of death to take his place forever among the heroes of the Southland.

In his memory, a costly and beautiful monument, surmounted by a bronze figure of the boy, was erected on Capitol Hill, in the heart of Nashville. From every State in the Union, from Blue and Gray, from rich and poor, the money to build the monument was contributed upon plea of the Editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose conception it was; and on dedication day many thousands bowed their heads in loving memory of the boy hero of Tennessee. Sometime, when passing through Nashville, take a moment to look upon

the noble bronze face, and then visit the old Smyrna home and in the garden see the grave of Sam as he sleeps by the side of his mother and father.

OLD-TIME CONFEDERATES.

[Sung to the tune of "Old-Time Religion."]

We are a band of brothers,
We are a band of brothers,
A band of Southern brothers,
Who fought for liberty.

Chorus:

We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
We're old-time Confederates,
They're good enough for me.

Jeff Davis was our leader,
Our chosen leader,
Our true and faithful leader:
He was good enough for me.

Lee and Johnston our chieftains,
Bragg, Beauregard, and Johnston.
These were glorious chieftains,
They were good enough for me.

We followed Stonewall Jackson,
The Christian soldier Jackson,
The terror-striking Jackson,
He was good enough for me.

We fought with Hood and Gordon,
With Longstreet, Polk, and Cleburne,
With Ewell Hill and Hardee,
They were good enough for me.

We rode with Stuart and Hampton,
With Fitz Lee, Duke, and Morgan,
With Forrest and Joe Wheeler:
They were good enough for me.

We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting,
We wore ourselves out fighting
For Southern liberty.

Now our country is united,
Now our country is united,
Now our country is united:
It's good enough for me.

We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven,
We must all meet in heaven
To rejoice eternally.

Confederate Veteran.

A MISSOURI BOY'S EXPERIENCES.

COMPILED BY MRS. W. T. FOWLER, LEXINGTON, KY.

Samuel Baylis Williams, called "Lee," was born in Kentucky, June 6, 1846, and died near White-wright, Tex., February 19, 1920. He joined the Confederate forces on May 25, 1863, and after experiences in battle and imprisonment, some of which are recounted here, reached his home May 25, 1865.

The following is taken from a sketch which he wrote about 1900 for friends and family, who were familiar with the incidents, and it has been checked and found correct by the accounts of battles given in various volumes in the Kentucky State Historical Society at Frankfort, to verify the details. It was written in a facetious vein and is full of human interest, and it is of value as it so nearly parallels the experiences of many Southern boys in the Sixties.

On December 2, 1862, he had helped his mother to bury her young half-brother, George Earle, who had fallen with two others in a skirmish preceding a battle near their home in Dade County, Missouri. The burial was in her garden, and later his body was removed to his father's place and buried beside his mother.

From May until the fall of 1863 these reminiscences are not in our hands. Williams says: "Every Southern sympathizer was ordered to leave. Then the torch was applied and nearly every house went up in smoke and nothing was left to mark the spot where homes and magnificent palaces stood except the debris. This called for retaliation, and the others went likewise. The conflict was so fierce that nearly every grove was girdled with bullets and nearly every path was stained with gore. When the country was desolate, and there was no place for rendezvous for either side, they withdrew, and, as winter was drawing nigh, we sought a more exhilarating clime; but we had to contest with them every inch of the ground and left some of our most valiant comrades on the battlefield, some that were as intrepid as ever donned a soldier's garb.

"We lost two of our schoolmates at Pineville, Missouri, John Lock and Marion Templeton, and five others. Then a detachment of us went to Fayetteville to draw some ammunition, but they beat us to it, and when we reached there we drew the ammunition out of the muzzles of their guns. We retraced our steps and had a running fight for about ten miles.

"At Canehill we encountered them again (the pin Indians this time). There we lost our cap-

tain, Lafayette Roberts. They ambushed us, and, as they had the advantage of us, we abandoned the field. As winter was coming, and the leaves had fallen, and we were emigrating, we did not seek any engagements with them, but simply pushed our way southward as best we could, landing in Texas late in the fall and remaining there until spring, resting, healing our wounds, and recuperating, and getting ready for another summer campaign.

"Early in the spring of 1864, when the sun began to send forth its radiance, the birds began to warble their songs of praise and the buds began to put forth their perfume, then the Spartan blood began to pulsate with more zeal. Then we started on another campaign.

"We got a transfer to C. O. T. Smith's Regiment, Shelby's Brigade, but as Shelby was north of Arkansas River and the Federals had possession of the river, we could not get across; so we reported to Gen. John S. Marmaduke and remained with him until after the battle of Lake Village, which was a bloody one. We fought three to one. It was on the 6th of June (1864).

"On the 9th we started again to Shelby, but could not get across the river. We then reported to General Fagan at Tulip, remained with his escort several days. I was taken sick of fever, lay in the hospital at Princeton six weeks. About the 15th of August, I reported to Col. Bob Woods, crossed the Arkansas River with General Price at Dardanelle, and joined Shelby at Batesville, crossed the line into Missouri near Doniphan the 18th of September; had a hard fight there with a force from Pilot, Nebraska. They burned the town and flouring mills to keep us from getting any supplies, then struck up a forced march for Pilot, Neb.; as the road made a circuitous route, a detachment of us were sent across the country to cut them off.

"We got ahead of them at the Vandover place on Black River the next morning at sunrise, Reeves' Regiment was following them, and when they found us in front and moving upon them, they charged and we engaged in a hand to hand fight for fifteen or twenty minutes. They broke through our lines and skedaddled, and when the smoke cleared away, we found we had eight men killed and they had nine. There we lost a brother and cousin that had gone through the war from the first."

This was September 20 or the 22nd; the brother's name was Ezias Earle Williams, born May

27, 1844. The battle was on Big Black River, in Ripley County. He writes further:

"We continued on with the front of the army. We encountered them at Farmington, Fredericktown, Patocia, and California. Then they met us at the Gasconade River and disputed our crossing, but we induced them to let us across by using our persuaders on them, viz.: our small arms and artillery. When we had them routed and on the run, we made them doublequick it till we ran them into Jefferson City. As they were so strongly fortified, and we didn't intend to go to keeping house there anyway, we thought it would be too great a sacrifice to attempt to drive them out, so we left them supremely alone and moved ahead to Booneville.

"We told them there that we wanted to occupy that town for a season, that being General Price's home. So after considerable persuasion of a military variety, we convinced them it would be best to let us occupy, so they let us in. After remaining there a few days, General Price started to Lexington and sent us (a part of the command) to Sedalia to investigate matters over there. When we got in sight, we discovered quite a force in motion. We stopped in a line, lay down inside fence corners to make breastworks and prepare to receive them, but they were only moving into their stockade. Then we charged them and, with the aid of our artillery, we succeeded in driving them out and taking the town. It was quite a fierce struggle.

"Before and after a fight, we were very courageous, but when drawn up in line of battle, and the small guns would begin bang-bang-bang-bang, we were like an Irishman of our company who used to say when going into a fight, 'I just wish I was forty miles north of here.'

"The next day our company was sent out on a reconnoitering expedition. We encountered them a short distance from Tipton and had a running fight with them. We then started to Lexington to report to General Price, but were cut off. Then we turned south, expecting to intercept him, but as that country was literally full of Federals, we saw we could not fight our way through; neither could we dodge them. They set a trap for us and took us in and took us back to Sedalia. Just one week to a day from the time we took Sedalia till we were taken back there as prisoners.

"Between Tipton and Sedalia there were five of us detailed to take a dispatch to General Price at Lexington, viz.: J. W. Davidson, Rufus C. Lock, Wiley B. Clack, R. W. Johnson, and myself, and

were captured between Cole Camp and Sedalia on October 23rd, and on the 24th were taken to Sedalia, on the 28th to Jefferson City. On November 1, as we had gone through the rudiments of a prison course, they took us down to St. Louis and put us in McDowell's College to give us a collegiate course, and, as we were very studious, we graduated on the 6th of December. When we got to St. Louis, we found another one of our company there, named Dutch Pile, also another one who belonged to the first company I belonged to, by the name of Jim Gilmore. They had him chained, accused of being in a raid that we were in in 1863, when we went to even up with four men whom we had serious grievances against, they having previously raided our section with a band of men, driven off our stock and insulted our women in a shameful manner. We settled with two of them in a permanent and satisfactory way, but failed to catch the other two.

"So when we had graduated on the 6th of December, they gave us a little airing, put us on a hurricane deck in a drizzling rain, ran us up to Alton, Ill., and put us in the penitentiary. We arrived at Alton at 10 P.M., and were put in a cell on the north side of the fifth story. The weather was hovering around zero. They moved us the next day into a house that had been used before the war for a workshop. There we had plenty of company, for they kept from 1,200 to 2,000 inside of that yard. They were very paternal and very solicitous about our welfare, very particular about us keeping late hours, more so than most fathers and mothers are with their daughters nowadays.

"When eight o'clock came, the tattoo was sounded and we all had to fall in our bunks like a rat in a hole when a terrier is after him, and there keep quiet. We had to remain there until reveille next morning; then we had to hop out like as if we had a flea in our ear and jerk on our clothes, if we had pulled off any, but we didn't usually undress much, as it took all the clothes we had on to keep warm through the night, for we did not dare to get up in the night around the stove, as the guards had orders to shoot us if we did.

"One day the news came that we had been swapped. We did not know what sort of trade Uncle Jeff made, but we felt that we were worth at least three of them, as we had to face that many in battle.

"We boarded the train on the 17th day of February, went through Springfield, Ill., and Columbus, Ohio, crossing the Ohio River at Bellair, went

in twelve miles of Washington and on to Baltimore, and across the Chesapeake Bay up the mouth of James River to Akins Landing. We were exchanged there on the 28th and got into Richmond on the first day of March, remaining there eight days.

"We had been thinking for some time that if we were at Richmond we would run the thing quite different from what it was running. So when we got there, we went out to the soldiers' home to see how the boys were getting along. We found everything moving along nicely. They were feeding them sparingly, we suppose to get them in a fighting mood, for we had learned by experience that if you want soldiers to fight well they must be a little lean. We suppose that was the reason the Rebs could always whip three to one. They knew if they could whip them and get their commissary supplies they would get plenty of hard tack, coffee, bacon, etc.

"After inspecting the Home, we went up to the Capitol and found everything in working order, at least, they said there were no vacancies. And they said we looked too young to engage in that kind of work—they thought it required older heads. So, you see, we were left again, for we had no way or chance to prove our intellectual abilities. And, then, our physical appearance would not recommend us, for, although we had applied ourselves attentively with strict adherence to the principles involved as we understood them for two years, we were but eighteen years of age, and going through all the vicissitudes of war had not improved our looks. We were like the old negro said of his o'possum when he had taken the hide off, 'He looks like he'd swunk up.' They said they thought we might do valuable service down at Mobile, as they needed help down there. General Cockrell's Brigade had been so depleted that they could give us a job down there. We thought that would be satisfactory with us, because we always had the utmost confidence in Uncle Frank Cockrell; ready to stand by him through the thickest.

"On the morning of the 5th (or 6th), we mounted the iron horse and headed for Mobile—150 men—under the command of one Colonel McFarland. We went through Danville, Va., through Greensboro, Salisbury, Charlotte, Chesterville, and on to Newburg. Then we got off the cars and wended our way across the country to Atlanta, Ga., or, rather, where Atlanta had been, for the Yanks had been there and laid it in ashes. There we took the cars again, sometimes riding and sometimes walking and pushing the cars, as they

were so much out of repair that in the cuts they were literally bogged down; but we kept pushing ahead, on through Montgomery and Salem, Alabama, on to Meridian, Miss., and on to Mobile. Arriving there the 3rd of April, we remained until the 10th, but, as usual, a little too late to engineer the thing. The barracks were on the other side of the bay, and the Yankees stole down to the bay and, wading the water up to their waists, surrounded the fort.

"So you see, we were cut off and couldn't get over there to advise with Uncle Frank or help swell his old brigade. If we could have, Mobile wouldn't have fallen. But nevertheless we got to witness a grand sight—a battle between gunboats. They surrendered the fort and were to surrender the town at six o'clock. So we took the train and went back to Meridian, where we remained until the 14th. On the eighteenth we got something we still have and prize very highly, viz: a parole furlough. We started then for Red River country where my parents had moved from the war-torn section of southwest Missouri.

"We took the cars, ran up to Jackson, on through Canton and up to Weno Station; found we couldn't cross the Mississippi River there; went back to Jackson and on to Hazlehurst; got on the train; went on through Port Gibson, Hamburg, Woodville, up and down the river, trying to get across. There had been men running boats across at night, but as the river had gotten on such a 'tare', broken the levee and spread fifty miles wide, and the Yanks were patrolling it closely, it seemed like a hopeless effort. So we didn't know what to do, for some wiseacre said it would never quit raining as long as the Mississippi stayed up.

"We couldn't see how the river could run down until the rains ceased. But we learned that Captain Foster, who was commanding a gunboat there, was getting men across. Our men had scattered when they were paroled, so there were only two of us together. We got a pole and put a rag on it for a flag of truce, and Captain Foster sent his boat after us and took us on board. . . . And he did us the kindness to call the first transport that came along and had us carried across the river to Akin's, landing us at the mouth of Red River.

"So there we were on a bluff, with about 20x30 feet of dirt in sight right where a house stood. But, as luck would have it, there was a man there by the name of Corile, who lived but a short distance. He was running a flatboat up in the bot-

toms catching, or rather stealing, cotton that had floated off from the gins and selling it to the Yanks. We got passage on his boat for twenty-five miles up Red River, and stayed that night with a family by the name of Rusk. He lived on a hill and his house was on blocks eight feet high. The water was just at the edge of the porch.

"The next morning we got on a boat with a family that was moving to high land and worked our passage up to Maryville, La. That brought us to where we could see dirt again after being on the water for fifty miles. It made us think of the days of Noah. Then we hoofed it up to Alexandria. There we boarded a boat and ran up to Shreveport; got off again and 'hit the road'; passed through Jefferson, and when we got to where the roads forked going to Dangerfield, I left my partner, R. W. Johnson, who had been with me all the rounds since I enlisted. He is still living in Marlow, Okla. Two of the four captured with me, John W. Davidson and Wiley B. Clark, died in prison.

"Then I made a solitary run for home, or, at least, to where my parents lived, having moved from Missouri in 1863, their home then being on Capt. Travis Wright's place on Red River, near the mouth of the Kiamitia. I arrived home on the 25th of May, two years to a day after I enlisted. There is no one who knows the exultation of these dear old people, father and mother, when they saw the son whom they had mourned as dead for six months; a number of boys had been killed trying to make their way South, and they had not heard a word of our wanderings. I was one of seven of kin-sons—brother, nephews—to return alive.

"The remembrance of that meeting, although nearly forty years ago, melts our heart and brings copious tears to our eyes. But few words had passed between us until mother directed Henry, a negro boy, to run quickly to the schoolhouse, which was about a mile away, and tell my two brothers to run home, the dead was alive, the lost had been found. You talk about the return of the prodigal son of the rich man of old, about the robe, the ring and the fatted calf, but his exultation could not have been any greater than that exhibited by my parents."

From another account of these reminiscences we take the following:

"Up to the 23rd of October (1864), I had been running loose with Joe Shelby's 'critter company,' but on that day I was taken in by the boys in blue near Cole Camp, Missouri. . . . At Jefferson City

they offered to let us join the city guards and help run the city government. But as we thought they were on the wrong side of the paramount issue, we told them we could not cut'er. . . . (At Alton) We had different kinds of convicts. The regular state convicts, citizen convicts for aiding and abetting the South, some Federals who had joined our army when they were captured to keep from going to prison, and then deserted first chance and went back to the Federal army. They kept them there awhile until they could prove where they belonged. We called them galvanized prisoners; then us common herd, regular rebs; then, in another apartment, they had another kind with stripes up their pants and epaulets on their shoulders. They seemed to be a little more tender with them than with us.

"We didn't know all of them, but we remember Generals John S. Marmaduke, L. M. Lewis, Shanks, W. L. (Old Tige) Cabell. There were others whose names escape me now, but it was some consolation to us to have them there to lay it on."

S. B. Williams married Sarah Ann Chatwell, August 9, 1866, and they reared a large family, eight of the nine children born to them. He belonged to the Methodist Church for more than fifty-five years, was a faithful husband, an unselfish father, and a good citizen. His experiences and his after-life are typical of the sixteen-year-old boys who went into the Confederate army and fought as well as they could, then laid down their arms and fought the battles of peace so that their sons and grandsons could inherit the South, the land of their fathers.

AN OLD SONG.

GENTLE ANNIE.

Thou wilt come no more, gentle Annie,
Like a flow'r thy spirit did depart;
Thou art gone, alas! like the many
That have bloomed in the summer of my heart.

Chorus:

Shall we never more behold thee,
Never hear thy winning voice again,
When the springtime comes, gentle Annie,
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain?

We have roamed and loved 'mid the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;
Now I stand alone 'mid the flowers,
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge. Extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings, \$3.00 each.

"O should we reach that glorious place where
waits the sparkling crown
For every one who for the right his soldier life
lay down,
God grant to us the privilege, upon that happy
day,
Of clasping hands with those who fell a-wearing
of the gray."

COMRADES OF FORREST CAMP, CHATTANOOGA,
TENN.

T. C. HOLMAN, born August 18, 1834, in Coweta County, Ga. Enlisted February, 1863, in Company K, 41st Georgia Infantry. Captured at Vicksburg in 1863. Was in the battle of Champion Hill, Miss. Surrendered, in 1865, at Newnan, Ga. Became a member of N. B. Forrest Camp many years ago. After return from Richmond Reunion, where he was a delegate from Forrest Camp, he was taken sick, and died at Eastlake, Chattanooga, August 18, 1932. Was buried in the Confederate Cemetery at Chattanooga. Members and associate members of N. B. Forrest Camp were pallbearers and conducted the usual funeral service.

HENRY FERNANDEZ HOLMES, born May 19, 1846, in Gwinnett County, Ga. Enlisted in 3d Georgia Infantry. Served until discharged on account of age. Enlisted again in Company C, 13th Georgia Battery of Artillery. Served under Generals Bragg and Kirby-Smith in East Tennessee and Kentucky, taking part in battles and skirmishes of that campaign. Was later detailed in car shops at Atlanta and as inspector of lumber and other duties. Surrendered at Nashville, Tenn. He superintended building the stone wall around Confederate Cemetery. Was a valued member of N. B. Forrest Camp and Commander one term. Was a delegate to Richmond Reunion. Died in Chattanooga, September 25, 1932. Buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, with members Forrest Camp in attendance.

AUGUSTUS HENRY FOTHARD, born in Rhea County, Tenn., April 10, 1844. Enlisted at Knoxville, in 1862, in the 4th Tennessee Infantry. Discharged account of his age. Re-enlisted with his father in Capt. Perry Darwin's Company C, of the 16th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, Col. John R. Neal, Commander. Was wounded in the battle of Philadelphia, Tenn. Was in the battles of his command throughout East Tennessee and Virginia and in General Early's campaign in Valley of Virginia. Was captured at Poplar Creek, Tenn., and surrendered in prison at Chattanooga in 1865. Member of N. B. Forrest Camp many years. Was for some twenty-seven years gatekeeper at Forest Hill Cemetery at Chattanooga—a loyal, devoted employe in any service. Died at Saint Elmo, Tenn., October 6, 1932. Was buried in Forest Hill Cemetery in the family lot, with nearly all members of N. B. Forrest Camp in attendance.

JOHN WESLEY CRUSE.

The members of Camp Tige Anderson, No. 1455 U. C. V., of Atlanta, Ga., lost one of their most faithful and loyal comrades when John Wesley Cruse answered the last roll call on September 23, 1932, at his home in Atlanta. He was born in Oxford, Ala., April 27, 1848, and was but a young boy when the war began. When fourteen years of age, he came to Atlanta and enlisted with Company F, Cobb's Legion of Infantry, and served until the close of the war in Kershaw's Division. He had always been interested in the activities and the welfare of the Confederate comrades of the city of Atlanta and State of Georgia ever since the surrender, when he came to Georgia to make his home. He became affiliated with Camp Tige Anderson in May, 1930, by transfer from another Camp, and had been a true and loyal member, attending the meetings regularly and giving encouragement and cheer to every one connected with it.

Comrade Cruse was also an active member of the Methodist Church, and one of his oldest friends, a minister from one of the first churches he attended, preached the funeral service. The casket was covered with the flag that he loved and had not forgotten—the Stars and Bars—and many beautiful floral offerings attested the love and respect his friends had for him. An escort of veterans attended in a body.

After the loss of his wife, who was Miss Barbara Rowland, in 1903, his three daughters devotedly ministered to him in every way.

[Mrs. Ernest B. Williams, Adjutant.]

G. B. OWEN.

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

JOHN GREEN TATHAM.

G. B. Owen, son of Felix and Permelia Owen, was born in Tennessee April 5, 1845, the family moving to White County, Ark., in 1850. For several years his father engaged in farming and mercantile business.

At the age of eighteen G. B. Owen enlisted in the Confederate army, April 5, 1863, in Company C, Morgan's Regiment of Cabell's Regiment, and was in the battles at Little Rock, September, 1863; at Pine Bluff, in October; then on April 8, 1864, was in the battle at Mansfield, La. This is known as the heaviest battle west of the Mississippi River.

About September 25, 1864, General Price started to Missouri on a raid, General Cabell commanded with him, and when they met the enemy at Pilot Knob, Mo., they had a two days' battle. On the first day G. B. Owen was wounded within twenty yards of the fort. He crawled into a creek to bathe his wound and remained there until he was taken captive by the Federal forces, who took him to St. Louis and put him in a hospital until he recovered. From there he was sent to Alton, Ill., to prison, where he remained for some time, and was then sent to Richmond, Va., for exchange. About this time General Lee surrendered, and he was released at Richmond.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Nancy Henson. To this union were born eight children, three daughters surviving him, seven grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Comrade Owen spent some twenty-eight years after his marriage engaged in farming. Later he moved to Bald Knob, Mo., and engaged in mercantile business for several years. In 1921 he moved to Little Rock, where he lived until his death October 9, 1932.

I met Comrade Owen soon after he moved to Little Rock, and from that time on he proved to be one of the best friends I have ever had. While we were both practically in the same command during the war, we did not have the pleasure of knowing each other until 1921. He was a minister of the Church of Christ for a period of about forty-five years, and was honored and loved by all who knew him.

In 1926 I was elected Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and appointed Comrade Owen as Chaplain. He was a substantial soldier and citizen, who had made many friends during his eighty-seven years of useful life.

[Maj. Gen. J. W. Hollis, Past Commander Arkansas Division, U. C. V.]

The death of John Green Tatham, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. W. King, June 8, 1932, ended the career of a faithful Confederate veteran and a brave, true man.

He was born in 1844 at Valley River, Cherokee County, N. C., and was thus in his eighty-ninth year.

At the age of seventeen, John Tatham volunteered in the Confederate army, 1861, and served throughout the four years of the war, making a record of which his family were proud. He feared no foe, shirked no duty.

He was a member of the bodyguard of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, when the President was captured in Georgia. "Uncle Purd," as he was affectionately known, always indignantly and emphatically denied the story that Jefferson Davis was disguised in a woman's clothes when captured.

After the war he was no less brave and patient in meeting the difficulties of living under reconstruction.

He loved his State devotedly and served faithfully. He was Clerk of the Court of Graham County for many years, was a member of the Confederate Board of Pensions of Cherokee County, and he represented Graham County in the General Assembly for two terms. He was also a member of the Masonic brotherhood, having joined in 1874.

"Uncle Purd" cherished the memory of the Southern cause to the day of his death and held in reverence the Confederate flag, which he requested be used as a pall for his bier.

F. L. KNIGHT.

On March 15, 1932, after a long illness, F. L. Knight died at Dixie Manor, Home for Confederate veterans at San Gabriel, Calif., maintained by the United Daughters of the Confederacy of that State. He was ninety years old.

Mr. Knight served the Confederacy as 2d Corporal of Company K, Captain Sammes Company, Brown's Regiment of Missouri Cavalry, enlisting in September, 1861, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war.

The Cross of Honor was bestowed upon this veteran by the Joseph LeConte Chapter, U. D. C., of Berkeley, Calif., in 1908.

[Mrs. Emily Roberson, Historian U. D. C., Berkeley.]

Confederate Veteran.

CYRIL L. WILLOUGHBY

In the early morn of September 21, after a brief illness of only two hours, Cyril Latimore Willoughby, of Lakeland, Fla., marched onward in the dawn of a brighter day. Never in the annals of a city was a character more revered than was "Colonel" Willoughby. He was senior elder of the First Presbyterian Church and Bible teacher.

He was born in Marshall County, Ala., September 29, 1844. In November, 1862, at the age of eighteen, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private in Company G of the 18th Alabama Infantry, at Springfield, Ala. He was honorably discharged from service by surrender, and paroled May 10, 1865.

After the war he went to Tamaroa, Ill., where he met Miss Harriet M. Patrick, whom he married in January, 1872. They moved to Lakeland, Fla., in May, 1910.

The congregation of the Presbyterian Church celebrated with a lovely entertainment the last and sixtieth anniversary of the Willoughby's wedding January 11, 1932.

He is survived by his wife, one son, and a daughter, six grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren; also a brother and a sister.

Colonel Willoughby was of ancient lineage, and was a Son of the American Revolution. Deeply interested in Masonry, he held high rank in this great order.

The beautiful ritual of the United Confederate Veterans was used at the funeral. Interment was in Gainesville, Fla., the Masons in charge.

After eighty-eight years of a well-spent life, a life that was an inspiration, he was gathered unto his fathers. Infinitely gentle and courteous—a gentleman of the Old South—a Christian soldier—Colonel Willoughby.

[Louise D. Huguenin, Lakeland, Fla., Chapter, U. D. C.]

CHARLES S. BROWN.

Charles S. Brown, who died at the home of his son in Gatesville, Tex., during October, was a pioneer of that section. He was born October 21, 1849, in Lauderdale County, Miss., and as a mere lad he volunteered his services to the Confederate army and became a private of Company A, 3d and 5th Missouri Regiment, F. M. Cockrell's Brigade. He served to the end of the war, and old letters in possession of the family reveal the gallant services rendered the South. Ever devoted to the cause for which he fought, it was his pleasure to attend reunions of his Confed-

erate comrades; and when the Confederate Camp at Gatesville was dissolved, he placed his membership with the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Dallas.

Following the close of the War between the States, Comrade Brown moved to Bell County, Tex., where he lived for sixty-eight years. In October, 1877, he was married to Miss Kate Arnold, and she survives him with a son and daughter, also two grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Gatesville, and burial was in the Masonic Cemetery. The casket was draped with a Confederate flag.

COL. C. J. WALDEN.

At his home in Boonville, Mo., Col. C. J. Walden died on September 27, 1932, at the age of ninety years, following a brief illness. He was born in Carroll County, Mo., October 27, 1841. His father, James M. Walden, went overland to California and died there in 1851; his mother took the family to Fayette in 1852, and later young Walden was apprenticed to the printer's trade, then studying a year at Central College.

In 1861, C. J. Walden enlisted in the Confederate army under Gen. J. B. Clark, and for six months served with the Richmond Grays. His last service was under Gen. Joe Shelby in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and he surrendered with many of his comrades at Shreveport, La., April 13, 1865. He was the last survivor of the battle of Boonville, and could remember clearly the fighting there. Several brothers were in the Confederate army, and gave faithful service.

Returning home, Comrade Walden went to Illinois for a year, then returned to Howard County and to Glasgow in 1867; in 1872, he bought the *Fayette Advertiser*, and from then on was largely in newspaper work, until his retirement in 1922, during which time he had owned or been connected with numerous newspapers. He had also held political offices by appointment, and in 1903 he was appointed Chief of the Labor Bureau at the St. Louis Exposition. He continued actively interested in current events almost to the last; was a member of the Methodist Church, South, a Mason and Knight Templar.

Colonel Walden was married twice, his first wife being Miss Elizabeth Holloway; the second marriage was to Mrs. Romer Woolridge, who survives him, also five sons and two daughters.

JOHN W. MINNICH.

Readers of the VETERAN will learn with regret of the passing of Comrade John W. Minnich, of Louisiana, whose contributions of personal experiences as a soldier of the Confederacy have been both unusual and highly interesting, as he was a gifted writer. Comrade Minnich had reached the age of eighty-nine years, and died after a brief illness at the home of his brother, George W. Minnich, in Morgan City, La., where he had lived for some fourteen years. After the funeral services there, his body was taken to New Orleans and placed in the veterans' vault of Metairie Cemetery.

John Wesley Minnich was born in Center County, Pennsylvania, and the family had doubtless removed to Louisiana, as he mentions having been a member of DeGournay's 5th Company, Copen's Louisiana Zouaves, and that it was organized in March, 1861, in New Orleans, and that this was one of the first companies enlisted for the war. At another time he mentions having been with the 1st Brigade of Georgia Cavalry, and it is known that he served throughout the war with the exception of sixteen months spent in Rock Island prison, of which he wrote a vivid account, which was published in the VETERAN and later in pamphlet form. He was in many of the most important battles, of which Gettysburg was one, and of these he wrote much, and especially in the interest of giving correct information; and he kept his fine mind active to the last in his literary work.

He was greatly interested in the youth of his section and a lover of ourtdoor sports of all kinds, attending the athletic contests and school games and activities, his interest making him a welcome visitor.

Comrade Minnich located at Grand Isle, La., soon after the war, and lived there for nearly fifty years, a part of that time serving as postmaster of that office, and there reared his family, of whom two sons and two daughters survive him.

JAMES PARKER.

James Parker, one of the last two Confederate veterans of Franklin County, Ky., died at his home near Frankfort on October 16, 1932, after a brief illness, aged eighty-eight years. He served with Company H, of the 2d Kentucky Infantry, during the War between the States.

Mr. Parker is survived by ten children, five sons and six daughters, thirty-nine grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at Ebenezer Church, near Frankfort.

[Mrs. W. T. Fowler.]

CAPT. W. T. B. SOUTH.

Capt. William Tyler Barry South, the last Confederate soldier in Franklin County, Ky., died on November 24 (Thanksgiving Day), at his home at the Forks-of-Elkhorn, near Frankfort, at the age of ninety years. Interment was in the State Cemetery at Frankfort. He was born in Breathitt County, Ky., November 10, 1842. In 1859, he became second lieutenant of the Governor's Guards, a militia company of Frankfort, Ky., which gave distinguished officers to both armies in the War between the States. At the outbreak of war, he became Captain of Company B, 5th Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A., and for a time served in guarding the Kings Salt Works, one of the principal sources of salt for the South. Just before the battle of Chickamauga, his regiment was rushed by train to Chattanooga, and with the "Orphan Brigade" took part in that battle. Thereafter, his regiment served in Georgia opposing Sherman. After the capture of Stoneman's Union Cavalry Brigade, the horses of that command were given to the 5th Kentucky Infantry, which then served as cavalry. Captain South's company was surrendered at Washington, Ga., May 6, 1865.

Seven brothers in one regiment and three brothers-in-law in the Confederate service made a record equaled by few families of that time. The elder brother, Samuel South, was commissioned as colonel early in the war, but the retreat of General Bragg from Kentucky made it impossible to recruit his regiment, so he joined his brother's company of the 5th Kentucky. He was severely wounded at Chickamauga, and was voted a medal of honor for distinguished bravery on the field; the Rev. James Knox Polk South served as 1st lieutenant of Company D, 5th Kentucky, and Jeremiah Weldon, South, Jr., was a second lieutenant of Company B, of the same regiment; he was killed in action, as was Andrew Jackson South, also a lieutenant of this regiment. The two youngest brothers, Martin and Thomas, served in the Company of their brother.

Captain South's father was Col. Jeremiah Weldon South, Colonel of Kentucky Volunteers in the Mexican War, and a member of the Kentucky House of Representatives and Senate. The family record shows such patriotic fighting stock from pioneer times to the present day.

Captain South was married in March, 1866, and is survived by his wife, who was Miss Anne Mary Jones, and a son and a daughter.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

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All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. R. H. Shesley, Official Editor, 11 Everett Street, Cambridge, Mass

THE CONVENTION AT MEMPHIS.

Tennessee hospitality was demonstrated in a splendid way by the entertainment provided by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Memphis for the 39th annual convention of the general organization, United Daughters of the Confederacy, November 16-19. The seven Chapters of Memphis had worked wholeheartedly to make this a successful occasion in every way, and under the leadership of Mrs. T. W. Faires as General Chairman it was carried to successful conclusion.

Pre-convention activities began with the religious services held on Sunday, November 13, at the Idlewyld Presbyterian Church, the pastor, Rev. Thomas K. Young, giving a special sermon for that day. In the afternoon, a drive about Memphis gave the early arrivals pleasant acquaintance with the hostess city.

The Shiloh Luncheon on Monday brought together in large part the members of the U. D. C. Committees who had worked so devotedly through many years to secure a fitting memorial to the Confederate soldiers who fell on that fateful field. Mrs. A. B. White, of Paris, Tenn., who was Director General of that Committee, presided over the luncheon. In her remarks she gave expression to the happy memories of that work and its successful completion, as did members of the Committee who were present and others who had watched the work with eager anticipation. The pilgrimage to Shiloh on the following day was an appropriate climax to the interest aroused at the luncheon, and gave opportunity to those interested members to see the splendid memorial there to Confederate valor. The large group of Daughters and other visitors gathered there listened in reverent attention to Mrs. White's account of the work and explanation of the different features of the memorial, the central group of which is three figures representing Victory (a defeated victory)

overcome by Death and Night—death of the commanding General and the cessation of fighting as night approached. Just below this group is the head of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston in profile relief. She told of the interest shown by the sculptor, Frederick C. Hibbard, of Chicago, as he gave the best of his art to make this memorial both impressive and beautiful. There in the wilds of the Shiloh woods it stands yet unstained by time in the passing of fifteen years since its dedication in 1917—as though “just from the Master's hands.”

“Where rippling waters of the Tennessee

In rhythmic flow

A requiem sing, historic Shiloh stands.

Her tragic woe

Is writ by sculptor's art. In her calm face

There lingers of her passion not a trace

To mar its peaceful glow.

“We scarce can picture it all seamed and scarred

With crimson stain

Just while ago; nor scarce our ears can catch

The minor strain

Within the river's flow. This sacred hill

Seems but a place to pause until

Tired feet shall feel no pain.”

Tuesday evening brought a large audience to the Memphis Auditorium for the welcome exercises, with Mrs. T. W. Faires, General Chairman, presiding. Following the invocation given by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee, came the welcome greetings from State and city, from the U. D. C. of the State through Mrs. Owen Walker, President of the Tennessee Division, and from the Memphis Women's Clubs and associations, to which response was given by Mrs. John L. Woodbury, of Kentucky. Greetings were expressed by representatives of

the other Confederate organizations and Tennessee Women's patriotic organizations, followed by the presentation of the President General and other officials, convention pages, etc. Through it all was interspersed music of high character by many gifted musicians of Memphis. Welcome Evening, most colorful event of the convention, is a pleasing introduction to the convention activities.

The business sessions began on Wednesday morning, with report from the Chairman of Credentials Committee, Mrs. J. P. Higgins, that the convention voting strength was 2,042. The report of the President General is the feature of this day. Reviewing the work which had been carried on during the year just past, she touched lightly on these interests of the organization, full reports of which were given later by the Committee chairmen, gave a résumé of official visits to divisions and the honors which had been hers on special occasions, and made several recommendations to be acted upon later by the convention. The first of these was "that the organization incur no further obligations requiring the divisions to raise money until the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation, the Mrs. L. H. Raines Memorial Scholarship, and the Lee-Stratford Memorial Fund are completed"—and this had unanimous approval when brought up later.

The Memorial service on Wednesday afternoon was beautifully carried out, with special tributes to Miss Alice Baxter and Mrs. Mary Alexander Field, Honorary Presidents; Mrs. James MacGill, daughter of Gen. A. P. Hill; Mrs. Christine Ray Osborne, mother of Mrs. John L. Woodbury; and Mrs. Louis Christian Hall. In this service the Requiem written by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle was sung most feelingly by Mrs. Bryan Wilson, and other appropriate numbers were given by gifted singers of Memphis.

Wednesday evening was devoted to reports from Presidents of State Divisions, and some splendid accomplishments were reported by these leaders, despite the handicap of financial depression. North Carolina was awarded the Frederick Trophy given by Mrs. McKenzie, of Georgia, for the "most concise, comprehensive, and constructive report"; Ohio carried off the Eckhardt prize for that division, and the Philadelphia Chapter was awarded the loving cup given by Mrs. L. U. Babin for report from Chapter where there is no division.

Of special interest was the election of officers on Thursday morning, and the selection of the

next place of meeting. The President General and other officers with unfinished terms were honored by unanimous re-election. New officers elected were: 2nd Vice President General, Mrs. Charles O'Donnell Mackall, of Baltimore; Recording Secretary General, Mrs. Glenn Long, of North Carolina; Registrar General, Mrs. J. E. Davenport, of Virginia; Custodian of Crosses, Mrs. J. Sumter Rhame, of Charleston, S. C.

The names of Mrs. J. T. Beale of Arkansas, Mrs. I. W. Faison of North Carolina, and Mrs. J. A. Perdue and Mrs. Frances Gordon Smith of Georgia were presented for Honorary Presidents, two vacancies being in that list. The vote gave this honor to Mrs. Smith, daughter of Gen. John B. Gordon, and Mrs. Faison, one of the earliest and most faithful members of the organization.

The Historian General's report at this session showed splendid activity and accomplishment, and many prizes were awarded, a list of which is given in her department. The program for Historical evening included a colorful presentation of heroines of the Confederacy in costumes of the sixties, and concluded with the Southern Cross Drill given by boys and girls of the Central High School of Memphis. The grand finale was a parade of these Confederate heroines and kindred spirits in costume.

A part of the exercises of Historical Evening was the bestowal of Crosses of Military Service on Gen. Blanton Winship, Col. Roane Waring, Mayor Watkins Overton, and Nurse Judith Gambrell Wiley for service in the World War; while the Spanish-American Cross went to Col. Edwin McGowan, Capt. Thomas J. McGrath, and Private William Polk, Colonel McGowan also receiving the Philippine Insurrection Cross. Appreciation of these honors was voiced by General Winship for the recipients.

Pledges for the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund were made at the Friday morning session, of which committee Mrs. Amos V. Norris, of Tampa, Fla., is Chairman. This is one of the finest charities of any organization, giving financial relief and cheer to women of the Confederacy for whom there is no other provision available. The fund had fallen short of the need in the past year, and the Chairman urged more liberal pledges from Divisions and individuals for the larger demands of the coming year.

Reports from some of the standing committees showed completion of their work or that it properly came under other heads, thus releasing a num-

ber of these committees. Of these was the work to secure the adoption of the term "War between the States" as the proper designation for the struggle of the sixties, and this was combined with the Historian General's work.

A resolution was introduced by Miss Anna B. Mann, of Virginia, for special observance of February 8, 1933, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. Adopted.

The status of the Jefferson Davis Historical Foundation was given by Mrs. John F. Weinmann, Chairman, with a showing of only \$5,000 lacking of the \$30,000 goal. The completion of this fund will release the interest for use in gathering source material on the War between the States.

The story of the proposed Appomattox monument was given in the report from Miss Marion Salley, Chairman, and mention of the objections to the proposed inscription for such monument, which indicated that the war closed at Appomattox; but the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia did not end the fighting.

On Friday afternoon came report of the U. D. C. Department of the VETERAN, of which Mrs. R. H. Chesley is Editor. She reported the subscription work for 1932 as amounting to \$4,027.12. Virginia led in the number of subscriptions, having three hundred to her credit, thus winning the cup offered by Mrs. J. J. Harris. North Carolina followed close with two hundred and seventy, and again won the cup given for the largest contribution to the Reserve Fund; and Tennessee made good with a showing of two hundred and sixty-one subscriptions.

A statement on the VETERAN was given by Miss Pope, Editor, showing the loss in circulation and the need of increasing the subscription work to meet this loss. A committee was appointed to consider the continuation of the organization work in its behalf, and the final report of this committee was:

"That this convention record its affection for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN magazine and its appreciation in these forty years, and at the same time we express the deep distress felt by every member of the U. D. C. in the present financial difficulties, and the sincere regret for our inability to provide funds for the continuance of the magazine."

The convention made a record in completion of all business on Saturday afternoon, with the installation of officers as the closing incident.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the Truth of Confederate History."

KEYWORD: "Preparedness." Flower: The Rose.

HISTORIAN GENERAL: Mrs. John Huske Anderson.

AIMS FOR 1932: To know your work—a fuller knowledge of the facts of our Confederate history.

HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CONFEDERATE PERIOD.

JANUARY, 1933.

Radio Talks: Birthdays of Lee, Jackson, Maury.

Readings: "The Sword of Lee" and "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

The Old South as a Dominant Power in the Nation.

Prewar Statesmen of the South.

The Cultural South of Antebellum Days.

Song: "Dixie."

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

JANUARY, 1933.

Lee, Jackson, Maury Birthdays.

Homes of Lee—Stratford and Arlington.

Jackson as Lee's "Right Arm."

Songs: "Dixie" and "America."

MESSAGE FROM THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.

To Historians, U. D. C.—Just a greeting to the Historians who have helped me to make possible such a splendid report of historical work for me to present at the Memphis General Convention. Every Division sent in a report, making it one hundred per cent, and I wish all of you could have heard the praise accorded your work. I feel sure my historical "family" is the most enthusiastic of any in the entire organization, and my year with you has been a very happy one.

On January 1 you will again receive from me a Bulletin with a prize list, "suggestions," and monthly programs. Our study for 1933 will be "The South's Part in the Building of the Nation," and we shall review many of the high lights on people and events of our section. Again I ask you to order the pamphlets of the S. C. V. from Col. Walter Hopkins, Law Building, Richmond, Va. This is the textbook report, and should be distributed over every State, for the situation is very acute.

Wishing every one of you a blessed Christmas-tide.

Faithfully yours.

LUCY LONDON ANDERSON, Raleigh, N. C.

PRIZES IN HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT, U. D. C.

THE RAINES BANNER. To the Division reporting the largest number of papers and historical records collected, and doing the best historical work. Won by Virginia Division; Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee Palmer, Historian.

JEANNE FOX WEINMANN CUP. To the Division reporting the greatest amount of historical work done in schools. Won by Tennessee Division, Mrs. Mayes Hume, Historian.

WILLIAM JACKSON WALKER LOVING CUP. Offered by Mrs. R. B. Broyles in memory of her father, a captain under Gen. N. B. Forrest, to the Chapter placing the greatest number of books on Southern history and literature, with U. D. C. book-plate in each, in any public library. Won by Elliott Fletcher Chapter, Byltheville, Ark.

SALLEY MEDAL. Offered by Miss Marion Salley, in memory of her parents. To the Division Historian reporting the largest number of interesting reminiscences collected during the year from Confederate Veterans and Women of the Sixties. Won by the Alabama Division, Mrs. John W. Curry, Historian.

MRS. JOHN S. PERDUE LOVING CUP. For a copy of an original diary of a Confederate soldier, a cup to be awarded for most interesting. Paper must be accompanied by an affidavit from the contestant stating that it is a true copy, and has never been published in any book, magazine, or pamphlet. Winning diary submitted by Mrs. R. E. Everitt, Covington, Ga.

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHFORD LOVING CUP. For the most meritorious criticism of some history or biography dealing with the period of the War between the States or Reconstruction Days. Won by Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.

THE HYDE-CAMPBELL PRIZE. Twenty dollars for the best review of Edgar Lee Masters' book, *Lincoln*. Won by Miss Elizabeth Hanna, St. Petersburg, Fla.

ADELIA DUNOVANT CUP. Offered by Mrs. W. E. Calhoun in memory of her sister, former Chairman of the History Committee, U. D. C., for the best essay on John C. Calhoun, Apostle of States' Rights. Won by Mrs. H. E. Montague, Little Rock, Historian of Arkansas Division.

SYDNOR G. FERGUSON PRIZE. Twenty-five dollars offered by Mrs. Bessie Ferguson Cary, in memory of her father, one of Mosby's men, for the best essay on "Mosby's Rangers." Won by Miss Elizabeth S. Hale, Front Royal, Va.

MARTHA WASHINGTON HOUSE MEDAL. For the best essay on "Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy." Won by Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, Anderson, S. C.

ANNA ROBINSON ANDREWS MEDAL. For the best essay on "The Old South" as a dominating power in the Nation, with special reference to its statesmen. Won by Miss Annie Bell Fogg, Frankfort, Ky.

THE WHITE PRIZE. Twenty-five dollars for the best essay, "To Advance the Name of Sidney Lanier, Poet, Musician, Soldier of the Confederacy, for the Hall of Fame." Given in memory of Miss Mary Lou Gordon White, by the Tennessee Division, U. D. C. Won by Mrs. Mattie Watkins, Water Valley, Miss.

THE PARKER PRIZE. Twenty-five dollars for the best essay on "The Military Genius of Stonewall Jackson,"

given by Mrs. James Henry Parker, Honorary President, U. D. C. Won by Miss Pauline King, Bristol, Tenn.

THE MIMMS PRIZE. Twenty-five dollars for best paper on "Cavalry Leaders of the Confederacy," given by Mrs. Fred Greer, of Tennessee, in memory of her father, Col. Drury Anderson Mimms. Won by Mrs. William Cabell Flourney, Lexington, Va.

THE SCHADE PRIZE. Twenty-five dollars for "The Trial of Henry Wirz of Andersonville Prison," given by Miss Anita Schade in memory of her father, Louis Schade, legal defender of Major Wirz. Won by Miss Caroline Patterson, Macon, Historian Georgia Division.

THE SMITH PRIZE. Ten dollars for best paper on "Why Stratford on the Potomac Should Become a National Shrine." Given by Mrs. B. H. Griffin, of Raleigh, N. C., in memory of her father, Wiley Hopton Smith, a soldier of the Confederacy. Won by Mrs. J. B. Black, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

ROBERTS MEDAL. For second best essay in any contest by members of U. D. C., offered by Mrs. C. M. Roberts. Won by Mrs. J. T. Sifford, Camden, Ark.

CONTEST OPEN TO WRITERS IN ANY SECTION.

THE FREEMAN PRIZE. Twenty-five dollars for best unpublished story of Robert E. Lee, given by Dr. Douglas Freeman, of Richmond, Va., in honor of his father, Gen. W. B. Freeman, past Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. Won by Miss Mary W. Gold, Berryville, Va.

THE THOMAS D. OSBORNE CUP. Offered by Mrs. John L. Woodbury in memory of her father, a member of the "Orphan Brigade," for the best unpublished poem (not free verse) founded on some incident of the War between the States, or carrying a story of Southern chivalry or heroism of men or women. Limited to one thousand words. Won by Mrs. J. T. Sifford, Camden, Ark.

ESSAY PRIZES FOR COLLEGE STUDENTS ONLY

Offered through Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson for the Mississippi Division, U. D. C.

\$25.00, for Jefferson Davis, American Soldier. Won by Miss Zed Gant, Van Buren, Ark.

\$25.00, for Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War in the United States Cabinet. Won by Joseph C. Sitterson, Kinston, N. C.

\$25.00, for Jefferson Davis and Secession. Won by Miss Mary Prince Fowler, Lexington, Ky.

\$25.00 for The Capture and Imprisonment of Jefferson Davis. Won by Miss Hattie E. Lewis, Emporia, Va.

SPECIAL PRIZE OFFER—MARY LOU GORDON WHITE PRIZE.

Contest open to writers in any part of the United States, not confined to members of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

A \$250.00 prize given by the late Miss Mary Lou Gordon White of Nashville, in memory of her brother, Dr. Gordon White, for the best original story of real literary merit founded on the life of the early Colonists in one of the Southern States, to bring out in fictional form the contribution made by this section to the making of American history. Half of the prize is to be paid to the writer when the judges have made their decision, and the other half on the appearance of the story in a well-known magazine. Won by James De Witt Hawkins, St. Christopher's School, Richmond, Va., for story entitled, "The Ride to Charlottesville."

Sons of Confederate Veterans

DR. WILLIAM R. DANCY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, SAVANNAH, GA.

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All communications for this department should be sent direct to Edmond R. Wiles, Editor, 1505 W. 22nd St., Little Rock, Ark.

GENERAL ORDERS S. C. V.

We take pleasure in submitting herewith GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2, issued by the Commander-in-Chief Dancy, S. C. V., which is of very far-reaching significance and importance to both the U. C. V., whom we always stand ready to serve in any way possible, and to our own organization which has been called on at this time to aid the Veterans in a definite way in maintaining the attendance of their camps and in other ways helping them to keep alive the spark that will prevent the organization of the U. C. V. from passing away due to the inability of the Veterans, on account of their advanced age, to hold it together.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

August 1, 1932.

To Be Read Before All of the Camps of the Confederation.

I. The United Confederate Veterans, Organization, which met at Richmond, Va., June 22-24, 1932, adopted the following resolution:

WHEREAS: The increasing age of, and the number of deaths among, our members are wiping out so many of our Camps and causing so many of those which remain to become inactive; and

WHEREAS: It is apparent that, unless this condition is corrected in some way, our Federation will soon cease to exist; and

WHEREAS: Article VIII, Section 3, of our Constitution gives our Federation the right to recog-

nize and call upon our Sons and Daughters—therefore, be it

Resolved: 1. That when any Camp, by reason of age, death among its members or other disability, shall find itself unable to conduct its business, it is hereby given the power to call upon the nearest Camp of Sons or upon the nearest Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy for one of its active members and shall then elect such member the Adjutant of that Camp. That the Son or Daughter so elected shall, after confirmation by the Commander of the Brigade, become the Adjutant of that Camp, in fact, charged with performing the duties of that office for that Camp; shall be eligible for election as a delegate to conventions of the Federation and entitled to a voice and vote in same.

2. That Article III, Section 5, is hereby so amended as to establish the legality of a descendant of a Confederate soldier to fill the post of Adjutant of a Camp as provided for in Section 1 of this resolution.

3. That should there be no Camp of Sons or Chapter of the Daughters within practicable distance, then the Camp may select a descendant of a Confederate soldier of undoubted Confederate record in lieu of a member of a Camp or Chapter stipulated above.

II. One of the main objects of the Sons of Confederate Veterans' Organization and of its mem-

ers is to render every assistance possible to the United Confederate Veterans' Organization, as well as to its individual members. For years, members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans have assisted the Officers of the Confederate Veterans' Camps with their duties throughout the South. Therefore, it gives your Commander-in-Chief a great deal of pleasure to bring the action of the United Confederate Veterans at the last Convention officially to your attention, with the assurance that every member of the Organization will consider it a great privilege to assist the officers of the Confederate Veterans' Camps with their duties, in the future, as in the past, whenever called upon to do so.

By order of:

WILLIAM R. DANCY,
Commander-in-Chief, S. C. V.

Official:

WALTER L. HOPKINS,
Adjutant-in-Chief, S. C. V.

A COLONEL AT GETTYSBURG AND SPOTSYLVANIA—BY VARINA D. BROWN.

A Past President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy wrote to Miss Brown: "I have enjoyed going over your splendid book so much. . . . Your work is beautifully done. . . . you have displayed love, training, and ability in your work—a great addition to the historical records of South Carolina."

A professor of history in Mississippi, an Associate Justice of the South Carolina Supreme Court, a Congressman from South Carolina (Fourth District) and other readers express appreciation of it as "a valuable contribution to Southern history and literature."

The president of a National Bank in South Carolina ordered two copies and sent one to a leading banker of the state. He, in turn, ordered a dozen copies with the comment to his friend who had sent it: "The life of Colonel Brown emphasizes the things in life that are really worth while. Every library in the State should have one or more copies of this book."

He sent one of his copies to an eminent South Carolinian, Mr. David R. Coker, who wrote to the author in appreciation of this "fine contribution to the history of the South. You have not only rescued and clarified important and thrilling instances of Southern heroism and chivalry, but you have clearly etched the life of one of the South's most courageous and admirable characters."

Mrs. Vivian Minor Fleming of Fredericksburg wrote:

"The books are beautiful and the subject matter most interesting. The story of the providence of God resting upon the different generations . . . is very striking and beautiful. . . . The history part is intensely interesting.

"The battle field park work is progressing rapidly. I will take my copy right to them, for they need it now. Mr. Fleming had great confidence in your knowledge of positions, etc., at Bloody Angle." [Southern member of the Battlefields Park Commission until his death.]

Editor W. W. Ball, in his review in the *Charleston News and Courier*, wrote: ". . . the two narratives bear every evidence of close and diligent scholarship, they are abundantly documented, and the authentic sources of history have been consulted . . . written incisively, clearly, always with restraint, with scrupulous adherence to provable facts. And one could bestow no higher praise. The book's chief value is its contribution to Confederate history, and that is its motive. It is a value not to be overestimated."

The book will be a great asset to any library and should be placed in every home, public, and school library in the South. We are sure it will be welcomed in any Northern or Western library, for the people of those sections, as well as we, need authentic information relative to the period between 1860-61, and to know more of Confederate achievements.

Miss Brown gave this book to the daughters of the South Carolina Division, U. D. C., to sell, the proceeds of which will go toward building a Confederate monument in the new Battlefield Park, at a spot where one of the bloodiest battles of the war was fought, and where no marker stands to tell of the Confederate soldiers and their sacrifices and bravery. There are several Federal monuments opposite the Angle.

[Mrs. D. S. Vandiver, Historian of the South Carolina Division U. D. C., 1927-30, Corresponding Secretary.]

TOAST OF MORGAN'S MEN.

Unclaimed by the land that bore us,
Lost in the land we find,

The brave have gone before us,
Cowards are left behind!

Then stand to your glasses, steady,
Here's a health to those we prize,
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And here's to the next who dies.

—Captain Thorpe (of Kentucky).

OUR BOYS IN GRAY.

At the recent meeting of the Tennessee veterans in Morristown Mrs. Rebecca Dougherty Hyett, of Russellville, read this poem which she had written in tribute to the veterans of the Confederacy.

HAIL TO OUR TENNESSEE CAVALIERS!

We seem to see the armies
Of that far-off yesterday,
And our hearts grow warm and tender
For the men who wore the gray.
Far away we see the battles,
Screaming shells and roll of flame,
On and on the ranks keep filing
Thinking not of glowing fame.
Thinking not of fame, nor fearing
For the outcome of the fight,
But facing hell's own game of gunfire
For the cause they thought was right.
Cared they not for war's privations,
Nor cared they for fighting foe,
Pressing forward in the struggle,
Giving grimly blow for blow,
Chilled by cold and weak with hunger
Still they come with fearless stride
'Till they meet the foe in coming,
And they fought there side by side
'Till the enemy retreated
Or they fell there—glorified!
We see their bivouac on the hilltops
With their blankets thin and old
Sit they by the flickering camp fire
Through the long night's chilling cold;
We see them held in cruel prisons,
We see their bleeding wounds apart,
And the tear-dimmed eyes of loved ones
At the parting—heart to heart.
When their Cause was lost and war ended
Were their spirits crushed? Ah, no!
Dauntless souls as undefeated
As the Spartans, long ago!
The sons and daughters who come after
Bring our pledges to renew
The principles of Lee and Jackson
And their soldiers good and true;
To keep the faith and fan the fires
Of valorous deeds and pass them on,
And hold aloft the burning torch
For generations yet to come.
Now we pay a special tribute
To these men we have today—
These gallant Cavaliers!
Our "boys" in Southern Gray.

A SMALL BOY'S RECOLLECTION OF WAR.

This book comes to the VETERAN office with title of "A Small Boy's Recollection of the Civil War," but the author gives assurance that the next edition will have "War between the States" instead (the VETERAN having called attention to error in the title).

The book is well written and gives an interesting account of war happenings which came under the observation of this small boy. The Mobile (Ala.) *Times-Register* has this to say of it: "The charm of this little volume is in its complete naturalness and lack of pretense. . . . The writer has retained remarkably well the boy's psychology concerning war scenes. The politics and reasons for war did not impress him. The cannons, the troop trains, and the jokes and pranks of the soldiers of both armies did impress him. As a result, there is written a vivid, colorful account of a lad's experiences during the historic war between the States. It is written with a tolerance that is surprising, and it is marked by a quiet and entertaining humor."

A Methodist pastor writes: "A very remarkable book, every page full of facts and interest also. It should have a wide circulation. I take pleasure in recommending it."

This book may be had of the author, George F. Robertson, Clover, S. C., at one dollar, postpaid.

VALUABLE BOOKS AT REDUCED PRICES.

This list of books, offered at reduced prices, gives a fine opportunity to add to collections on Confederate history at small expense. While it is a miscellaneous list, there are many valuable books among them. Make second and third choice in order to secure something from this list:

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