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FIDELITY—PATRIOTISM—PROGRESS.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,
United Daughters of the Confederacy,
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

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

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

PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. V
SINGLE COPY 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1897.

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

Patrons of the VETERAN from the beginning will be gratified to learn that its support starts off with 1897 more zealous and ardent than at any previous period of its history.

It was so much a question of propriety to print 15,000 as a beginning for the year that some advertising circulars were printed at 14,000, but the higher figure, which was adopted on going to press, is hardly sufficient, and there is good reason to hope that it will reach 20,000 before the next great reunion.

It is remarkable that the Confederate element—the Southern people—have sustained this VETERAN above

anything in the history of Grand Army publications, with their enormous wealth in the aggregate and membership four or five times the Confederate soldier element. A comrade who had been indulged for two years paid up recently and ordered his VETERAN discontinued—not that he did not appreciate it, but "rigid economy" was "necessary." Will all who are so situated consider how important it is for each one to stand firm? Wont such as feel they can't afford to renew, procure four subscribers, and thus continue? Do let us all stand together, making a true record as long as our lights hold out to burn.



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS IN CAMP MORTON, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA. (See page 33).

VALUE OF THE VETERAN.

Gen. George Moorman gave the greater pleasure to Christmas by the following—dated at New Orleans, December 23, 1896:

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR OF THE VETERAN: If you see at any time anything I can do to aid you with the VETERAN, and in preparing your issues from now on to the reunion, I will gladly assist you with any material or information Headquarters can furnish. The reunion being held at Nashville will bring the VETERAN into greater prominence than heretofore, and whatever material or information I can furnish, will be given you cheerfully and promptly.

To a business correspondence, Mr. B. F. Johnson, of Richmond, Va., adds the following patriotic words:

Let us treat all with the largest hearted liberality. We have enough substantial things to be proud over without contending for little and unimportant things and without splitting hairs. I want to see the VETERAN teach the broadest sort of patriotism. You are beginning to get a hold on the people now that will make your paper a blessing to every part of the United States. If the men who want to discuss war issues in it are not willing to discuss them in a sweet tempered, kindly way, then such discussions had better be left out. I am a Southerner, through and through; I love every foot of the Southland; I love the North, and East, and West, and I do not intend to let my devotion to the South lessen one iota of my interest in the welfare of my fellow countrymen wherever they may be located. I have warm friends on both sides. I think such a paper as the CONFEDERATE VETERAN may be the means of really making our people better acquainted with each other, of enabling them to look down into the honest hearts of each other and to appreciate all of their excellencies, without one lingering spark of bitterness or selfishness.

A United States District Judge, living in the North, who had been reading the VETERAN, secured all the back numbers and when he put the bundle down in his home was impatiently asked by his wife:

"What do you want with that?" and he replied:

"My dear, the time is coming when its bound volumes will be the most valuable in our library, for they will comprise a correct history of the war."

In renewing his subscription for two years, Capt. H. B. Littlepage, of the Naval War Records, Washington City, writes:

Among all the war literature there is none I enjoy so much as that contained in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It seems to be in touch with those whom all brave men should delight to honor.

Dr. A. J. Thomas, Evansville, Ind., sending renewal, adds:

I hope you may receive one hundred thousand "Christmas Gifts" of this kind. Every one who has an interest in the days of 1861-65 should spare at least one dollar to the VETERAN. The Southern people especially should read it and should contribute to its columns.

A CALL FOR FORREST'S OLD SOLDIERS.

To the CONFEDERATE VETERAN: At a recent meeting of Gen. N. B. Forrest's staff and escort, in recounting old war memories, the fact was brought out that the writer is the only surviving member of Forrest's military family as it was constituted for the first four months of service. The General's son William was frequently with us, but had not at this date, as I remember, been sworn into the service.

In view of the fact that Forrest is rapidly becoming recognized as the greatest of Tennessee soldiers, it is eminently proper that his old soldiers should meet in a grand rally one day during the Tennessee Centennial. As the oldest survivor of his first military family, I write to suggest that we have a Forrest day, that all comrades who at any time served with him be present, first in military parade and then in historic celebration. Gens. Chalmers and Jackson, who commanded divisions under Forrest, are both residents of Tennessee and would no doubt grace the occasion by again commanding the veterans. Presuming that all old soldiers read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the call is made through your columns. Let us hear from the old boys, shall we have the rally?

Southern papers please give place in their columns to this call.

D. C. KELLEY.

Sometime Colonel, Forrest's old Regiment C. S. A.

MEREDITH P. GENTRY AS AN ORATOR.—A sketch of the life of Meredith P. Gentry, prepared for the writer by Alexander H. Stephens, was sent to Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., who has ever been bold to express his convictions of personal merit at the South. In acknowledgment, Dr. Field wrote: Your Southern Statesmen seem all to have the gift of eloquence, and it was a happy union in the writer and the subject that an orator like Gentry should be described by Alexander H. Stephens, a man who is respected alike in the North and in the South. Gentry's eloquence swayed the House of Representatives in Congress. He afterward served in the Confederate Congress from Tennessee.

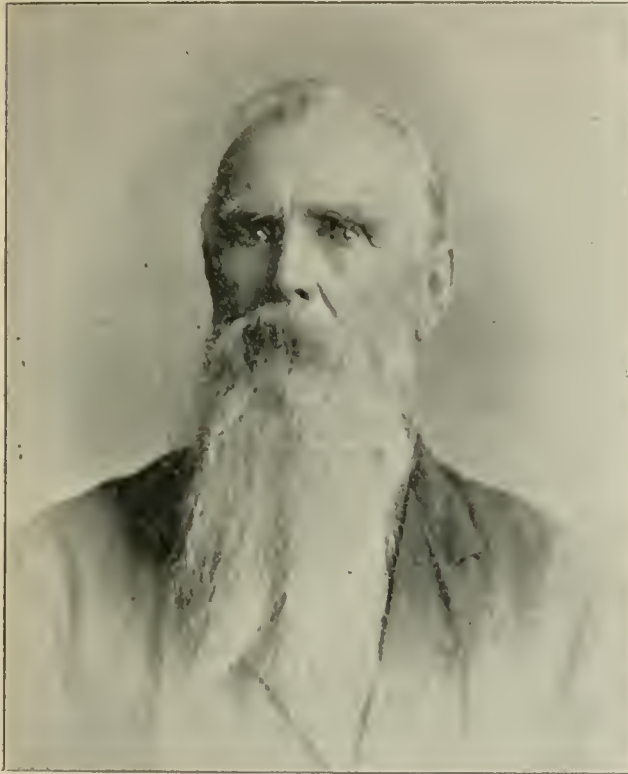
Comrade R. H. Burton, of Fenner's Louisiana Battery, in some interesting reminiscences to the VETERAN, states that Charles D. Dreux, commanding First Louisiana Battalion, with which he was connected, was the first commissioned officer killed in Confederate service. He does not give the date, but states: It was in a skirmish near Young's Mill. We had ambushed the Federals and they had also ambushed us, and we were in a hundred yards of each other when daylight appeared. Both sides fired into each other, and the lamented Dreux was killed. It was a sad day for our Battalion, as he was known and loved as Charley Dreux.

Jas. M. Vaughan, Graysville, Ga., has recently come into possession of a silver name plate, found on the battlefield at Resaca, Ga. It bears this inscription: "J. B. Campbell, Fourth Indiana Battery G." The owner or his relatives can get the plate by addressing Mr. Vaughan.

AN OLD VETERAN, CONFEDERATE.

J. V. Grief writes from Paducah, Ky.:

Jack Lawson, an old Confederate veteran, was born at Newton Le Willows, England, August 18, 1805. He is still hale, hearty, and moves about as actively and energetically as a man of sixty years of age. He lives in Paducah. He came to America in 1825 in charge of, and as engineer of, the first railroad locomotive run in this country. It was named "Herald" and was run on a road from Baltimore to Susquehanna, twelve miles.



CAPT. JACK LAWSON.

After leaving that road, Capt. Lawson came West and followed steam boating, as engineer, captain and owner; he was running, as captain and owner, the steamer "Cherokee" in the Tennessee River and New Orleans trade when the Southern States seceded. Instead of running up the stars and bars, Capt. Lawson made a pure white flag on which was a picture of a hog. Boats coming in at the different landings always found a crowd on the bank to get the news. The "Cherokee's" flag attracted much attention.

When asked what flag that was, his answer, with the usual boatman's emphasis—"It is my flag." "Well, what does it mean?" "It means root hog or die."

That was the last trip of the "Cherokee" up the river. On her return to New Orleans, she remained South until sold to the Confederate government and converted into a gunboat and was one of the "Mosquito" fleet at Memphis.

Capt. Lawson soon entered the Confederate service and was made Executive officer of the gunboat "General Polk" and took part in the battle of Belmont. He proposed to run above the Point and sink or capture the transports that had brought Grant's Army down, but his superiors preferred to lay at the shore.

While the boat was held, the Yankees suddenly appeared on the river bank and attempted to board her. Capt. Lawson seized a capstan bar and the crew armed themselves with anything in reach, and used such tools so vigorously as to repel the boarders. It is said that Capt. Lawson scalped, in that way, several of the enemy.

After the "General Polk" was burned Capt. Lawson was next placed in charge of the transport steamer "Chasin" and commanded her up to May, 1863.

When the siege of Vicksburg began it became evident that Red River was the great source of supply, and Capt. Lawson was ordered, by Gen. Pemberton, into Red River, but he protested, explaining that he had never been in Red River, and did not know the channel while other officers did. Gen. Pemberton stamped his foot, and said, with an oath; "B— G— Lawson, you have to go," and he went.

The enemy had succeeded in passing some gunboats by Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Lawson loaded his boat with bacon and corn, etc., for Vicksburg, and ran out just in time to be cut off, Yankee gunboats being between the mouth of Red River and Vicksburg. He ran into Big Black River as far as he could go, and the stores were hauled by wagons into Vicksburg.

Soon afterward all the boats in that river were destroyed. Captain Lawson raised one of the sunken boats in Yazoo River to recover the machinery, which he transported through the country on ox wagons to Selma, Ala. It was a perilous undertaking. He had frequently to bridge streams in order to cross, but he got it all through safely to Selma.

On the retreat of the army from Mississippi to Demopolis, Ala., Capt. Lawson was at Demopolis, with a corps of sappers and miners, placing a pontoon bridge for the army to cross the Tombigbee River. Capt. Lawson continued with the army until the final surrender, when he returned to Paducah and purchased a small stern wheel steamer, but did not prosper with it.

Capt. Lawson is a member of Lloyd Tilghman Camp and of the Confederate Veterans of Kentucky, and takes much interest in them.

In 1893 he was appointed engineer of the Custom House, at Paducah, but he says he expects to retire in 1897, when he will visit his old home and people.

After perusing the foregoing, a letter was written to author of above, stating that the editor of the VETERAN had from the lips of the late Peter Cooper—one of the most eminent benefactors of his race and to whose unfailing purse the world is directly indebted for the success of ocean cables—that he built the first railroad engine in America and was beaten in a race by fast horses, and the comrade replied: I have had a talk with Capt. Lawson about the locomotive, who says: "I was just out of my teens and had been running as an engine driver."

Father and I went down to Liverpool on a Saturday; the locomotive was on the wharf for shipment to the United States, and the captain of the vessel, the "Herald," employed me to come to America and run her. We sailed direct to Baltimore. The engine had all large wheels, the forward wheels being as large as the drivers. The road from Baltimore to Susquehanna was built of flat iron bars, one and one-half inch, spiked down on strong timbers laid on cross-ties. There were curves on the road and I had a great deal of trouble in running them, until I struck on the idea of putting trucks under the front; then it worked so well that the company had a special truck made for it when she run the curves all right. Our engine was named "Herald" for the ship which brought us over.

There is living in Towson, Md., an old lady, Mrs. Anna L. Pilson, who came over with her father's family in the same vessel; she was then a very small girl and went out with me the first trip I made over the road. I am confident that it was the first locomotive seen in this country, though Mr. Cooper may have built the first locomotive ever built here. I think it was in 1825, as I was twenty years old when I came over."

Comrade Grief adds the following: F. G. Harlan, of Paducah, recalls the account of Maj. Anderson's fight with two Federal soldiers in that city, March 25th, 1864. He says: "It was on Broadway and when they passed me there was but one Federal, and they went out Broadway fighting."

On my return from the army in 1865, a cousin of mine, Geo. A. Fisher, then a boy and living on the corner of Seventh and Broadway, in speaking of Forrest, said, "I was standing at our gate when a Confederate officer and a Yankee came out Broadway fighting; both were mounted; the Confederate shot at the 'Yank,' missing him, and just after passing Seventh Street the 'Yank' turned across an open lot and the Confederate threw his pistol at him. I walked over to the lot; the Confederate was riding about looking for his pistol, which I picked up and handed to him."

When he first saw them coming out the street there were three, two "Yanks" and one Confederate; one dropped out of the fight, and he was of the opinion that he ran away.

A YOUNG GEORGIA HERO.

Story Told to Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy.

An object dear to the hearts of our Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy is the preservation of the name and fame of the obscure young heroes who gave up their lives for our cause. None worthier can be found than James Dunahoo, of Jackson County, Georgia, whose death is described by his commander, the gallant Colonel William Deloney of Cobb's Georgia Legion. The paper is contributed to the Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Maryland by Judge Robert Falligant of

Savannah, Ga., through Mrs. Thomas Baxter Gresham, member of the board of managers of the Society.

* * * * *

While at home recruiting his command in men and heroes, an old farmer friend came to Colonel Deloney and said:

"Colonel, my boy here has got the war fever. His mother and I have tried to get it out of him, but its no use! He swears he'll run away if I don't let him go; so I've mounted him on the best racing colt I have, and here he is. Take him with you; but I've this much to say;—if he ever shows the 'dominicker,' kill him right then and there! Don't let him come home!"

The old father was himself a veteran of the Indian War in Florida. He raised game chickens, and fought them, too; and had a contempt for "dominicker" roosters because he thought they wouldn't fight, so to "show the dominicker" was his blunt way of describing a coward. Deloney turned and saw a fair-haired country lad of seventeen, standing perfectly erect, his lips compressed, but a vivid fire flashing from his steel-blue eyes. The boy never said a word, parted tenderly from the old man, and went to Virginia, to join the cavalry.

Deloney watched with pride the rapid improvement of his young recruit, but had forgotten the incident until the great cavalry fight at Brandy Station. When squadrons were charging and counter-charging with the intrepid eclat and dash of the Light Brigade, General Pierce M. B. Young suddenly ordered him to attack a Federal brigade that was forming on the flank.

"Get right among them, Colonel! Break them up with cold steel and don't give them time to form!" was the order.

The words were hardly spoken when his command, Deloney far in advance, was sweeping down upon the foe, but before he was within a hundred yards of the enemy something went by him like a cyclone's breath. The Georgia boy was standing on tip-toe in his stirrups, bare-headed, his golden hair streaming, with sabre high in air, and as he passed, with the light of battle on his face and eyes flashing defiance, he turned in his saddle and shouted: "Colonel! here is your 'dominicker!'" A moment more, and he struck the enemy's line like a cannon shot, [another Wilkenried making way for liberty], his sabre flashing on every hand, until he was literally hacked down by the startled foe.

When the fight was over Deloney looked for him. There he lay in the calm of death, his boyish face glorified with the dying thought, "They'll tell father I never showed the dominicker!"

The Pelham Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Birmingham, Ala., was organized with an enrollment of sixty-two members, with Mrs. Joseph F. Johnston, wife of the Governor, President, and Miss Louise Rucker, daughter of General Rucker, Secretary, and Mrs. Fowlkes, Treasurer. The special work of the members will be for the Confederate Memorial Institute.

NORTHERN BOYS IN SOUTHERN ARMIES.

Sketch of Capt. F. N. Graves, by Gen. C. A. Evans:

When the Southern States seceded there were thousands of young men in the South of Northern parentage, and many of them were born on Northern soil. It is an historical truth that this class of young men were among the bravest sons of the South and showed patriotic devotion to the land of their adoption. Families were thus divided into hostile camps, and although preserving natural affection, brothers were distinctly arrayed in antagonism on many fields of battle. I will tell the romantic story of one of these splendid Northern boys, partly in my own language and from personal knowledge, and partly in his own words and in the language of his friends.



CAPT. FRANK N. GRAVES.

In the fall of 1859 there came to Lumpkin, Georgia, a stout, compactly built Northern lad not quite grown and fresh from Massachusetts, who instantly became popular. He came merely on a visit of recreation, expecting to return again to his New England home, but before the term of this vacation expired his life was totally recast. He liked the Southerners, formed a business partnership. He became a Southerner, enlisted as a private in a Confederate company; was soon promoted to Captaincy, fought for the side he had chosen, was captured, and imprisoned with unusual hardships until June, 1865, and then returned to his Georgia home to renew the struggle for a living. This soldier was Captain Frank N. Graves, Sixty-first Georgia Regiment. In a letter to me he says: "Just thirty-six

years ago I first met you in Stewart County, the fall of 1859, I having gone there from my boyhood home on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut River in Massachusetts. I had just completed a hard summer's work in a clerkship at a fashionable summer resort, but had been reared on a small rich river valley farm of which I had entire charge at the age of seventeen, and had managed to keep the wolf from the door of a widowed mother and six brothers and sisters."

In the South his business prospered, but meanwhile the cloud of war overspread the land, and, as Graves says in a letter, "In the early spring of '61 a little occurrence near Charleston disturbed the minds of the people generally. There was some talk among us of 'drinking blood,' but I sawed wood and said nothing. Men were wanted for the 'last ditch,' but I realized that men were wanted for the 'first ditch,' and I afterwards saw that the blusters did not fill either ditch first or last.

You and I, with some of the other boys, went down to Savannah to be mustered in. I remember the exact spot on which we first lined up, and seeing you about ten feet from me. * * * Well, during the past year I went to Savannah for the first time since the war, and at sunrise I went out to find the old barracks where we were enlisted, but found the new De Soto Hotel instead. In the open court is the spot where we stood a third of a century ago and took the oath to support the C. S. A. as enlisted soldiers."

For sometime Graves served in the Commissary Department of Sixty-first Georgia Regiment, but after a hard campaign one of the companies had lost every officer and the men remaining in the company elected him to be their Captain, which office he had not sought, but accepted, consistent with what he had often stated that he intended to serve Georgia faithfully in any capacity that fell to his lot without asking a favor. He marched at the head of his company of brave soldiers, with whom he shared the dangers of the war in Virginia until the famous battle on the 12th of May at Spottsylvania. Of this battle and his own capture Captain Graves says: "You doubtless remember the heavy fog that covered our camp on the night when Gen. Johnston was surprised at daybreak in the celebrated horse shoe bend, and that our regiment slept on arms in the rear as reserve. Gen. Lee, I well remember, called us himself. He touched me with his scabbard and remarked, 'We need you.' I looked up and saw for the last time, the General on his favorite horse. We were soon in a charge and retook the works, but in the dense fog the enemy came upon us again from various directions and in great numbers, when parts of my company and regiment were enveloped and compelled to surrender. As I retired through the army of the enemy I found that they had thirteen solid columns of troops massed in our front. We, the prisoners, stood up all the following night in the rain without rations and were closely guarded. The next day we were marched to Acquia Creek, put on a transport for Point Lookout and thrust into prison after being deprived of everything we had."

The fearful march had so blistered his feet that

he could not stand, causing him acute suffering, and disabling him from walking without pain for more than a year. After a month he was removed to Fort Delaware, where he was drawn by lot as one of the 600 Confederate officers who were to be sent to Charleston to suffer for the alleged cruelties at Andersonville prison. For four weary months he was held as a hostage, and his fare was "four mouldy hardtacks for a daily ration." A soldier says of the trip: "The transportation both ways was of the hardest character, all in one small transport, packed like sardines, four on the floor to every six feet square, then a bunk eighteen inches above with four more men, and then another tier above that making twelve men to about every six cubic feet during August, with mercury in the nineties. We were kept in this situation twenty days, and then landed on Morris Island in a stockade built in front of Battery Wagner and on a line opposite Forts Moultrie and Sumter immediately between the fires of friend and foe. For three months it was a daily occurrence for the great mortar shells to be thrown across our camp. Late in the fall we were moved to Fort Pulaski, where we were fed with kiln dried corn meal. At length we were returned to Fort Delaware, after enduring incredible suffering, resulting in the sickness and death of many."

During the time Capt. Graves was imprisoned and, suffering all these hardships, he had the offer of relief at any time by merely taking an oath by which he would abandon the Confederate cause. As might be expected, his kindred at the North pressed the issue upon him, but he would not yield: he held his honor above all price. He had stood shoulder to shoulder with his Southern comrades in battle and now, in prison as a hostage exposed to new hardships and dangers, his noble fidelity won for him the admiration of all men.

It was two months and more after the surrender of Lee before Capt. Graves was released from prison. At length, on June 17th, 1865, he was released and says: "I left for home via Massachusetts, where I was urgently asked to locate for life and let the South work out its own redemption, but I replied, 'Not for a fee-simple title to the State!'"

After a few weeks Capt. Graves was once more in Lumpkin and again associated with Mansfield in business, first at Lumpkin and then in Marietta. Better still, he married a lovely Southern girl. His comrades are proud of him and are glad that the South brings success to so many of his kind.

This sketch closes with a description of his visit to his aged mother in the old New England home. Capt. Graves, in 1894, took steamer for Boston, which he had left thirty-five years before. He found the old home of his Boston girl, but the girl was not there. Next day he took train for the old home and in the afternoon he knocked at the door of his mother's home. He found her on crutches, eighty-five years of age. The seven children were all living. He said: "After a careful look at me for a half minute, she asked, 'Is this my oldest boy, Frank?' I had not notified her of my intention to call so soon, and the meeting after our long separation cannot be described. Capt. Graves is still a Georgian, the same true, candid, noble, man over

whose head many years have gone, but in whose heart is still the same warm fidelity to every trust reposed in him.

A FEDERAL BOY SOLDIER AT CORINTH.—W. W. Booton, London Mills, Ill., writes that he had just passed his sixteenth summer and arrived at Corinth, Miss., the evening of the fight at Iuka. When the battle of Corinth opened, October 3rd, he had not yet received equipments, and, when the Confederates broke through these lines and entered the town he was down by the railroad, south of the town, gathering autumn flowers.

He adds that a frightened cavalryman came darting by and shouted, "Get into camp quick! the Rebels are coming." I kept pretty good pace with his horse, and when I arrived at the camp I found everything in commotion. They were packing up preparing to retreat. I had not been there long when an order came for every man to get a gun and fall into ranks, and I shall never forget the feeling of solemnity and gloom that pervaded every one present when the great guns in the fort east of town and near our camp began to boom forth defiance to the oncoming and seemingly victorious Confederates. We were marched to the fort where we expected to "die in the last ditch," but the cheering grew fainter and it was evident the Confederates were on the retreat.

The day after the battle I took a stroll over the battleground, approaching the intrenchment north-east of town. I saw a tall slender Confederate lying as he had fallen the day before, with his feet on top of the breastworks. Some one had crossed his hands upon his breast. As I neared Robinette, I came to the new-made grave of a Major Moore (I believe), and a few steps southwest I stopped at the grave of Col. Rogers. I then mounted the parapet, and on the scarp side of the redoubt lay two Confederate soldiers—one a fine looking man with dark hair, wearing a dark coat, whom I have reason to believe was Captain Foster. If it was, he did not fall to the left of the fort as stated by McKinstry in his article sometime since.

The group of United Daughters of the Confederacy published in December VETERAN contained many good pictures. The list of names contained two omissions. The 52 in blank should have contained the name of Mrs. George Nichols, of Franklin, Tenn. The Mrs. Richardson number 56 should have read Mrs. Marianne Sims Richardson.

A copy of the engraving in red border will be sent free to any Daughter of the Confederacy who will send a new subscriber before February 15. Copies of the large photograph will be sent for \$1, or with a new subscription for \$1.50.

Capt. S. D. Buck, Baltimore, Md., corrects an error in his article as to Shields' forces at Kernstown, which should have been 11,000 instead of 1,100. See Dabney's Life of Jackson. Col. Patch (not Palch) reports Shield's force as 7,000.

"PATRIOTISM AND THE SECTIONS."—
MASSACHUSETTS AND VIRGINIA.

Dr. J. Wm. Jones' Rejoinder to Mr. J. D. Billings.

I find in the "Veteran" for November the rejoinder of Mr. Billings to my reply to his criticisms on my Chattanooga speech, and I ask for space to make, what I hope will be, my final rejoinder.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CONTROVERSY.

It so chanced that I was in Chattanooga, in attendance upon the session of the Southern Baptist Convention, when the local committee called upon me and invited me to make one of the speeches at the raising of the "Stars and Stripes" on the court house by the school children of the city, telling me at the same time that Rev. Dr. F. C. Wilkins, of Chicago, had consented to make the other speech of the occasion. I told the committee that while other duties would preclude my using even the brief interval remaining for special preparation, yet if they would be satisfied with what I could give under the circumstances I should be glad to serve them. Hence the speech, which was made before a vast crowd—many of "the Boys who wore the Blue" being present—was received with enthusiastic applause beyond its merits, was published in full in some of the papers, and was afterwards copied in the "Veteran."

This elicited the criticism of Mr. Billings, in which, under the garb of very great courtesy and fairness, he charges me, virtually, with falsifying the truth of history, and showing that it is "easier to be a partisan than it is to be a patriot," and that I had so earnestly played the partisan that I had not allowed "partisanship to sink out of sight in the presence of the national flag."

I replied in a tone and spirit which, I think, was perfectly legitimate and proper (I ask any one interested to re-read my reply in the October "Veteran,") and in the November number my distinguished critic "mends his hold" by making new criticisms, and introducing new matter.

THE POINTS AT ISSUE.

1. I am perfectly willing to leave the readers of the "Veteran" to decide "who is the patriot, and who is the partisan." But I insist that there was nothing either "partisan" or unduly "sectional" in my showing that Virginia and the South had a right to claim an interest in the glory of "the old flag," which they had done so much to make.

2. I care so little about my incidental statement that the flag was "designed from the coat of arms of Washington"—a statement which is made in a number of the histories—that I shall not take time now to defend it. But I will

say in passing that I by no means accept the statement of Prof. John Fiske, of Harvard University, which Mr. Billings so confidently quotes, as settling this or any other question in United States history. I have been recently studying his History of the United States, and find it full of the grossest errors, especially upon points of difference between the North and the South, as I shall have occasion to show in another connection.

3. To my claiming for Virginia the ownership of the old Northwestern Territory, Mr. Billings replies that "the claims of Connecticut and Massachusetts covered a generous portion of that territory, which they, following the example so nobly set by the Old Dominion, ceded to the General Government."

Yes! Massachusetts and Connecticut, and, he might have added, New York, and certain land companies—the Indiana, Vandalia, and Wabash—all laid claim to portions of Virginia's Western territory which would have taken, if made good, not only all of the territory north of the Ohio, but that now occupied by the States of Kentucky and West Virginia as well.

New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut did go through the farce of "ceding" their claims to the General Government—and the land companies were so powerful and had so many members of Congress who held stock (some of it presented by the companies) in them that they at one time got a congressional committee to make a report adverse to Virginia's claim.

But the proof is overwhelming that the whole of this territory belonged of right to Virginia, and could not be lawfully taken from her. Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry, in his "Life, Correspondence, and Speeches of Patrick Henry" (Vol. II., pp. 75-109), has clearly discussed and fully settled this whole question. Curry, in his "Southern States of the American Union" (p. 69), says of Virginia's claim that "as a matter of legal right, her claim was indubitably valid," and Bancroft says that her right to extend to the Mississippi was unquestioned.

Fiske says: "New York, after all, surrendered only a shadowy claim, whereas Virginia gave up a magnificent and princely territory of which she was actually in possession. She might have held back, and made endless trouble, just at the beginning of the Revolution; she might have refused to make common cause with Massachusetts; but in both instances her leading statesmen showed a far-sighted wisdom and a breadth of patriotism for which no words of praise can be too strong."

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, says: "The cession of Virginia was the most marked instance of a large and generous self-denial."

Other authorities might be cited, but I will not take space to do so, and will only give a very brief summary of the conclusive points that established the claim of Virginia:

(a) This territory was hers by a clear grant in her original charter, and by subsequent royal edicts.

(b) It was hers by right of conquest from the British and Indians who occupied it during the first part of the Revolution. The Continental Congress had not a man, or a dollar, to spare for the reconquest of that territory, and the British would have held it and pushed the boundary of Canada down to the Ohio, instead of at the lakes, had not Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, commissioned George Rogers Clark, who raised a volunteer force of Virginians, and by a campaign which won for him the soubriquet of "the Hannibal of the West," and was one of the most brilliant and heroic of all history, conquered this territory, and enabled Virginia to organize it as "Illinois County," and attach it to the "District of Kentucky."

(c) The Continental Congress distinctly recognized Virginia's claim in accepting its generous proposition—in refusing to adopt the amendment offered by the New Jersey delegation that in accepting Virginia's grant Congress did not mean to pass on the validity of her claim to that territory—and again, in instructing the Commissioners of the United States that in treating with Great Britain they should insist on Virginia's title to that territory on the principle of *uti possidetis*—each country retaining the territory she actually held at the time.

(d) In the treaty agreed upon Great Britain distinctly recognized the claim of Virginia, and admitted that the territory belonged to the Old Dominion both by charter grant, and by right of conquest.

(e) The Supreme Court of the United States several times, in cases growing out of the operations of the land companies, distinctly affirmed Virginia's right to the Northwestern Territory.

And yet, while earnestly and successfully defending her title to the territory against all other claimants, whether States or land companies, Old Virginia freely brought this magnificent domain, out of which five great States were afterwards carved, and with princely liberality laid it on the altar of the Union.

These are indisputable facts of the history of those times, and it is too late now to attempt to rob the old commonwealth of her honors.

4. The relative numbers of troops furnished by Virginia and Massachusetts during the Revolutionary War is a question of historic interest which Mr. Billings thought to settle summarily by giving, on the authority of the Secretary of War, Gen. Knox, of Massachusetts, for 1790, figures which, I candidly admitted, seemed to settle the point against me, and I said that I had not access to that report, but would seek my earliest opportunity of examining it. I quoted the figures from Gen. Evans, and from Heitman, not claiming that they set-

tled the question in my favor, but as strong inferential proof that Mr. Billings was mistaken in his contention that Virginia not only furnished fewer troops than Massachusetts, but was entitled to rank only as "tenth" among the colonies in furnishing troops.

The figures of Gen. Evans showed conclusively that the Southern colonies furnished a larger number of troops than the Northern colonies, and my quotation from Heitman showed that the returns were in great confusion—that each new enlistment was counted—and that the figures on which Mr. Billings relied were, therefore, uncertain, and misleading. Where the "innuendoes" come in I am at a loss to decide.

I regret to say that I have not yet been able to see the report of Gen. Knox for 1790 on which Mr. Billings relies—the school with which I am now concerned is located in the country, and the library of the University of Virginia has not been accessible since the great fire of last year—but I have carefully studied several authorities who have examined that report, and they give very different results from those deduced by Mr. Billings. As for my old friend Lossing, whom I used to read with such interest, and whose pictures I admired so extravagantly when I was a boy, I do not acknowledge him as authority on any doubtful point.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry, in his very able, accurate, and entirely reliable book on "The Southern States of the American Union"—a book, by the way, which I would commend to Mr. Billings for use in his Webster School—quotes Col. Higginson as saying that the people of New England "wrote from the very beginning" and had carefully preserved their annals, and brings out very clearly the fact that the Southern colonies, on the other hand, had neglected "any adequate preservation of the materials for history," and that consequently the Southern States "have suffered in failing to receive the bounties and pensions as well as the historical recognition properly due to them."

And yet Dr. Curry proceeds to show (pp. 48-57) "that the South in expense, and battles, and soldiers, bore her full share in the struggle for independence."

He uses this report of Secretary of War Knox for 1790, and deduces from it substantially the same results as those given in the figures of Gen. Evans. But he quotes from Knox's report the very significant statement that "in some years of the greatest exertion of the Southern States there are no returns whatever of the militia." Dr. Curry says that "at the North nearly every man who served was entered on the rolls," and I have recently learned that Massachusetts is now publishing a full roll of the names of all of her troops who at any time and in any capacity served in the American Revolution. And yet from those inadequate Southern records Dr. Curry deduces from

Gen. Knox's report that "the North sent to the army 100 men for every 227 of military age, as shown by the census of 1790, and the South 100 for every 209." He also shows that "in 1848 one out of every sixty-two of the men of military age in 1790 in the North was a Revolutionary pensioner, and one out of every 110 in the South," and that "of these pensioners New England had 3,146 more than there were in all of the South, and New York two-thirds as many, though she contributed not one-seventh as many men to the war." Dr. Curry also brings out the well-established fact "generally at the North the war assumed a regular character; at the South it was brought home to every fireside, and there was scarcely a man who did not shoulder his musket, even though not regularly in the field;" and that "while sending its troops freely to defend any part of the country, it fought, in very large degree, its own battles, and the losses sustained in supporting this home conflict were far heavier than any amount of taxation ever levied."

In Henry's "Life of Patrick Henry" (Vol. II., pp. 9 and 69), it is very clearly shown, from Secretary Knox's report and other sources, that Virginia furnished more than the quota called for from her by Congress, and that while defending her own soil she freely sent her troops both North and South.

There can be but little doubt that Morgan and his riflemen did more than any others to compel the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, and that the crack of the same rifles won the important victory at Cowpens, S. C.; that only Virginians were engaged in the conquest of the Northwest; that of Greene's forces at Guilford C. H., 2,481 out of his 3,650 were Virginians; that the hardy Scotch-Irish of Southwest Virginia under Col. Campbell bore the brunt of the fighting at King's Mountain; that Virginians were the flower of Greene's army in his operations against Cornwallis, and that they contributed more than their share to the glories of Yorktown.

Greene wrote Washington just after the battle of Guilford: "Virginia has given me every support I could wish," and Cornwallis wrote: "The great reinforcements sent by Virginia to Gen. Greene while Gen. Arnold was in the Chesapeake are convincing proofs that small expeditions do not frighten that powerful province."

Surely, then, there is radical error in any figures which assign Virginia the tenth place in the column of Revolutionary States, and Mr. Henry does not put it too strongly when he says: "An investigation of the facts shows conclusively that Virginia did her whole duty to the common cause, and she is not liable to the charge, sometimes heard, that she failed to do her part of the fighting in the Revolution. She did her part, and more than her part, during the whole war."

And, although the official figures may not be found which show the exact number of troops the Old Dominion furnished, yet I think that I have shown above that as she led the van in the forum, the Cabinet, and the congressional halls of the young republic, and gave her Washington to command the armies which won our freedom, so she was in the forefront in furnishing men for the rank and file of this great battle for freedom.

But I have already consumed too much of your space, and have left myself no room in which to reply to Mr. Billings' defense of New England's conduct during the war of 1812, the Hartford Convention, and her nullification, and secession record. You must let me "come again" on these points, Mr. Editor, for it is an interesting historical fact, susceptible of the fullest and most conclusive proof, that while Massachusetts has denounced Southern "rebels," and the "great rebellion," she has a record in favor of secession, and nullification, from the beginning down to 1860.

But I cannot close without cordially responding to Mr. Billings' invitation to be his guest "under the eaves of Harvard," that when I shall be able to make a long-promised visit to an old room-mate, and loved "rebel" friend, now Professor in Harvard, it will give me very great pleasure to accept his hospitality. And I would say, in return, that if he will come to see me at this great school, presided over by a former Captain in the old "Stonewall" Brigade, he will meet a hearty welcome, Old Virginia hospitality, and a full opportunity to "say his say," while observing that we are training here 300 young Virginia patriots — teaching them the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning Old Virginia, and the American Union, instilling into them love for every foot of this common country of ours, and inspiring them with a purpose to make good citizens of the "Old Dominion," and of the United States as well.

The Miller School, Dec. 5, 1896.

Capt. W. H. Parker, who resigned a position in the Federal Navy to join the Confederate, in which he became a prominent officer, died in Washington, D. C., December 30th, 1896.

Captain Parker was engaged by the Virginia Historical Society to write a history of the Confederate Navy, and was engaged upon it at the time of his death. He was author of a text-book upon Astronomy, and of "The Recollections of a Naval Officer," published a few years ago.

E. W. Roberts, of Bremond, Texas, desires the address of any one who was at the Battle of Shiloh, and who was acquainted with Moses Mathias, of Company K, Arkansas Regiment. He was killed in the battle.

TITLES THAT PERVERT HISTORY.

The mistake made in the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans in giving high-sounding and, in many instances, absurd titles to the officers of the Association we all so love and approve, to wit, privates commissioned as Major Generals, Captains (like the writer), as Colonels, is brought home to us by the absurdity of these same titles being assumed by the officers holding the same relative positions in the "Sons of Veterans" Association, thus belittling their praiseworthy order, and bringing the charge of puerility against their members. With the U. C. V. of to-day, a Gordon, a Hampton, a Lee, dignify the office and sustain their rank; but as we go down the roster some glaring absurdities appear, and the future historian will be all at sea when endeavoring to give proper rank to the soldiers of war. It were better, a thousand times better, that the U. C. V. even now changed its nomenclature and called our senior officer General Commander, prefixing department, division, brigade and regiment, down to simple commander of camps; and to the staff, giving the prefix before the designation of duty, but dropping all military rank; thus making it possible for a private in the army or navy during the war to command the U. C. V. and not feel ashamed of his, perhaps earned, but not attained, title. The writer went into the war an ambitious youth of nineteen, with a military school education of four years, and came out of the army a captain, as gazetted, but never commissioned; now he is a "colonel," and so commissioned; he likes the rank, and is glad he so did his duty in war as to have obtained the rank in peace, but nevertheless he does not approve the rank, and loving the cause he fought for, and jealous of its historic memories, he does not want to see anything connected with "the cause that was, the principle that is, the memories that cannot, must not die," belittled by absurd titles; especially by our sons, who should dignify their fathers' actions, so strong and self sustaining.

JAMES G. HOLMES.

"Col." A. G. & C. of S., S. C. Div.

KENTUCKY AT THE REUNION.

An ex-Johnnie, in the *Courier-Journal*: I want to suggest that the ex-Confederate soldiers of Kentucky make a spread of some kind, and show up in style as well as force on that occasion. I suggest that a camp be established, say one mile this side of Nashville, about, and that every Kentuckian who served in the Confederacy, and is able, rally to it, and that they march across the bridge into the city, preceded by a drum and fife corps, or other military music. If something of the kind were concurred in by all the towns of the State and such a movement were carried out, the old State would show up equal to any of 'em. If anybody can suggest something better than this, I hope they will do so. Let Old Kentucky has a big representation at the reunion and give the balance of the world a chance to see it.

HEROIC DEED AT SHILOH.

Rev. D. Sullins, pastor of a Methodist Church in Chattanooga, Tenn., in a talk before the N. B. Forrest Camp illustrating what heroic men can do when working together, told of the Nineteenth Tennessee Infantry in the battle of Shiloh: * * * *

It was in the afternoon of the first day's fight. The great Kentucky chieftain, Albert Sidney Johnston, had just fallen, but Capt. Lewis, now Judge Lewis, of Knoxville, who had charge of the ambulances for the reserve corps that day, had taken him off the field. From early morning we had driven the Federals from hill top to hill top, till one wing touched the river. Gen. Breckenridge, with whom as quartermaster I pitched my tent for many a day, was commander of the reserve corps, composed of Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi and Louisiana troops. He sat upon his horse on the crest of a long ridge, his staff about him and the soldiers flat on the ground just back of the hill top. Col. Frank M. Walker, of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, sat upon his horse at the head of his command, within speaking distance of the General. During the delay caused by the death of Gen. Johnston, the Federals had planted a strong and well supported battery on a hill in our front, which was raining death among us. The Crescent Regiment of New Orleans had been ordered to dislodge it, and the brave fellows charged down the hill through the brush and fallen timber, firing and yelling as they went. They passed the hollow and began the ascent of the opposite hill. The watchful and quick Yankees saw what was coming and, knowing their desperate opportunity, turned every murderous gun upon them. All their hearts were aching, and those large blue eyes of Breckenridge filled with tears, as through the drifting smoke he saw the line begin to waver and then to fall back. A fearful moment! Death shrieking in a thousand shells! Somebody must go to the help of those brave men and silence that battery! Breckenridge, turning to his staff, said: "Is there a regiment here that can relieve those men and take the battery?" Col. Walker, modest as a woman and brave as he was modest, spurred his horse forward quickly, and touching his cap, said: "General, I think the Nineteenth Tennessee can!" "Give them the order, Colonel," came the quick reply, and in another moment a thousand East Tennesseans sprang to their feet with a yell and swept down that hill like an unbridled cyclone. There they go to death or victory, my own regiment of noble boys, to whom I preach when the day's march is done. See! See! On they go, their line unbroken still. O God of Battles, shield the dear fellows now! See! Up, still up they go, though many a one has fallen. O the horrors of war! But look! The smoke is rifted. Thank God, they fly! The hill is taken and those death dealing guns are hushed. Hallelujah! Listen to that shout! And then the cheer after cheer from the surrounding heights made the young April leaves quiver with the vibrations. Well done, brave men! You assumed fearful responsibilities for home and honor, and have met them.

REMINISCENCES OF CHICKAMAUGA.

J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEXAS.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct. 1, 1863.

CHARMING NELLIE:—I wrote to you last from Fredericksburg, Va. Then I sat in a chair by the side of a table and under the shade of a maple—sore and downcast over disastrous defeat, but doing my best to “keep a stiff upper lip” and make light of it; now, elated by a glorious victory, I sit in the shadow of Lookout Mountain, with my back against a tent post, writing on a wide board held in my lap. * * *



With the details of the long and tiresome journey in box cars from Virginia, I will not weary your patient soul—remarking, however, by way of parenthesis, that somewhere on the route I not only lost my knapsack, but the pair of No. 3 cloth gaiters which, as I wrote you, I had refused to give to the young lady in the Shenandoah Valley. You may think it just retribution, but I impute the happening to the meanness of the fellow who did the stealing. * * * The battle of Chickamauga was fought, as you know, on the 19th and 20th days of last month. The Texas Brigade got into position early on the morning of the 19th, and during the balance of that long and struggling day the booming of artillery and the roar of small arms on its right and left was incessant and terrific. Judging alone from the noise, it appeared to us that every man of both armies must soon be wounded or killed, and we wondered much why the sound of the firing seemed neither to recede nor advance, and why there was none of the yelling to which we had been accustomed in Virginia. And when at last it was learned that the opposing lines were simply standing two or three hundred yards apart, firing at each other as fast as guns could be loaded and triggers pulled, comments were many and ludicrous—the consensus of opinion being that such a method of fighting would not suit troops which in Virginia were accustomed to charge the enemy at sight. One brave fellow said, and voiced the sentiment of all: “Boys, if we have to stand in a straight line as stationary targets for the Yankees to shoot at with a rest, this old Texas Brigade is going to run like h—ll.”

It is said that when Longstreet, on this second day, heard the shouts of his men as the Yankees were being driven back, he suggested to Bragg that a general and simultaneous attack should be made all along the lines. “But I have no assurance that the enemy has begun to retreat,” objected Bragg. “Well, I know it has,” replied Longstreet, “for I hear my men yelling and can tell from it that they are driving the enemy before them.” But Bragg was skeptical and waited for actual reports from the front, and these came too late for a movement which would have forced Rosecrans beyond the Tennessee River and given us possession of Chattanooga almost without a struggle. As it is, the Lord only

knows when, how or whether we shall ever capture it; for there is no rainbow of promise yet in the sky of war that points in the direction of that “devoutly to be wished” consummation.

The part of the lines around Chattanooga occupied by us begins at a point half a mile from the foot of Lookout Mountain; the picket line at first established resting its right on Chattanooga Creek and stretching across a wide bend to that stream again. Gen. Hood's loss of a leg at Chickamauga has devolved the command of our Division upon Brig. Gen. Jenkins, whose brigade of South Carolinians joined us at Chickamauga. This brigade has been heretofore serving on the coast and is composed of a magnificent body of men whose brand new Confederate uniforms easily distinguish them from the members of other commands. I was lucky enough to be on picket duty a few nights ago with my friends Will Burges and John West, of Companies D and E of the Fourth, each of whom is not only a good soldier but a most entertaining companion. As the night advanced it became cold enough to make fire very acceptable, and appropriating a whole one to ourselves, we had wandered from a discussion of the war and of this particular campaign that was little flattering to Gen. Bragg, into pleasant reminiscences of our homes and loved ones, when someone on horseback said, “Good evening, gentlemen.” Looking hastily up, we discovered that the intruder was Gen. Jenkins, alone and unattended by either aide or orderly, and were about to rise and salute in approved military style, when, with a smile plainly perceptible in the bright moonlight, he said, “No, don't trouble yourselves,” and, letting the reins drop on his horse's neck, threw one leg around the pommel of his saddle and entered into conversation with us. Had you been listening for the next half hour or so, Charming Nellie, you would never have been able to guess which of us was the General, for, ignoring his rank as completely as we careless Texans forgot it, he became at once as private a soldier as either of us, and talked and laughed as merrily and unconcernedly as if it were not war times. I offered him the use of my pipe and smoking tobacco, Burges was equally generous with the plug he kept for chewing, and West was even polite enough to regret that the whiskey he was in the habit of carrying as a preventive against snake bites was just out; in short, we were beginning to believe Gen. Jenkins of South Carolina the only real general in the Confederate service, when, to our surprise and dismay, he straightened himself up on his saddle and, climbing from “gay to grave, from lively to severe,” announced that at midnight the picket line would be expected to advance and drive the Yankees to the other side of the creek. We might easily have forgiven him for being the bearer of this discomforting intelligence had that been the sum total of his offending; but it was not; he rode away without expressing the least pleasure at having made our acquaintance, or even offering to shake hands with us—the necessary and inevitable consequence of such discourtesy being that he descended at once in our estimation to the level of any other general. But midnight was too near at hand to waste time

in nursing our indignation; instant action was imperative, and, resolving ourselves into a council of war with plenary powers, it was unanimously decided by the three privates there assembled that our recent guest was an upstart wholly undeserving of our confidence; that the contemplated movement was not only foolish and impracticable, but bound to be dangerous; and that if a single shot was fired at us by the enemy, we three would just lie down and let Gen. Jenkins of South Carolina do his own advancing and driving. Being veterans, we knew far better than he how easy it was at night for opposing lines to intermingle with each other and men to mistake friends, and we did not propose to sanction the taking of such chances.

All too soon the dreaded and fateful hour arrived; all too soon the whispered order "Forward" was passed from man to man down the long line, and, like spectral forms in the ghastly moonlight, the Confederate pickets moved slowly out into the open field in their front, every moment expecting to see the flash of a gun and hear or feel its messenger of death, and all awed by the fear the bravest men feel when confronting unknown danger. Not ten minutes before, the shadowy forms of the enemy had been seen by our videttes, and if the life of the creek was worth capturing by us, it surely was worth holding by the Yankees. But all was silent and still; no sight of foe, no tread of stealthy footstep, no sharp click of gunlock—not even the rustling of a leaf or the snap of a twig came out of the darkness to relieve our suspense and quiet the expectant throbbing of our hearts. Under these circumstances, West, Burges and your humble servant, like the brave and true men they are, held themselves erect and advanced side by side with their gallant comrades until the *terra incognita* and impenetrability of the narrow but timbered valley of the stream suggested ambush and the advisability of rifle pits. Working at these with a will born of emergency, we managed to complete them just as the day dawned, and jumping into them with a sigh of inexpressible relief—our courage rising as the night fled—waited for hostilities to begin. But the Yankees had outwitted us, their withdrawal, by some strange coincidence, having been practically simultaneous with our advance—they taking just start enough, however, to keep well out of our sight and hearing. West remarked next morning: "It's better to be born lucky than rich," but whether he referred to our narrow escape or to that of the Yankees, he refused to say. * * * * Soon afterwards, a truce along the picket lines in front of the Texans was arranged; that is, there was to be no more shooting at each other's pickets—the little killing and wounding done by the practice never compensating for the powder and shot expended and the discomfort of being always on the alert, night and day.

But the South Carolinians, whose picket line began at our left, their first rifle pit being within fifty feet of the last one of the First Texas, could make no terms whatever. The Federals charge them with being the instigators and beginners of the war, and, as I am informed, always exclude them from the benefit of truces between the pickets. It is

certainly an odd spectacle to see the Carolinians hiding in their rifle pits and not daring to show their heads, while not fifty feet away, the Texans sit on the ground playing poker, in plain view and within a hundred yards of the Yankees. Worse than all, the palmetto fellows are not even permitted to visit us in daylight, except in disguise—their new uniforms of gray always betraying them wherever they go. One of them who is not only very fond of, but successful at the game of poker, concluded the other day to risk being shot for the chance of winning the money of the First Texas and, divesting himself of his coat, slipped over to the Texas pit an hour before daylight, and by sun-up was giving his whole mind to the noble pastime. An hour later, a keen-sighted Yankee sang out: "Say, you Texas Johnnies! ain't that fellow playing cards with his back to a sapling one of them d—d South Carolina secessionists? Seems to me his breeches are new'n they ought to be." This direct appeal for information placed the Texans between the horns of a dilemma; hospitality demanded the protection of their guest—prudence, the observance of good faith towards the Yankees. The delay in answering obviated the necessity for it by confirming the inquirer's suspicions and, exclaiming, "D—n him, I just know it is," he raised his gun quickly to his shoulder and fired. The South Carolinian was too active though; at the very first movement of the Yankee, he sprang ten feet and disappeared into a gulch that protected him from further assault. * * * * *

Jack Smith, of Company D, is *sui generis*. A brave and gallant soldier, he is yet an inveterate straggler and is, therefore, not always on hand when the battle is raging; but at Chickamauga he was, and, singularly enough, counted for two. Another member of Company D is constitutionally opposed to offering his body for sacrifice on the altar of his country, and when he cannot get on a detail which will keep him out of danger, is sure to fall alarmingly sick. Jack determined to put a stop to this shirking, so, early on the morning of the 19th, he took the fellow under his own protecting and stimulating care and, attacking him in the most vulnerable point, to the surprise of everybody, carried him into and through the fight of that day. "Come right along with me, Fred, and don't be scared a particle," Jack was heard to say in his coaxing, mellifluous voice as we began to advance on the enemy, "for I'll shoot the head off the first man who points a gun at you. You stick close to me, fire at everything you see in front of you, and I'll watch out for your carcass, and after we have whipped the Yanks you an' me'll finish them bitters in my haversack." "But I don't like bitters," protested Fred in a trembling voice. "I know that, ole feller, an' I don't generally like 'em myself, but these are made on the old nigger's plan—the least mite in the world of cherry bark, still less of dogwood, and then fill up the bottle with whiskey."

Needless to say that after the battle was over and Jack had brought his protege safely through its perils, quite a number of comrades looked longingly at the bottle. In vain, however; Jack was loyal to

his promise, and he and Fred were the merriest men in Company D that night.

Discussing the subject on the picket post the night Gen. Jenkins interviewed us, Burges insisted that the influence which carried Fred into the engagement was a spirit of patriotism newly awakened in his bosom; I gave the credit to Jack Smith's personal magnetism, but when West insisted it was the bitters, Burges and I instantly "acknowledged the corn," Burges saying, "You ought to know, West, for you carry that kind of bitters yourself, don't you?" and then, West, not to be outdone in courtesy, modestly "acknowledged the corn" himself and gave us a chance to repeat our acknowledgments. That is the reason Gen. Jenkins got none, for indeed there was very little in the bottle and the night was very raw and cold.

BATTLE OF EASTPORT.

The Iuka, Miss., Vidette:

There are many people who never heard of such a battle. There are even old citizens of this county who have no recollection of it, although living within a few miles of the place.

Eastport is situated on the south bank of the Tennessee River about eight miles north of Iuka. Forty or fifty years ago it was an important business point and had several large stores and a commodious warehouse. * * * The landing is at the foot of a bluff of considerable elevation and the water is deep at all times.

The battle occurred October 14, 1864. General Forrest had just returned from his celebrated raid into Middle Tennessee, during which, in twenty-three days, he had killed, captured and wounded 3,500 Federals and secured a million dollars' worth of supplies. He had crossed the Tennessee River at Colbert Shoals. At Cherokee Station on the morning of the 13th information was received through scouts that a large force of Yankees was ascending the Tennessee River and it was believed that a landing was contemplated at or near Eastport.

To meet this raid, troops were stationed at different points. A force was dispatched to Eastport under command of Col. D. C. Kelley, a brave and dashing officer, who had achieved distinction on many hard-fought fields, although by profession a minister of the gospel. His command consisted of about 300 men, a part of the Twelfth Tennessee and Forrest's old Regiment, together with two pieces of artillery.

Col. Kelley and his brave troops reached Eastport on the morning of the 14th, when a fleet of transports, convoyed by two gunboats, was seen in the distance ascending the river. Kelley barely had time to make preparations for battle.

Placing his section of artillery in position where it commanded the river landing and masking it skillfully, he had his horses sent to the rear and hid his troops behind the crest of the ridge, with orders not to fire until a signal was given.

It was an exciting time. On came the enemy's

fleet direct to the landing. The three transports were blue with Yankee soldiers, there being not less than 3,000 on board, the two gunboats standing to the north shore.

As soon as the transports were made fast to the bank, the stage planks were lowered and the soldiers began to disembark.

Company after company marched ashore and they had counted sixty horses and three cannon on the bank.

Then the signal was given, just as the stagings were covered with troops crowding to the shore. A sheet of flame burst forth from the crest of the hill while Walton's Artillery, stationed in the old fort, threw a shell into the troops and another into one of the gunboats, where it was seen to explode with terrific effect.

The cables connecting the boats with the bank were cut, the transports drifted back, the stagings crowded with men dropped into the water, drowning scores of them.

Nearly 1,200 Yankees were now on the bank and exposed to a plunging fire from the hill above, without organization and without any chance of protection from the withering, death-dealing bullets. The cooler headed ones rushed down the bank except some fifty, who threw down their arms and surrendered. The transports made no effort to save those who had fallen into the river, but backed rapidly down the river, played upon all the while by the Confederate artillery.

Meantime the Yankees on the shore to the number of about 800 succeeded in making their escape, after throwing away their guns, knapsacks and overcoats, by pursuing the retreating boats down the river about half a mile and out of reach of the Confederates, where the transports hove to and took the frightened wretches on board.

The results of this brilliant battle to the Confederate troops was the capture of 75 Yankees, 250 killed and drowned, 3 pieces of rifled artillery and 60 artillery horses, besides small arms and clothing in large quantities, also thwarting a raid that was no doubt contemplated by this expedition. All this was accomplished without the loss of a man.

The Yankees retired down the river, reporting that they had been attacked by all of Forrest's Cavalry and made haste to get into safer quarters.

Col. Kelley's, now Rev. D. C. Kelley, attention was called to the above and he confirms the story. The Northern press reported it as "The Eastport Disaster." Dr. Kelley says:

We had only a single man wounded. We were unable to pursue the retreating Federals down the river bank quickly because the high weeds about the landing obscured their movements and left us in doubt as to the numbers not joining in the retreat. So soon as we had made sure of those remaining by capture, our horsemen began pursuit of those retreating, but found the narrow ground between the river and the bluff impracticable for cavalry, and by the time we had secured our prisoners, and dismounted our men for the pursuit, the Federals had outstripped us in distance.

SOUTH CAROLINA DAUGHTERS.

They Pay Tribute to Four Color Bearers.

The South Carolina Division United Daughters of the Confederacy held their annual Convention at Columbia, December 9, 1896.

Mrs. A. T. Smythe, of Charleston, who has been a diligent organizer in the Palmetto State and had been President from the first, declined reelection.

Mrs. Ellison Capers, Columbia, President; Mrs. C. P. McGowan, Abbeville, Mrs. H. B. Buist, Greenville, Mrs. Thomas P. Bailey, Georgetown, Mrs. C. Rutledge Holmes, Charleston, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Thomas Taylor, Columbia, Secretary; Mrs. S. A. Durham, Marion, Treasurer. There is a generally active membership in the Daughters of South Carolina.

At the meeting of the Wade Hampton Chapter, subsequent to the State Convention, Mrs. Thomas Taylor gave a pathetic story concerning a boy soldier. The Columbia State gives this account:

We are not working for what is unattainable. We are not a people of humility. It is unnatural to us not to strive against inferiority. The Daughters are honest and vigorous in their effort to cherish the immortal spirit which will keep working those activities, which will have to work perhaps as nature does dark work—the secret growing of power below the surface of the earth—until the fullness of time comes for it to burst out, meet the sunlight and strengthen life. South Carolina is to go to court some day and she is not going in a calico dress. Our men are to take her there in the royal presence of the world, herself royal in her own right. Ladies, I think it is our men who must take her there, but I think they will be partly the make-up of women's influences.

It is good for women to do their part; the part we are now doing as nourishers, and there we stop. We cannot make healthy manhood by standing in its place and assuming its obligations.

How are we working? First, we are collecting relics and records. Relics and records are symbols. There is a subtle spirit in these, and if we do not reach it and bind it to our uses we will have bread without salt.

I was in the Confederate room of the South Carolina College a short time ago when a man entered and inquired for the picture of a boy, naming him. He had been told that it was there and had come to see it. He was directed to where upon opposite pillars hung two portraits in oil—one to DeSausure Burroughs, a gallant lad courier to General Kershaw, killed in Virginia; the other was the portrait inquired for. The visitor stood reading the sketch of the life of the color bearer. He said he was one of the detail to bury the dead of his command, who laid side by side upon the ground awaiting interment.

"A boy hero," he said to me, "that is what General Gregg called Jimmie when he turned from the grave where we buried him after the fight. We buried him in three barrels—knocked the heads out of the middle one and run the end ones onto it. The men put a rail around the grave and Bennett cut 'J. H. T.' in the tree at the head." I asked why they made a difference for him and he said: "The men loved the boy." He was 15 years of age and had been their color bearer.

The flag was presented at Torre's Mill, away up on East Bay, Charleston, by Mrs. D. H. Hamilton to her husband's regiment, to the command of which Col. Hamilton succeeded when Gregg was promoted; it went to Virginia. For "soldierly conduct" General Gregg made James Taylor color sergeant. Before the battle he said to Taylor that he was not required to take the colors into the fight. The reply was: "General, you gave them to me. I will bear them." The first shot made him shift the staff to the other arm. The second further crippled him and his friend took the standard. This was the second of the four boys of whom I speak to you. He bore the name of a relative who had remained in the United States navy. I have heard that his mother said to him when he was going to the army: "Shubrick, you have a name to redeem." Those who remember Mrs. Isaac Hayne know that she would naturally speak as would a Roman mother.

Shubrick Hayne was soon in his last rest. Taylor again took the flag and was mortally wounded. In unconscious heroism, the third boy, Alfred Pinckney, held the colors until he was summoned, and resigned them to the fourth, George Cotchett, who finished the record made by four boys who had done all that manhood can achieve; they had fulfilled a mighty responsibility. This record is to be kept by Time and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

To me it seems that the social and political history of the South from the Revolution to 1865 is focused in the military history of these lads—Taylor, Hayne, Pinckney and Cotchett of Gregg's command—color bearers.

In the short hours of that battle at Gaines' Mill they tell a long story of womanhood, manhood, statesmanship and the result. They indicate vitalities which acted through our past, underlie our present and which are bound to be emerging in our future. It was almost the nursery door which was opened for them to pass through the field of battle—and to death. It was the womanhood of the land which opened the door. Women taught boys that manhood meant responsibility; they taught them more than narrow consideration for State interests; they learned that they were to endure restrictions—constitutional restrictions—and impositions which were necessary for the interlaced interests of the United States.

From fathers and clean-minded statesmen of those days they learned that every citizen owed a character to his commonwealth. Election meant that a man was endorsed by his people because he was worthy and fit.

Friends, Southerners have to write the history that will continue to teach these doctrines, and I

believe these boys can help us. To whom do they belong? To the up-country or the low-country? to this family or to that? to this country or that?

"Epaminondas belongs to Thebes,

Regulus belongs to Rome"—

The boys of the Confederacy belong to us.

"They are not dead; they sleep"—

They will come to us in other boys who in turn will become the guards of the principle for which we struggled—the right to hold to the individuality of the State in the united commonwealths, and her sovereignty within herself—which individualizing of responsibility, in my opinion, is the real safety of this big body of country with a Federal government, and no government over that government except the chances of conscience.

Our Chapter, unaided, perhaps, could raise a mural memorial to the standard bearers of Gregg's command; but the State is their mother; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the State Convention of the South Carolina Division appropriate . . . for a testimonial, whereby the Daughters of the Confederacy desire to express their tenderness for and their solemn trust in the boys who were color bearers in Gregg's command at the battle of Gaines' Mill, Va.

REMINISCENCES OF FORT DONELSON.—J. M. Lynn of Crystal Falls, Texas, writes: I belonged to R. F. Graves' Battery, S. B. Buckner's Division at Fort Donelson in February 1862. We arrived at Dover on Tuesday and took position on the hill in rear of the Fort. Col. Heiman's Tenth Tennessee supported our left; they were on a V shaped hill and Capt. Maney's Battery was on their left. During the attack on the Fort the shots from the gunboats passed over our battery and struck the V shaped hill. I can see them still in my memory. We remained on the battlefield three days after the surrender.

As we marched on board the steamer to be transported North Gen. Buckner was in the crowd, the Yankee band struck up "Yankee Doodle," and a Federal officer asked Gen. B. if it did not remind him of old times, and he replied, "Yes, it also reminds me of an incident that occurred in our camps a few days ago. A soldier was being drummed out of camp for stealing; the band was playing the Rogues March, when he said, 'Hold on! play Yankee Doodle, as half a million rogues march by that tune every day.'"

Before we got to Louisville, Ky., it was rumored that we would be mobbed if we landed. The levee was packed with people who sought a glimpse of Buckner and his "pets." I remember George D. Prentice was severe in his censure of General Buckner.

We were confined in Camp Morton Prison, and D. L. Rowell of the Second Kentucky and I escaped on the night of March 18th 1862, and walked to Owen County, Ky., where I left him and have never heard from him since. I would be glad to know his address if living. I joined John H. Morgan's Cavalry and was captured again at Cheshire, Ohio; was confined in Camp Douglass Prison till close of the war.

MR. POLK MILLER IN WISCONSIN.

After a description of the beautiful State Capitol, at Madison, Wis., Polk Miller, of Virginia, adds:

I visited the rotunda, in which are stored the flags of different Wisconsin Regiments that served in the great war. On each there is a card, giving the number of the regiment, names of its field officers, the battles in which it was engaged, the number of men it had in the start, recruits added, and the number it had when mustered out. I was struck with the number of men who fell from disease, while few, comparatively, were killed in battle. The cards read: "—th Wisconsin; organized at Milwaukee, July 3, '62, mustered in for three years." Then came the list of battles—two-thirds of which I never heard of before.

No. of men mustered in	1,180
No. of recruits received	940
	2,120

No. killed or died of wounds	113
No. died of disease	386
No. died from accidents	13
	512

Mustered out in 1865	1,618
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Just think of a regiment, and there were thirty or forty just such, which had more men mustered out of service after the close of hostilities than we had in a whole brigade of five regiments. Every now and then I would see where the death roll was made up of those who died by disease or accident only. There must have been a half dozen or more regiments which did not become engaged in battle at all. * * * The library and art gallery interested me very much. Here was stored a collection of portraits of their leading men. All Southerners remember that noble man, James R. Doolittle, who did so much for us during the dark days of reconstruction and carpet-bag rule in the South. He was then a Senator. We remember Nat. Carpenter, too, but not so pleasantly, for he was "agin us" all the time. Daniel Webster's private carriage, with the steps folded up on the inside of the door, is also there. The driver's seat is about ten feet from the ground.

Here, too, is exhibited a section of cast iron breastplate, with a bullet hole penetrating it at a point just over the heart of wearer, and bears this inscription: "Taken from the body of Colonel Rodgers, of the Confederate Army, killed at Shiloh." If I am not mistaken, I have seen this very thing before. There was one in one of our public buildings at the evacuation of Richmond, I think it was the capitol, and it was taken from the body of a cavalryman, who was killed by one of our pickets. As one of the Wisconsin regimental flags has a card saying, "this was the first to enter Richmond and plant the United States flag on its public buildings," I think "Colonel Rodgers' breastplate" was purloined by one of those fellows and taken home as a relic. I have seen enough wood from "the apple tree under which the rebel General Lee surrendered at Appomattox," in my travels, to start a first-class lumber yard. There is a show case full of "captured Confederate flags." Among them I could not see but two that I could read on account of the way they were folded. One read "the Cedar Creek Rifles, presented by the ladies of Virginia," another "the Mississippi Devils."

Confederate Veteran.

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This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

The change in the cover of the VETERAN will be a surprise after almost four years. It has long been contemplated in the interest especially of those who bind it. So many beautiful and valuable engravings have been injured by the folding and exposure to dust and handling that hereafter may be preserved. Such changes have to be experimental, but this one is being made with care and its acceptance predicted.

The reminiscence of W. C. Boze in tribute to his comrade and intimate friend, B. B. Thackston, page 28, will surprise many readers. In a personal letter, Comrade Boze describes their feelings when, after nearly four years, eventful in peril and hardships, they were back in the little Stone Church, "on the floor of which they again rested their tired limbs."

The story of Sam Davis' martyrdom, which is becoming a theme for illustration in the pulpit, grows more and more interesting. A lady who witnessed the execution, after hearing Rev. Collins Denny in McKendree Church, Nashville, said she could hardly bear even now to recall the tragic event. Her attention was attracted to a crowd of men on an opposite hill with one of them standing on a wagon. She saw him straighten up as if excited and put his hair back just as the wagon was driven from between two posts, and the man was left suspended. She ran into the house and told that a man had been hanged. Additional subscriptions will be given in February VETERAN with the first article published after the war.

CAPTAIN QUIRK'S MARVELOUS HEROISM.

The sketch concluding this article induced further inquiry about Captain Quirk, and Gen. John Boyd procured data from Capt. Ben S. Drake, of which "every word is true," and who "was equally as gallant as Quirk." The pencil memoranda is as follows, under the heading, "Tom Quirk":

Left Lexington, September 25, 1861, to join the Confederate Army, and attached himself to General Morgan's Command at Camp Charity, near Bloomfield, Ky., on the following day. He was mustered into the army in front of the old church at Woodsonville, Ky., early in October, 1861, and was one of the original sixty-four men who comprised the nucleus of Morgan's Command. As a private, he was distinguished for his fearlessness and daring; was with Captain Morgan in his first fight at Bacon Creek, Ky.; was one of the most active of Morgan's men on the retreat from Bowling Green to Corinth; was in the Battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862; in the fight at Pulaski, Tenn., May 3, 1862; and in several "red hot" skirmishes between Pulaski and Lebanon, Tenn. In the battle at the latter place, May 5th, he distinguished himself, and received

special mention by General Morgan in his report. Took part in the defense of Chattanooga, in May, 1862; was made Sergeant in June, 1862; was in the fight at Tompkinsville, Ky., July 8th, and at Cynthia, Ky., July 19, 1862. He was in skirmishes in Middle Tennessee. In the battle of Gallatin, Tenn., August 12th (or 13th), Quirk, with a few men, attacked and drove away a large force of Federals; for this he was promoted to Lieutenant of a company in the Second Kentucky Cavalry. On August 20th, he took conspicuous part in a fight between Gallatin and Nashville; and again, August 21st, at Gallatin, he distinguished himself by his valor and dash.

Quirk took part in many skirmishes during the time Bragg occupied Kentucky; he assisted in the capture and destruction of Salt River bridge at Shepherdsville, Ky.; he was slightly wounded at battle of Augusta, Ky., where he had several desperate personal encounters and "killed his man" in each. He participated in the capture of Lexington, Ky., Sept. 18, 1862, and then he was in many skirmishes around Lebanon, Gallatin and Nashville during the months of October and November.

In November, 1862, he was promoted to Captain and given command of a company, afterwards known as Quirk's scouts. He was in the battle of Hartsville December 8, 1862, and in the skirmish at Glasgow, Ky., December 24, 1862. Charged a battalion of cavalry with his company Christmas Day near Bear Wallow, Ky., routed the battalion and was shot twice in the scalp. In fact, he was in every fight and skirmish on the celebrated Christmas raid into Kentucky. He saved General Duke from capture after being wounded at Rolling Fork. The stream was very much swollen and it was thought impossible to take the wounded officer across the river. Quirk took the apparently lifeless body in his arms and carried it across the river on his horse. He was in many skirmishes in the vicinity of Liberty, Tenn.; he was in that fight of Woodbury, Tenn., January 24th; at Bradyville, Tenn., in February, 1863. At Milton, Tenn., March 20, 1863, he brought on fight and during the battle gained the rear of the enemy and did very efficient service, capturing about twenty prisoners. He covered the retreat from the battle of Snow Hill, April 3, 1863, and prevented a stampede. Active scouting and skirmishing for the next three months, with headquarters at Liberty, Tenn. He was in the battle of Greasy Creek, June 1863, and was badly wounded in skirmish on Marrow Bone Creek, near Birdsville, July 2, 1863. I think he surrendered at Chattanooga, sometime after the surrender at Washington, Ga.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, 151 E. Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, writes: [Don't fail to send Dr. Wyeth any suitable data for his Life of General Forrest]:

The portrait of Capt. Thomas Quirk, of Morgan's Scouts, given in the October number of the VETERAN, together with the statement that he was in "a multitude of battles, and was wounded several times—twice in the head and severely in the arm," brings vividly to my mind two interesting episodes which I witnessed while I was in his company, in

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

one of which he received the two wounds in his head when I was within a few feet of him.

In December, 1862, I went with Quirk's Company on Morgan's celebrated "Christmas Raid." I was then seventeen years of age, and they refused to enlist me, but said that I might go along as independent. We left Murfreesboro about ten days before the battle, crossed the Cumberland River at Carthage, Tenn., and went directly to Glasgow, Ky., where we first struck the enemy. On Christmas day, 1862, about two o'clock in the afternoon, at a little place which, I believe, is called Bear Wallow, our company was well in front of Morgan's Command, it being the advance guard always, when the vidette came back with the information that the road was full of Yankees just ahead. With his usual reckless dash, Quirk drew his six-shooter and, yelling to his company of about forty-five men to draw theirs, he dashed down the road toward the enemy. War was a new experience to me, and it was very exciting as we swept down the road at full tilt. Right ahead of us, as we swung around a turn, stretched across the turnpike, and field on one side of the road, was a formidable line of Federal Cavalry. The number in sight evidently checked the enthusiasm of our plucky Captain, for, as they opened fire upon us and one or two of our men were wounded, he told us to dismount and fight on foot, which we promptly did, leaving our horses with "Number 4," and advancing some hundred yards further down the lane. At this moment the Federals dashed in upon our flank and rear, having laid an ambush for us into which we heedlessly rode. They rushed up to the fence and fired into the horse holders, stampeding the horses, and closed in on us. Our one chance was to

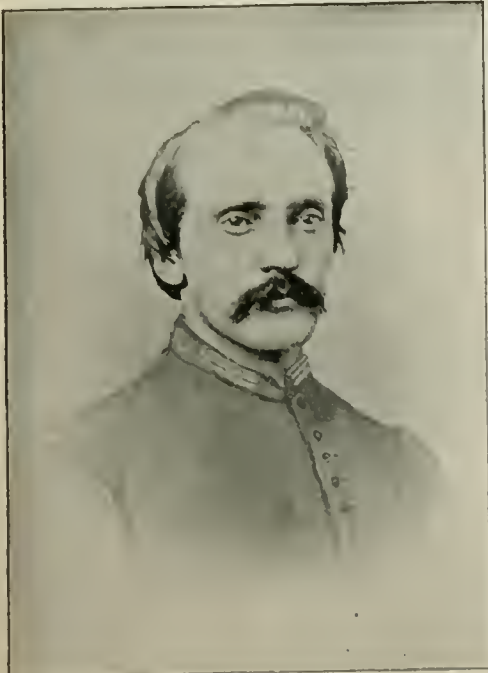
climb over the fence on the other side of the lane, which we speedily did. Quirk and I went over the same panel, with the Federals shooting at us from the fence across the road, not more than thirty or forty feet distant. We got over safely without any delay, and ran across the field, making the best possible time to take refuge in a thicket. Once under cover, I noticed that his face was covered with blood, and called his attention to it. "Yes," he said, "those d—Yankees have shot me twice in the head; but I'll get even with them before the sun sets." He then said to me: "I want you to go to the rear as fast as you can. Tell my men that if they don't come back here and help me clean those fellows out, I will shoot the last d— one of them myself." I went to the rear, rather glad of the opportunity, too, and delivered the message. By this time Morgan's advance regiment was coming up. We gathered our scattered horses and, with the help at hand, rode into the Federal camp and dispersed them. In the running fight which ensued, Quirk was in the thick of it, as usual, and killed a Federal officer with his six-shooter.

A few days later he performed a feat which attracted widespread attention. While standing near our company, which was deployed in covering the rear at Rolling Fork River, Gen. Basil Duke was wounded by the explosion of a shell. Although we were closely pushed and were retreating, and the Rolling Fork was so high that it swam the horses, Quirk had General Duke placed astride his horse, and, mounting behind the unconscious officer, spurred the horse, a splendid animal, into the river and swam over with the rest. He then impressed a carriage, filled it with bedding, and brought the wounded officer back to Dixie through the bitter cold.

The picture of Captain Quirk is reproduced in connection with the above account of his wonderful courage, his patriotism, and devotion to his superior officer. He was an Irishman, joined the company raised by John H. Morgan in September, 1861, and surrendered at Chattanooga, May 5, 1865. He died at Lexington, Ky., January 13, '73.

Other thrilling reminiscences of Capt. Quirk are desired for the **CONFEDERATE VETERAN**. Let his comrades attend to this at once.

Richard R. Worsham, of Lexington, Ky., born in 1839, served in Second Kentucky and then with Quirk's Scouts. He fought in several hard battles, and was killed near Lebanon, Ky., July 5, 1863.



CAPT. THOMAS QUIRK.



RICHARD R. WORSHAM.

STORY OF GEN. LEE AND THREE CHILDREN.

One evening, the latter part of November, 1863, my mother and her younger children, together with



a near and dear neighbor, were gathered around an open fire in the dining room listening to the tales this friend was telling us of her childhood and old "Sandy, the Coachman." The lamps were not yet lighted, and the gleams of the firelight fell upon

the eager childish faces and my mother's pale, listless features, for her heart was away with her soldier boy in Stonewall's Brigade. But we children were happy and eagerly listening to the denouement of the tale, when slam! went the front door, and, like a whirlwind, a neighbor rushed in. Her hair was blown about her face, her eyes were distended and, wildly gesticulating, she said: "Have you heard the news? The town is to be bombarded to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, and everyone has been warned to leave. Every conveyance that can be gotten for love or money has been seized upon. What are you going to do? I leave to-night at midnight." She left in as great a whirlwind of fear and excitement as she had entered, and we children hardly realized what it all meant, but were reassured by our mother and friend, who, after quietly consulting together, saw no alternative but to trust in the Lord and stay where they were. They were both helpless, delicate women, with young children, and no one to look after them; both husbands were with the army. So we all said our prayers and went to bed and fell asleep. About twelve o'clock a thundering rap at the next door awoke us. It was Captain Beverly, of Spottsylvania Courthouse, who had heard the tidings and came in with a four-horse wagon to move his sister and family out to his house, and he was more than astonished to find us all asleep. "Why, sister, what do you mean? I expected to meet you on the road," said the Captain, but our neighbor refused to go unless we went with her. My mother argued and reasoned with her: "You have your children, servants and household goods to save, and there is no room for us," but all in vain. She said if there was danger for her, there was for us, and she would not go off and leave us.

So a compromise was made: The first wagon load was to be hers, and they were to proceed about three miles from town and unload at any house that was at that distance, and in the second load we would come. And so it was; the second wagon was piled high with furniture and bedding, as much as could be laid on, and on the extreme top sat my little sister Fannie, holding on to the ropes the beds were tied with. In the hind end of the wagon I and another sat with our feet dangling down, and above us on a piece of furniture sat our friend. She

had sent her children and servants in the first load, but refused to go till the second trip, and there she was; a little woman with a black sky scraper bonnet on over her night cap. In the hurry she had forgotten to take her cap off, and put her bonnet on over it. Somewhere else my little brother was perched, and my mother sat by the driver; a



comical load we made, and the soldiers we met smiled and cordially greeted our curious party. At last we arrived at the three mile house where it was thought best to unload and send back the wagon the third time for other household goods.

The house was a small, plain, unpretentious frame, that was afterwards turned into a hospital for the wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, but that morning there was a brooding quietness over the place, and we children, hungry, restless and excited, could not sit still. We wandered around and wondered to each other when the lady of the house would have breakfast, and supposed, of course, she would invite us to it. Had we not been driven from our homes and breakfasts? But the wagon and the breakfast still tarried, so we went into the room. They were cooking breakfast, and as the oven lid was lifted I saw such nice brown biscuit, and I knew they were done, but the lid

was put on again, and, disappointed and hungry, I felt she was purposely putting back breakfast. So, hurt and indignant, I went to my mother and whispered: "Ma, they don't want to give us breakfast here,



for the biscuit are done, and they won't take them up. Please let me walk on with Fannie and Johnnie, and when the wagon comes you can get in and overtake us." My mother agreed reluctantly, and I started with my little brother and sister. Now, I can see that perhaps it was not so bad as I thought then. Maybe it was not so much a lack of hospitality as that there was not enough to go around such a large and unexpected addition to the family; there were nine of us without counting the servants in the two families. But a hungry and indignant child, whose heart and hand had ever been open to every one, does not reason much when giving is in question. So out we went and commenced our long walk.

At first it was very nice. We were town children, and seldom in the country, and everything was a delight to us—the little acorn cups, the pine needles, etc. We laughed, we talked, we ran in and out of the woods that edged the road, and pres-

ently we met a brigade of soldiers, some of whom questioned us: "Whither away, little ones? Fleeing from the Yankees? Never mind, we'll whip them for you!" But little Johnnie always said: "No, we are not running away." We felt that we were having a frolic, and by and by came more soldiers, and still more. It seemed as if they would never stop coming; far as we could see they were coming, so we thought we would go in the woods and sit down and wait for the wagon, but the woods were full of soldiers and the limbs of the trees brushed off our hats, and the briars tore a long rent in my dress, so I had to stop and pin it up, and we couldn't find the path, and we stumbled over stumps, and scratched ourselves, and were afraid of being lost; so out again in the road we came, and still the soldiers lined the road, and the echo of their tramp, tramp was heard. My heart began to fail me, so I went up to one and asked him if there was any more coming, for they'd been coming for two miles, and I wanted to go back to my mother, but he said he thought there were only a few more, and if I went back I would have to go through more than if I went on. So on we then plodded, and the soldiers never stopped coming; brigade after brigade, division after division. I now know it was Lee's Army on the march to Fredericksburg to get ready for the fight there; and, as on and on they came, I became frightened, and no longer keeping the side of the road, with my hat pulled down over my face, my hands crossed in front, despairingly I led my little companions right in the middle of the road, breaking ranks. Questions were asked on all sides, and many blessed us, but none could tarry for the answer, which I was too discouraged to give. One big Irishman grasped my hand, and said:

"God bless you," as he hurried by. I stood still for a moment and looked after him, but was too much frightened to speak to him even if he had waited.

We had now walked five miles, and the wagon teams commenced



coming, and we had to dodge from one side of the road to the other, for it was narrow here, and sometimes there was room on one side of the road and sometimes on the other, and we would dodge across under the heads of horses and mules, which was still more tiresome.

In a place where the road was wider, I saw, a little ways off, one or two tents and several soldiers sitting under a tree before the tent, but I did not look at them closely, for little Johnnie was beginning to fag and didn't answer so blithely that we were "not running away," and Fannie was tired and cross, and I, a fat, chunky child, who had never walked half that distance in my life, was not only broken down, but felt like the lost babes in the wood, only we were lost in the big road amongst

crowds of soldiers instead of leaves. None of us knew the way to Captain Beverly's, and the big white road still stretched interminably out, only in some places it was red and streaky, and clung to our shoes and made our feet hard to lift, and the soldiers and wagons kept coming. I scarcely knew whether it was all



a dream or not, only I was certain I was tired, so tired.

Then two cavalrymen rode up and, addressing me as the oldest of the party, said: "Where are your parents and where are you going? General Lee was before that tent you passed, and he has sent us to take care of you and take you where you want to go." "Oh," said I, "I am so glad. Please take up Fannie and Johnnie on your horses, but I can walk some more, for there is only room for two."

"No, no," said one of them, "all can ride. I'll take the little boy before me, and you two get up behind us." Brightening up, I told them my tale of woe, how "I didn't know the way, and only meant to walk a little way and the soldiers had gotten in between me and my mother and I didn't know what to do. We were tired and hungry and frightened," and so I chattered on. My heart relieved of its load was as light as a feather, for they sympathized and condoled and said they would take us safe to Captain Beverly, which they did, and when the wagon came with my mother, who had been nearly frightened to death, we joyfully ran out to meet her, for we too were soldiers, and had been on a forced march.



After all, there wasn't any bombardment for three weeks, and our six or seven miles walk and fright were entirely useless. We have cherished tender recollections of that noble man who, with the responsibility of a large army upon him, and whilst planning his battle line, took care and thought for three little refugee children. We also had a long wonder, that was never satisfied, if those biscuit didn't get burnt.

MRS. B. M. CARTER, Stephen City, Va.

The New York Observer refers to the VETERAN:

It must make very interesting reading material for Southern readers. Indeed, no one who had any interest in the war of the secession can fail to find his attention engaged by its pages. The editor, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, does his work with enthusiasm and discrimination.

"MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERATES."

Mrs. Anne Bowman Wilson and Her Work.

It is nearly a year since the purpose to pay a tribute to the above named patriotic woman, "the mother of Confederates," was determined:



Anne Eliza Bowman, born on Christmas Day of 1812, was taken by her parents to Natchez, Miss., in 1814, her father buying the Light House property on the upper bluff. On August 20, 1835, Miss Bowman became the wife of Andrew L. Wilson, who had come from Washington County, Penn. Mrs. Wilson was a widow for a long time previous to her death, which occurred June 5, 1892—her eightieth year.

□ Although Northern born and married to a Northern man, Mrs. Wilson espoused the cause of the South and was zealously devoted to it to the end.

Her beautiful home—"Rosalie"—was taken for headquarters of Federal Commanders; it was occupied by Generals Ransom, Gresham, Grant and Crocker. General Tuttle had Mrs. Wilson imprisoned for ten days and then banished her. She went to Atlanta, Ga., and joined the family of her former neighbors, General C. G. Dahlgren, but soon she engaged in active nursing, in hospitals, where until the war closed. She did much of this service in her own State Capital and at Natchez. Testimonials come from many sources in her praise. Comrade B. D. Guice, who travels much in Mississippi and Louisiana, states that many times during the past year he

has had evidences of grateful remembrance of Mrs. Wilson. Commander of the camp at Natchez, F. J. V. LeCand, sends a worthy tribute to her memory:

"Although she was surrounded in her community by others who were as zealous, she was an acknowledged leader, a general in command, ably assisted by faithful followers. Her exploits in behalf of the Confederate soldier startle the imagination even at this late day. Having no children of her own, her maternal feelings were constantly exercised in caring for orphans. General Grant and his family came to her home immediately after the siege of Vicksburg and remained there for several days. One day his little boy said to his mother: 'If these people are such rebels why is it that they have the United States flag over them?' and she, not desiring to wound the feelings of those about them, said: 'It is not over them, but is beneath them,' (on the lower gallery). From the beginning Mrs. Wilson took an active part in behalf of the Southern cause, giving her time and liberally of her means, and by her zeal she inspired others. She and Mrs. Izod went to Jackson and, with assistance, fitted up the Blind Asylum as a hospital. They remained there for several months, caring for the sick and wounded. On their return to Natchez, the Marine Hospital was fitted up for the same purpose, and they spent a considerable time there in efficient service. So true was her devotion to the boys in gray that after their death she continued to care for their graves, until she, too, crossed 'over the river to rest beneath the shade of the trees.' She was an 'Honorary Member' of Camp No. 20, U. C. V., and the Veterans of Natchez paid tribute of affection and gratitude by attending her funeral in a body. As annually returns the day for decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, her grave, too, is spread with these mute emblems of combined sorrow and love. For more than thirty years she was one of the managers of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and until her death she was one of the most public spirited women in Natchez, always ready to lend a helping hand in any good work."

UNITED SONS OF VETERANS.

Prof. A. F. McKissick, of the Electrical Engineering Department, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala., reports the organization of a camp of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Mr. C. L. Hare co-operated actively with him. The camp was named "Camp Pelham" in honor of Major John Pelham, the gallant and famous young Alabamian, killed at Kelley's Ford. The following are the officers: Commander, Dr. P. H. Mell; Lieutenant-Commanders, Prof. C. C. Thach, Mr. C. L. Hare, Mr. L. S. Boyd; Adjutant, Prof. A. F. McKissick; Quartermaster, Mr. Warren H. McBryd; Surgeon, Dr. J. H. Drake, Jr.; Chaplain, Dr. J. W. Rush; Treasurer, Mr. J. M. Thomas; Sergeant Major, Mr. J. B. Hobdy; Color Bearer, Mr. C. J. Nelson. Various necessary committees were appointed. Dr. J. W. Rush made a stirring and earnest talk to the members, which was highly appreciated. Fifty-four names were enrolled, mostly students of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

An old clipping turns up from the New York Commercial-Advertiser that contains an elaborate review of a work on slavery in the early days of Massachusetts, by George H. Moore, Librarian of the New York Historical Society, and a corresponding member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The manner in which the Bay State gradually adopted abolition views is interesting. The book is "skillfully arranged and pleasantly written." The critic states:

Mr. Everett taught us to believe that Massachusetts was always anti-slavery. He maintained that her opinions on that point had never changed. He affirmed that the South and the North had once coincided in their views, and that what ever modification had taken place, had been in the South, which had become more and more pro-slavery, because of her growing interest in the production of cotton. But Massachusetts had always been true to her pristine faith. Mr. Moore destroys that very delightful New England delusion. "Massachusetts had always carried herself with prudish dignity in the family of States." Mr. Moore disclosed her doings years ago, and 'the pretty pranks she played when a girl.'

Slavery began in Massachusetts with the enslaving of captured Indians in the Pequod war. Through fear of their escape and consequent revenge, many of them were exported to Bermuda, the worthy Puritans finding that traffic very profitable. Governor Winthrop mentions, that "through the Lord's great mercy," a number of them had been taken, of whom the males were sent to Bermuda, and the females distributed through the Bay towns, to be used as domestic servants. There is something very amusing in the coolness of these proceedings. Captain Stoughton, who assisted in the work of exterminating the Pequods, after his arrival in the enemy's country, wrote to the Governor of Massachusetts (Winthrop) as follows:

"By this pinnacle you shall receive forty-eight or fifty women and children; concerning which there is one, I formerly mentioned, that is the fairest and largest that I ever saw among them, to whom I have given a coat to clothe her. It is my desire to have her for a servant, if it may stand with your good liking, else not. There is a little squaw that Staward Calacut desireth, to whom he hath given a coat." * * *

The expatriation of the Indians led to the commencement of the African slave trade. A vessel, the *Desire*, of 120 tons, built in (1636) was used for that purpose. A letter to the Governor states:

"Mr. Endicott and myself salute you in the Lord Jesus. We have heard of a division of women and children in the Bay, and would therefore be glad of a share, viz: a young woman or girl, and a boy if you think good. I write to you for some boys for Bermuda."

The Salem slave-ship *Desire* brought negroes in exchange for Indians, from the West Indies. Downing, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Governor Winthrop, (1645), writes:

"A war with the Narragansetts is very consider-

able to this population, for I doubt whether it be not sin in us, having the power in our hands, to suffer them to maintain the worship of the Devil, which their powwows often do. Secondly—if, upon a just war the Lord should deliver them into our hands, we might easily have men, women and children enough to exchange for Moors, which will be more gainful pillage to us than we conceive, for I do not see how we can thrive until we get a stock of slaves sufficient to do all of our business, for our children's children. * * * And I suppose you know very well how we shall maintain twenty Moors cheaper than one English servant. The ships that shall bring Moors may come home laden with salt, which may bear most of the charge, if not all of it."

The colonists tried their hands at slave breeding. Mr. Moore gives (page 8) an amusing but unsuccessful instance of this kind in the case of Mr. Maverick's negress. As a result their increase was found unprofitable. It did not re-imburse the incidental loss of service. Little negroes "when weaned were given away like puppies." The master might deny baptism to his slaves. They were advertised in the Boston newspapers for sale in this way: "Just arrived and for sale, a prime lot of negro boys and girls."

By the laws of Massachusetts slaves were not permitted to be abroad after nine o'clock at night; they were prohibited from improper intercourse or contracting marriage with whites.

They did not have quick conscience against separation of families. Here is an advertisement:

"A likely woman about nineteen years of age, and a child of about six months, to be sold together or apart."

Commenting, the Commercial-Advertiser says:

Ah! Boston, Boston!—"or apart"—and the mother only nineteen years old! These advertisements continued to appear in the newspapers until after the Declaration of Independence.

The same arguments continued into the Seventeenth Century. Judge Sewell argued:

The niggers are brought out of a Pagan country into places where the Gospel is preached.

The Africans have wars with one another, and our ships bring lawful captives taken in those wars.

Abraham had servants bought with his own money, and born in his house.

Thus sustained, the slave trade long continued in Massachusetts. Mr. Moore gives a copy of instructions of a mercantile firm to the captain of one of their slave ships, in 1685, directing him to make the best of his way to the coast of Africa, and invest his cargo in slaves. They show him how to proceed in a critical inspection of the negroes before paying for them; and what he must do for the preservation of the health of his cargo, since on that the profits of the voyage depended. His compensation among other things, is to be four slaves out of every hundred, and four at the place of sale.

The prohibition of the slave trade was at length effected in Massachusetts in 1788.

RELATION OF SOUTHERN MASTERS TO SLAVES.

Rev. J. C. Morris, D.D., Nashville, writes: Some six years ago I was in Salisbury, Md., and in talk-

ing with old citizens about war times, the question of the negroes' fidelity to the families in which they had been slaves was mentioned, and this incident was related to me:

A gentleman of family at Salisbury went into the Confederate Army, leaving his wife and children at home. One of the servants, a negro man, became the reliance about the house for protection and general oversight. Like the great body of the slaves of the South during the trying times of the war, he was devoted and true, having in him the very soul of honor. He felt that his master had left everything—"ole Miss," the children and "the place" in his care. The soldier fell in the war, and so the negro felt all the more his duties and increased obligations.

The negro's devotion was quite provoking to some of the people, white and black, and many efforts were made to get him away from that family. They tried to get him to enlist in the Federal Army with promise of a bounty, but he steadfastly declined, giving as his reason that he must stay with his master's people and take care of them. They pleaded and urged, but in vain. At last they plied him with drink, and while under the influence of whiskey, he enlisted in the Federal Army. As soon as he was sufficiently sobered to realize what he had done, he was heartbroken, and he knew not what to do.



He was marched away to join the army with other recruits. At his first opportunity he deserted and returned home, and told all to his master's family, but they could do nothing to relieve him. He was

soon arrested as a deserter and sent to prison. Overcome by shame at the thought of having deserted the best friends he had in the world, he cut his blanket into strips and hanged himself in jail.

That simple negro's death was infinitely more honorable than the life of many a proud man, and it told of a noble work done by that family who instructed and influenced the poor slave cast upon their hands and hearts by conditions which they could not control.

In the fall of 1894 I was the guest of a typical Southern family in Athens, Ala. The venerable matron upon whose head more than seventy years had left their frosts; she was a queenly woman of culture and piety. During an evening's conversation I told the above incident, and I saw this precious woman's face glow as I talked. When I finished she told me of what had happened in her own family.

During the war they were living at Huntsville, Ala. The father was dead—perhaps he died in the war. During those years somehow the negroes of the family were sold. This mother of the house was greatly troubled about their sale, and though every indication pointed to the certainty of the early emancipation of all the slaves, she said to her son that she intended to buy them back again. They urged prospective freedom, and that if the parties who owned them learned her purpose, they would know it was merely a matter of sentiment and would make her pay well for it. But she could not rest and went to the men who held them. Sure enough, they demanded full price, and that in gold. This did not daunt her, and, making great sacrifices, she procured the gold, and brought the three negro men home.

Soon they were all free and the war was over. This good woman was living with her children in Huntsville; the three negro men were living in the country near by and doing well. One morning they all came to the house where she was living with her son, and asked to see her privately. When she came in, the oldest one, speaking for the three, said to her, "Ole Miss, you've been mighty good to us; we love you, and specially we can't forget how you bought us back to the old home jes befo' the war was over. Now, we've come to try to do something for you. We're all doing well—making more'n a good livin', and we want to take care of you as long as you live. We'll rent you a good house, and we'll furnish you all the money you need—so much every month, and you shall be perfectly comfortable till you die."

They meant all they said, and were able to do it, but she nor her children would let them do it, but the spirit was as true and noble as ever prompted an honorable white man to gratitude.

These incidents show something of the relations which have existed for long generations in Southern homes between master and slave, and their name is legion, for they are many. How little do even the least prejudiced people of the North know of this side of slavery! Does not this account for the unparalleled behavior of the whole negro race in their Southern homes during the war which they knew to be for their emancipation?

MISSISSIPPI BOYS AT SHARPSBURG.

C. C. Cummings, Seventeenth Mississippi Regiments, Barksdale Brigade, Fort Worth, Texas:

Comrade F. H. Venn, of Memphis, Tenn., in the November VETERAN, as a member of the Nineteenth Mississippi, speaks of Sharpsburg, and it recalls a part that my brigade took in that most sanguinary battle. Barksdale's and Kershaw's Brigades were the two forces under McLaws that had the honor of successfully storming Maryland Heights at Harper's Ferry on Sunday morning the thirteenth, four days previous to Sharpsburg, as we call it, from the town, and Antietam the Federals call it, from the creek. This delayed our entrance on the battlefield till about ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th. Our forces had been engaged all morning before our arrival, and were resting from a successful repulse of the enemy some three hundred yards in the rear of the Dunkard Church when, and where, we were ordered in. My part of the command charged without halting a moment as soon as we arrived on the field after an all day's and all night's march to get there from the Ferry. I remember the part of the field we went on was held by some Mississippi regiment, and it must have been Comrade Venn's Nineteenth Mississippi, for, outside of Barksdale's Brigade, there were few other Mississippi regiments in the Virginia Army. As we passed this regiment it was lying behind a rock fence and I remember distinctly of helping myself to bound over that rock fence by placing my right foot securely on the rear of some Mississippian there reclining. We ran up the slope at a double-quick and at the crest of the hill, which we gained a little in advance of the blue boys, we met and routed them by a single fire. We got in the first work, and blue jackets lay thick as leaves in Vallambrosa after that discharge. The old flag fell also, but was quickly snatched up by a plucky boy in blue. It fell again and again was snatched up by another. A third time the flag went down and then we were pressing them so that it seemed our flag, till a Yankee ran back and slung it over his shoulder and ran past the Dunkard Church, trailing its staff out in the open, beyond where they had posted a battery. Six of my company followed after the fleeing flag, seeking to capture it out in the open, and ran into the jaws of this battery before we knew we were "in it." Hamp Woods and Lieut. James rest there yet; Bill McRaven, Jerry Webb and I were spared, as you will see. The gallant boy, McRaven, fell in the peach orchard at Gettysburg. The last I heard of Jerry Webb he was as good a civilian as soldier at his old home near Holly Springs, Miss. "Little Jes" Franklin made the sixth of this flag party and received a ball in his leg, but survived the war and died at Santa Barbara, California.

The way that Bill McRaven, Jerry Webb and I got out of that scrape was rather extraordinary, and if there had not been so much danger it would have been quite amusing. As we emerged past the Dunkard Church, which stood in the woodland, and spread ourselves out in the open, for the first time we discovered on the brow of the hill a battery, vomit-

ing grape and canister at us. This did the work for those who fell. When the third man fell we were still running blindly toward the battery, and for a second or so we made sure we would take it, for the gunners had either dodged down or had skeddaddled over the knoll it stood on. At any rate no one was in sight, and we thought as we couldn't catch a flag, we would take a battery. But presently the gunner seemed to rise out of the earth and that little battery fairly howled blood and death and double-breasted thunder at us. The grape shot, shrapnel, and what not, pattered around us so that if it had been rain we would all have gotten wet. This caused a blue-coated youth, about fifteen years old, lying behind a stump in the field, to wince and move as if to dodge the things slung at us. McRaven saw he was alive and started to run him through with his bayonet, saying he "would get one before they got us all." Just then the memory of a home scene on "de ole plantation" away down South in Dixie rushed up before me quick as lightning, and just as quick I determined to act on the suggestion of "ole Uncle Jake" in a lesson taught me when a boy.

One morning on the farm, Uncle Jake was going out to feed the hogs when he saw me with a butterfly. The cold, frosty morning had so benumbed it that it could not fly, and so I had the beautiful thing a prisoner in my fingers and was in the act of capturing his splendid pair of golden-hued wings, when Uncle Jake said: "Mars Carl, doan you know what de Good Book says, 'Blessed am be merciful for dey also shall obtain mercy?' Dat butterfly lubbs liberty jes de same as you does, chile, or jes de same as old Jake does, too. Don't hurt de po ting; tu'n him loose and let him fly to de skies, and hab his liberty." It had never occurred to me that the pretty thing, or the ugly old darkey either, cared for liberty. It was a revelation, so I did as he bade me, and let it soar heavenward. It was this that came up before me when McRaven would make his thrust, and so I said: "Bill, give him to me and let me handle him; he's my meat!" I sprang to the boy, in an instant jerked him to his feet with my left hand, doubly strengthened by fear of death from the battery, while the gunner was ramming home another charge, and held him between me and the battery and retreated, exclaiming to McRaven and Jerry to get behind us and run for the rock fence at the edge of the woods in front of the Dunkard Church. The boy exclaimed: "Don't kill me! I belong to a Maryland regiment; my father is in the Southern Army!" I had my bayonet drawn on him to hold him in line between me and the battery. The gunner stood amazed, afraid to shoot for fear of killing the boy in blue. In this way we reached the rock fence. I was trying to do a difficult act in holding the boy between me and the battery and at the same time climb over the rock fence. He wiggled out of my grasp just in time to let the gunner give a pull with his lanyard. A howl of shot encompassed me. One ricocheted about twenty feet in front of me and bounded up against a roll around my body, consisting of the soldier's bed, an overcoat and blanket. This knocked me over the fence without consulting the order of my going.

and my Yankee escaped never to be seen again—in the woods beyond the church. McRaven had also gotten away, which only left Jerry Webb near me, ensconced behind the fence. I felt stunned as if I were shot through, but it was only a bruise, no bones broken, which I soon discovered, after working my legs about the hip joint, preparatory to rising. I had Jerry to peep over the fence to see what the Yankees were doing, and he reported them slowly advancing—"But, sargint," said he, "they seem like they've about enough from the slow way the skirmishers are creeping up on us." I remember reading a Texas story, when a boy back in Mississippi, about an old hunter who was run in a cave by some Indians—"Prairie Flower" was the novel—and how he had the "tender-foot" to run out first and draw the fire and thus give him time to escape. This I tried on Jerry, and the good soul got up and dusted, dodging behind trees, and I followed suit after the fire had been pretty well exhausted at him. They did nothing more than bark the trees for Jerry and me, and I'll bet I can go there to-day and put my hand on those very trees, at the very spot in front of that old white church, which the books say still stands there, on our left centre.

ROSTER OF THE ARKANSAS DIV. U. C. V.

Maj.-Gen. R. G. Shaver, Center Point, Commander; Col. V. Y. Cook, Elmo, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Lieut.-Col. J. F. Smith, Nashville, Assistant Adjutant General; Lieut.-Col. J. J. Hornor, Helena, Inspector General; Maj. T. E. Stanley, Augusta, Assistant Inspector General; Lieut.-Col. J. H. Bell, Nashville, Quartermaster General; Lieut.-Col. S. H. Davidson, Evening Shade, Commissary General; Lieut.-Col. J. C. Barlow, Helena, Chief of Artillery; Lieut.-Col. J. M. Phelps, Walnut Ridge, Chief of Ordnance; Col. L. Minor, Newport, Judge Advocate General; Major P. H. Crenshaw, Pocahontas, Assistant Judge Advocate General; Lieut.-Col. W. B. Welch, Fayetteville, Surgeon General; Maj. D. C. Ewing, Batesville, Assistant Surgeon General; Lieut.-Col. Horace Jewel, Little Rock, Chaplain General. Aides de Camp—Col. A. S. Morgan, Camden; Majors W. P. Campbell Little Rock; J. M. Richardson, DeValls Bluff; J. P. Clendenin, Harrison; F. M. Hanley, Melbourne; S. A. Hail, Batesville; John Shearer, McCrory; B. C. Black, Searcy; B. T. Haynes, Hope; J. B. Trulock, Pine Bluff; W. T. Bugg, Fort Smith, J. M. LeVesque, Vandale. Commanders—Brig.-Gens. J. P. Eagle, Lonoke, First; D. H. Reynolds, Lake Village, Second; J. E. Cravens, Clarksville, Third; C. A. Bridewell, Hope, Fourth Brigade.

Randolph Barton, Esq., of Baltimore, who was Adjutant-General of the Stonewall Brigade serving in Virginia: I read the VETERAN with very great interest, and the heroic acts of the Western armies are highly entertaining, but I think you fail to give to your paper the interest you might give by not narrating more frequently Eastern incidents. Veterans are always more entertained by reminiscences of events in which they participated.

THE TENNESSEE ARMY IN 1865.

Col. J. L. Power, the efficient Secretary of State, of Mississippi, who is thoroughly overhauling that office, has furnished the following valuable data touching the Tennessee Army (Confederate) on April 24, 1865:

"Col. Kinloch Falconer was Adjutant General of the Tennessee Army. His name was familiar as household words in all this section in war times. He was filling the office of Secretary of State in 1878, and when Holly Springs was threatened with yellow fever, he went to render what service he could, and fell a victim to the epidemic. He left in this office some very valuable military papers, some of which have already been given to the public, and will assist in making up a correct history of the civil war.

"At the windup of the conflict the effective strength of this splendid army was reduced to 20,821. Comparing this with the Federal 'department of Tennessee,' embracing fifty-two well equipped regiments, it will be seen how greatly the Confederates were outnumbered.

The report is dated April 26, 1865:

HARDEE'S CORPS.		Eff.	Total P.
Cheatham's Division	1,727	2,414	
Brown's Div	1,527	2,102	
Hoke's Div	2,102	2,760	
	5,356	7,279	
STEWART'S CORPS.		Eff.	Total P.
Loring's Div	1,980	2,627	
Walthall's Div	2,102	2,747	
Anderson's Div	890	1,276	
	4,972	6,650	
LEE'S CORPS.		Eff.	Total P.
Stephenson's Div	987	1,271	
Hill's Div	1,931	2,442	
	2,918	3,713	
Total Army	13,246	17,639	
ARTILLERY.		Eff.	Total P.
Hardee's Corps	184	194	
Stewart's Corps	469	590	
Lee's Corps	89	110	
Total	742	894	

Hardee's Corps, Cheatham's Division—Palmer's and Gist's Brigades.

Brown's Division—Govan's and Smith's Brigades.

Hoke's Division—Kirkland's, Clingman's, Colquitt's and Haygood's Brigades.

Stewart's Corps, Loring's Division—Lowrey's and Shelley's Brigades.

Anderson's Division—Rhett's and Elliott's Brigades.

Walthall's Division—Harrison's and Conner's Brigades.

Lee's Corps, Hill's Division—Sharpe's and Brantley's Brigades.

Stephenson's Division—Pettus' and Henderson's Brigades.

Three corps. Eight divisions. Nineteen brigades.

Palmer's Brigade—18, 3, 32, 45, 36, 10, 15, 37, 2, 30, and 23rd Tennessee Battalions, consolidated, under Col. A. Searcy; 4, 15, 19, 24, 31, 33, 35, 41, and 35th Tennessee, consolidated, under Colonel Tillman; 11, 12, 13, 29, 47, 51, 52, 54, and 50th Tennessee, consolidated, under Colonel Rice; 1, 6,

STEWART'S CORPS.

	Eff.	Total P.
Loring's Div.....	1,976	2,725
Walthall's Div.....	1,937	2,777
Anderson's Div.....	845	1,396
Total infantry.....	4,758	6,898
Artillery.....	444	590
Grand total corps.....	5,202	7,488

LEE'S CORPS.

	Eff.	Total P.
Hill's Div.....	2,169	2,722
*Stephenson's Div.....	994	1,274
Infantry.....	3,163	3,996
Artillery.....	91	104
Escorts.....	47	51
Lee's Corps.....	3,301	4,151
*Pettus' Brigade omitted, detached at Saulsbury on guard.		

	Eff.	Total P.
*Starr's Bat. Art.....	315	330
*Palmer's Bat. Art.....	267	302
	582	632
*Unattached.		

GRAND TOTAL ARMY PRESENT.

	Eff.	Total P.
Infantry.....	12,940	17,574
Artillery.....	1,239	1,459
Escorts.....	147	177
Cavalry.....	6,495	7,950
	20,821	27,160

TOTAL PRESENT AND ABSENT.

Hardee's (all).....	30,382
Stewart's (all).....	28,071
Lee's (all).....	16,452
	71,381

April 10, 1865:

HAMPTON'S CAVALRY.

	Total Eff.	Total Pres.
Wheeler's Corps.....	4,390	5,473
Butler's Division.....	1,917	2,251
Cavalry.....	6,307	7,724
Horse artillery.....	188	226
Total Hampton's.....	6,495	7,950
Correct from record.		

KINLOCH FALCONER, A. A. Gen.

Colonel Power takes an active and patriotic interest in these things. He suggests that every Southern State should take steps, without further delay, to compile its civil war history, and adds: "Costly monuments to the great leaders are well enough, but the name and record of every man who enlisted in the Confederate Armies should be rescued from the oblivion into which they are fading."

The venerable C. R. Hanleiter, an octogenarian, of Atlanta, in thanking his son for copies of the VETERAN states: I have before encountered odd numbers of the VETERAN, and think it is a very excellent publication—conservative and strong—worthy of universal support by all who wore the gray and their descendants and friends. I would contribute a reminiscence or two to its pages, but for the loss of my diary, and the feebleness of my memory to verify names and dates. Letters of high commendation which I received from Generals H. R. Jackson, Beauregard, Colton, and Taliaferro, place our command in the very fore-front of those who patriotically and honestly strove to do their duty, and that is the only kind of distinction I ever cared for.

8, 9, 16, 27, 28, 34, and 24th Tennessee Battalions, under Colonel Field.

Gist's Brigade—46 and 65th Georgia, and 21 and 8th Kentucky Battalions, consolidated, under Colonel Foster; 16 and 24th, consolidated, under Maj. B. B. Smith.

Smith's Brigade—1, 57, and 63rd, consolidated, under Colonel Almstead; 54, 37 and 4th Battalions. S. S., consolidated, under Colonel Caswell. * * *

Arkansas and 3 Conf., consolidated, under Colonel Howell; 6, 7, 10, 15, 17, 18, 24, and 25th Texas, consolidated, under Lieutenant Colonel Ryan.

Kirkland's Brigade—17, 42, 50, and 66th North Carolina.

Clingman's Brigade—8, 31, 51, 61, 40, and 36th North Carolina.

Colquitt's Brigade—6, 19, 23, 27, and 28th Georgia.

Haygood's Brigade—7th South Carolina Battery, 11, 21, 25, and 27th South Carolina.

Featherston's Brigade—1st Arkansas, 1, 2, 4, 9, 25, consolidated, 3 and 22nd Mississippi, and 1st Mississippi Battalions.

Lowrey's Brigade—12th Louisiana, 14 and 15th Mississippi.

Shelley's Brigade—27th Alabama (27, 35, 49, 55, 57), 16, 33, 45th Alabama.

Elliott's Brigade—2nd South Carolina Artillery, 22nd Georgia Battery, Manigault's Battery.

Rhett's Brigade—1st South Carolina Artillery, 1st South Carolina Infantry, Lucas' Battery.

Harrison's Brigade—1, 47, 32, and 5th Georgia, and Bonand's Battery.

Conner's Brigade—2, 3, and 7th South Carolina.

Sharpe's Brigade—8th Mississippi (5, 8, 32nd Miss., 30th Miss. Battery), 9th Mississippi (7, 9, 10, 41, 44, and 9th Mississippi Batteries S. S.), 24th Alabama (24, 28, 34), 10th South Carolina Battery (10, 19th S. C. Regiments).

Brantley's Brigade—22nd Alabama (22, 25, 39 and 50th Ala.), 37th Alabama (37, 42, and 54th Ala.), 24th Mississippi (24, 27, 29, 30, and 34th Miss.), 58th North Carolina (58 and 60th N. C.)

Henderson's Brigade—39th Georgia Regiment (34, 39, and 56th Ga.), 42nd Georgia (42, 36, 56, 34, and 36 Ga.), 40th Georgia Battalion (40, 41, and 43rd Ga.), 1 Con. Ga. Batt. (1 Con. Ga., 1 Batt., Ga. S. S. 66, 39, 29, 25 Ga. Regiments.)

Artillery—Hardee's Corps—Paris' and Atkins' (Manly's Battery) Brigades, Zimmerman's and Water's Batteries.

Stewart's, Anderson's and Brooks' (Anderson's Battery), Stewart's Legardeur's, Rhett's, Barton's, Lee's, Kanapaux's, Parker's, and Wheaton's.

* Starr's Battalion—Kelley's, Cummings', Ellis', Badhann's, Southerland's, Batten's, Darden Detachment.

Palmer's Battalion—Yates' Flore's, Moseley's, and Adler's Batteries (22), (1) detachment.

The following statement of date a few days later:

April 26, 1865:

HARDEE'S CORPS.	Eff.	Total P.
Cheatham's Division.....	1,941	2,513
Brown's Div.....	1,530	2,124
Hoke's Div.....	1,548	2,043
Total corps, inf.....	5,019	6,680
Artillery, Hardee's.....	122	133
Escorts.....	100	126
Grand total corps.....	5,241	6,939

THAT STAMPEDE AT FISHER'S HILL.

CAPT. T. B. BEALL, SALISBURY, N. C.

General Early's Army was well fortified at that place. I commanded the Fourteenth Regiment of North Carolina Troops, in General Rhodes' Division, General W. R. Cox's Brigade, and was posted



CAPT. BEALL AND GRANDDAUGHTER.

near the center of the line at the moment General Sheridan's cavalry turned our left. Our brigade was marched to the left to intercept and outflank them, which we were in the act of accomplishing, when the line to our right became demoralized by an enfilade fire from the enemy and commenced the stampede which swept the whole line from the works on our right and left us to face the enemy alone on the extreme left. Occupying an elevated position, we could readily take in situation.

By the prompt action and sagacity of our commander, Brig.-Gen. W. R. Cox, we did not break, but were marched at once by left flank on the ridge parallel with the valley and our retreating army, which was not being closely pursued by the enemy. General Cox took the first opportunity to leave the ridge and throw his brigade across the valley, confronting the enemy, where we were joined by one of our bravest and most gallant cavaliers of the army, Major General Ramseur, who had been able to rally a thin line of stragglers. Thus being reinforced, we made a good line of battle to hold the enemy in check. We fought them until dark, and then fell back up the pike. The enemy continued in hot haste, and General Ramseur placed his men in ambush, leaving the turnpike open for the enemy; and when a good number dashed up the road in blind haste, a severe fire was delivered into their flank, which stampeded them at once. We had no further trouble with them that night, and enjoyed a quiet march, bringing up our rear in good order. It was not long before we marched back down the valley, and had the pleasure of giving General Sheridan and his grand army a great scare at Cedar Creek; and we made them do some running.

General Early never received the credit he should have had for the work he did in his valley campaign of 1864, where he contended with an army of 5,000 against one of the best equipped in the world. Early had his faults, but no braver or truer soldier to his cause existed. If he could have had a fresh reserve to throw in after he routed them on the morning of that battle, he would have driven General Sheridan out of the valley.

Captain Beall is a living sample of a Confederate soldier's endurance, having been wounded through the right lung and shoulder broken at the battle of Cedar Creek, Va. His furlough having expired, he returned to the army of Northern Virginia just in time for the surrender at Appomattox, after which, he marched two hundred miles in one week to his home in North Carolina, with the wound in an unhealed condition. He served all four years of the war.

A pleasant story is told of "Uncle Bob" widely known by fanciers of great horses. It was the occasion of a visit by President and Mrs. Cleveland to Tennessee. The "first lady" looking at the famous Iriquois, said, "Isn't he proud?" and "Uncle Bob," raising his hat, replied, "Madam, he knows who is looking at him." That "Uncle Bob" is an important part of Belle Meade is apparent to visitors.

GRAVES OF CONFEDERATES AT HAY MARKET, VA. The following are of the known soldiers buried there:—Haskins—Wright, Twenty-second South Carolina Volunteers, killed at second battle of Manassas; Col. Robt. A. Wilkenson, Fifteenth Louisiana Volunteer; Lieut. T. H. Waddell, Second Louisiana Regulars; Capt. Seabrook, South Carolina; Col. Moore, South Carolina, and Captain Hulsey, Georgia. Quite a number of Eleventh Alabama are buried there also, but their graves are not marked. A committee, comprised of Messrs. C. E. Jordan, R. A. Hulfish and R. J. Baker, send out a circular letter from St. Paul's P. E. Church, in which they offer to sell lots in the churchyard, 24x24 feet, for \$20, and 24x10 feet, for \$10. They are enclosing the grounds with a substantial steel fence. Inquiries addressed to any member of the committee or the rector, Rev. G. S. Somerville, are promised immediate attention. Contributions by those interested in preserving these graves are requested.

HEROISM IN THIRD MISSOURI BATTERY.

E. W. Strode, Commander E. B. Holloway Camp, Independence, Mo., writes of mixing with Federals:

In the winter of '64 our battery was ordered by General Maury from Mobile, by way of Meridian and Jackson, Miss., to or near Clinton, East Louisiana. A cavalry company, or, perhaps two, was there as an escort. Our orders were to strike the Mississippi River between Baton Rouge and Bayou Sara to help cross some troops from the West. The cavalry lived in that section and most of them went home. The Federals, finding out our position, sent out a brigade of cavalry to cut us off. It was a beautiful starlight night, and in falling back to Kelly's Cross Roads, we found the roads jammed with them. Thos. B. Catron, First Lieutenant, commanding the company, told us to roll up the flag, as the situation was desperate. He then rode up to the Federals and ordered a passage for us, saying he had orders to take the advance. By mistake we took the left hand road when we should have gone straight on east. Finding out our mis-

take, we halted. A Yankee officer inquired, "Where are you going with that battery, anyhow?"

Catron ordered us to about, and as they made room for us to turn, he cursed at their being in the way. In an effort to save three of our guns when we got back to the right road, he sent them on in a gallop and ordered No. 1 to unlimber and open with grape and canister right and left.

Upon firing the first shot we raised the yell, and although there were only six or eight of us we "mixed up with them"—but couldn't keep from it. The disorder and confusion we created was awful. We had to punch and knock their horses to keep them out of our way. The clatter of sabres, swearing of men, neighing of horses, dismounted men, loose horses, and our shot and shell, too, created a thorough panic. In the tumult we got away.

I would like to know the damage done and what they thought about it. The gun was "Lady Richardson."

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES IN THIS CONNECTION.

In connection with the "Lady Richardson" the following personal sketches are given:

Sergeant W. J. Whitefield, of Paducah, Ky.,—born in Persons County, N. C., 1838—removed to

Hopkinsville, Ky., in 1860. In 1861 he enlisted as a scout in the Confederate Army, serving there and in the Quartermaster Department until the spring of 1862, when he was then transferred to the Alabama Regiment then at Corinth, Miss. He remained until the close of the war. Comrade Whitefield is very

W. J. WHITEFIELD.

proud of testimonials to brave and gallant service as a soldier.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe, now of Station Camp, Tenn., details his conduct at the battle of Corinth, Miss., October 3 and 4, 1862, when the 20 pound Parrot gun, the "Lady Richardson," was taken: Mr. Whitefield was the first man to reach the gun, and on the next day when volunteers were called for to engage Fort Williams on College Hill while the army took up another position, he was the first to volunteer for that duty. Soon after that battle he was made First Sergeant of his company. Good

oldiers were "good" foragers as a rule. It was indeed "a cold day" when "Whit" went to sleep hungry.



WILLIAM CREUTZMAN

He wrote a long and fraternal letter to Mr. Whitefield, enclosing his photograph, and they have become quite warm friends. The "Lady Richardson" belonged to Battery "D" First Missouri Light Artillery, and was under command of Lieutenant Cuttler when captured.

Mr. Whitefield in October, 1869, was married to Miss Jennie Brown, of Montgomery County, Tenn., who died in March, 1877. She was a sister of Lieutenant Robertson Brown, of the Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, who was killed at second battle of Manassas. Mr. Whitefield in Jan. 1879, was again married to Miss Kate, the youngest daughter of Colonel R. O. Woolfork, of Paducah, Ky., who, during the war, with every member of her father's family, was banished to Canada by the Federal authorities on account of their Southern sympathies.



MRS. W. J. WHITEFIELD.

In July, 1894, Mr. Whitefield requested through the National Tribune information of the "Dare-Devil," as the Confederates called the last Yank to leave the "Lady Richardson" at the time of her capture, and in the following October received a reply from William Creutzman, of Louisville, Mont., claiming that honor. He wrote a

A COMRADE'S TRIBUTE.

W. C. Boze's Sketch of B. B. Thackston.

I loved, in boyhood, manhood and later years, B. B. Thackston. He was a noble man, of sterling qualities, and of rare mental attributes.

Thackston and I went out together, early in 1861, to fight for the cause which we deemed right, enlisting in Company B, Seventh Tennessee Regiment, with John A. Fite Captain, afterwards made Colonel, when Lieut. John Allen was promoted to the Captaincy. After brief drills at Camp Trousdale, we were ordered to Virginia; but we got there too late to participate in the first great battle fought at Manassas.

We were hardened by our sojourn in the mountains of northwestern Virginia, and were eager to learn something about fighting, but long ere Lee's surrender we realized the horrors of war.

From northwestern Virginia we returned to Staunton with Loring, and proceeded thence down the Valley of Virginia, driving the Federals across the Potomac, from Bath (under Jackson) to Hancock, next to Romney, to Fredericksburg, to Yorktown, and then with Joseph E. Johnston, on his famous retreat to Richmond. Our first regular engagement was at Seven Pines, where we lost our gallant and idolized Hatton. We next met the enemy in the seven days' fight around Richmond, beginning at Mechanicsville and ending at Malvern Hill. At Gaines' Mill our beloved Lieutenant Colonel—the princely John K. Howard—fell. It happened that Thackston and I were among the number to bear him to the field hospital. After these heroic struggles, Thackston and I were among the eight of Company B not having received wounds, nor unable from exhaustion to answer at first roll call.

At Cedar Run I was wounded, and not many days afterward, Thackston was wounded at Fredericksburg, which closed his career as an active soldier. Both of us were declared unfit for field service, and assigned to light duty at Charlottesville. Soon becoming impatient, we applied, but in vain, for a transfer to cavalry. Thackston was subsequently detailed to go with a Capt. Miller to procure horses for Gen. Lee's Army, and just before the surrender I was detailed to help deliver these horses. We anticipated that we should rejoin our comrades, but when within six miles of Lynchburg the sad tidings reached us that Lee had surrendered his depleted army.

Miller at once released us. Thackston and I reported at Charlottesville, for we wanted to know whether we could be of further aid to the cause, or be honorably released. After riding all night and a part of the next day, we arrived at Charlottesville—sixty miles in the opposite direction from home—and awaited orders which never came. After a few days, having carefully considered the situation—nearly all the Southern railroads destroyed—we decided to go to Winchester, a beautiful village in the Virginia Valley connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, hoping to get paroles and free transportation home; but we were denied the latter, unless we took the oath. This we refused to do,

contending for the terms of Lee's surrender. The officer of the post tried to advise us, saying that the war was over and we would have to take the oath when we got home. We replied that we "went out of the Union with Tennessee, and will go back with her. If her people take the oath we will, but we can't take it for free transportation."

When paroled, we filled our havesacks with cheese and crackers and turned our faces up the once beautiful Valley of Virginia, but were then 160 miles further from home than when Miller released us, but still determined to demean ourselves creditable to Confederate soldiers.

On every side were evidences of the devastation and ruin which Sheridan had wrought. Splendid barns had been burned and all the fences demolished. The Virginians were already repairing the damages, making crops without fences. Day after day, for over two weeks, we tramped on sleeping in out-houses or under trees, declining beds kindly offered.

By a strange coincidence, footsore and weary, we reached, about dark one day, the same old stone church where our regiment had camped in 1861, which the older residents informed us was erected long before the Declaration of Independence. In 1861 the citizens hauled our regiment wood to cook with to save the beautiful oak grove surrounding this church. There was a quaint little stone office near the church and again Thackston and I found repose on the floor. Those trees through those eventful years, were left, although alternately, Federals and Confederates had occupied that country. This spot alone was spared, with sacred and historic interests. Around this church there are still traces of the breastworks thrown up by the American patriots during the Revolutionary War, against the Tories.

On our way the Virginians were universally kind, always giving us bread on application. When we reached the East Tennessee and Virginia Road at Salem, our longing for home increased. Soldiers from the Western army returning to Virginia and North Carolina, told us that it would be extremely hazardous to attempt to pass through East Tennessee, and we had lived through too many horrible scenes on the battlefield to invite further risks, so we decided to stop for the time and offer our services to some farmer for board. Jacob Woolwine, who owned a farm on New River, in Pulaski County, Va., accepted our proposition. Faithfully we performed the different tasks assigned us. He had just finished planting corn, and we stayed until his crop was "laid by," his wheat cut and hauled up, and his hay safely housed. The fare was excellent and our stay there was very pleasant. The Woolwines were refined people and it was especially fortunate that we fell in the society of such a delightful family. They were devout Christians. Every night and morning we joined them in family prayers. Mrs. Woolwine and her daughters wove and made for us two pairs of pants, each, from home-spun flax, also two pairs of socks—very acceptable gifts. We reached our homes about the middle of August, 1865.

Some incidents from my comrade's experience will illustrate his magnanimity and benevolence of spirit. A man in our company always sought the sheltered

places in battle. Our brave and generous Captain placed this timid soldier under Thackston's charge, with instructions to use the bayonet if necessary to force him into battle. He faltered when the "minie" balls began to sing around him, although Thackston repeatedly pushed him with the bayonet. At length perceiving that neither persuasion nor compulsion was of any avail, the brave Thackston ordered the weaker comrade to the rear and turned to enter the conflict in earnest. At another time an Irish teamster—an irascible, besotted wretch—who drove a wagon for Captain Miller with cooking utensils, tents, etc., one morning when everything was in readiness for their departure, stolidly refused to drive his team, and no argument could induce him to do so. Thoroughly exasperated, Capt. Miller ordered Thackston to load his gun and shoot the mutinous driver if he continued to persist. The order was given, "One!" "Two!" "Three!" but when the word "Fire!" came, Thackston's manly heart refused to execute the command. He lowered his gun and, turning to his officer, said, "Captain, *I can't kill him, but I'll put him in the wagon.*" Miller replied: "Do as you please, Thackston."

Thackston and I married the same year; we located within a few miles of each other, and were ever closely associated. I never knew a more courageous, loyal and honorable man, one who was never swayed by public sentiment, but always dared to follow the dictates of his heart.

But my sorrow overcomes me when I try to write the last sad details of this noble man's life. On Saturday night, November 21, 1896, this friend and comrade met with us at the Masonic Lodge, Snow Creek, Elmwood, Tenn. He sat against a low curtained window and, on accidentally leaning, he fell through the window nearly twenty feet, and sustained injuries from which he died in a few hours. We were not only fellow-members of that Lodge, but also of the E. L. Bradley Bivouac, Riddleton, Tenn. With the physicians and other anxious friends, I stood at his bedside until his true life went out at midnight, and I continued my watch through the remaining hours. On November 22nd, the Sabbath day, we laid him to rest with Masonic honors, in the family burying ground. He leaves a devoted wife and family of interesting children, for whom he had provided a lovely home.

The Confederate cause we loved so well is gone, Thackston is gone, and I feel that I am swiftly nearing the shore of eternal rest!

W. R. Hanleiter, Griffin, Ga.: At second Fredericksburg I had the honor to be commanded by Pelham, and while on the field at our right near Hamilton's Crossing, General Stewart and Pelham both came very near where I was, and directly a tall, black-haired man passed us on a horse, and went running the gauntlet between our lines. I asked Major Pelham who he was, and he replied: "One of the greatest scouts in the Confederacy. His name is Burks," or I understood it as that. I never learned anything more of the man. Who can tell us about him?

REWARD FOR FAITHFUL SERVICE.

Col. A. G. Dickinson, of the New York Camp Honored.

The following report of an interesting and worthy event was left over from the December VETERAN:

A formal ceremony was had in the beautiful address of Maj. W. S. Keiley. While it is of much compliment to the Commander of that Camp, he certainly deserves it, for the beautiful burial lot, ornamented by a magnificent shaft of granite fifty-one feet high (exactly like the Washington monument in form) upon a broad granite base nine feet high, and a burial fund in bank for any emergency, is an achievement deserving high praise. It will be remembered that the principal donor to that grand structure was Mr. Rouss.

Mr. Commander: To me, Sir, has been assigned the pleasant duty to-night of presenting to you this tastefully bound memorial volume, containing the resolutions offered by our worthy comrade, Dr. Winkler, as a slight evidence of that esteem and regard in which you are, and ever will be, held by each and every comrade in this Camp.

It is only a few years since, Sir, that a mere handful of the remnants of those who wore the gray, filled with the memories of the past and actuated by a charity for the old comrades who needed assistance in the present, met in the study of our first and well beloved Chaplain, Dr. Page, and there planted the seed from which has sprung this Camp, the first organized north of the Potomac.



FLAG OF NEW YORK CAMP.

Some of those who were active with us there have "crossed the river" and sleep that untroubled sleep of Death which will know no awakening until the bugle call of Eternity—for them we cherish the most affectionate remembrance.

Others who then seemed tireless in their well-doing have since, in the busy mart of Life, where the hurrying feet lead but to the goal of Avarice and gain, forgotten the pathetic calls for charity—for these we feel a sad regret—and yet, Sir, the Camp has prospered beyond the most sanguine hopes.

They builded wiser than they knew when they begged you to become their first Commander, and when, as the years rolled by, you wished that others should share the honors which you had done so

much to embellish, while acceding to your wishes, they still looked forward to the time when you again would take the helm.

It was in you, Sir, that they trusted, as did the Children of Israel in the strange land, to be their pillar of fire by night and cloud by day to guide and direct their footsteps.

In the lexicon of esteem and regard there are many apt words and fitting phrases, but I, Sir, am only a stuttering student of its flowery pages.

Flattery, Sir, is but insipid praise, and the embarrassment of my position to-night is accentuated by my inability to find the words with which to express my thoughts.

Would that some other had my place—some one more worthy than I—some one whose silvery voice in fitting words might weave a chaplet of roseate hues—some one who could tell in tender phrase that which I can only say in homely talk. It is not left for me to say, Sir, what you have done.

In that great Pantheon of England's dead, where the ashes of Sovereign and Subject have together commingled with Mother Earth, upon the marble slab which marks the spot where lie the remains of Sir Christopher Wren are these lines:

"Si monumetum queris circumspice."

If you seek his monument, look around you—and, Sir, nor bronze bust, nor stately obelisk, nor granite shaft, nor marble group that adorns that magnificent "God's Acre" of London, Westminster Abbey, tells a more fitting story—and, Sir, borrowing the thought so beautifully expressed upon that consecrated tablet, I can say to comrades, in speaking of you, "Si monumentum queris circumspice."

Look around you and see here men who have sacrificed all and braved everything—men who have followed the stubborn Longstreet and galloped with Ashby—men who have marched through the valley with Jackson and climbed the Round Top with Pickett—men who rode with Morgan and charged with Stuart; yea, Sir, men who, with steady step and without a murmur, were willing to march into the very jaws of death when Lee gave the order.

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die.

These men you see, coming forward with that sweet tenderness and abiding confidence that marks the blushing maiden in her first ecstasy of requited love, bringing this little testimonial not to be judged by its intrinsic worth, but by the warmth of heart that prompts its gift.

And now, Sir, fit and crowning capstone to your unselfish and untiring work in our behalf is this granite obelisk whose apex pointing to heaven in yonder graveyard is there to stand through coming ages, to perpetuate forever the memory of our dead.

Fit and crowning capstone to your present work, for, Sir, we pray that the Giver of all good may decree that you shall long remain with us, and that the years to come shall fall as lightly upon your honored head as the gentle snowflakes upon the sturdy oak.

TURNING TO MR. C. B. ROUSS.

It seems to me but fitting, if I be pardoned the digression, to speak one word of praise of him who has always responded to your call, and who now is groping darkly in this world of light and life, crying by the roadside: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me, and grant that I may see."

If the prayers of the widow and the orphan can reach the heavenly throne, there should be relief for our afflicted comrade, whose heart strings, like some Æolian harp, respond in golden notes to the plaintive winds of sorrow that sweep across the chords. I need hardly mention the name of Charles Broadway Rouss.

This obelisk then, Sir, reared upon ground which was once looked upon by us as the enemy's land, and amid a people who once buckled belt and drew sabre in mortal combat against us, stands to-day, and will stand amid the ruin and decay of Time, a beacon light to the world of that patriotism which Americans alone can feel.

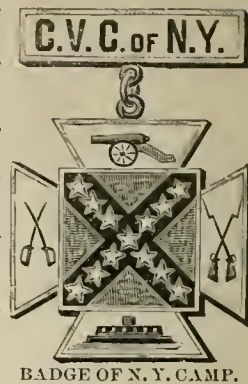
When the martyred President was shown the field over which the gallant boys followed Pickett in the charge at Gettysburg, as the tears of mingled grief and joy coursed down his rugged cheeks, he exclaimed, "Thank God, these men were my brothers," and, Sir, that is the sentiment that makes us Americans.

Now, Sir, as I said, this obelisk raised as it has been chiefly through your untiring exertions has been indeed a fitting crown to your work, and when there shall be cut into the granite block some suitable inscription showing that this shaft is consecrated to the Confederate dead—soldiers who commanded the admiration of their foes in the hour of victory and won their esteem in that of defeat, it should also appear that this granite obelisk was raised by the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York through the untiring devotion and unselfish charity of Andrew G. Dickinson, its first Commander.

"Si monumentum queris circumspice." Look around you, and each mound consecrated to the memory of the gallant boy in gray, whose dust is commingled with Mother Earth in that hallowed plot, will be a silent witness to the memory of our first Commander.

My duty is done—accept then, Sir, this little token in the same spirit that prompts those boys of '61 in giving it, and let me assure you, Sir, that not only to them, but to their children, it will be a sweet heritage to keep in mind the memory of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York and its first Commander.

Eugene M. Bee, Brookhaven, Miss., wishes to procure information of John R. Miot, who carried the flag of the grand old "Palmetto Regiment" of Charleston in the Mexican war, and who was a member of the Crescent Rifles in Dreux's Battalion.



BADGE OF N. Y. CAMP.

STONE'S RIVER BATTLEFIELD AND NATIONAL PARK ASSOCIATION.

The officers and directors of the above named Association in an address state that the enterprise has been set on foot by a number of the old soldiers of Rutherford County, in which the field of battle is situated. They are about equally divided in number, as between the Union and Confederate armies. These veterans think that the best monu-

and the placing of enduring tablets for battles and locations of troops, batteries, etc., during that great battle.

The Association has obtained options on the land embraced in the battlefield. In most cases the prices asked have been reasonable, and a very liberal disposition has been shown by owners favorable to the formation of the park. The area is 2,400 acres, embracing, practically, all the land which was the theatre of important military operations. The proposed park has the hearty sympathy and



MONUMENT IN STONE'S RIVER CEMETERY.



IN STONE'S RIVER CEMETERY.

ment that can possibly be erected to the heroism and devotion, both of the living and the dead, would be the preservation of the field of battle as a National Park under the authority and auspices of the General Government.

The geographical location of the field is much in its favor. It is but twenty-seven miles south of Nashville, the capital of the State, and is easily accessible from every part of our country. A great thoroughfare, the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway runs midway through the field. There are three turnpike roads which furnish easy and convenient access to every part of it. Stone's River encircles it on two sides, and its topographical features are of such character that it will readily admit of improvement and adornment at moderate expense. Such a park would possess a permanent historical value in the preservation of landmarks

favor of all our people; they cherish a becoming local pride in the familiar ground, which has become forever famous as the scene of a great conflict.

The following is the language of the patriotic appeal: In the spirit of the broadest patriotism, we have proposed a work worthy of a generous and great people. We are survivors of both armies. Having long since dismissed from our hearts all the antagonisms of the past and honoring the brave men of both sides, looking back sadly, yet proudly, upon our heroic dead, whose blood made sacred the field of Stone's River, we trust that our labors will receive the approval of our countrymen, and that this field will be set apart under national authority as a perpetual witness of valor, devotion and chivalrous feats of arms never surpassed in American history. The Battle of Stone's River was one of the greatest conflicts of arms that ever took place

on the Western Continent, in which were engaged more than sixty thousand American soldiers—the flower of American manhood and chivalry. From the headwaters of the Mississippi, and from its mouth on to the Gulf, and from all the States which lay between, came the men who, on the thirty-first day of December, 1862, and the first and second of January succeeding, stood in opposing lines, and gave fresh proof of the steadiness and devotion of Southern and Northern troops on the field of deadly conflict. And that which will ever add a pathetic and realistic interest to this field, and to the proposed park, is that at its center is the beautiful National Cemetery, in which repose the heroic dead of the Union Army. They are the silent witnesses of the valor and devotion of a people great of heart and in arms. Within the sound of a bugle in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery rest the soldiers of the South, unsurpassed in valor in the world's history and partners with their sleeping Union comrades in the glories of this field. Fitting to perpetuate these glories is the purpose of our Association, and, therefore, we appeal to the survivors of that battle and other soldiers, and to the patriotic citizens of our common country, to aid us in carrying to completion the sacred enterprise which we have undertaken.

DIRECTORS.

The officers follow; the three first named are President and Vice Presidents: Charles A. Sheafe, Captain Fifty-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Wm. S. McLemore, Colonel Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A.; Carter B. Harrison, Captain Fifty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry; David D. Maney, First Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A.; Charles O. Thomas, Captain Ninth Michigan Infantry; James O. Oslin, Second Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A.; Flemmon Hall, Ninety-ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry; Asbury M. Overall, Eighteenth Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A.; Hon. Horace E. Palmer, son of Gen. Joseph B. Palmer, deceased, of Tennessee, C. S. A.; Jesse W. Sparks, Jr., son of Jesse W. Sparks, deceased, who was Adjutant Eighth Texas Cavalry, Secretary.

THE HAZEN MONUMENT.

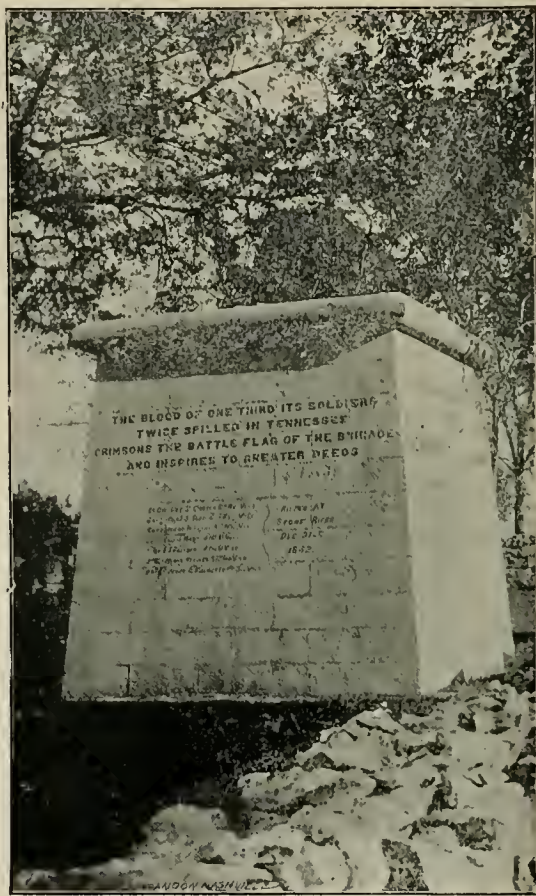
Jesse W. Sparks, Secretary of the Association, writes a sketch from which the following is taken:

About two and a half miles west of Murfreesboro between the Nashville railroad and turnpike stands what is known as "HAZEN'S MONUMENT."

It is constructed of native limestone, smoothly dressed, is ten feet high, and nine feet square. It has been enclosed recently in an area at Government expense, with a stone wall four feet high and ninety by thirty-six feet. Inside this wall are fifty-five tombs or headstones, marking the graves of fourteen soldiers Forty-first Ohio Infantry, twenty of the 110th Illinois, nine Ninth Indiana, nine Sixth Kentucky Infantry, with one First Ohio Artillery, and two unknown.

It was erected while the Federal Army occupied Murfreesboro in 1863. It was built by artisans who belonged to the command of rock quarried on the battlefield, and is the first instance on record.

This is said to have been the initial movement whereby the United States Government seemed to conceive the idea of gathering up her dead soldiers and interring them together, and in the establishment of National Cemeteries, such step never before having been taken, Revolutionary soldiers were not so honored. * * * * *



ERECTED WHERE THEY FELL.

On the South side this inscription is to be seen: "Hazen's Brigade, to the Memory of Its Soldier's Who Fell at Stone River, December 31, 1862." "Their faces toward heaven, their feet to the foe." There was inscribed afterward "Chickamauga, Chattanooga." East side: "The Veterans of Shiloh have left a deathless heritage of Fame on the field of Stone River." North side: "Erected 1863, upon the ground where they fell, by their comrades." It names many there buried with rank and command. West side: "The blood of one third its soldiers twice spilled in Tennessee, crimson the battleflag of the Brigade."

The monument is massive and very handsome.

A. M. Nathans, of First Florida Regiment, now of 163 East 93rd Street, New York City, inquires for Col. Larry W. O'Bannon, who was Chief Quartermaster on General Bragg's Staff until after the Kentucky campaign. The record assigns him as Major of First Battalion Confederate Infantry. When last heard of he was living in Nashville, Tenn.

FORT DONELSON TO CAMP MORTON.

The picture of Camp Morton is not a good frontispiece; a more cheerful reminiscence would be better. Ah, the pathetic memories of the survivors! The dim scenes will revive to them much of suffering and privation. The writer recalls along with it Fort Donelson and the bitter days of freezing and of starvation from the 13th of February until the 16th, Sunday, and of the bitter wait in mud and ice while each prisoner was being examined to see that there was nothing "contraband" upon him before he was sent off to prison; then the 2,200 men on one boat, with but a single stove to warm by, and the day on the way from Cairo to St. Louis, when a genial sun for a few minutes caused so many of us to go to the sunny side of the boat. The captain was alarmed lest the boiler burst on the creened vessel, and pleaded that we get away from that side. The only dread of the boat going down was the cold water, in which blocks of ice as large as houses were floating.

There is recalled, too, the journey from St. Louis to Indianapolis by rail, and the goodness of Quaker women, who, having been notified of our starving condition, were ready as the train would slow up at their towns to run through the snow with fritters and back again for more—as good Samaritans as ever lived!

Ah, too, the sad contrast is recalled when, on reaching Indianapolis, thousands of city people lined the streets through which we marched to Camp Morton, some two miles, who, instead of having hot fritters for us, stood stiffly in their seal skins, and many ridiculed us in our horrid plight.

Night came on in Camp Morton, as we stood in mud freezing about our feet, waiting to be assigned to quarters, which were in the horse stalls of the old fair grounds. The writer was fortunate enough to get under a stove located in the central passageway of Division 9, and slept snugly there.

Weeks followed our confinement before we were reasonably fed. The entire day's ration would be eaten immediately after the issue.

It was not intended to give in this connection these personal reminiscences, but the article designed must be deferred.

TO NATIVE TENNESSEANS.

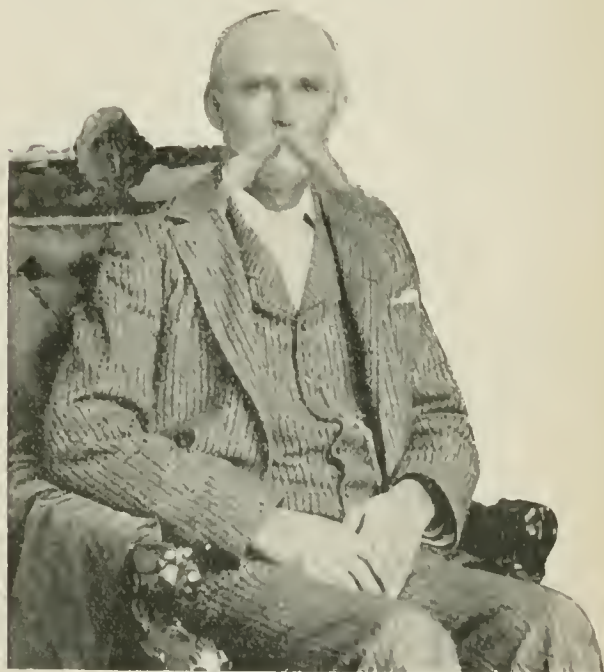
Mrs. Birdie Gleaves Patterson, of 312 N. Vine St., Nashville, has conceived a beautiful idea in connection with non-resident Tennesseans and the Centennial Exposition. Those who are proud of their nativity and would like to have an identity with the Volunteer State in its worthy record of achievements are requested to write to Mrs. Patterson for the plan. The VETERAN commends it cordially, and will have more to say of it hereafter.

TRIBUTE TO JOSIAH ARRASMITH.

Formal Resolutions Passed by Pat Cleburne Camp, 252.

Reference was made in the December VETERAN to Commander Arrasmith, to whose memory the following resolutions of respect were recorded:

Whereas, Our Merciful Heavenly Father has this day removed from our midst to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," our highly esteemed friend and comrade, Josiah Arrasmith, who has been Commander of our Camp from its organization, and who had spent the best years of his strong young manhood battling for the cause we all held dear, and in his last days was always ready to extend a helping hand to unfortunate comrades who needed his assistance;



Resolved, That, recognizing the justice and love of our Divine Master, we dutifully bow to the wisdom of the work of His hand;

That the sad event has brought grief not only upon the family, but upon the comrades of the Camp he had so long presided over as Commander;

That as a Camp we mourn his death, and fully realize that we have lost one of our most useful members, the community an honorable and upright citizen, and that we sincerely tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased comrade in their great affliction, and commend them for comfort to that Power which, alone, can give comfort to the afflicted;

That a copy of these resolutions be spread on our record book and a copy be sent to the family of our departed comrade.

A. W. Biscom, J. M. Brother, Wm. P. Conner, Wm. Barker, W. R. Peters, Sr., J. T. Young, John Webb.
Bethel, Ky., December 5, 1896.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Extracts from Concluding Report Read at the Nashville Convention of United Daughters of Confederacy.

Mrs. A. M. Raines, acting President U. D. C., reported that on May 12, 1896, she received a telegram from Mrs. John C. Brown expressing regret that she "must resign the Presidency of the U. D. C.," and that, without favorable reply to request that Mrs. Brown reconsider the matter, she assumed the duties of President. Mrs. Raines stated also that she practically assumed the duties of Corresponding Secretary as well, that officer having been in Europe much of the time. There were at that time sixty Chapters, and the increase was to eighty-nine. She had written 618 letters and 152 postal cards, which figures give some idea of her work. For "efficient aid," she gave Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, high praise.

Mrs. Raines called attention to the funds in the hands of the Treasurer, stating that some disposition should be made of this surplus; that "we are not organized for commercial purposes or for the accumulation of money. We should decide on some amount as a reserve fund and let the remainder be judiciously distributed."

GRAND DIVISION IN VIRGINIA.

"Last July a society called the 'Grand Division of Virginia' decided by vote, at a meeting held in Richmond, to seek admission to this order. Their President, Mrs. Jas. M. Garnett, wrote me stating the terms and conditions under which they would join. As these were considered in direct opposition to our Constitution, I replied that their wishes would be placed before this Convention. I have received letters from different members of our organization urging me to set aside our Constitution so as to admit them. But my interpretation of the duties of a President is to protect this Constitution under all circumstances. When changes are to be made it must be by the voice of this body alone, and no one, whether President or otherwise, has the power to take from or add to it.

"The conditions named by Mrs. Garnett, as stated before, were such as I could not accept, and when this subject is discussed, I sincerely trust you may be guided in your decision by your loyalty to your Constitution, and that nothing will be done to conflict with the laws therein stated.

"I would suggest for your careful consideration the importance of rotation of officers and also of not allowing one person to hold more than one office at a time, feeling assured that by firmly adhering to this rule you will greatly increase the interest.

"And now, before closing, let me ask you all not to have the impression that these conventions are held solely for social enjoyment and a passage of words. Let none think these four walls are the only field for work and go home to remain inert until the time rolls around for our next meeting.

* * * No, my friends, let us look upon these gatherings as a place to come to be refreshed, as it were, and to get renewed courage to go home filled

with the determination to let the year before us find at its close not one neglected soldier's grave in our vicinity.

"Let me thank you for your patience, and ask that, in all the discussions that may arise, you will ever keep the holiness of our work before you, remembering we are not a body of discontented suffragists thirsting for oratorical honors, but a sisterhood of earnest, womanly women, striving to fulfill the teaching of God's word in honoring our fathers."

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY.

Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Recording Secretary, reported the annual convention of the U. D. C., held in Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 8, '95, naming the officers there elected: Mrs. John C. Brown, of Nashville, President; Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Vice President; Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Atlanta, Recording Secretary; Mrs. I. M. Clark, of Nashville, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Lottie Preston Clark, of Lynchburg, Va., Treasurer.

Mrs. Brown resigned in consequence of ill health in the early spring, and Mrs. L. H. Raines has acted as President of the U. D. C. She gave special credit to Mrs. Raines and Mrs. Lottie Preston Clark, with whom it had been "a great pleasure to be associated;" to Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, Mrs. Helen C. Plane, Mrs. J. K. Ottley, of Atlanta, Mrs. A. T. Smythe, of Charleston, and others who had "lessened the duties of your Recording Secretary."

After mentioning the increased strength since last year, she stated there were applications for other Chapters. The organization extends over fourteen States, from Maryland to California, including the District of Columbia and the Indian Territory.

Last year there were no State Divisions; during the present year Divisions have been formed in Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, Texas, South Carolina and Florida, and Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas have the requisite number of Chapters and will soon form Divisions.

A large number of certificates of membership have been issued during the year. They are electrotyped and are a beautiful and valuable possession. Handsome badges perpetuate the memories of '61-'65.

The States came into the union of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the following order: Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Florida and the District of Columbia. Those States were represented last year by one or more Chapters. Georgia, Tennessee and Texas have cause to be proud of their rapid increase during the present year. The Executive Officers, State Presidents and members have worked with enthusiasm.

In February, 1896, the first, or charter, Chapter was formed in Meridian, Miss. They now have one more than the requisite number to form a State Division, the Chapters being located at Meridian, Columbus, Vicksburg, and Greenville. The Charter Chapter in Arkansas was formed at Hope, in March, and with other Chapters at Little Rock, Hot Springs and Van Buren, Arkansas has a right to a State Division.

The Stonewall Jackson Chapter was formed at McAlester, I. T., in March, 1896.

The Winnie Davis Chapter, of Berwick, La., was granted a Chapter in May, and another Chapter has been formed in New Orleans, with a large membership.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, at San Francisco, Cal., was chartered in August, with Mrs. Wm. Pritchard, the daughter of Gen. A. S. Johnston, as President.

Three Chapters are named for Winnie Davis—at Galveston, Texas, Meridian, Miss., and Berwick, Louisiana.

If the increase in membership is in proportion to the growth of the present year, the prospect is encouraging for as many Chapters of the United Daughters as there are Camps in the Confederate Veteran Association.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Report of Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, President Tennessee Division:

In making out my report of the work done by the Tennessee Division, I am like my friend Judge Quarles who, when pointing out a Federal cemetery to some Grand Army men, said: "Gentlemen, I regret there is not more of it to show you."

While our work does not compare favorably with some other States in numbers of Chapters organized during the year, in other respects it is fully equal, if not greater. Tennessee Daughters raised more money than ————— for the South's Memorial Institute, and besides, quite a large amount was raised and donated to other memorial work and in assisting disabled Confederate soldiers, etc. The Tennesseans are fully alive to the importance of raising \$100,000 requisite to secure the same amount offered by Mr. Rouss, knowing that the building of that Institute would secure to the South the immortal fame of our heroes; it would be a proclamation to the world that the South never was, and never can be conquered.

During the present year we have organized some very flourishing Chapters that have done splendid work. We have ten Chapters at present, and a number of others would have been organized over the State, but, this being Centennial year, many of our best workers have had their hands full getting up displays for the different counties in the State.

Nashville Chapter, No. 1, has a membership of 120. This Chapter was chartered Sept. 20, '94, but has been organized since '90, at which time it was chartered by the State as an Auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and has worked under the name of Daughters of the Confederacy since May 10, '92. This Chapter raised \$838.75 for the Memorial Institute, and has also expended a large amount on Confederate work at home.

Jackson Chapter has sixty-five members, and has donated \$127.00 to memorial purposes during year.

Gallatin Chapter was chartered Oct. 29, '95, and has a membership of thirty-eight.

Franklin Chapter, chartered Oct. 30, '95, has twenty members. Has donated \$87.40 to the Memorial Institute.

South Pittsburg Chapter, chartered Oct. 31, '95,

has twenty two members. Donated \$95.00 to memorial work.

Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, of Fayetteville, chartered Nov. 2, '95, has thirty-four members, and has expended \$142.00 for memorial purposes.

Maury Chapter, of Columbia chartered June, '96, has forty-five members. Donated \$200.00 to the Memorial Institute.

Chattanooga Chapter, chartered Sept., '96, has membership of sixty.

Holston Chapter, Knoxville, was chartered in September, '96.

Murfreesboro Chapter was chartered in November, '96.

These Chapters are all enthusiastic in work pertaining to the history of the Confederacy, the amelioration of the condition of the Confederate soldiers, the building of monuments and the care of Confederate cemeteries.

In concluding, Mrs. Goodlett stated that Sumner County Daughters have always taken great interest in the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, and that their donations have been most generous, and she urged that each Chapter in the State make this Home its special charge.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Report of Miss Mary Amelia Smith, President of Virginia State Division:

The retiring officers of the Virginia Division have so lately vacated their positions and with the continued illness of Mrs. Clark, have combined to make the report very meager.

There are thirteen Chapters in the Virginia State Division, the membership of the whole numbering 580. Virginia has had a difficulty with which to contend in a rival association, engineered with greatest activity. After further reference to the "rival" association, she adds: Time and patience will doubtless correct this and we may be united in one grand system of devotion to those who gave their lives to secure a coveted independence; recalling always, "they never fail who die in a great cause."

Three hundred dollars have been raised by the L. M. Otey Chapter of Lynchburg towards a monument to their own dead, 1,200; fifty dollars by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter of Alexandria, sending a soldier to the Richmond Lee Camp; ten dollars by the Alexandria 17th Virginia Chapter toward a memorial window to President Davis, and \$170.00 to Gen. P. Wise, the accredited agent of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, by the Black Horse Chapter. I may here be allowed to state that the Black Horse has a membership of sixty-nine. The white population of its seat—Warrenton—being only six hundred, this gives it the right to claim for itself the title of "Banner Chapter of the Confederacy."

The present incumbent of the chair of State in Virginia is the daughter of a civilian, one of the early volunteers who figured conspicuously "on the left" at the battle of Manassas—aged sixty-four—and though elected to Congress and as Governor, did not leave the field till three months before the fatal 9th of April. The Vice President is a near relative of the first Rebel. With such exemplars, we hope to prove equal to our obligations.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

The Dalton-Atlanta Campaign displayed more military strategy than any in the war between the States. With the three armies—the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Cumberland, all under Sherman—confronting Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and aggregating two or three times that of his army, there was not a more skillful game upon the military chessboard. Being so greatly outnumbered, his only policy was to strike in detail. Vigilance and boldness, attended with great risk, had to be employed promptly to baffle his gigantic foe. It was wonderful to see our line stretched out in skirmish style to confront the enemy's solid ranks, and even then a withdrawal of troops from right to left to meet the flank movements with success, at the same time to be ready for Sherman's dashes on our weak points. It was the cleanest retreat on record, with comparatively small loss of men and stores.

The Federal General, Joseph Hooker, pronounced it the greatest campaign of the war, and the finesse used as establishing the great generalship of Gen. Johnston, and Gen. Wolsey, of English fame, says 'twas the most brilliant on record. The result was a loss of 40,000 to the Federal arms to about 10,000 to the Confederates in the Hundred Days Fight. There was one place, though, where Sherman, had he been the able general many supposed, would have taken some of Johnston's glory from him. The only time he ever got Johnston apparently in "a nine hole" was at Resaca, on May 15, 1864. Stewart's Division of Hood's Corps occupied the extreme right of Johnston's Army, his right on the Connesauga—the Oostanaula in his rear. Stewart's Division, at that time, was composed of Gibson's Louisiana, Clayton's and Baker's Alabama, Stovall's Georgia, and Maney's Tennessee Brigades, and Holman's Tennessee Cavalry. That part of Stewart's report touching on the battle will give our position more fully, and veterans of the Army of Tennessee will more vividly recall the trials of that terrible day.

"On Sunday morning, the 15th," Gen. Stewart says, "my line was advanced, the right of it half a mile and passing in front of Mr. Green's house, the left only a few hundred yards, and the new position was soon intrenched. About 3 p. m., I received directions to advance and attack the enemy in my front at 4 o'clock, provided I had not myself been attacked by that time. Shortly previous to four, information came to me of a heavy movement of the enemy to my front, which information was transmitted to the Lieutenant General (Hood) commanding corps. My instructions were, in advancing, to gradually wheel toward the left, and I was notified that Gen. Stevenson, on my left, would also advance at four precisely. Clayton, on the left, and Stovall, on the right of the front line, were caused to make a half wheel to the left to place them in the proper direction, and were also instructed to continue inclining by a slight wheel to the left, in advancing. This, it will be perceived, placed them in echelon, the object being to prevent my right toward the river from being turn-

ed. Maney's Brigade, which had reported to me, and a small body of cavalry under Col. Holman were directed to move out on the right, outflanking and covering Stovall's right. Gibson and Baker were brought forward and placed in position as supports to Clayton and Stovall, and the order to advance given. The men moved forward with great spirit and determination and soon engaged the enemy. At this moment, an order came from Gen. Hood, by Lieut.-Col. Cunningham, not to make the attack, which, however, had already commenced. We encountered the enemy in heavy force, protected by breastworks and logs. The ground over which Stovall's Brigade passed was covered with a dense undergrowth and brush. Regiments, in consequence, became separated and the brigade soon began to fall back. Hastening to it and finding it impossible to reform it on the ground it occupied, it was suffered to fall back to its intrenched position, Baker's Brigade retiring with it. Clayton, being thus unsupported on the right and Stevenson's Division not having advanced, also retired, and Gibson fell back, by my order, as did Maney also."

This famous order, countermanding the former order of attack at Resaca, was ever a matter of contention between Generals Johnston and Hood, the former saying that he had countermanded, the latter asserting that he had not time to execute it. Be that as it may, when Col. Cunningham brought it our first line was charging on the breastworks; but it was only Stewart's Division doing this; the other two divisions of Hood's Corps had received the countermand order. The execution of this order, with our lines in close quarters and fully engaged, was the trying thing for staff officers on duty. Gen. Stewart sent Lieut. Scott, volunteer aide, to Clayton, Lieut. Cahal to Stovall, then he called on the writer to go to Gen. Maney. I felt as if that parallel ride from left to right of over half a mile, taking the fire by Clayton's and Stovall's Brigades, would be my last. Hooker and Schofield and McPherson, massed, were pouring the shot and shell nigh on to a tempest. I spurred my horse to a run; the balls were so terrific that I checked up a little, fearing that my horse might get shot and turn a somersault in falling. The checking process didn't suit, for it seemed like death to tarry. I spurred up again and (how any human being lived through it I can't imagine) came up with some litter-bearers, who hugged the trees closely and would not talk. Moments seemed hours. I rode through brush and copse into an open field, and finally struck the left of Maney's Brigade lying down behind the railroad, hotly engaged. Just in rear of them, I spied a staff officer of Gen. Maney, Lieut. L. B. McFarland, now of Memphis, Tenn., riding as coolly and unconcernedly as if no battle were raging. I accosted him with the query, "Where's Gen. Maney?" He said, "On the right of the Brigade," and that Maney had placed him to look after the left. I told him that the brigades on his left were falling back, that if a charge should be made his brigade would be lost, and to pass the order down the line, from Gen. Stewart, to retire rapidly. In the meantime I

started to the right, through an open field, to find the Brigade Commander. Talk about thunder and lightning, accompanied by a storm of rain and hail! My experience with bullets through that field was like to it, for "h—l seemed to answer h—l in the cannon's roar." Intermingled with musketry, it created an unintermitted roar of the most deafening and appalling thunper.



LIEUT. L. B. M'FARLAND.

Gen. Maney was working to keep the cavalry connected with his line. His horse having been shot, he was dismounted, but he had taken that of Lieut. James Keeble—his Aide. By this time the brigade was retiring as ordered.

When this order to retire was communicated to Col. Feild, commanding the First Tennessee Infantry on the extreme right, the Federal cavalry were pressing, yet his regiment was formed into a hollow square under the galling fire, and thus retired with a palisade of bristling bayonets confronting. It was like to Napoleon's battle of the pyramids in squares on the march to Cairo, deterring the intrepid Mameluke cavalry, and also to the English squares at Waterloo.

But the problem of getting back confronted me. Gen. Maney urged me to stay with him—that it was death to try the open field again. With a detour, however, I hurried back through the storm, neither I nor my light bay getting a scratch. In this short time three horses had been shot under General Stewart and nearly all the staff were dismounted. Terry Cabal had come back horseless; Lieut. Scott's horse had been shot and had fallen on him, almost paralyzing him; Capt. Stanford, of Stanford's Bat-

tery, killed, yet private John S. McMath was fighting his guns like a madman, and Oliver's and Fennor's Batteries dealing the death shots rapidly. A Virginia regiment, the Fifty-fourth, of Stevenson's Division, the only one that failed to get the countermand orders, lost a hundred men in a few minutes. The dead and dying of our first line was heart-rending.

Had Sherman made a charge on us then there would have been no escape. In this trough, the position was critical—the Connesuaga to the right, the Oostanaula in the rear, and both non-fordable. Whilst Gen. Sherman showed a want of generalship in not following, Old Joe displayed wonderful skill in getting us out. I will never forget Resaca. Ofttimes it occurs to me that our boldness in making the attack saved the army—for Sherman, massed, had given orders to pounce on us, which was postponed when he saw that we were preparing as aggressors.

The playing upon the bridges by the enemy's artillery all that night when our army was crossing added to the horror of the event. Visions of Forrest's charge over the bridge at Chickamauga, and of Napoleon's contest over Lodi, came upon me, but Old Joe stood there on the Oostanaula until all had safely passed.

The closing of Gen. Stewart's report gives vivid conception of it: "During the retreat of the army at night, the division remained in line of battle, crossing the railroad and the Dalton and Resaca road, until the entire army had passed the bridges. The situation was all the while perilous and calculated to try the endurance of our men. They stood firm, however, and remained in position until about three o'clock in the morning, when we retired in obedience to orders."

To confirm the accuracy of his memory, Capt. Ridley submitted the manuscript of his article to Generals Stewart, Maney and Lieut. McFarland. The former refers to it as a very creditable production; McFarland mentions it as a graphic portraiture and makes the additional statement that when he conveyed General Stewart's orders through Ridley to Colonel Feild on the extreme right, he formed his regiment into a hollow square under fire to resist the Federal cavalry, and thus executed the command to retire. "This was the more noticeable to me because it was the only instance in four years of war that I ever saw this maneuver executed during an engagement." Gen. George Maney replied:

MY DEAR CAPTAIN—Upon return home, I found your very kind letter advising of your article on Resaca and its having been submitted to Gen. Stewart, who approved, with compliments upon its merits. With the compliment feature I am most fully in accord. You are, however, in immaterial error in stating that I took Lieut. Keeble's horse after mine was shot. Keeble's services at the moment were far too important for this, and so continued until my command had been withdrawn. It was an orderly's horse I used after my own was shot.

Of course I am greatly gratified at your article's favorable mention of the ever reliable McFarland and the *intrepid* Feild, with his distinguished regiment, and this being only one of many like affairs of the memorable campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, which do not appear in official reports, it may be but proper I should say you only saw them as they were upon all such occasions. It was their way.

As to yourself, with memory revived of the stormy hour by your very vivid narrative, it remains but little less than a wonder that you are living to write of the event.

CONFEDERATE SOCIETY OF ARMY AND NAVY IN MARYLAND.—For the present year the splendid organization, "Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland," has reduced the number of its officials. There are only 12 Vice Presidents instead of 17, former number, and 7 instead of 10 members of the Executive Committee. The officers now are: President, Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; Vice Presidents, Capts. Geo. W. Booth, Wm. L. Ritter, Geo. R. Gaither, Lieuts. Chas. H. Claiborne, Henry M. Graves, Privates D. Ridgeley Howard, Hugh McWilliams, D. A. Boone, Jos. R. Stonebraker, Wm. Heimiller, George Eisenburg, Engineer Eugene H. Browne; Recording Secretary, Capt. Augustine J. Smith; Assistant Recording Secretary, Private Joshua Thomas; Corresponding Secretary, Private John F. Hayden; Treasurer, Capt. F. M. Colston; Executive Committee, Sergt. Wm. H. Pope, Privates Jas. R. Wheeler, R. J. Stinson, D. L. Thomas, August Simon, Mark A. Shriver, Maj. W. Stuart Symington; Chaplains, Revs. W. U. Murkland, D.D. (Sergt. Major), Wm. M. Dame (Private), Benj. F. Ball (Sergt.), R. W. Cowardi, S. J. (Sergt.); Sergeant-at-Arms, Sergt. Geo. W. Shafer.

Capt. H. B. Littlepage, ex-C. S. Navy, now in the Department of Naval War Records, writes from Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, 1897:

This office is now engaged in collecting, compiling and publishing the Records of the Union and Confederate Navies during the war. The archives of the Confederate Navy were in a great part scattered at the close of the war, and its history can only be made up from such papers as may still remain in the possession of individual officers, their families, Confederate Camps or Historical Associations. It is in the highest degree desirable that these papers should, as far as possible, be transmitted to this office, to be embodied in the work now being published.

In justice to the actors themselves in the great struggle, it is important that each should be accorded his proper place in its history. I therefore ask of all individuals, Camps and Associations, if they have in their possession letters, reports or official documents of any kind whatever relating to Confederate Naval operations, whether of press-copies, letter-books, journals, log-books or other memoranda, they will kindly inform me or transmit them to me at the above address, and that they will assist me in getting information or documents from others. The expense

of transmission will be borne by the Department, and all papers, after having been copied, will be returned to the owner if he so desires.

It is hoped that all will give their hearty co-operation in securing the fullest and most accurate record possible.

STORIES FROM THE RANKS.

G. B. Moon, Bellbuckle, Tenn., shows his pride in the Volunteer State: About 2 o'clock, p. m., on the 21st day of July, 1861, a brigade of Confederate recruits was marching at quick-step to the front at the first fight at Manassas, Va. The battle-smoke was rolling up in the heavens beyond the hills and the cannon's roar was heard in many directions. A rider, in citizen's dress galloped up from the woods and halting, asked: "What Command is this?" S. M. Linck, of this place, being near the stranger, answered: "Twenty thousand fresh troops from Tennessee and Kentucky." Without another word, the man wheeled his horse and galloped away. About an hour later, when these re-enforcements had ascended the hills so they could see the fight, the Yankees were in full retreat towards Washington. Did Beauregard and Johnston whip the Yankees, or had they heard that Tennessee was coming, and concluded that they had better be leaving?

'Dixie,' writes from a Northern State: I wish to inquire, through the VETERAN, for one Lieut. Lee Martin, who, I believe, belonged to Colonel Stone's Regiment. He was taken prisoner at Fayetteville, Ark., previous to the battle of Pea Ridge, and stayed at our house fourteen days. I think his home was somewhere in northern Texas. I should be glad to hear from him, if living.

Some errors are noted in the article of Comrade Whitefield, of Paducah, Ky., the first being in his initials, which should be W. G. instead of W. J. His native county is Person, not Persons, and Woolfork should be Woolfolk.

Gen. G. W. C. Lee, who succeeded his father to the Presidency of Washington and Lee University, has, on account of ill health, resigned the position, to take effect July, '97. He will be continued, however, as President Emeritus for life, and it is understood that he will continue such service as he may be able. Mrs. Julia S. Bradford, of Philadelphia, gives \$5,000 to establish a scholarship in memory of her husband, the late Vincent L. Bradford.

Dr. J. H. Lanier, Claybrook, Tenn., writes that at the battle of Franklin, Nov. 30, '64, his Regiment, the Sixth Tennessee, fought the Forty-fourth Missouri and captured the color bearer and flag, and that he would like to know if that color bearer is living and his name. He states that H. Clay Barnes—quite a small lad—rushed over the breastworks and clubbed him with his gun. Brought him over on our side with his very large and fine flag. Mr. Barnes yet has some of his flag. The old Forty-fourth Missouri are good Christians—they were terrible fighters. I would like to shake hands with some of them before we "cross the river."

READ THE VETERAN.

Let those who see the VETERAN occasionally and "look through it" read carefully one number—any number ever printed—and they are quite sure to be interested. There is no promise of improved effort to make it better in the future, for the best possible has been done with every column and line since it started. However, that effort will be continued incessantly.

In sending his subscription January 9, 1897, S. C. V., of Birmingham, writes that he feels he should apologize to the VETERAN for not having done so during every year of its existence, "for on the statute books of his patriotism it is judged a high misdemeanor to withhold support from any agency and honor from any effort to perpetuate the truth of the Southern struggle for the right." But while the name of the VETERAN has been casually noted in reading of Confederate gatherings, it was not until to-day that it was actually encountered and its acquaintance formed.

The following numbers of the VETERAN for 1896 are needed to complete the volume, and a month's extension of subscription will be given for each number supplied: January, February, March, May, August and September, only copies in good condition.

John Harrington, box 65, El Paso, Tex., desires the names of physicians and surgeons who were attending at Andersonville, Ga., prison during the war.

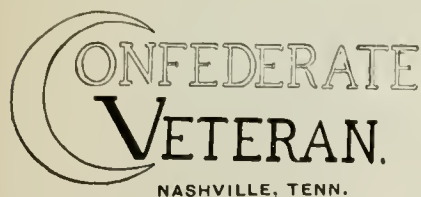
MONUMENT FOR LITTLE ROCK.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, of Little Rock, Ark., gave their first annual ball on December 15, 1896. The officers of Chapter are: President, Mrs. James R. Miller; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Mary Field, Mrs. U. M. Rose and Mrs. Gus Blass; Recording Secretary, Miss Bessie Cantrell; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Jennie Beauchamp; Treasurer, Miss Georgine Woodruff. The proceeds of this ball will be applied to the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead at Little Rock, Ark. Tickets, admitting gentleman and lady, were \$2; extra tickets for lady, \$1. There were on the Reception and the Floor Committees fifteen each.

Col. V. Y. Cook, of Elmo, Ark., sends the following additions to the roster of the Arkansas Division, published on page 24 of this number: Lieut.-Col. A. B. Grace, Pine Bluff, Ark., As't. Adj.-Gen.; Majors, J. N. Smither, Little Rock; W. D. Cole, Conway; R. M. Knox, Pine Bluff; A. H. Jobtin, Batesville; Richard Jackson, Paragould, Aides-de-Camp.

At their annual meeting, December 5, 1896, the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Fayetteville, Tenn., elected officers for 1897. They are: President, Mrs. F. Z. Metcalfe; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. C. N. Gillespie and Mrs. K. J. Lloyd; Treasurer, Mrs. Sarah Newman; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Bright; Recording Secretary, Miss Judith Bright.

A limited number of volumes CONFEDERATE VETERAN, two and three—for years '94 and '95—can be had at \$1 per volume.



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When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

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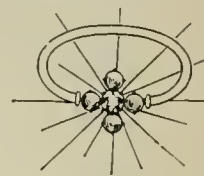
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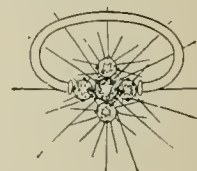
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THE WIDOW OF SHILOH.

A TRUE STORY OF THE GREAT BATTLE-FIELD, APRIL, A. D., 1862.

A widow, charming and fair to see,
Lived close to the banks of the Tennessee.

Her negroes were gone; and the times were hard;
And her boys were following Beauregard.

'Round her quiet home Grant his trenches digs;
And Sherman steals all of her fowls and pigs.

There Sherman tried, on that terrible day
To make his last stand; but his men ran away.

For the rebels came with their shot and shell,
And whole rows of the Yankee hirelings fell.

The widow sat there 'mid the smoke and noise,
And she prayed to God for her soldier boys.

When the storm of the battle had passed away
Great heaps of the dead around her lay.

Days after the fight, when the hosts were fled,
Three Colonels came there to bury the dead.

They came at the widow's house to stay
While their men were putting the dead away.

The widow fed the three Colonels well,
Though she hated their sight and the Yankee swell.

One Colonel has bowed to the widow's charm,
For he knows the worth of the widow's farm.

Wherever he goes, whatever is done,
The Yankee looks out for number one.

So he set him to win the widow's grace
With a lover's smile on his ugly face.

"It must be terrible, madam!" he said
"To live here alone 'mong so many dead."

Then the eyes of the widow flashed with fire,
And the look she gave him cured his desire.

"It does not disturb me at all," said she;
"I think that dead Yankees are nice to see."

"They deserve their fate who would make us slaves;
"Would my land was covered with Yankee graves!"

"I wish that our soldiers would kill them all;
"And I'll furnish them graves as fast as they fall!"

The Colonels left, for they thought it best;
That widow might plant them with all the rest.

HENRY H. HARRISON.

[NOTE—An apology is tendered to the real widow of Shiloh for the liberty taken by a mere acquaintance in telling her story. But the famous answer of the fearless Southern woman, alone among her enemies, on the great battlefield, is one of the things that belongs to history.]

Read of the tenth annual sale of Tennessee Horse Breeders. Every annual is guaranteed to be as represented. Mr Palmer only sells for the breeders and responsible parties. In no horse sales ever held in America has more general satisfaction been given.

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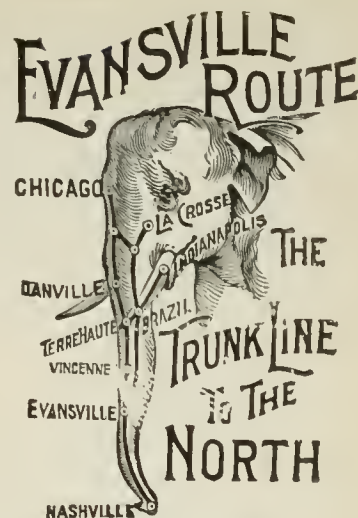
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"THE WOMAN NEW."

The above is a serio-comic song, by Miss Fannie E. Foster, 276 Bank Street, Norfolk, Va. Miss Foster is the daughter of a Spartan Southern mother and the sister of one of the heroes of the famous Stonewall Brigade. The price is temporarily reduced to 30 cents. The Norfolk Public Ledger mentions Miss Fannie E. Foster as a well-known literary lady of Norfolk and the song as "extremely melodious." It has been favorably received by music critics and the public generally. The Norfolk Landmark says of it: "The production is an excellent one of its kind, and the melody is strikingly pretty. 'The Woman New' should, and doubtless will, meet with deserved success," and mentions it, as an up-to-date song and is in keeping with its subject. The Monroe County (W. Va.) Watchman mentions the author as well-known in this section of West Virginia. The chorus is in waltz-time and the piece is bright and catchy." At a concert recently given in Quebec, Canada, "The Woman New" was well received. The Norfolk Dispatch: The music is bright and pleasing and the words as new as "The Woman New." This charming hit will soon be put upon the stage in several cities.

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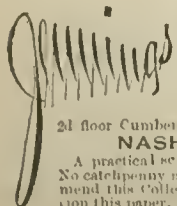
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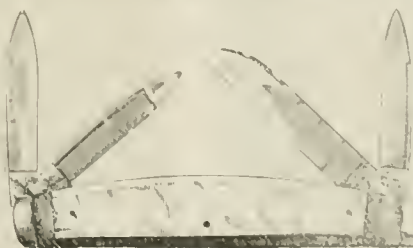
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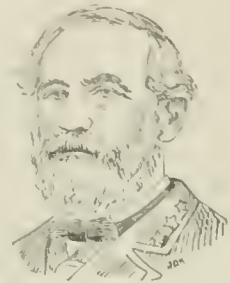
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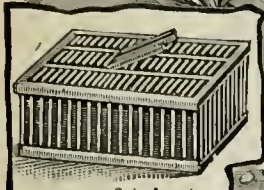
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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

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BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

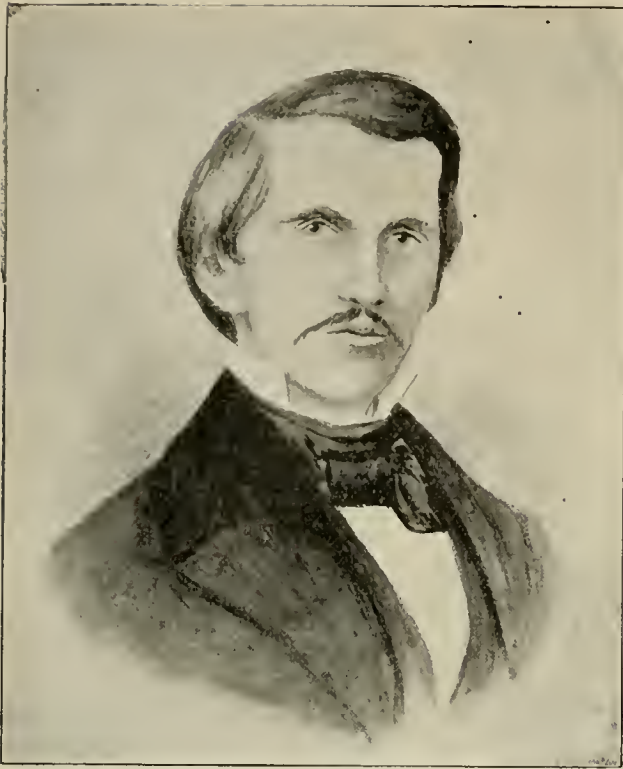
PHOTO BY P. C. DUCHOCHET.

The burial of Capt. William Latané is one of the most noted events of all the war. The handsome painting engraved above was copyrighted and printed in 1866, and lithographs may be seen in a multitude of Southern homes. He lost his life in Stuart's ride around McClellan's army.

Lieut. John Latané, a brother, bore the body from

the field, carrying it to the residence of Dr. William Brockenbrough, Hanover County, Va., and *en route* he was met by a body of Federal soldiers, who made him prisoner and took him away as soon as the body was placed in friendly hands.

One of the brave-hearted women who took part in the burial wrote: "We took the body of our poor young captain and buried it ourselves in the graveyard."



CAPT. WILLIAM LATANÉ.

THE BURIAL OF LATANÉ.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

The combat raged not long, but ours the day;
And through the hosts that compassed us around
Our little band rode proudly on its way,
Leaving one gallant comrade, glory-crowned,
Unburied on the field he died to gain,
Single of all his men amid the hostile slain.

One moment on the battle's edge he stood,
Hope's halo like a helmet round his hair;
The next beheld him dabbled in his blood,
Prostrate in death, and yet in death how fair!
E'en thus he passed through the red gate of strife
From earthly crowns and palms to an immortal life.

A brother bore his body from the field,
And gave it unto strangers' hands, that closed
The calm blue eyes, on earth forever sealed,
And tenderly the slender limbs composed:
Strangers, yet sisters, who, with Mary's love,
Sat by the open tomb, and, weeping, looked above.

A little child strewed roses on his bier,
Pale roses, not more stainless than his soul,
Nor yet more fragrant than his life sincere,
That blossomed with good actions, brief, but whole.
The aged matron and the faithful slave
Approached with reverent feet the hero's lowly grave.

No man of God might read the burial rite
Above the Rebel—thus declared the foe
That blanched before him in the deadly fight;
But woman's voice, in accents soft and low,
Trembling with pity, touched with pathos, read
Over this hallowed dust the ritual for the dead:

"'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in power;"
Softly the promise floated on the air,
And the sweet breathings of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer;

Gently they laid him underneath the sod,
And left him with his fame, his country, and his God.

Let us not weep for him, whose deeds endure;
So young, so brave, so beautiful, he died
As he had wished to die—the past is sure!
Whatever yet of sorrow may betide
Those who still linger by the stormy shore,
Change cannot touch him now, nor fortune harm him more.

And when Virginia, leaning on her spear—
"Victrix et Vidua," the conflict done—
Shall raise her mailed hand to wipe the tear
That starts as she recalls each martyred son,
No prouder memory her breast shall sway
Than thine, our early lost, lamented Latané.

VIRGINIA REMINISCENCES.

Interesting Meeting of the Wright-Latané Camp.

Surviving comrades about Tappahannock, Va., nurture memories that will add glory to their noble records. At a meeting of the Wright-Latané Camp in the beginning of the Christmas holidays Capt. Albert Rennolds, of Company F, Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiment, read a paper, which is herein copied almost entire:

Ever since the war I have had a desire to revisit some of the fields on which I did battle for my country, but never had an opportunity to do so until last summer, while visiting relatives in Spottsylvania County, when my brother proposed to take me to the Chancellorsville battlefield.

Early Monday morning, the last day of August, we started toward the Court House; but, leaving that to



CAPT. ALBERT RENNOLDS

our right, came to quite a pretty monument situated in the fork of the road and dedicated to Maj. Gen. Sedgwick, of the Federal army, who was killed on that spot during the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. I had been wounded a short time before in the battle of "the Wilderness," and was not in that battle. *En route* from there to Chancellorsville we passed by Screamersville, where the Second Adventists were holding a camp meeting. The tents looked quite pretty, and reminded me of the time when the Army of Northern Virginia dwelt in tents—i. e., when they could get them.

About eleven o'clock we came to the plank road, and turned toward Chancellorsville. I felt as if I were on holy ground, for it was right along here that we marched the first day of May, thirty-three years ago, led by Lee and Jackson and A. P. Hill and Heth and Mallory. It is just about as warm and dusty now as then. We soon came to the road that we took to the left by "the Furnace;" but, our time being limited, we concluded that it was not sufficient to take the route by which we marched around Hooker's army, so we took the right, going by Chancellorsville Court House, through the battlefield, to the place where the private road along which we marched runs into the plank road. It looks now just as I remember it looked then, except that there is a gate across it now. Everything looked so natural that I imagined I could see the cavalry pickets standing there still. I got out of the vehicle and walked down the road toward Chancellorsville, where we filed to the left, and, a short distance in the woods, formed line of battle.

The order was given, "Forward, march!" and our three divisions moved off to strike for all that is dear to freemen. I went over the same ground that I went over thirty-three years ago, when a boy soldier of the brave and gallant Essex Sharpshooters.

My heart beats strong. I forget that I am an old man now. I glide along, I hardly know how, over the same ground. Presently the rattle of the skirmishers' fire is heard in front. The soldiers crier and go faster. Here is the field where the enemy left their supper cooking. In imagination I see the soldiers again dipping real coffee from the boilers and blowing and drinking it as they move along. Some have junks of beef on their bayonets, while their comrades cut slices. Others are stuffing hardtack in their haversacks as they go, for no one can stop; all must keep dressed now. On we go through the woods, dressing our lines as we pass through the fields and openings.

How proudly the men march! How enthusiastic they are! How beautifully the emblems of constitutional liberty wave in the breeze! Jackson's Corps is sweeping the field. What a grand panorama!

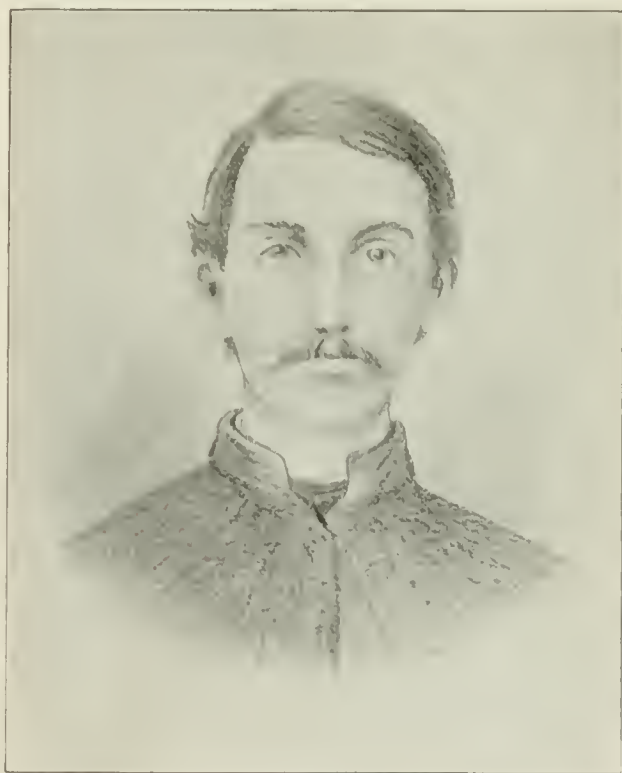
Our gallant brigadier is on foot in front of us. He turns and salutes his brigade with his sword—a compliment which we intend to prove that we deserve ere we stop.

And here is where we were when the enemy attempted to make a stand to check us. A volley from a line of battle is poured into our line to the right of us, but we make no stop. The volley is returned, and we go still faster, while the Rebel yell rolls from one end of our lines to the other and back again. We are moving too fast. The officers storm at the men for not moving slower, when they are only keeping up

with the officers. And now the artillery is booming, shells are shrieking and bursting, rifles are rattling, and occasionally a volley is fired. The Rebel yell is now almost continuous, and still on we sweep.

There is the place near those thick bushes where gallant Lieut. Roane received a shrapnel shot in his abdomen; when one of his men, whom he had just given the flat of his sword for showing the white feather, said: "I'm mighty sorry for Lieut. Roane, but he oughtn't a beat me like he did."

We are halted. There is a lull in the fire and uproar. The light division has been ordered to take the lead. It is beginning to get dark. We move again, and just ahead is where we came out into the plank road (I could not understand before why we came out of the fields and woods into the road, but it is all plain now—we went straight, but the road makes a turn).



RICHARD EDWARD WRIGHT,
Ensign Fifty-fifth Virginia Infantry, whose name the Camp bears.

It is there where we saw the deserted artillery and the dead and wounded horses. The place looks much the same as it did then. I do not think the trees have grown a bit; even the bushes seem to be the same.

We march by the left flank along the road a short distance, halt, and front. Here is the place. Our left is near the brow of a low hill or rise. It is so dark that we cannot see a man across the road. Lane's skirmishers are in front, and open fire just abreast of our left flank.

In a short while a wounded man is borne along toward the rear just behind our regiment. Several men were holding him up, and he was trying to walk, when

brave Serg. Tom Fogg recognized him and said: "Great God! it is Gen. Jackson." Then the order is given to deploy the regiment as skirmishers, and almost immediately the road was swept by such a destructive artillery fire as can only be imagined. I don't believe the like was ever known before or since.

The darkness and the fire combined render it impossible to execute the movement. The men drop on the ground. Col. Mallory calls upon the officers to do their duty (the last words he ever spoke). My company, which was the right company of the regiment, was wheeled to the left and marched through the storm down to the color line. How beautifully the company responded to their captain's orders! They were heroes among heroes. The captain intended to deploy by the right flank as soon as he reached the color line, but to get there was all that we could do. No man could stand and live. Being just a little behind the



JUDGE T. R. B. WRIGHT.

brow before mentioned, most of the shells which missed the brow missed us while lying on the ground, and those which struck the brow ricocheted over us. It was impossible for us to rise, so the men only raised their heads to fire; and to add to it all, the men in the darkness behind us, not knowing that we were there, opened fire on us. After we had remained sufficient time for our lines to be established in our rear, Maj. Saunders gave the order for us to fall back. The old frame of a house is gone, but there is where it stood, and it was by the side of this old house, forty yards from the middle of the road where I was lying, and by the light of the musketry fire and the bursting of the shells that I saw Maj. Saunders, and, although I could not hear his voice, I knew by his gestures that his order was to fall back.

I was lying on the ground by the side of Tom Wright at the time. I stood up, gave the order to my company, and instantly I was wounded by a piece of shell from the enemy, and Garland Smith, only a few feet from me, was wounded by a bullet from our own men in our rear.

Yes, brave old Tom Coghill, you took me to that very white oak tree with scars on it now from top to bottom, and there we lay, with Garland Smith behind us, until the fire slackened. Jackson and A. P. Hill both being wounded, Stuart was sent for during the night to command the corps, and our brigadier, Heth, was put in command of the light division and Col. J. M. Brockenbrough succeeded to the command of our brigade.

And over the same ground our brigade was ordered next morning (the 3d) to advance in line to near the same spot and halt—Fortieth and Forty-seventh Battalions on the right of the road and Fifty-fifth and Twenty-second Battalions on the left—and either by a blunder or dereliction of duty on the part of some one when they arrived at the proper place, the Fortieth and Forty-seventh Battalions were halted and the Fifty-fifth and Twenty-second Battalions were not halted, but allowed to keep straight forward and charge the whole of Hooker's army alone.

Both together, they numbered about six hundred, just the number that made the famous charge at Balaklava. They had been ordered forward, and could not stop without orders; so on they went.

Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
Marched the six hundred.

And there is the opening that we came to. It is a valley with the hill next to the enemy rising somewhat abruptly and crowned with fortifications as far as could be seen, both to the right and to the left, behind which were the enemy's infantry and artillery and within less than one hundred yards of those breastworks, which were wrapped in a flame of fire and a pall of smoke, with

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.

And when the fire was so severe that the men could stand no longer, and knowing that it was all the result of somebody's blunder, they lay on the ground and loaded and fired as fast as they could, waiting for orders to retire. But no orders came.

Officers were falling so fast that no one knew who was in command. And just at this time T. R. B. Wright, who was then a private in the Essex Sharpshooters, seeing our flag fall, ran and seized it and carried it to the front, calling to the men to follow. Ah, Tom, Serg. Jasper did not perform as brave an act as that, but the men couldn't follow. Had they attempted it, without an interposition of Providence not one would have been left to tell the tale, and God alone spared your life.

And when Adj. R. L. Williams could find no officer above his own rank to command the regiment he took

the responsibility upon himself and ordered a retreat, and

Then they came back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Casualties: Colonel, dead; lieutenant colonel, wounded; major, dead; every captain, except one, either dead or wounded; every first lieutenant either dead or wounded; every second lieutenant, except four, either dead or wounded; one-third of the men, either dead or wounded. And what was left of the Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiment was commanded by the adjutant and four second lieutenants.

Cardigan, at Balaklava, left hundreds of prisoners behind; Pickett, at Gettysburg, left thousands; but every man of the Fifty-fifth Virginia who could walk was brought off the field.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!

Capt. W. J. Davis, with several of his men, having gotten lost from his regiment in the darkness after the wounding of Gen. Jackson, called out for the Fifty-fifth, and was answered, "Here we are;" and, not knowing any better, walked right into the enemy's lines and inquired for his company, when a boy, apparently about sixteen years old, stepped up close to him, and, looking on his collar, discovered his rank, and, patting him on the shoulder, said: "Captain, this is the Fifty-fifth Ohio, and you are my prisoner."

At the same meeting Hon. William Campbell, of Company F, Ninth Virginia Cavalry, read a paper on

STUART'S RIDE AROUND M'CLELLAN:

At your request I undertake, after an intervention of more than thirty-four years, to write (from memory) my recollections of Stuart's famous ride around McClellan's army in the early summer of 1862; and also of the death of Capt. William Latané, of the Essex Light Dragoons, who fell in a charge made by his squadron upon the enemy near the "Old Church" in Hanover County, Va.

Capt. Latané, a son of Henry Waring and Susan Allen Latané, was born at "the Meadow" on the 16th of January, 1833, and grew to man's estate surrounded by home influences not inferior to any in Virginia. After receiving such training as the surrounding educational institutions could afford, he began the study of medicine at the University of Virginia in October, 1851. In the fall of 1852 he transferred the scene of his studies to the Richmond Medical College, where he graduated in the spring of 1853. The following winter he spent in Philadelphia, taking a postgraduate course at one of the medical schools of that city. In the spring of 1854 he located at "the Meadow," and at once became a candidate for the practice of medicine. His practice soon became extensive, he doing a large amount of charity practice among the poor around him. He gave successful attention also to his large farm and to the management of the labor on this farm.

Early in 1861, when Mr. Lincoln made his call for troops to put down what he termed "the rebellion," there was a rush to arms all over Virginia, and soon a cavalry company called the Essex Light Dragoons was formed, electing as their officers Dr. R. S. Cauthorn, captain; William L. Waring, first lieutenant;

William A. Oliver, second lieutenant; and William Latané, third lieutenant. The company was soon mustered into the Confederate service for one year. In the spring of 1862 it became necessary to reenlist the men and reorganize the company, and in this reorganization, by common consent, William Latané was made captain. About this time I made his acquaintance. He was of small stature and quiet demeanor, but quick to perceive the wrong and very assertive in his opposition to it. He commanded the confidence of his men by his even-handed justice to all, but he never brooked disorder.

Soon after the reorganization Capt. Latané was ordered to report with his company at Hicks's Hill, near Fredericksburg, to become one of the constituent companies of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, of which W. H. F. Lee, a son of Gen. R. E. Lee, was colonel; R. L.



HON. WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

T. Beale, lieutenant colonel; and Thomas Waller, major. The Essex Light Dragoons became Company F of that famous regiment, and in the years that followed few of the recruits knew the company by its original name.

The month of service around Fredericksburg amounted to little except picket and drill duty, but McClellan's landing on the peninsula and his march on Richmond made it necessary for us to retire to the lines around that city. Our regiment found a camp near Young's mill pond and not far from the Brook turnpike, occupying a position on the extreme left of the army defending Richmond.

On Thursday, June 12, came orders to prepare three days' rations and hold ourselves ready to march at a moment's notice. There was naturally suppressed ex-

citement and speculation as to what we were to do or where we were to go. About one o'clock P.M. the regimental bugler sounded "Saddle up," which was caught up by the company buglers, and soon the camp was in commotion. "To horse" was soon sounded, and through the whole camp could be heard the command of the officers: "Fall in, men!" Our regiment marched out of camp to participate in the most memorable and daring raid that was made during the war. We marched in the direction of Hanover Court House, and went into camp after dark, having marched some fifteen miles. Early dawn on the following morning found us in the saddle, the Ninth Virginia in the front, and our squadron—composed of the Mercer Calvary, of Spottsylvania, and our company—being in the front of the regiment, the Mercer being in advance. Capt. Crutchfield being absent, Capt. Latané commanded the squadron, riding in front, immediately in the rear of Col. Lee and staff.

Our march proceeded via Hanover Court House and on toward the Old Church. Our first indication of an enemy was the bringing in of a Yankee by one of our scouts. Soon thereafter Capt. Latané rode to the rear and ordered four of his own company to advance and form the first set of fours. This had scarcely been accomplished before Col. Lee ordered Capt. Latané to throw out four flanks, two on either side, and four members of his company were at once ordered to proceed, two to the right and the others to the left, and march a little in advance of the regiment. I was one of those on the left. Moving forward, not seeing an enemy or supposing one to be near, I suddenly heard the command to charge, and then came the clash of arms, with rapid pistol shots. Riding rapidly toward the firing, I found our squadron occupying the road and two companies of the Fifth United States Regulars attempting to form in a field near at hand, and Lieut. Oliver urging his men to charge them. This was promptly done and the enemy driven to the woods. Just before reaching the timber I overtook Lieut. McLane, of the Federals, and he, seeing the utter futility of resisting, surrendered. As I was taking him to the rear I met Col. Lee, and was told by him of the death of Capt. Latané.

He ordered me to turn my prisoner over to the guard and go and look after my captain. I soon found his body, surrounded by some half dozen of his men, one of whom was his brother John, who was afterwards elected a lieutenant in the company, and the following year he too sealed his devotion to his country with his life; another was S. W. Mitchell, a sergeant in the company, and as gallant a spirit as ever did battle for a country. Mitchell, being the stoutest man present, was selected to bear the body from the field. He having mounted his horse, we tenderly raised the body and placed it in front of him. John Latané then mounted his horse, and he and Mitchell passed to the rear, while the rest of us hurried on to join our command on its perilous journey. I wish I could write my feelings as I looked upon the form of him who but a few moments before was the embodiment of life and duty. I wish I could describe to you the beautiful half-Arabian horse that he rode, "the Colonel," and how splendidly he sat him. John R. Thompson, in his beautiful poem, "The Burial of Latané," and William D. Washington, in his painting of the same name,

have by pen and brush so enshrined the name of Latané in the hearts of the people of our Southland that it will endure as long as men are admired for their devotion to duty and for risking their lives upon "the perilous edge of battle" in defense of home and country.

The glorious Stuart continued to ride grandly on his way, the Ninth Virginia still holding the post of honor at the front. Passing the Old Church, we hastened on toward the York River railroad. Soon it was crossed and night came on, but no halting. On we marched into the county of New Kent. All that long night was spent in the saddle pushing our way toward the Lower Chickahominy, which we reached in the early morning, only to find that the bridge over which we intended to pass had been burned; but Gen. Stuart was equal to the emergency. He soon had his rear guarded and the men swimming their horses over, while others were tearing down an old barn, out of which a temporary bridge was constructed. On this the artillery and the few horses that remained were taken over. The bridge was burned in order to prevent pursuit. Again there was an all-night march, as we hurried up through the county of James City and on to Richmond, which city we reached about midday on Sunday, June 15, and went back to our camp that afternoon.

We brought back many trophies of our raid, consisting of several hundred prisoners and as many horses.

As the years have crept on and I have called back to memory one incident after another of the deeds of daring and the scenes of danger through which the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia passed in the four years of conflict, I recall none more splendidly conceived, more dashing executed, and showing more favorable results than Stuart's raid around McClellan at Richmond.

THE DREUX BATTALION.

COL. R. G. LOWE, OF GALVESTON (TEX.) NEWS.

I note in the VETERAN for January a brief mention made by Comrade R. H. Burton, of Fenner's Louisiana Battery, of the death of Col. Charles Didier Dreux, in a skirmish near Young's Mill, Va. The writer had lost track of Comrade Burton, or, as he was familiarly called in the battalion, Dick Burton, and it will be interesting to the writer to know just where Comrade Burton at present lives. The little incident related by Comrade Burton through the VETERAN touching the death of Col. Dreux in a skirmish near Young's Mill omits the date of the occurrence. The writer, who was a member of the Shreveport Grays, recalls distinctly the date and circumstance. It was on the morning of the 5th of July, 1861. The Dreux Battalion, composed of the first five companies that volunteered from the State of Louisiana—namely, the Orleans Cadets, Louisiana Guard, Crescent Rifles, Shreveport Grays, and Grivot Guards—was encamped at Young's Mill on the 4th of July, 1861. A barbecue was prepared to celebrate the day, at which speeches of a patriotic order were made by different members of the battalion. Col. Dreux, or Charlie, as he was familiarly called by nearly all the members of the battal-

ion, was an orator of splendid order. Full of the Creole fire of his French ancestry, young, and handsome, with a voice that rang as clear as a trumpet, I can recall now the closing words of Dreux's address on the occasion of that barbecue. Alluding to the political complexion of affairs at that date, Dreux, touching his sword handle with his right hand, remarked: "This is our day, and we will have it." He alluded to the Fourth of July, then, as now, claimed by the Confederates to be their day, as well as the day of their Northern adversaries. On the evening of that same Fourth of July a detail was made of twenty men from each one of the companies constituting the battalion, who, without knowing the purpose of their mission, were marched to a point on the lower peninsula of Virginia, close to the banks of the James River, near a farm known as "Smith's farm." It was known to the Confederate commanders that a party of Federal officers were in the habit of coming out from Hampton, then occupied by the Federals, to breakfast each morning at Smith's farm. The purpose of the detail from the Dreux Battalion above mentioned was to ambuscade and capture this Federal detachment. The officers from the Federal station were usually accompanied by an escort from the New York Fire Zouaves. The march from Young's Mill was made during the night, and daybreak found the men concealed by the roadside at a point near where the road from Hampton crossed the road leading from Young's Mill to the lower peninsula. A miscalculation as to the hour of the approach of the Federals, through an irregularity on the part of the ambuscading party, gave the alarm to the approaching escort, and the command to halt was distinctly heard by the ambuscading party. It was in the early dawn of the morning of the 5th of July, 1861. Two scouts were immediately advanced by the Federal party, who, discovering Col. Dreux standing up by the side of a tree, fired and retreated. A musket ball took effect in the sword belt of Dreux, and he fell, dying instantly. The confusion created by the death of the commander of the ambuscading party resulted in the failure of the enterprise. As stated by Comrade Burton, Dreux was the first commissioned officer killed in the Confederate service, if not the first Louisianian of any rank who fell in that struggle. The writer was detailed as one of an escort of six who brought back the remains of Dreux to New Orleans, where he was buried in great state by the citizens of that place, a memorable oration having been pronounced over the remains by Col. Olivier, a Louisiana orator of mark, and a cousin of the deceased. The occasion was a day of general cessation of business in the Crescent City, over thirty thousand people, it was estimated, being in the procession on the occasion of his funeral. The city was draped in mourning along the entire line of the procession from the City Hall to the cemetery, every mark of respect being shown to the gallant and loved Dreux, who was the first to offer up his life from the Pelican State.

Many incidents of a pleasant nature could be recalled from the records of the Dreux Battalion. The battalion, in its original formation, did not maintain itself a sufficient length of time to record any special deeds of a military nature. This was due to the circumstance that the battalion was composed of troops

sworn into the Confederate service for a period of twelve months. The term of four of the companies expired previous to the passage of the conscript bill, and, although they remained as an organization in front of McClellan on the Peninsula during that officer's first advance from that quarter a month after their terms of service had expired, yet the battalion broke up in its organized capacity just previous to the battle of Williamsburg. The four companies whose term expired immediately took service under Capt. Fenner, and formed the famous battery which did such excellent service in the Army of Tennessee. The only company in the battalion whose term had not expired upon the passage of the conscript law, the Shreveport Grays, was attached to the First Louisiana Regiment, and saw service in many of the important battles participated in by the Army of Northern Virginia. An incident connected with the old battalion may be worth repeating here. As can easily be conceived, being composed of the first volunteers from Louisiana, the best blood of that State was represented in its ranks. Ned Phelps (only some few years ago passed over the river), a handsome young fellow, tall and erect, was a private in the Crescent Rifles. On the occasion of one of Magruder's midnight marches up and down the Peninsula the gray dawn of a crisp Virginia morning found Ned Phelps foraging for breakfast. It seems that Gen. Magruder and his staff had breakfast prepared at a farmhouse, where Ned, looking out for the adornment of the inner man, made his appearance. The General and staff had taken their seats at table, and were preparing to do justice to the viands set before them. Without ceremony Ned walked into the dining room, and, discovering a vacant seat, promptly took possession thereof. Magruder eyed him for a moment, and, with the lisping expression which the General affected, addressed Ned something like this: "Young man, are you aware whom you are breakfasting with?"

"Well," said Ned, "before I came soldiering I used to be particular whom I ate with, but now I don't mind much—so the victuals are clean."

This answer so tickled Magruder that he immediately responded, "Young man, stay where you are and have what you want," which Ned did.

From this time on the members of the battalion became great favorites with Magruder, and the details to headquarters were of frequent occurrence. It would be a pity to let Ned's unique rejoinder to Magruder pass unrecorded.

On another occasion, while lying in winter quarters at Spradley's farm, on the banks of the James River, near the town of Williamsburg, the Louisianians in the battalion proposed to give the denizens of that region an idea of what a Mardi Gras celebration was in the Crescent City. Materials were not very numerous in that day, but, with the assistance of the citizens of Williamsburg, some two hundred New Orleans boys got up a wonderful procession, rigged out in as fantastic a manner as it was possible to accomplish. The celebration closed with an entertainment given to Gen. Magruder and his staff at an inn in Williamsburg by the members of the battalion. The same Ned Phelps recorded above was a leader in that affair. Another member of the battalion from New Orleans, Billy Campbell (who likewise passed away

only a few years ago), was a splendid make-up of a young girl. Campbell was perfection in this regard, it being almost impossible to detect that he was not a girl. Leaning upon the arm of Ned Phelps, Campbell entered the apartment where Magruder was dining in the Virginia hostelry, and was introduced to the General by his friend Ned as Miss Campbell, of New Orleans, on a visit to her brother, a member of the battalion. The scene was most ludicrous to those who were acquainted with the joke. Magruder, with that gallantry which always characterized him, placed "Miss" Campbell on his right hand, who partook liberally of everything that was going, including the liquors. How far this thing would have gone on it is difficult to say, had not some of the boys ripped up a feather bed belonging to the landlord of the hotel and permitted its contents to fall through an aperture immediately above the dining room, calling out at the same time: "This is a Louisiana snowstorm." During the snowstorm Ned and "Miss" Campbell took their departure, leaving the General in doubt as to whether he had been in the company of a live lady or a spook.

Private Soniat and his fife, "the only child Louisiana could spare for that eventful picnic party," may receive attention in another number of the VETERAN.

CONCERNIN' OF A HOG.

J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEXAS.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., October 20, 1863.

Charming Nellie: My *alter ego*, Ben Blank—the Fides Achates into whose ever friendly and sympathizing bosom I pour all my joys and sorrows, and who, in return, makes me his confidant and recounts to me all his "hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach"—got into a scrape the other day, the results of which might have been serious, but, fortunately, were only amusing. I cannot tell the story as graphically as it was related to me, but will present the salient points. Appetite comes with eating, I have somewhere read, but the statement is not true as respects us Texans in Bragg's army. To us it comes with fasting. Blue beef and musty corn meal have been the only rations issued to us in Tennessee, and, as the boys say, "we have soured on them." Anyhow, Ben and Jim Somerville, while on picket together, decided that it was a duty they owed both to themselves and the Confederacy to "variegate their eatin'," and on the following day the two were five miles in rear of the army, engaged in a diligent search for quadrupeds of the porcine persuasion. Lacking acquaintances among the citizens, as well as money and credit, they proposed, as a *dernier ressort*, a secret impressment; and, to effect their purpose with speed and dispatch, one carried a belduque and the other a minie rifle. Thus armed and equipped, about the middle of the afternoon they found themselves in a secluded glade and in dangerous proximity to a couple of fair-sized and well-fed hogs. Face to face with the brutes, Ben's conscience suddenly grew tender, and he suggested waiting for them to begin hostilities. It was his first experience (?) in that kind of foraging. Somerville, however, was built of sterner stuff, and, saying "No" with energetic emphasis, took careful aim at the larger

and fatter of the porkers and pulled the trigger with the deadliest intent. But alas for his hopes! now true it is that

The best-laid schemes of men and mice
Gang aft aglee.

The cap upon which so much depended failed in the time of greatest need, and, to their chagrin and mortification, neither of them could find another, look and feel as diligently as they might into the secret nooks and recesses of their well-worn garments. Truly it was an exasperating predicament for two hungry Texans to be standing within twenty feet of the very game for which they had tramped and hunted so long and untiringly minus the one thing needful: a gun cap. Even the hogs laughed at the poor devils—that is, if a constant turning up of dirty noses and a succession of contemptuous grunts can be called laughing. Although too honest and upright ever to have been or to be an actor in such a scene, my imagination is vivid enough to reproduce it very accurately. Ben felt the disaster so keenly that he lost his temper and began reproaching Somerville for not being better provided with ammunition; while, silent as the Sphinx, Somerville continued mechanically to search and explore his sturdy person. Suddenly a rapturous smile lighted up his homely features, and he joyfully exclaimed: "By the Holy Moses, Ben, if I hain't found a cap way down in the corner of this shirt pocket I'll be derved!" So, indeed, he had, and in less than half a minute the body of the larger hog was lying lifeless upon the sward, and twenty minutes later the carcass, skinned, except as to the head and feet, and tied up in a linen tent cloth and suspended between them from a pole, was being carried to camp.

Before setting out on the expedition, the parties had wisely agreed upon their respective qualifications, and apportioned the parts to be played by each other. Somerville's reputation for hog sense specially adapted him to command in all matters pertaining to the search for and capture of and preparing the swine for transportation; while Ben's acquaintance with and fluent use of the English language, as well as his presumed knowledge of the ways and habits of the enemy in the case—Capt. Scott's provost guard—pointed to him as leader and spokesman in saving the bacon and its captors from confiscation, arrest, and court-martial; the last being, now that we were under Bragg, a contingency well worth dreading. Thus it was arranged, and when the hog was first lifted upon the shoulders of the companions Somerville retired to private life—in fact, never opened his mouth to advise in any subsequent emergencies—and Ben assumed command. "Dressed in a little brief authority," he forthwith proceeded to commit a grave and inexcusable error. Ben should have been bold and selected the highways. Instead, he chose a road little traveled by the citizens. As a result, while all went well for a couple of miles, at the first open ground half a dozen shining bayonets slowly sinking out of view behind a hill over which the road ran gave warning of danger. These were the well-known insignia of provost guards, and Ben no sooner caught sight of them than he ordered a halt, and, having deposited the hog upon a log, said to Somerville: "What had we best do now, old fellow?" But Somerville was tired, and, having done his part of the commanding, was unwilling



to assume further responsibility, and between whiffs at his pipe only replied: "Damfiknow." A long silence followed, and then Ben asked: "Do you reckon any of those guards saw us?" "Damfiknow," replied Sonierville, and, rising to his feet, he gazed at the sun as it glided down behind Lookout Mountain. A quarter of an hour went by, the journey was resumed, and a mile of ground covered, when, walking around a point of timber as unsuspectingly as the "babes in the woods," the little procession ran plump into a squad of the enemy. The unlooked-for encounter was terribly demoralizing to Ben; and, for the moment at his wits' end, he cast an appealing glance across the hog at the stolid countenance of his companion, but found his reward only in a wink, which said as plainly as words: "I told you so."

Thus thrown upon his own resources, the emergency restored his composure, and, recognizing the sergeant of the squad as a First Texan whom he had once befriended, he gave him an admirable opportunity to reciprocate. No ingrate, even if a provost guard, the sergeant, after inspecting the pass handed him, announced to his men, "These gentlemen are all right, boys;" and, stepping to one side, left the way open. The much relieved raiders stepped out for camp at their liveliest gait, and for a while rapidly increased

the distance between them and the leisurely moving provost guard.

Then the sergeant put more life into his long legs, and, overtaking them, pointed at the swinging carcass of the hog, and in a tone of mingled apology and authority said: "See here, fellows, isn't that ar hog skinned? If it is, I'll have to take you in out of the wet, or them d—— Georgians back thar will report me." "Can't you see that it isn't skinned?" asked Ben in his turn, pointing at the exposed head and feet, and still relying a little on the sergeant's gratitude. It was leaning upon a broken staff though. The Georgians had come within hearing, and the sergeant was loath to exchange his soft berth as a member of the provost guard for hard service in the ranks of his company; and with a provoking smile he replied, "You can't work a game of that kind on me, Mr. Blank," in a tone which convinced my friend that instant change of front was both advisable and unavoidable.

Speaking with an appearance of the loftiest unconcern, he said: "Well, Mr. Sergeant, as I don't propose to do any lying or have my pork flavored with the dirty hands of your followers, I'll acknowledge straight out that it is skinned. It takes time to heat water, and we had none to spare for such foolishness."

"I'll have to arrest you, then," said the sergeant.

"My orders is to arrest every feller we catch totin' skinned meat."

"All right," replied Ben, "obey your orders then; but if you want to reach your quarters before midnight, you fellows had better do a little totin' yourselves."

Ben says that his first thought when the climax of arrest came was to purchase release by the surrender of a generous portion of the pork; but while debating in his own mind how to broach the subject to the sergeant he heard one of the provost guard smack his lips and say to another: "Great Giminy, Tom! but won't we waller in grease an' good eatin' to-night?" Action, speech, and look were so unctuously gluttonous and revolting that Ben resolved to "die in the last ditch" and be court-martialed or carry the whole of the hog to his company. Therefore, on entering the camp of the provost guard he requested Lieut. Shotwell—as good and brave a man and soldier as ever lived—not only to prohibit any interference with the hog, but to accompany him and his companion in misfortune to the quarters of Gen. Jenkins, scarcely a hundred yards distant. The General sat before a fire in front of his tent, reading by the light of a lantern, which swung from the limb of a tree, and as the party approached he looked up with a pleasant smile. Ignoring Shotwell by stepping in front of that gentleman and respectfully saluting Jenkins, looking boldly and unflinchingly into his eyes, and caring not that his own hat was slouched, his trousers greasy, and his big toe protruding conspicuously from the right shoe—anxious as never before in his life to combine a becoming *suaviter in modo* with a convincing *fortiter in re*—Ben began his oration: "General, Mr. Somerville and I are members of Company F of the Fourth Texas, and every officer of the regiment, from the colonel down, will corroborate the assertion that we are soldiers who never shirk duty, whether in camp, on the march, or in battle. Yet, sir, Lieut. Shotwell holds us under arrest and charges us with depredating on the property of citizens, the only evidence against us being that we have been found in possession of a partly skinned hog. We come to you for release, sir. When a gentleman—and, although privates, each of us claims to be that—buys a hog and pays for it he has a right to skin or scald it, whichever he finds most convenient." At this juncture Col. Harvey Sellers, the adjutant general of the division, stepped from a tent and approached the fire; when, taking instant and judicious advantage of the diversion, Ben continued: "Although not personally known to Col. Sellers, I am sure that he knows my people and will testify to their standing, even if he cannot to mine. Colonel, my name is Blank, and my father, an old Texan, used to live in — County."

"I know him well," exclaimed the colonel, interrupting the speaker and extending his hand with the utmost cordiality, "and I am glad to make the acquaintance of his son, whom I know to be a gallant and deserving soldier."

Blushing more at this flattering reception than at the attempt (in which the colonel—gentleman, soldier, and Texan to the core that he was—appeared willing to join) to "pull the wool" over the commanding officer's eyes, Ben presented such a touching and pathetic picture of modest merit and suffering innocence that the General said: "I regret exceedingly, Mr. Blank,

that you have been subjected to the indignity of an arrest for an offense of which I am satisfied that you are innocent. But, to refute the often-repeated charge that Hood's Division is depredating on the citizens, I shall request you and your companion to remain with Lieut. Shotwell to-night, and in the morning show him the party from whom you made the purchase."

For a moment Ben was fairly cornered; then, gathering his wits together, he replied: "Another day in the country, General, would be very pleasant; but, while Lieut. Shotwell's hospitality is widely known, present acceptance of it would require us to sleep without blankets or discommode him; and, under the peculiar circumstances, to remain would affect our reputation as good soldiers. Besides, sir, our comrades are hungry, pork is scarce and high, and that which we have will spoil unless cut up and salted to-night."

"O well!" said the General, after a hearty laugh, "take the meat to camp at once, then, and save your



bacon; but come back in the morning and save the good name of the division."

The average soldier's conscientious scruples seldom interfere with his enjoyment of the fruits of a comrade's enterprise. The advent of that hog marked an epoch in the annals of the company and was so timely that the members of Company F, while frying, broiling, boiling, and roasting their respective shares, also loosened their purse strings and gladly contributed more than a hundred dollars to be used in satisfying the owner, if he could be found. Next morning at daylight Ben laid the facts before Capt. Kindred, then serving on the staff of "Aunt Pollie," which, you know, is our pet name for Gen. Robertson. The captain went immediately to Gen. Jenkins and, after considerable wrestling and prayer, persuaded him into a reasonably lenient frame of mind—that is, Ben and his partner in the raid were required to find an owner for the hog, pay him a fair price for it, and deliver the receipt for the amount paid to Lieut. Shotwell. That suited the boys exactly, and by noon they had found their man and paid him twice the price demanded. Then, each feeling within himself

A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience.

they returned to camp to be heartily congratulated upon the fortunate and hunger-satisfying issue of the adventure.

The congratulations were a little premature. Calhoun and Holden, of Company B, stimulated to bold and daring deeds by the sight of Ben's hog, were that very day caught by the provost guard "toting" a little, scrawny, insignificant shoat toward camp. Unable to convince anybody of their innocence—the shoat being too small to divide and the boys too timid to tackle Jenkins—all except a few pounds of the plunder was confiscated, and the late owners were sent to camp, under a guard, for their blankets. Nor was this the sum total of the misfortunes of the day. Gen. Jenkins was "riding a high horse," terribly indignant at this second offense by members of the Fourth, and the guards who accompanied Calhoun and Holden had orders to rearrest Ben and Somerville.

In the morning Cpts. McLaurin and Kindred had a lengthy and stormy interview with the irate General. That distinguished officer's confidence in human nature was at its lowest ebb, and my dear friend Ben the scapegoat on whom he vented his wrathful spleen. The captains, however, finally talked him into a good humor, and, after admitting that he was humiliated and exasperated at being taken in by Ben, he washed his hands of both transgressions by delivering the parties over to Gen. Robertson, and requesting that officer to administer proper punishment. Carried to "Aunt Pollie," and that officer made acquainted with the facts and Jenkins's request, he put on the sternest look his mild and benevolent countenance was capable of wearing, and demanded: "If you want hogs, boys, why don't you buy them like gentlemen?"

"Now look here, Gen. Robertson," instantly blurted out Bill Calhoun, stepping up closer and looking him squarely in the face, "if you know or can invent any way for a private in this Confederate army to be a gentleman and buy his grub, when he hasn't got the wherewith to pay for a settin' hen and when the keen pangs of a never-dyin' appetite is a feedin' on his vitals like a drove of red ants on a grasshopper, it's your duty to your Texas constituents, sir, to make her public."

His public spirit thus appealed to, instead of his question answered, "Aunt Pollie" forgot Jenkins's request and the grave offenses with which the members of his little audience were charged, and began to abuse our Confederate Congress for its miserable, makeshift monetary legislation. Ben, something of a politician, at any rate very politic, followed his lead, and, for a wonder, agreed with him on every point, and in a few minutes the old fellow was in the best humor imaginable. Then Calhoun put in his oar again: "Look here, General, isn't it about time to sorter 'ten' to business?"

"Business? business?" repeated "Aunt Pollie" in an absent-minded way; "O yes! I forgot all about them hogs. Well, if Gen. Jenkins, Gen. Longstreet, or Gen. Bragg thinks I am going to punish any of my men for killing a hog now and then, they'll find themselves mistaken. You boys go to camp and behave yourselves, and the next time you run across the provost guards flank the d— cusses."

Pray do not draw any unkind and uncharitable inferences from the fact that "Aunt Pollie" had that very morning eaten broiled spareribs for breakfast; he never inquired where Capt. Kindred got them. As for Gen.

Jenkins, Kindred says that while that distinguished officer was most bitter in his denunciation of my friend Ben, he was eying, with a look of regretful disgust, some exceedingly spare and diminutive spareribs then being roasted on a fire near by. Whether he was mentally comparing them with those which the confiscation that would have inevitably followed an earlier confession by Ben would have furnished the headquarters table is a question I hesitate to decide. But Bill Calhoun—whose opinion, however, is not entitled to much weight when one remembers that his pork was confiscated—said, when Ben told him of this little circumstance: "O yes! Mr. Gen. South Carolina Jenkins wanted to confiscate your hog like he did mine. He's in cahoot with the provost guard, I reckon, and his share of the little shoat I brought in wasn't half greasy and juicy enough to suit the fastidious epi-epticurism of his high mighty mightiness."

All things considered, and setting aside all thought of currying favor, it was, to say the least, a grave breach of politeness in Ben not to offer Jenkins a mess of pork. Human nature is pretty much the same, in whatever garb clothed; and a thick, juicy sparerib, tendered in the proper spirit, has a wonderfully softening effect on an obdurate heart and in an army whose highest officers are on short commons more, perhaps, than anywhere else.

NULLIFICATION AND SECESSION.

Record of Massachusetts and New England.

BY CHAPLAIN J. WILLIAM JONES.

I ask you to allow me to "come again" on these points, which my distinguished critic, Mr. Billings, has brought into the discussion between us. I desire to be brief as possible consistent with clearness and completeness of view, as I am aware that I have already taken a good deal of your valuable space; but I find myself really "embarrassed with my riches" when I try to cull and condense from the ample material at hand; and I shall be obliged, therefore, to make this paper longer than I intended, and to still leave out a number of things that I wanted to put in.

I shall not now go into the discussion of the relative number of troops furnished and money raised by Massachusetts and Virginia for the war of 1812, because that would take space which I wish for the more important issue of the nullification and secession record of Massachusetts; although I am tempted to do so, as it would be easy, I think, to show that the troops raised by Massachusetts were chiefly militia for state defense, which she would not allow to go beyond her borders; that the money she raised was for local defense, and that she afterwards made vigorous efforts to induce the general government to reimburse her, while all of the men or money which Virginia counted was for the common defense of all the States.

Northern histories have, with scarcely an exception, put the odium of nullification on South Carolina, and Hayne and Calhoun have been held up to execration and our children taught to despise their memory on the ground that they invented this great heresy, which the firmness of Andrew Jackson crushed out. But whatever may be said of the wrong of nullification, it

unquestionably had its origin in Massachusetts and New England, and had there its most radical development. In its original convention of 1780 Massachusetts declared, among other things, on this same line: "Government is instituted for the common good; for the protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness of the people. Therefore, the people alone have an incontestable, inalienable, and indefeasible right to institute government, and to reform, alter, or totally change the same when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it," and "that the people of this commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent state, and do, and forever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not, or may hereafter be, by them expressly delegated to the United States of America in Congress assembled."

Is not the germ of both nullification and secession—the doctrine of supreme state sovereignty—distinctly contained in this declaration of the rights of the commonwealth of Massachusetts? Pages might be quoted from the leaders of Massachusetts and New England in the early days of the republic to show that they most distinctly understood that Massachusetts had the right to judge for herself of the constitutionality of laws passed by Congress, and to nullify them or to withdraw from the Union, as she might see fit.

As early as 1793, when war with one or more European powers seemed imminent, Timothy Dwight voiced the sentiments of New England when he wrote: "A war with Great Britain we, at least in New England, *will not enter into*. Sooner would ninety-nine out of one hundred of our inhabitants *separate from the Union* than plunge themselves into an abyss of misery." Italics are mine. This quotation and others which follow are taken from authentic records by Curry, A. H. Stephens, Sage, Bledsoe, President Davis, and Gen. Wheeler; and I make here this general acknowledgment, without taking space to cite authorities on each particular quotation.

When the question of the purchase of the Louisiana Territory was being agitated, Massachusetts and New England not only took the strongest ground against it, but threatened to exercise their "unquestioned right" of secession if the measure were persisted in. Hon. George Cabot, Senator from Massachusetts, bitterly opposed it on the ground that, if Louisiana was acquired, "the influence of our [the northeastern] part of the Union must be diminished by the acquisition of more weight at the other extremity."

Col. Timothy Pickering, who had been an officer in the Revolution and served in Washington's cabinet, was long United States Senator from Massachusetts and one of the most influential men in New England, was a leading secessionist, and we might quote from him by the page to show the sentiment of his section. In a letter to Higginson, dated Washington, December 24, 1803, he says: "I will not yet despair. I will rather anticipate a *new Confederacy*, exempt from the corrupt and corrupting influence and oppression of the aristocratic Democrats of the South. There will be (and our children, at farthest, will see it) a separation. The white and black populations will mark the boundary."

Under date of January 29, 1804, Col. Pickering,

speaking of what he regarded the abuses and wrongs of the then existing administration (Jefferson's), wrote: "The principles of our Revolution point to the remedy: a *separation*. That this can be accomplished, and without spilling one drop of blood, I have little doubt. . . . I do not believe in the practicability of a long-continued Union. A *Northern Confederacy* would unite congenial characters and preserve a fairer prospect of public happiness; while the Southern States, having a similarity of habits, might be left to manage their own affairs in their own way. If a separation were to take place, our mutual wants would render a friendly and commercial intercourse inevitable. The Southern States would require the naval protection of the *Northern Union*, and the products of the former would be important to the navigation and commerce of the latter. . . . It [the separation] must begin in Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcomed in Connecticut; and could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated, and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the center of the Confederacy. Vermont and New Jersey would follow, of course, and Rhode Island of necessity."

Changing names, one might suppose that the above extracts were written in 1860-61 by Hon. Jefferson Davis, for he never uttered any stronger secession views. But to show that these were not the mere expressions of an extreme man, let it be noted that in 1804 the Legislature of Massachusetts enacted the following, which is a clear and emphatic secession utterance: "That the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the constitutional power of the Government of the United States. It formed a new Confederacy, to which *the States united by the former compact are not bound to adhere*." Has the right of secession been more strongly put by any Southern State?

In 1811, in the debate on the bill for the admission of Louisiana into the Union as a state, Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, said on the floor of Congress: "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate judgment that it is virtually a dissolution of this Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation; and, as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation—amicably if they can, violently if they must." At this point Mr. Poindexter, of *Mississippi Territory*, called Mr. Quincy to order, and the Chair ruled the point well taken, on the ground that "the suggestion of a dissolution of the Union was out of order;" but an appeal from the decision of the Chair was made to the House, and *it was reversed*, and Mr. Quincy allowed to proceed. He then, in a speech of some length, ably vindicated his position, and in the course of his argument said: "Is there a principle of public law better settled or more conformable to the plainest suggestions of reason than that the violation of a contract by one of the parties may be considered as exempting the other from its obligations? Suppose in private life thirteen form a partnership and ten of them undertake to admit a new partner without the concurrence of the other three—would it not be at their option to abandon the partnership after so palpable an infringement of their rights? How much more is the political partnership, where the admission of new associates, without previous authority, is so pregnant with obvious dangers and evils!"

The speeches and writings of the public men of Massachusetts and New England, the utterances of the press, the platform, and the pulpit might be quoted at length to show that Cabott, Pickering, and Quincy voiced the sentiments of their people. But this is most clearly seen in the action of Massachusetts and New England in reference to the war of 1812, which was really undertaken to defend the rights of their commerce and the liberties of their seamen.

Lovemor Strong, of Massachusetts, issued a call for a public fast day on account of the declaration of war "against the nation from which we are descended, and which for many generations has been the bulwark of the religion we profess." Stephens, noted for his accuracy in stating facts, says: "Massachusetts and Connecticut, throwing themselves upon their reserved rights under the Constitution, refused to allow their militia to be sent out of their States in what they deemed a war of aggression against others, especially when they were needed for their own defense in repelling an invasion. . . . But what increased the opposition of the New England States at this time was the refusal of the administration to pay the expenses of their militia, called out by the Governors of their respective States for their own local defense. This refusal was based upon the ground that these States had refused to send their militia out of their limits upon a Federal call."

Curry (pp. 114-116 of the "Southern States of the American Union) shows conclusively that New England carried her opposition to the war so far that members of Congress who voted for it were insulted, and one of them "kicked through the town" of Plymouth; that "by energetic use of a social machinery, still almost irresistible, the Federalists and the clergy checked or prevented every effort to assist the war either by money or enlistments;" that the war was denounced from the pulpit as "unholy, unrighteous, wicked, abominable, and accursed;" that Boston newspapers declared that any Federalist "who loaned money to the government would be called infamous, and forfeit all claim to common honesty;" that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts decided that the Governor of the state, and not the President or Congress, had the right to decide when the state militia should be called out; that the Governor refused the request of the President for the quota of militia to defend the coast, and that the Massachusetts House of Representatives declared the war to be "a wanton sacrifice of their best interests, and asked the exertions of the people of the state to thwart it."

Prof. John Fiske, in his "United States History for Schools" (p. 278), says: "John Quincy Adams, a supporter of the Embargo, privately informed President Jefferson that further attempts to enforce it in the New England States would be likely to drive them to secession. Accordingly, the Embargo was repealed, and the nonintercourse act was substituted for it." This was in February, 1809.

But when the war with England actually began the opposition in New England grew and intensified until it "practically nullified every law passed by Congress to raise men or money for its prosecution," and, as we have seen, "gave aid and comfort to the enemy" in such emphatic manner that collisions between United States troops and State militia were avoided only by

the exercise of great prudence and forbearance on the part of the general government.

I shall not go into the question of the intrigues of British agents to alienate the New England States and inveigle them into an alliance with Canada; but the attitude of New England is sufficiently proved by the assembling of the Hartford convention, which was composed of delegates elected by the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and irregular delegates from the other New England States, which met on December 15, 1814, and deliberated with closed doors. The full proceedings of that convention were never published. It was charged freely at the time that it was a *secession* convention, and that its object was to take the New England States out of the Union; and, if this were not true, it would have been very easy to refute it by publishing the proceedings; and there has been hot debate over it ever since, John Quincy Adams always maintaining that it was "a *treasonable convention*," in the sense that it "gave aid and comfort to the enemy" in time of war, and that its object was to destroy the Union and form a new confederacy. Mr. Adams said: "That their object was, and has been for several years, a dissolution of the Union and the establishment of a separate confederation, I knew from unequivocal evidence, although not provable in a court of law; and that in case of a civil war the aid of Great Britain to effect that purpose would be assuredly resorted to, as it would be indispensably necessary to their design."

Again, while President of the United States, Mr. Adams wrote: "That project, I repeat, had gone to the length of fixing upon a military leader for its execution; and, although the circumstances of the times never admitted of its execution nor even its full development, I had no doubt in 1808 and 1809, and have no doubt at this time, that it is the key of all the great movements of the Federal party in New England [and that party was then in the ascendancy in New England] from that time forward until its final catastrophe in the Hartford convention."

But we need not speculate as to the secret proceedings of this convention or quote the things concerning them which are alleged to have "leaked out" from their secret conclave, for the published official statement of their conclusions is amply sufficient to show the character of their deliberations. Even Fiske, intense New Englander as he is, is forced to say (p. 288) in his history concerning this convention, which he mildly characterizes as a meeting of "some of the Federalist leaders" (ignoring the fact that it was composed of delegates elected by the Legislatures of three of the states): "Among other things, they demanded that custom house duties collected in New England should be paid to the states within whose borders they were collected, and not to the United States. *This would have virtually dissolved the Union.*" Italics are mine. The journal of the convention, so far as published (for copious extracts see Bledsoe's "Is Davis a Traitor?"), shows the strongest state rights doctrine, going as far as and using almost the identical language of the famous Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798-99, and concluding with the emphatic and significant language: "When emergencies occur which are either beyond the reach of judicial tribunals or too pressing to admit of delay incident to their forms, *states which*

have no common umpire must be their own judges and execute their own decisions."

The convention appointed commissioners to lay their grievances before the authorities in Washington, and adjourned to meet in Boston on the third Thursday of the following June, at which time (there can be no reasonable doubt) they would have taken immediate steps for the secession of the New England States. But the war closed before that time, Massachusetts and New England entered upon the reaping of their golden harvest of commerce and manufactures, and their second secession convention was never held.

The secession and nullification record of Massachusetts and New England had hardly begun, yet there is only space left me for the barest citation of other proofs. At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the inauguration of President Washington ex-President John Quincy Adams delivered the address, which was hailed with delight by the press, the pulpit, and the people of New England. In his address, among other things on the same line, he said that if sectional hatred should divide the hearts of the people of the states "it would be far better for the disunited states to part in friendship from each other than to be held together by constraint. Then will be the time for reverting to the precedents which occurred at the formation and adoption of the constitution to form again a more perfect Union by dissolving that which could no longer bind, and to leave the separated parties to be reunited by the law of political gravitation to the center." Italics are mine.

The "Congressional Globe" (Vol. II., p. 977) has this recorded: "Monday, January 24, 1842.—In the House Mr. Adams presented the petition of sundry citizens of Haverhill, in the state of Massachusetts, praying that Congress will immediately adopt measures to peaceably dissolve the union of these states. 'First, because no union can be agreeable and permanent which does not present prospects of reciprocal benefit. Second, because a vast proportion of the revenue of one section of the Union is annually drained to sustain the views and course of another section, without any adequate return. Third, because, judging from the history of past nations, that union, if persisted in in the present state of things, will certainly overwhelm the whole nation in destruction.'" There were strong protests against receiving this petition, and resolutions censuring Mr. Adams for presenting it were offered by Mr. Gilmer, of Virginia, and Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky; but after devoting two whole weeks to considering the matter, to the exclusion of all other business, the House, by an overwhelming vote, laid the resolutions of censure on the table, thereby tacitly indorsing Mr. Adams's position.

The venerable ex-President made speeches in the debate which, for ability and strong state rights doctrine, would have done honor to Robert Toombs or William L. Yancey.

When the question of the annexation of Texas was agitating the country Massachusetts expressed her opposition in other secession resolutions. In 1844 the Legislature passed the following:

"1. *Resolved*, That the power to unite an independent foreign estate with the United States is not among the powers delegated to the general government by the Constitution of the United States.

"2. *Resolved*, . . . That the project of the annexation of Texas, unless arrested on the threshold, may drive these states into a dissolution of the Union."

A third and fourth resolution provide for transmitting this action to the Governors of the other states, the Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts in Congress, and the President of the United States. A year later the Legislature of Massachusetts, on the 22d of February, 1845 (was it intended as a patriotic method of celebrating Washington's birthday?), passed the following and transmitted them to the Governors of the other states, their Senators and Representatives, and the President of the United States: "*Resolved*, That Massachusetts has never delegated the power to admit into the Union states or territories without or beyond the original territory of the states and territories belonging to the Union at the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. *Resolved*, . . . That as the powers of legislation granted in the Constitution of the United States to Congress do not embrace the case of the admission of a foreign state or foreign territory by legislation into the Union, such an act of admission *would have no binding force whatever on the people of Massachusetts.*"

If this does not mean that the annexation of Texas would be just cause for Massachusetts to resort either to nullification or secession, then the language of these resolutions is utterly meaningless. Well might the President of the Confederate States, in commenting upon them, say: "It is evident, therefore, that the people of the South, in the crisis which confronted them in 1860, had no lack either of precept or of precedent for their instruction and guidance in the teaching and the example of our brethren of the North and East. The only practical difference was that the North *threatened* and the South *acted.*"

I have already taken too much of your space, and yet I might use many pages more in quoting the utterances of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and other abolition leaders who denounced the Constitution of the United States as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell, null and void before God from the first moment of its inception—the framers of which were recreant to duty and the supporters of which are equally guilty," who proclaimed as their motto, "No union with slaveholders, either religious or political;" who declared in convention "that the abolitionists of this country should make it one of the primary objects of this agitation to dissolve the American Union;" and who, in their mad rage, rang out as their cherished sentiment toward the American flag:

Tear down that flaunting lie!
Half-mast the starry flag!
Insult no sunny sky
With Hate's polluted rag!

And I can now only briefly state the crowning act of Massachusetts, New England, and the other Northern States in nullifying the Constitution of the United States, the laws of Congress, and the decisions of the Supreme Court by their "personal liberty" bills and other legislation designated to defeat the rendition of fugitive slaves.

In his great speech before the United Confederate Veterans in Richmond last July Dr. J. L. M. Curry clearly and ably refuted the charges that "Calhoun invented nullification," and, after bringing out the real

facts, conclusively shows that the *threatened* nullification of South Carolina [no nullification actually occurred, because the obnoxious legislation of Congress was repealed before the acts of South Carolina went into effect] was only intended to *suspend the execution* of a law of Congress until the tribunal of last resort, a convention of the States, could pass upon its constitutionality—"to prevent the Constitution from being violated by the general government, and in no sense to abrogate the Constitution or suspend its authority"—whereas, the *actual* nullification of the Northern States was a plain, palpable, and persistent abrogation and defiance of the laws of Congress, the plain provisions of the Constitution, and the decisions of the Supreme Court.

Calhoun and Hayne and others ably argued that the nullification proposed by South Carolina was really a *Union measure intended to prevent a resort to the State's last remedy, secession.*

Jefferson Davis, in his eloquent farewell to the Senate, makes very clear the distinction between *nullification* and *secession*, and ably argued in favor of the latter.

But, right or wrong, the Southern States had the clear "precept and precedent" of Massachusetts and the Northern States and the approval of many of the ablest men of that section up to the breaking out of the war. I believe, with all of the intensity of my mind and heart, that the Southern States had a perfect right to secede; that they were, with all of the lights before them at the time, perfectly justifiable in doing so, and that the war made upon them by the North was one of the most iniquitous in the history of the world.

The cry of "traitors" and "rebels" served its purpose to "fire the Northern heart" in the days of war, and may serve very well now for the ignorant partisan who wishes to "wave the bloody shirt;" but how an intelligent man in Massachusetts or New England can honestly use these terms, in view of their own record, passes my comprehension.

Miller School, Va., February 4, 1897.

GENERAL JOSEPH R. DAVIS.

September 15, 1896, dates the death of Gen. Joseph R. Davis, at Biloxi, Miss., where he had lived many years. Gen. Davis was born in Woodville, Miss. It was his father, Isaac Davis, brother of Jefferson Davis, who, as a stripling, was sent to report upon the condition of the garrison at Fort Mims, reaching there after much peril, and remaining to aid in repelling the Indians, who had surrounded it; and it was he who fired his gun until too hot to be loaded longer, and then used it as a club. The massacre, however, was consummated; and the gallant lad, after saving two women and a child, bore the news to his commander, who said of him: "We could end the war in a week with an army of such men."

Gen. Davis's grandfather, Samuel Emory Davis, fought through the war of the Revolution in the ranks, and endured many hardships in the struggle for independence, which his gentle breeding and immature age rendered peculiarly oppressive; but many of his noble deeds of daring have come down through the traditions of his fellow-soldiers. Evan Davis, the great-grandfather of Gen. Davis, was a wealthy Welshman, a large shipowner in colonial days. His vessels plied

between Scotch, English, and Irish ports and America, and he was immensely useful to the colonies by transporting emigrants to them. He was the "Evan Davis, Gentleman," known in the records of Virginia and Maryland, to whom large grants of land were given for "public services."

Joseph R. Davis was educated in Ohio, and graduated with honor in a law school of that state. While there he met Miss Frances Peyton, formerly of Virginia, and married her when he was twenty-one years of age. He lived upon his plantation, managing it admirably, until nearly thirty-seven years old. During this period he was elected several times to the Legislature on the Democratic ticket, and in 1861 he was urged for a seat in Congress.

The outbreak of the great war found Mr. Davis with a large property and an excellent law practice. He was genial, and most agreeable socially. His relations with his uncle, President Davis, were of the



closest and tenderest character, and they concurred on all political theories.

He left Canton, Miss., with the first regiment equipped from that place, but he was invited to a place on the staff of the President in his military household, with the rank of colonel, where he served for a year. Then he entered the conflict as a brigadier general, and was put in charge of a brigade of Mississippians and Louisianians. Gen. Davis fought in nearly all the battles of Northern Virginia in Gen. Heth's division. At the battle of Gettysburg he and his brigade distinguished themselves with signal gallantry. His decimated command held the left wing of the Northern army at bay for two hours. His commanding figure was in the thickest of the fight.

Some years after the war Gen. Davis went to the seacoast of Mississippi, where he had some property, and he was soon married again, to Miss Margaret Cary Greene, a descendant of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, by whom he had three children, two of whom survive: Varina Jefferson and Edith Cary.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Wilcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

COMRADES AND THE VETERAN.

In the beginning of the VETERAN's fifth year there are more renewals and more discontinuances than ever before. It is more painful to lose a subscriber than pleasing to secure one. While it is reasonable to expect that some persons who have been persuaded to try it by some enthusiastic friend, and who, having no sentiment of pride in personal or sectional interests, may conclude to discontinue, it is sad indeed to have a comrade's name erased from the list. How can a comrade, who sees the spirit of coöperation by his fellows from everywhere, consent to stop his VETERAN, even temporarily? Is that the way of a soldier? Dixie is becoming more and more "the enemy's country," and can a faithful veteran agree to drop out of the line and be left behind while there is an ambulance ready to carry him? Noble men who were not old enough to serve in the army volunteer often to pay subscriptions for such.

The founder and editor of the VETERAN can now—after four years of faithful service in doing the best possible for the honor of his fellows and the glory of those who have already received the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"—strengthened by the volunteer coöperation of thousands equally free from mercenary motives, mention duty as an incentive to do what they can to send these truths to all the world, that they may be as everlasting tablets to those who will make record of patriotism by men who stood to their guns, solely for principle, until they were in the last ditch to which they could rally, and were then finally surrounded by a paid throng; of the women, too, equally faithful through that crisis, and who have never surrendered, because of their faith in the justice for which their husbands and brothers had fought and so many of them had died. Don't you admit, comrade, that it is your sacred duty to hold your place in the line? A large number who coöperated in this enterprise are dead already, and although the writer is almost as active as a schoolboy on a Saturday afternoon running for fishing bait, he feels as if the days may not be long for him to continue this great work, and that he ought to plead as for his life that the principles advocated in the VETERAN be circulated as widely as possible. In beginning this fifth volume he is impressed that if this great work be sustained as it has been until twelve volumes are completed the record

saved and bound by many thousands will make its impress for eternity.

Do, comrade, keep in line while your same old proud spirit is sustained by the flesh. If you can't keep up, instead of stopping by the wayside and getting lost, call for an ambulance in the faith that you may again carry your own gun—pay your own way.

This appeal is written between two and three o'clock in the morning, and in meditation there is a peculiar sentiment regarding the numbered throng dead, as we call it, and that other element of God's creatures so nearly all in sleep for restoration before the duties of another day which awaits them.

Surely this appeal is in right spirit, and surely while there is life in this world comrades will continue to answer: "Here!"

THE REUNION VETERAN—JUNE.

Early notice is given of the VETERAN for the great reunion of United Confederate Veterans to occur in Nashville June 22-24. During all the four years since the little magazine made its appearance, looking to the entire South for its patronage, diligence has been exercised to avoid giving it local prominence. It has been the policy, however, to make the best showing possible for the city and community entertaining the veterans. Some errors have been made in former reunion numbers that certainly will be avoided in this, and it is confidently believed that the next one will be the most attractive and valuable periodical that has ever been issued.

The reunion VETERAN is to be printed on the best of sized and supercalendered paper; it is to contain one hundred pages and not less than one hundred photo-engravings, and over twenty thousand copies are to be printed for the regular edition, and extra copies which will be necessary for new subscribers and sales. So orders for extra copies will constitute the "over" twenty thousand. The edition will require several tons of fine paper.

Appeal is made now for coöperation by Nashville and the state of Tennessee in showing as creditably as truth will aid the interests and attractions of the Volunteer State. A multitude of engravings of beautiful buildings in the city and state, scenes of battlefields as they appeared or as they are now, and the best Confederate historical data with pen and camera will be presented. Schools of the Southern States and Southern histories will be made a feature, and general co-operation in behalf of all these interests is requested. Although it is a great undertaking, the cause is worthy. Will Tennesseans and all others in her borders who marched and fought for principle help to make it a beautiful and true record for posterity? Procure good photographs of places worthy to be exhibited, and give orders for extra copies in advance. Advance orders will be filled at ten cents each. It is doubtful if many copies wanted can be supplied unless ordered before the publication.

DECEASED COMRADES.

Attention, survivors of the Confederate Army!

The VETERAN has not contained very much that it should not record, but it has left undone much that should already have been printed. For its greatest fault, effort will be made henceforth to redeem. Thousands of noble and true comrades, true in all things—even in unstinted support of this publication—have surrendered their lives during the past four years, and in a few months word would come, "You may take from your list ————, for he is dead," and the name has been erased without a line of tribute. Such fact is humiliating.

Appeal is now made for the name, age and service of every such deceased comrade to be printed. Please, by every sacred memory of this world, do not fail to give briefly this information. Deceased veterans who were subscribers have a right to such record, and if they have not families to attend to it, will not their neighbors? Occasionally, when a comrade dies, his widow gives notice to discontinue. Is this the proper thing? Are the families of men whose most sacred legacy was their records as Confederate soldiers, willing to drop out of existence in the great organization and forget all history because their loved and honored husband is dead?

Comrade A. H. Sinclair, a banker at Georgetown, Ky., who is Commander of Camp George W. Johnson, at that place, sends a list of dead comrades of that Camp: Capt. A. K. Law, Company H, Second Kentucky Infantry; Capt. Robt. C. Nunnally, Company E, Gordon Missouri Cavalry; Private John T. Smarr, Company D, Ninth Kentucky Infantry; Private Ben. T. Sinclair, Company B, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry; Private J. Webb, Company A, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry.

In a subsequent letter Comrade Sinclair states: We have just laid to rest in our cemetery upon the hill, Major Ben F. Bradley, aged seventy-two years. He was one of our most distinguished citizens and a member of our Camp. He served throughout the Mexican war as Adjutant of Col. Manlius Thompson's Regiment, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, two years as Major in Gen. Humphrey Marshall's command in the Confederate service, and was two years a member of the Confederate Congress, was twelve years Circuit Clerk of this (Scott County) and was a member of the Kentucky Senate. He possessed many good qualities, brave, generous, and warm-hearted.

Col. Will Lambert writes from Houston, Texas: Two other worthy members of Dick Dowling Camp have passed from earth to their final reward on "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground." Comrade Thos. T. Calhoun, Company I, Twenty-fourth South Carolina Infantry, was about fifty-four years old. He served in Joe Johnston's Army and was badly wounded near Atlanta, and carried the bullet in his

body until about three years ago. He had been a member of our camp over three years, and was much beloved as a brave and big-hearted Palmetto boy, who loved his friends and had no enemies. A surviving brother, Dr. B. F. Calhoun, is commander of Joseph E. Johnston Camp at Beaumont, Texas. The other comrade who died was F. K. Danish, of the Confederate States Navy. He served on the Confederate gunboats "Henry Dodge," "Webb," and others, in Charleston Harbor, on the Red River, and in other waters. Peace to their memories.

We are going to Nashville strong.

Capt. Thomas T. Calhoun, aged fifty-one years, died December 17, '96, at the family residence in Houston, Texas.

The deceased went to Texas in 1868 and engaged in the mercantile business at Sandy Point, in Brazoria County. He subsequently went to Orange, whence he moved to Houston about 1884, and has since made that city his home.

Captain Calhoun was a veteran of the great war, having served from 1861 until the surrender at Appomattox in Company I, of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Infantry. Although very young he was among the first to take up arms in response to his country's call.

In the battle of Atlanta, Ga., he received a minie bullet in his neck, which he carried in his body until a few years ago, when he had it extracted, mounted, and occasionally wore it on his watch chain. He was a member of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 107, U. C. V.

RESULT OF WAR IN THE SOUTH.

The following lines were written in 1865, soon after the termination of the war, by the late Judge A. W. Arrington, of Chicago:

Once it smiled like a garden, elate in the pride
Of a Beauty so peerless, the Sun called it Bride;
To endow it with jewels of gold and of green,
So resplendent, the stars were not grander in sheen.
All its gardens wore Eden's perennial bloom.
Ev'ry rain-drop that kissed it was coined to perfume;
While the rare skies above it, and rich soil below,
Bade the cotton plant whiten its valleys like snow;
And the hearts of its sons were the bravest in fight,
And the eyes of its daughters the darkest in light—
The darkest and sweetest, yet elate as the beam
That illumines the love of an innocent dream.
But the Bride of the Sun shall enchant him no more;
All the pride of its green has been purpled with gore,
And its roses are sighing to shed their perfume
O'er a land where each turf hides a warrior's tomb;
And the hearts of its bravest are still as the stones
Of the battlefields, bleached with mouldering bones,
And so still they may heed not the call of the drum,
Or be startled by the thunder of cannon or bomb.
And the light in the eyes of its daughters is pale,
And the laugh of its children is turned into wail—
All are weeping alike for the dying or dead,
As they beg from their foemen a morsel of bread.
For the gaunt fiend of Famine now prowls in the sun
To accomplish the ruin that war had begun;
And the moans of the starving, in pitiless pain,
Pray for mercy, to God or their fellows, in vain.
There is peace, but such peace as the sepulchre knows,
In the desert of death—putrefaction's repose;
'Tis the peace of a wilderness wintry and fell,
The peace of a Paradise thrust into hell.

THROUGHOUT CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION THE NAME OF GEN. R. E. LEE IS HONORED.

The annual dinner by the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City on the birthday of Gen. R. E. Lee, was, as is usual, an interesting occasion.

Col. A. G. Dickinson, Commander of the Camp, presided. There were 250 guests at the banquet board including representative men who were conspicuous in the Union as well as in the Confederate Armies. J. B. Wilkinson spoke of Gen. Lee concisely, in which he said:

If you will follow him in his character as a son, as a father, in the home circle, as a citizen—if all of his old soldiers were to rally round the banner of his example—the name of Lee would achieve victories more brilliant and more lasting than were ever won by his peerless sword.

Some of our Confederate leaders we honored for what they did, some for what they suffered, but we loved and admired Lee for what he was. When he was getting \$3,000 a year as President of a struggling college, we honored him far more than if he had accepted the munificent offers of the corporations that tried to buy his fame as a sign-board.

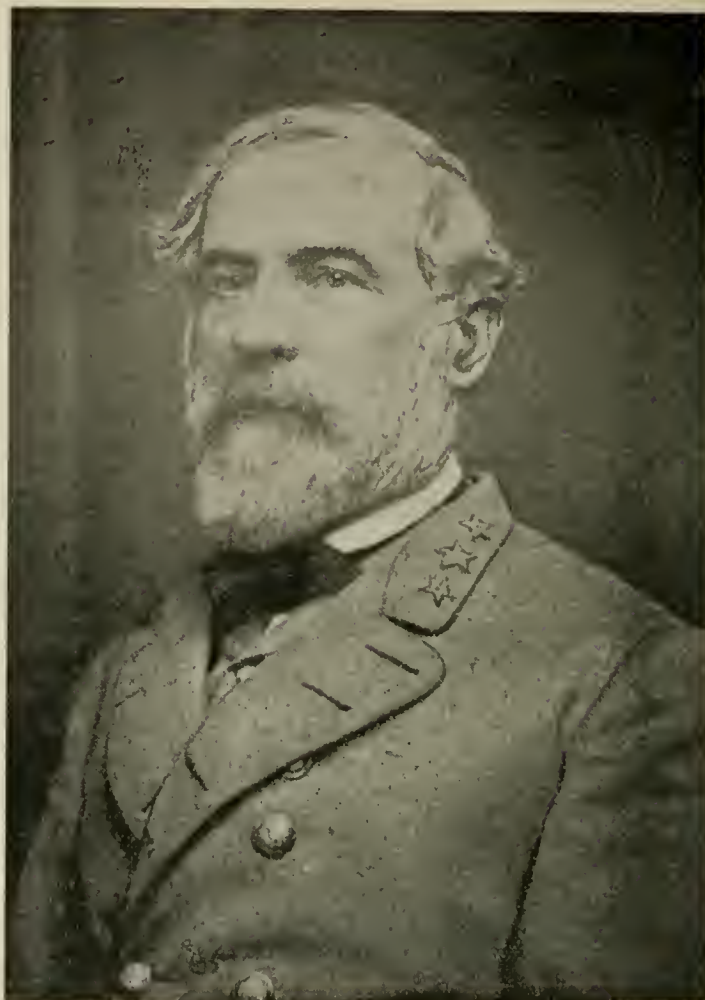
Capt. White, of the Old Guard, responded to the toast, "The American Soldier." He paid a high tribute to the bravery of the Confederate soldier, and declared that the American soldier was the greatest, truest and most terrible, and yet the most generous in the world. He concluded by saying:

While the great chasm which rent the North and South has been closed by mutual sacrifices, and closed forever by the returning love of both sections for the institutions of the country, we to-day are confronted by the great desire of the world for peace as represented by the arbitration treaty pending between this country and England.

Edwin W. Hoff sang several patriotic songs in which the diners joined, and Mr. Marion J. Verdery responded to the toast,

"THE EX-CONFEDERATE."

"If I were called upon to epitomize my tribute to the ex-Confederate soldier, I would borrow one sentence from my friend, Victor Smith, and say as he did in writing to me recently on the subject: 'The ex Confederate soldier, faithful to the lost cause, yet true to the cause that lost it.' (Hearty applause.) Lacking years deprive me of the privilege of speaking to the toast out of a personal experience, but the fact that I was not born earlier than I was is not my fault but my fate. I am not a Confederate veteran, but only a Confederate survivor; not 'the survival of the fittest,' but the survival of him who 'fit' not. (Laughter.) But I am licensed to speak to the toast through the blood of



my brothers, and my whole heart is in the subject. I count myself happy to pay tribute to that disbanded legion of honor, whose every conflict was a battle for conscience' sake, whose every victory was the triumph of an honest cause, and whose final defeat developed a heroism and fortitude without parallel in the history of conquered peoples. (Great applause.)

"The ex-Confederate soldier should feel proud of his past, satisfied with his present and hopeful of his future. He has proven himself a hero in war, a nobleman in peace and an honor at all times to the land of his birth. His record during the war was that of supreme courage, and his record since then has been that of heroic patience. Laying down his shield and buckler at Appomattox, he buttoned his parole beneath his faded jacket next to his heart, and returned home to begin life anew. The battles he had fought during the four long years of bloody struggle were not half so hard as the one which now confronted him, and how he has fought that hardest fight is set forth in the rehabilitation of his land and the re-establishment of his people. He turned his face homeward after the surrender with the brave spirit and manly resolution which filled

the heart of that representative member of a Georgia regiment, who said to his comrades when he got his parole: 'I am going back to Dixie, kiss my wife and children, plough up my new ground field and make a crop, and if the Yankees bother me any more, I will whip 'em again.' (Laughter and applause.)

"The ex-Confederate, standing to-day in unimpeachable loyalty to our indissoluble Union and vieing worthily with all others in upbuilding the strength and glory of our Republic, is also the hero of a past for which he has neither shame nor regret, but which he holds as a hallowed memory, more precious than his birthright and as sacred as his honor. That past recalls to him a mighty struggle; recalls sorrows and sufferings so widespread and intense that his whole land seemed then one vast altar on which all the treasures and traditions of a people were laid in sacrifice for the faith that was in them. As a soldier the ex-Confederate needs no eulogy. His patience through privation outlasted the war itself, and his behavior in battle gave him the glory of renown and an indisputable title to knighthood. (Applause.)

"Since the war he has acquitted himself as a citizen with all the credit which his credit as a soldier demanded. He has trampled disaster under his feet; has made the devastation of his native land give place to new-born thrift and prosperity; he has rebuilt her destroyed cities and made the wide fields that drank the blood of her sons rich again with the beauty of ripening fruit and the harvests of golden grain; he has harnessed her rushing waters and drawn them like millions of laborers into service. His industry resounds in the ceaseless blows of heavy hammers on mammoth anvils from which sparks fly heavenward like stars of promise for his future.

"He has made his way to the front in every professional calling. In short, he is to-day a factor in all the affairs of our common country, and can well afford to muster in dress parade before all the world and count on unstinted praise and esteem. The ex-Confederate soldier is immortal. He has his place in American history. He has illumined its pages and enriched its theme.

"While living, he will always so impress himself upon the material and intellectual developments of the day as to be a self-evident force in shaping the destiny of the country, and when dead his memory will be forever safe in the keeping of all who honor the true and the brave. The dead Confederate shall ne'er be forgot, until the splendid shafts which to-day rise heavenward in his honor crumble to dust; until the elements are less true to him than they were at Arlington on that memorable Decoration Day, when the countless graves of the boys who wore the blue were hidden beneath a wealth of floral tributes, while the graves of the unknown Confederate dead, down behind the hill were forgotten. Don't you remember how in the darkness of the night, when the world was asleep, a great storm came out of the sky, and the wind dipped down on those hills and, gathering great armfuls of flowers from the favored graves, bore them away to the graves of the unknown dead?

"No Confederate soldier is buried out of mind, for even those who sleep in the fastnesses of Tennessee mountains or in the winding Virginia valleys, have their graves marked, as Harry Flash so sweetly said:

Though no shaft of pallid marble rears its white and ghastly head,
Telling wanderers in the valley of the virtues of the dead;
Yet a lily is their tombstone and a dewdrop, pure and bright,
Is the epitaph an angel writes in the stillness of the night.

"The ex-Confederate soldier is the exponent of that short-lived government of which a great-hearted Englishman said:

No nation rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.

"When I study the heavens by night and contemplate the brilliancy of Jupiter, Mars, Saturn and Uranus, I see in their shining glory a fit emblem of the matchless record of our peerless Lee, our intrepid Johnston, our redoubtable Forrest, and our gallant Longstreet; and when the bright flashing meteors blaze their tracks of burning beauty across the firmament, I see in their shining splendor the careers of Stonewall Jackson and Albert Sidney Johnston. But all these do not complete the glory of the night, but it has its fullness in the countless myriad of nameless stars as they troop toward the Milky Way, and in them I see the cohorts of Confederate soldiers whose deeds of daring gave new lustre to the pages of history, and whose splendid heroism made imperishable impress on the heart and mind of the world. (Much cheering.)

'Then fill your glasses, fill them up to the brim,
We'll drink a deep bumper in honor of him,
Of dear Johnny Reb, in his jacket of gray,
Standing guard o'er thoughts of a bygone day.

O! River of Years, thou hast drowned that day,
Thy deep-flowing current has borne it away;
But thy banks still bloom with memories bright,
And our toast is to them and to Johnny to-night."

(Long continued applause and cheers.)

BIRTHDAY OF LEE IN BALTIMORE.

At the Seventeenth Annual Banquet of the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States and the State of Maryland the following toasts were responded to by the gentlemen named:

Our Infantry.—Congressman Robert Neil, of Arkansas, "Infantry for work." Witness, "Stonewall Jackson's Foot Cavalry" at Harrisonburg, Cross Keys and Port Republic.

Our Cavalry.—Congressman Geo. C. Pendleton, of Texas, "By intuition, not drills. They fell in at a gesture, and galloped to victory at alope."

Our Artillery.—Congressman D. Gardiner Tyler, of Virginia, "They gave the first lessons in sharp-shooting with big guns."

Our Navy.—Ex-Congressman J. F. C. Talbott, of Maryland, "Buchanan and Semmes only opened the way for future following."

Our Dead.—Gen. Eppa Hunton, of Virginia, "A standing toast, we sorrow still."

Robert E. Lee.—Gen. James H. Berry, of Arkansas.

The Menu was better than that served at Camp Morton or Libby away back in the sixties: Blue points, celery, olives, consommé; printanière, sherry; salmon cutlets, with anchovy sauce; roast turkey, cranberry sauce, Maryland ham, baked mashed potatoes; chicken croquettes, cream sauce, green peas, whisky; terrapin, Maryland style; lobster salad, spiced oysters; fancy ices, assorted cake; fruit; Roquefort, American cheese, crackers, coffee; cigars.

THE CELEBRATION AT WACO, TEX.

Comrades of Pat Cleburne Camp at Waco, Tex., were diligent to honor the Anniversary of Gen. Lee. Because of the inclement weather on the nineteenth, the services were postponed to the twenty-second. The stage in City Hall was decorated with stacks of guns, bayonets fixed, surmounted by a Confederate flag, which was given in 1861 by Houston ladies to a company, by a lone star flag, a Cleburne Division flag, and a Confederate battle flag. Then there were two pictures, one of Lee at the Wilderness and the Charge of Pickett's Men at Gettysburg, with other less conspicuous pictures of Confederate commanders. Some young ladies sang "Dixie" and a prayer was delivered by Rev. Frank Page. Miss Kate Hammond sang a solo, "The Battle of Manassas." Mr. Duncan and Miss Tiney Kent sang "The Battle of the Wilderness." The address of the occasion was by Judge G. B. Gerald. It contained much of value for history. Misses Bragleton, Harn, Burger, Mills and Kemp sang "Down on the Ohio" and "Who Will Care for Mother Now." Miss Donnell recited some patriotic pieces, and Miss Praetorius sang to the enthusiastic delight of the audience "The Flag of the Regiment."

AT WINCHESTER, KY.

The birthday of General Lee, was celebrated in creditable manner. Daughters of the Confederacy, (Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean, President), taking a leading part. The colors, red and white, were conspicuous. A portrait of Lee draped in Confederate colors, ornamented the speaker's stand. Rev. B. B. Bailey officiated and Elder W. S. Keene opened the exercises with prayer. "The Sword of Lee" was recited by Norman Scales. Almost a score of good voices rendered the "Star Spangled Banner," "Dixie," "Old Kentucky Home" and "America."

BATTLE AT AVERYSBORO, N. C.

D. F. FULLER, ROCKWALL, TEX.

Comrade Geo. F. Rozell, in VETERAN of December, 1896, is in error when he says Gen. Johnston met and defeated Sherman at Averysboro, N. C. The battle of Averysboro was preparatory to Bentonville, and occurred Friday, March 17, 1865. Gen. Hardee was in command, and McLaws' Division did the fighting. If I remember correctly, only Harrison's Brigade was severely engaged. The battle succeeded in confusing Sherman's movements and, as intended, made Bentonville a possibility. Bentonville was fought on Sunday, March

19, and was a Confederate success. On Monday (20th) the two armies got in position; Tuesday (21st) the Yanks, thinking our guns out of order by the rain then falling, advanced, but were driven back. Wheeler's Cavalry was stretched out in a thin picket line on our left—McLaws' extreme left—but could not extend our lines to the river. This is the breach through which the Yanks poured about 6,000 strong. And now hold your breath—these 6,000 valiant veterans were hurled back, not by an equal number, but by 180 men and officers, a fragment of Cummins' old Georgia Brigade and a South Carolina battery. I once belonged to that brigade, and saw them double-quicking in immediate rear of our line and recognized my old comrades, and know that they did not exceed 200 in all. While they were passing in our rear, our skirmishers were engaged with the enemy's advance on our front. As it was, I came near double-quicking off with the old fellows. But a few minutes later and our regiment of Fifth Georgia boys had hurled our assailants to the rear and won a compliment from Gen. McLaws, Chief of Staff.

In a personal note Comrade Fuller adds:

"Perhaps I was the youngest soldier under Gen. Bragg in the invasion of Kentucky, 1862. Born September 17, 1847, I was just fifteen years old; belonged to Company E. Fifty-seventh Georgia Infantry, Ledbetter's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Kirby Smith's Corps.

"We entered Kentucky by way of Snake Creek Gap, Big Hill and Richmond. Bushwhackers annoyed us much. At Boston, Ky., our advance guard was fired upon by a miller whose mill was running. He was killed and his mill left running. After the forced march to Mt. Sterling to cut off Federals retreating from Cumberland Gap, I was taken sick and went to hospital at Lexington. A few nights after I heard the clatter of horses' feet on the streets, and was told our command was retreating from Kentucky. I quit that hospital bunk, climbed on top a freight car and went to Danville. Having taken command of myself, I went on foot to Camp Dick Robertson. A regiment of cavalry, of which the rear guard (was it Marmaduke's?), overtook me, and a trooper allowed me to ride a horse he was leading. At London two men came to where we were halted in a lane and climbed to the top rail of the fence, one of them saying, 'We are tired and sick.' They were ordered to get down, when they escaped into the cornfield, and escaped amid bullets. That afternoon there was a lively skirmish. Next day at 5 P.M. I came upon my command, went to Gen. Ledbetter's headquarters for something to eat, and was pointed to a pile of corn and told to help myself. Next day we crossed Cumberland Mountain, and that night the big snow fell, when I slept warm under one blanket and the snow."

Geo. Robinson, of Belton, Texas, wishes to know who wrote the poem on the great war entitled "Rosetta," printed in booklet form.

FINE CAREER OF A TEXAS COMRADE.

Hon. C. K. Bell, M. C. from Texas, writes of him:

Among the many heroes of the "Lost Cause" whom Texans delight to honor, there is none whose character as a soldier or civilian is a source of more just pride to them than Joseph D. Sayers.

□ Major Sayers was born at Grenada, Miss., Sept. 23, 1845, and in 1851 removed to Bastrop, Tex., where he still lives. In April, 1861, he left school to assist in the capture of Federal troops who were endeavoring to escape from Texas to the North. In August, 1861, he enlisted in the Fifth Regiment of Texas Mounted Volunteers, which was a part of the brigade first commanded by Brig.-Gen. H. H. Sibley; afterwards by Brig.-Gen. Thomas Green, and finally by Brig.-Gen. W. P. Hardeman. Major Say-



HON. JOSEPH D. SAYERS.

ers was, in September, 1861, promoted to the adjutancy of his regiment, and the brigade was ordered upon an unfortunate expedition to New Mexico. Its first engagement was on the 21st day of February, 1862, at Val Verde, near Fort Craig, N.M., wherein Brigadier-General Canby commanded the Federal and Col. Thomas Green commanded the Confederate forces. The Federals, though largely outnumbering the Confederates, were defeated, and a splendid battery of light artillery was captured. The campaign was an exceedingly severe one; the Confederates being poorly armed, scantily clothed and badly fed. After several engagements they were compelled to abandon the country and return to Texas. On the 30th day of April, 1862, Lieutenant Sayers was "promoted for distinguished bravery at the battle of

Val Verde," as the order promoting him reads, to a captaincy in the artillery service, and was placed in the command of the battery which had been captured and which was thereafter known in the Trans-Mississippi Department as the "Val Verde Battery."

In the battle of Camp Bisland, on Bayou Teche, in Louisiana, April, 1863, while he was in command of his battery, Captain Sayers was severely wounded and was compelled to use crutches continually from that time until after the close of the war. As soon as he could ride on horseback, although badly crippled, Captain Sayers returned to the army in Louisiana and was promoted to a majorship and was assigned to duty as Chief of Staff for Maj.-Gen. Thomas Green. He was again severely wounded at the battle of Mansfield, La., on April 8, 1864. As soon as he was able to again ride horseback he returned to the army, though still on crutches, and General Green having been killed at Blair's Landing, La., he was assigned to duty upon the staff of Lieut.-Gen. Richard Taylor. He went with General Taylor across the Mississippi River in the winter of 1864 and performed military duty upon the staff of that general while he was in command of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi and Eastern Louisiana, until his surrender to General Canby, when Major Sayers returned to his home in Texas on parole.

He is now serving his sixth consecutive term in Congress, and has been re-elected for his seventh term. He has been a member of the Appropriation Committee during each session of Congress of which he has been a member, except the first, and during the Fifty-third Congress he was chairman of that committee. His public service in the State has been that of State Senator and Lieutenant-Governor. He has also served as chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee for three years, and has held the office of Grand Master of Masons in Texas. Maj. Sayers has declined to represent his district in Congress after the expiration of the term to which he is now elected, but Texas cannot afford to lose the services of one who is so worthily distinguished and faithful to every trust in military and in civil life.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT WARRENTON, VA.—

The white marble column has relief in Confederate flag, cannon, etc. The pedestal is of limestone—a female figure surmounts the column—holding in one hand a book. The inscriptions on the column are:

East side: "Confederate Dead, five hundred Virginia's Daughters to Virginia's Defenders."

North side: "Here on the soil of Virginia, they sleep as sleeps a hero on his unsundered shield."

West side: "Go tell the Southrons we lie here for the rights of their States; they never fail who die in a great cause."

South side: "God will judge the right."

W. T. Carroll, of Woodward, Ga., wishes to learn of his comrades, R. C. McCallie and J. M. Morrison, who served in their company, Third Regiment, Engineer Corps. Thinks they were from Aiken, S. C.

COL. AND DR. R. W. MARTIN, OF VIRGINIA.

The first man over the stone fence at Gettysburg was Col. R. W. Martin, a native of Chatham, Pittsylvania Co., Va.—born September 30, 1835. He was educated at the University of Virginia and attended lectures at the University of New York, graduating in 1858.

In 1860 he commenced the practice of medicine in Chatham, but in 1861 he enlisted in the Southern cause as a private. He was in all the battles of his Regiment, the Fifty-third Virginia, previous to Gettysburg. In that battle he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In May, 1863, he was presented by his brother officers with a handsome sword engraved, as a testimony of their love and admiration. An official report of the engagement at Gettysburg contains the following: "Fletcher Howard, (Co. K.) acting as color-bearer, while gallantly bearing the flag ahead, was cut down by a shell, when he called for some one to bear it along.



Instantly Col. Martin seized the flag and with words of encouragement called on all to follow." Another report states: "Col. Martin's gallantry was not exceeded by anyone in that memorable battle." On July 3, Col. Martin proved himself the greatest of all the band of glorious heroes. In the cononading preceding Pickett's famous charge, Col. William Aylett, of the Fifty-third Virginia, was wounded and retired from the field, when the command thus devolved upon Lt.-Col. Martin, who led the forlorn hope of Armistead's Brigade." In the charge, the Fifty-third being the "battalion of direction," Col. Martin was near his intrepid chief. When they neared the stone fence, and the advance for a moment halted, Gen. Armistead,

turning to Col. Martin, said: "Martin, we can't stay here; we must go over that wall." Col. Martin's reply was to mount the wall and, with the cry, "Forward with the colors," leaped down on the enemy's side of the fence. He was followed immediately by Armistead leading on his gallant band. Col. Martin fell almost directly after scaling the wall, wounded in four places, his thigh shattered, and crippled for life. He lay almost dead for three days amid the horrors of that battlefield; was taken prisoner and sent to Fort McHenry, and from there to Point Lookout. After an imprisonment of ten months, Col. Martin was exchanged and came home to the joy of his family, who for several months had mourned him as dead. Unfit for field duty, Col. Martin was yet active in his country's services, having charge of the prisoners at Charleston, S. C., for some time. Afterward he was sent to the command of the forces on the Rappahannock. At time of the surrender at Appomattox, papers were in transit promoting Col. Martin to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Returning to Chatham at the close of the war, Col. Martin resumed the practice of medicine, in which, and as a surgeon, he is distinguished. In 1867 he married Miss Ellen Johnson, of Pittsylvania County.

Dr. Martin is a member of Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia's Medical Society and was delegate appointed by Gov. McKinney to the Pan-American Congress; is also President of the State Board of Health and State Board of Medical Examiners.

Whenever sickness or sorrow comes, he is ever prompt in sympathy and in service. His life illustrates that, in truth,

The bravest are the tenderest
The loving are the daring.

Judge J. R. Daugherty of Forney, Texas, writes concerning that last battle of the war fought in Texas, May 12, 1865:

The last battle of the great war was fought at Brazos Santiago or Palmetto Rancho on the Rio Grande in Texas. Col. J. S. Ford was in command of the forces of the Rio Grande; I was O. S. of Captain White's Company, and we were on picket at Palmetto Rancho on the 12th day of May, 1865. We knew the war was over and were not expecting an attack, but to our surprise we were attacked and our camp equipage captured. We made our way to headquarters, but were ordered back without anything to eat. Early next morning the report was that the enemy was coming. We took the position that R. E. Lee took to fight the battle of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, in the Mexican War. Only thirty of us held two regiments in check until 11 o'clock, at which time the main force was ordered out to meet the enemy. Col. Ford deployed his small force on either side of the road leading from Brazos Santiago to Brownsville, with two pieces of small artillery commanding the road, and when the enemy had approached as near as it was comfortable to see them, the Confederates opened fire and the cavalry was ordered to charge. The enemy beat a hasty retreat. Some were captured, some killed and several jumped into the Rio Grande River and were drowned.

CONFEDERATE RE-UNION, JUNE 22-24, 1897.

In his official order, No. 182, dated at New Orleans, January 13, the Commanding General announces officially the change of dates for reunion of United Confederate Veterans from May 5-7, to June 22-24, and elaborately refers to the approaching event:

All Confederate organizations and Confederate soldiers and sailors, of all arms, grades and departments, are cordially invited to attend this Seventh General Reunion of their comrades.

Eight hundred and seventy-five Camps are already enrolled in the U. C. V. organization, with applications in for over one hundred and fifty more, and appeals to ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors everywhere to form themselves into local associations, where this has not already been done; and all associations, bivouacs, encampments and other bodies not members of the U. C. V. Association are earnestly requested to send in applications to these headquarters without delay, in time to participate in this great Reunion, and thus unite with their comrades in carrying out the laudable and philanthropic objects of the United Confederate Veteran organization.

He congratulates the Veterans upon their wisdom in the selection of Nashville, Tenn., for this Annual Reunion, as it is so equally accessible to their comrades from every section of the South; and, the date having been fixed during the holding of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, he believes that united and concerted effort will secure the very lowest railroad rates, which he has no doubt the generous officials of Southern railroads will extend to the old survivors, so as to make this reunion the greatest ever held. He urges officers and members of all Camps to commence now making preparations to attend this great reunion, to be held at the Historic Capital of the Old Volunteer State, and he has no hesitation in guaranteeing that, from the world-renowned reputation of the great people of that beautiful city and State, in the cordial welcome which they will extend to the U. C. V.'s, the grand old veterans of Nashville and of the entire State of Tennessee will strive to excel the boundless hospitality so generously and lavishly extended at all our former Reunions.

He especially urges all Camps to prepare for delegates, alternates and as many members as possible to attend, so as to make it the largest and most representative Reunion ever held, as business of the greatest gravity affecting the welfare of the old veterans will be transacted, such as the benevolent care, through State aid or otherwise, of disabled, destitute and aged veterans and the widows and orphans of our fallen brothers-in-arms.

In this connection the General Commanding calls especial attention to the increasing age, multiplied sorrows and corroding cares of the many gallant old soldiers, who risked their lives and fortunes for what they considered right during the eventful years '61-5. Through the mortuary reports received, he is daily and almost hourly reminded that the lengthening shadows of Time are fast settling over the old heroes—reaching out already beyond the allotted span of human life, many of whom had already passed the

age of manhood when, thirty-five years ago, they so promptly and nobly responded to their country's call. It is the chief mission of the U. C. V. Association that these unfortunate sick, disabled and indigent comrades and brothers and their widows and orphans should have such attention, care and help in their old age as their more fortunate comrades can procure and give; and he appeals to all the members of the U. C. V. Association who are able, for their earnest, prayerful, patriotic help. He also feels confident that appeals for employment for the old Confederate veterans, who are indigent and unfortunate soldiers, will not be made in vain to any State, municipal government or citizen of any Southern State, nor to the rising generation who are themselves the worthy descendants of heroes; as it would be ingratitude without parallel, and degradation without precedent, if they should turn their backs upon the old heroes in their dire distress.

OTHER BUSINESS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.

Will also demand careful consideration, such as the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Warren, Camps Morton, Chase, Douglas, Oakwoods Cemetery at Chicago, Rock Island, Johnson's Island, Cairo and at other points; seeing that they are annually decorated, the head-stones preserved and complete lists of the names of our dead heroes, together with the location of their graves, gotten through the medium of our Camps, and the handing of them down in history.

To give all the aid possible to the Confederate Memorial Association in assisting to raise the money and to complete the grand historic edifice and depository of Confederate relics and the history of Southern valor, popularly known as the "Battle Abbey."

Again, the best method of securing impartial history, and to enlist each State in the compilation and preservation of the history of her citizen soldiery; the consideration of the different movements, plans and means to complete the Monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and to aid in building monuments to other great leaders, soldiers and sailors of the South.

To perfect a plan for a Mutual Aid and Benevolent Association; to make such changes in the Constitution and By-Laws as experience may suggest, and other matters of general interest.

Each Camp now admitted into the United Confederate Veteran organization and those admitted before the reunion, are urged to at once elect accredited delegates and alternates to attend, *as only accredited delegates can participate in the business of the session.*

The representation of delegates at the reunion will be as fixed in Section 1, Article 5, of the Constitution; one delegate to every twenty-five active members in good standing, and one additional for a fraction of ten members, provided every Camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates. Each Camp will elect the same number of alternates as delegates, who will serve in case of any failure on the part of the delegates to attend.

Attention of Camps is called to Section 5, Article 5, of the Constitution. "*Camps will not be allowed representation unless their per capita shall have been*

paid to the Adjutant-General on or before the first day of April next preceding the annual meeting."

A program to be observed at the reunion and all the details will be furnished to the Camps and to all veterans by the Local Committee of Arrangements in due time; and any further information can be obtained by applying to Col. J. B. O'Bryan, Chairman Reunion Committee; Maj.-Gen. W. H. Jackson, Commanding Tennessee Division; Col. John P. Hickman, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, Tennessee Division, all at Nashville, Tenn.

The General Commanding respectfully requests the Press, both daily and weekly, of the whole country, to aid the patriotic and benevolent objects of the United Confederate Veterans by publication of these orders with editorial notices of the organization.

The General Commanding respectfully requests and trusts that railroad officials will also aid the old veterans by giving the very lowest rates of transportation so as to enable them to attend.

Officers of the General Staff are directed to assist Department. Division Commanders and others in organizing their respective States, and generally aid in the complete federation of all the survivors in one organization under the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans.

The official paper is signed by J. B. Gordon, General Commanding, and George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

The following is the Official Annual Address by Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, and A. T. Watts, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Dallas, Tex.:

I greet you, my old comrades, with much pleasure at the close of another year, wishing you all a happy new year without sorrow, but with happiness as bright as a May morning in our own Sunny South, and with a prosperity that will yield every comfort and keep your storehouses and granaries full and overflowing with the necessities of life. A kind Providence has extended its sheltering wings over the old heroes who followed the flag of the lost cause, the noble women who suffered so much during the war, and their noble sons and beautiful daughters, as well as our grand Association, which is growing stronger and stronger each year. The Adjutant General reports eight hundred and seventy-five (875) Camps. Out of this number the Trans-Mississippi Department has nearly four hundred, which shows that the old veterans are organizing in every State and Territory in this Department.

The death roll has not been as great as we had a right to expect, although a number of our bravest and best have crossed over the river since my last annual report. The dead, all honor to our noble women, have been properly cared for and buried in proper graveyards, and in many instances their names engraved on marble headstones. The living Confederate Veterans who have grown old and those incapacitated by wounds have been properly cared for by the different States and Territories in the Trans-Mississippi Department. They have good homes, are amply provided with good raiment

and shelter, where they can spend their last days in quiet and peace, as the honored guests of the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma and Indian Territories. The noble ladies in Missouri deserve especial mention for the splendid home they have provided for the old and helpless veterans of that grand State.

I urge you, my old comrades, to continue the good work; organize Camps and join the Association of Confederate Veterans, and I appeal to you, noble sons and fair daughters of the grandest women and the bravest men that ever lived in any country, to organize and be ready to take the place of those who will soon 'cross over the river.'

Apply at once to Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General, New Orleans, La., so that the Trans-Mississippi Department will send a greater delegation to the reunion to be held in Nashville, Tenn., on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th days of June, 1897, than any other Department. Let every Camp be represented by as large a delegation as possible, and let them be fully authorized to represent their Camps in all matters. Where delegates cannot attend, let the Camp appoint proxies, properly signed by the officers of the Camp. In applying for membership, send a roll of your Camp of all members in good standing, with your annual fee of ten (10) cents for each member, and \$2.00 as initiation fee, to General Moorman by the first of April. The Committee on Transportation, Gens. W. H. Graber, S. P. Mendez, and Colonels T. B. Trotman, B. F. Wathen and L. A. Daffan will do all in their power to secure reduced rates on all railroads leading to Nashville. Local committees will communicate with them.

It is with feelings of pride as well as pleasure, my old comrades, that I am able to say that the noble women of this Department, keeping alive the spirit that actuated their noble mothers and sisters during the war, having organized a Monument Association, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy, are now erecting monuments to the valor and heroism of the Confederate soldiers at a number of places in this Department, especially in Texas and Arkansas. One at Sherman, Texas, and one in Dallas, Texas, will be unveiled this spring with imposing ceremonies.

The monument to our great chief, Jefferson Davis, is still in the hands of the proper committee. The corner stone was laid on the second of July, 1896, in Richmond, Va., in the presence of thousands of those who revered and loved him.

I would also call your attention to the fact that all the arrangements to secure and build the Confederate Memorial Hall, where Confederate relics and mementoes are to be deposited, and where the true history of the deeds of valor of Southern manhood and the heroism of Southern womanhood may be deposited for all time to come, have not been completed. The gallant old cavalryman, Charles Broadway Rouss, proud of his record and that of his comrades, subscribes one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) to this sanctuary of Southern valor. The commanders of the different State divisions throughout the Trans-Mississippi Department are requested to give all the aid possible to the women

of this Department who are engaged in this noble work, and to see that this circular is published to the different Brigades and Camps.

HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

The President of Hood's Texas Brigade has changed the date of their reunion:

HOUSTON, TEX., January 26.—To the Members of Hood's Texas Brigade: Owing to the fact that many of the members of Hood's Texas Brigade, Confederate Veterans, are desirous of attending the grand reunion of Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn., and owing to the recent change of dates of the Nashville reunion from May 5, 6 and 7, to June 22, 23 and 24, which conflicts with the dates of the reunion at Floresville, Tex., on June 23 and 24 of Hood's Texas Brigade, therefore the reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade has been changed to June 30 and July 1, to take place at Floresville, Wilson County, Tex. This change was made to enable all to attend both reunions.

J. E. ANDERSON, President.

GEO. A. BRANARD, Secretary, Houston.

President Anderson also appointed the following committee on transportation: Geo. A. Branard, Chairman, Houston; H. Brahan, Sugarland, and J. B. Policy, Floresville, to look after transportation matters in connection with the reunion.

HEROIC MISSISSIPPIANS.

Comrade J. W. Simmons of Mexia, Texas, sends the following valuable contribution to history:

The account in the January VETERAN of the death and burial of four color bearers in Gregg's South Carolina Regiment who were killed in the battle of Gaines' Mill, brings fresh to my memory an occurrence in the Twenty-seventh Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade, in that noted "battle above the clouds" on Lookout Mountain.

When the "Yanks" advanced on us in three lines of battle, we had but one thin line and no reserve, as a good portion of the Brigade had been captured early in the morning while on picket duty by Lookout Creek, where the pickets had been carrying on a friendly exchange of papers, tobacco, coffee, etc.

Walthall's Brigade extended from the perpendicular cliffs near the top down the rugged mountain side, north, toward the Tennessee River; and as the ground was covered with large rocks, we were afforded fair protection, except from the artillery, which played on us incessantly from Moccasin Point across the river.

As the enemy would advance and drive us from one position, we would fall back a short distance, reform, get positions behind the rocks, and give it to them again. Many of our boys were captured that day on account of our line holding its position until the enemy were so near that it was almost certain death to run. This was one of the few times in battle that it took a braver man to run than it did to stand; because those who remained behind the rocks could surrender in safety, and

those who ran would draw the fire of the heavy Yankee line. It was near the noted Craven House that our line was formed, when the blue coats crowded us, and came very close before our line gave way. Just as we started to fall back, the color bearer, who had bravely carried our regimental flag through many hot places, fell dead. One of the other boys, seeing this, turned back and grasped the colors, when he, too, went down, and fell across the former with the color staff under him. By this time the enemy was almost upon the flag, when a gallant youth from south Mississippi (I wish I could recall his name)—turned back and running to within a few steps of the enemy's line, seized the colors, breaking the staff off short, and ran after his regiment, waving the flag and hallooing at the top of his voice. It appeared that the entire Yankee line was shooting at him, but he soon regained his regiment and, with the short flag staff in his hand, mounted a large rock and waved it as high as he could reach, at the same time calling out that old saying so familiar to soldier boys: "Rally round the flag, boys," which they were very prompt to do. The boys loved that old flag better after that than ever before.

That night we were relieved by other troops, and the little handful of us that was left was moved down into the valley, and there, in the shadow of Lookout Mountain that dim moonlight night, that little short flag staff was stuck in the ground, and the boys crowded around it with saddened hearts and recounted the eventful and dangerous scenes of the day, some telling where Tom, Jack or Jim had fallen and others had surrendered. Many of them showed where minie balls had cut their hats, coats or blankets. The meeting at that flag was one never to be forgotten, and many of us joined hands around it and pledged that no "Yank" should ever lay hands on it without passing over our dead bodies, and they never did. Strong men unused to tears, although accustomed to the cruel scenes of war, cried like children.

The next day the colors were fastened to a hickory pole and were carried triumphantly until the crisis came, and then the little remnant that was left of the Twenty-seventh Mississippi followed that flag down the Mountain in perfect good order, while other regiments left the Ridge in disorder.

Col. J. J. Callan, Menardville, Texas: To see the VETERAN what it ought to be and where it ought to be—the one great Southern magazine—a monthly visitor to every Southern home, is very near to my heart. I am too far out on the confines of civilization (sixty miles from nearest railroad) to be of much help, but what I can do will be done cheerfully. Menardville is a village of about four hundred—Germans, Yankees, Mexicans. The fourteen veterans here are as poor as myself. Generally, they have plenty to live upon, but money is out of sight. I have had some plowing done recently, because I was not able. I paid the man with an order on the druggist for medicine and paid the druggist by posting his books. We live by barter chiefly.

I see the reunion has been postponed until latter part of June. That is just as it should be.

CAPTURE OF ST. ALBANS, VT.

J. L. DRISCOL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Of late years, many sketches have appeared in newspapers, books, and magazines, both North and South, purporting to be "the most daring exploit of the war." I submit the following to the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as being worthy of ranking, at least, among the most daring.

In the winter of 1864, Canada was a veritable "City of Refuge" for those who were interested, directly or indirectly, in the great struggle of the South for a separate and independent government. By far the most numerous class were the bounty jumpers, many of whom had enlisted forty or fifty times, and pocketed a bounty all the way from \$100 to \$1,000 for each "jump." Federal recruiting officers secretly worked as industriously to fill the depleted ranks of Grant and Sherman, as did Lee and Bragg to thin them out. The spy, too, was in evidence, infesting every walk of life throughout the Dominion.

Among this disreputable aggregation, there were scattered through the cities of Toronto, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Montreal, and places of lesser note, about one-hundred and fifty Confederate soldiers, who had escaped, one by one, and made their way to Canada rather than take the chance of recapture in their attempts to pass the Federal military lines, and being treated, perhaps, as spies. Camp Douglas, Camp Chase, Rock Island, and other bastiles—each furnished its quota.

About this time, the war feeling was at its highest tension. Johnston's Army had been driven from its intrenchments below Dalton, Atlanta had been given to the flames, non-combatants were forced through the Federal lines to face famine, and a line of charred bones marked the track of the invader. Words would be inadequate to express the rage of these Confederates on reading the news from the front, and especially did they execrate the man who, having dropped the sword of the soldier, had taken up the torch of the incendiary. Many schemes of retaliation were discussed, and a movement was put on foot to liberate the prisoners on Johnson's Island, which resulted in the capture and execution of Major Beall. The question of employing Greek fire, to give Northern cities to the flames, was discussed in all its aspects, and abandoned as impracticable. Next, it was proposed to secretly organize raids, cross the border from time to time and serve the frontier towns as Sherman was treating the people of Georgia; but this was overruled as being impracticable. A few of the hot-heads, however, who were not convinced, secretly met and matured a little plan on their own hook, unknown to the majority, of which the following was the *finale*:

Like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, one morning the news flashed over the wires that a "Rebel horde" had captured St. Albans, Vt. Subsequent news revealed the fact that the "Rebel horde" consisted of twenty-six men under the command of Lieutenant Young, of Kentucky. By preconcerted action, they arrived in St. Albans as ordinary pas-

sengers, and the weather being exceedingly cold, it was not strange that each should be enveloped in a long ulster. They met in the St. Albans hotel, matured their plans and, at a given signal the next morning, each one threw off his overcoat and stood revealed to the citizens a full-fledged Confederate soldier, armed *cap-a-pie*; that is, every man had a latest improved Colt's revolver in each hand.

The leader demanded the instant and unconditional surrender of the city. The mayor and city officials, after a hurried consultation, acceded to the demand, and the entire male population was corralled in the public square. A chain guard was placed around the prisoners, while four of the attacking party went through the banks and confiscated about \$5,000,000 in greenbacks and Government bonds. Sergeant ——— had a narrow escape. A citizen more combative than the others drew a bead upon him with a rifle, but was detected in time to seal his own doom! That was the only casualty that occurred.

The party lost no time in making their way back across the border, and the Federal Government immediately demanded their extradition as marauders. They were arraigned before the police judge in Toronto, and pleaded that they were belligerents, not robbers, being regularly enlisted, or commissioned Confederate soldiers. The very best counsel was secured and a motion to grant a continuance for twenty days, in order that they could procure evidence, was granted.

Now, while the raid was not endorsed by all, or even by a majority, yet, as one man, the other Confederate prisoners resolved to stand by their comrades. Evidence must be procured to prove their rights of belligerency; and this involved dangers as great if not greater, than the raid itself. The Federal lines must be pierced, a messenger must reach Richmond, procure the necessary documents, and return within twenty days. Three of the shrewdest and most daring among them were selected, and instructed to cross the Potomac at different points; each using his best judgment as to his method to make his way to Richmond and procure the evidence. The object in sending three was that if one, or even two, should fail, the third might succeed.

The eventful day of trial arrived, and no messenger appeared. It looked gloomy for the prisoners. Counsel for the defense presented a motion for further continuance, and was supplementing it by a carefully prepared argument, when, suddenly a commotion was observable near the entrance of the court room. A wiry little man elbowed his way through the crowd, and came down towards the bar. The argument was suspended, a hurried consultation was held, and counsel resumed as follows:

"Your Honor, we withdraw our motion for the present: we think we have the evidence at hand. We only ask a few moments for consultation."

——— was hustled into an anteroom, where he took off his boots and ripped the lining at the top, revealing a bundle of papers which proved to be certified copies of the commission of Lieut. Young, and the enlistment papers of the other prisoners regularly signed by the Confederate Secretary of War.

The trial continued to the close; the court held

that the prisoners were belligerents, within the meaning of the law; and they were discharged accordingly.

Secretary Seward brought vigorous measures to bear upon the Dominion government, the newspapers of Canada set up a howl against the men whose conduct was calculated to plunge the country into a broil with the United States, and the upshot was that Parliament was convened in session extraordinary within a week; and an "alien and sedition" law, empowering the Governor General to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of aliens, and order them out of the Dominion within forty-eight hours, was railroaded through Parliament.

Inside forty-eight hours after the passage of the Bill, every Confederate prisoner was making tracks from Canada. Some took their chances to pass through the Federal lines; others drifted into the North and remained there, *incognito*, until the close of the war; while others, the writer among the number, crossed the water with a view to taking passage on a blockade runner and entering a Southern port. While waiting for a vessel to be fitted out at Glasgow, Lee surrendered, and each took his own course in getting home.



PROFESSOR DRISCOLL.

If the reader will consider that St. Albans had, at that time, a population of about three thousand five hundred, that it had an able-bodied male population, fit for military service, of about seven hundred and fifty, that it was located in the heart of the most populous section of the country, honey-combed with railroad and telegraph lines, and that this "Rebel horde" (of twenty-six men) were many hundred miles from their base of supplies, he will agree that, for daring, it stands without a parallel among daring deeds.

Some of the survivors may be able to give a more detailed account of that which I have given in a general way.

Should this meet the eye of Charlie Hemmings, John McInnis, — Collins, of Cynthiana, Ky., or Forney Holt, the writer would like to hear from any or all of them.

TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.—Away back a quarter of a century ago, soon after the great war, Col. J. B. Killebrew, of Tennessee, paid a tribute from which the following is an extract:

* * * But, my fellow citizens, through all, the women of the South have borne their part without repining, and with cheerfulness. In the gloomy days, when all seemed lost, when the very foundations of society were disrupted, the Southern woman was the bright rainbow of promise that spanned the horizon of the future. Her privations, her endurance, the high spirit with which she met danger and sent forth her firstborn to battle for what she conceived the honor of her country, awakened a note of admiration whose reverberations have sounded throughout the world. It was woman's hand and woman's heart that smoothed the pathway of thorny war. After the roaring of the war tempest, when the winds were stilled, and the lightning flash had ceased, and the thunder's roar had passed away, she gathered the bones of her kindred, bedewed them with her tears, and consecrated them with her affection. This sacred duty performed, she accepted cheerfully the hardships of her situation and adapted herself to the changed condition. Oh! there is an instinct and a world of affection in a true woman's heart that is divine! Buoyed up by love, she will cling to her husband with a deathless tenacity through all fortunes. In glory and in gloom, in weal and in woe, in wealth and in poverty, in sunshine and in storm—aye, even on the chill deathbed itself, the last pulsations of her heart will find her faithful to duty, and her last lingering glance will be turned with affectionate interest to the partner of her life.

Dr. E. A. Banks, of New York City, pays tribute to the memory of Capt. Theophilus S. Fontaine:

Captain Fontaine died at his home in Columbus, Ga., December 27, 1896. He was one of the best and bravest soldiers of "The Army of Northern Virginia." The purpose of the writer now is merely to record his name and command, that his memory may, in this appropriate place, be preserved to his State and section. The father of Theophilus was John Fontaine, and his mother was Mary Stewart, a daughter of Charles Stewart, two of the oldest and best families of the old South. Theophilus was a student at Princeton College at the outbreak of the civil war, but returned promptly to his native State and entered the Confederate Army. He was chosen as Second Lieutenant in the Twentieth Georgia Regiment of Benning's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. In all the arduous service and bloody encounters in which his Brigade was engaged during the four succeeding years, Captain Fontaine was ever at his post and bore a conspicuous part. He returned to his home at the end of the war with an enviable reputation as a good and gallant soldier. His last service was at Appomattox, where he, with a remnant of his Regiment, stood ready to do or die for the cause they loved. He became a planter after the war and married Miss Mary Young, a daughter of Col. Wm. H. Young. Both are dead, and left no children.

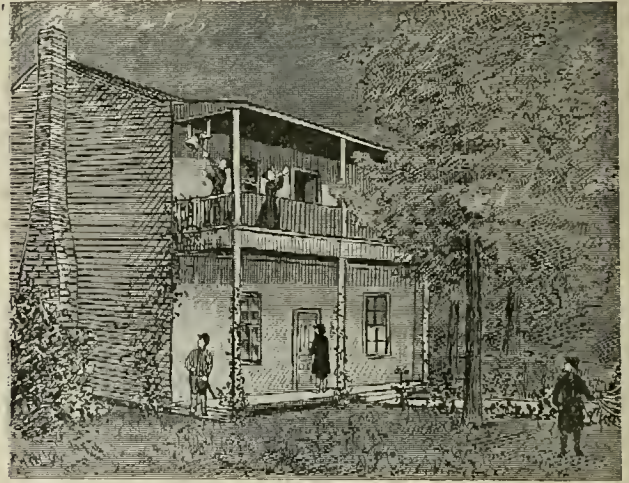
ONE OF JOHN MORGAN'S SCOUTS.

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Did you ever hear of the battle of "Snatch"? It was described to me once by a scout in John Morgan's Cavalry. It was the theme of the cavaliers who regaled it to us around the camp-fire, and its novelty interested me. So I will give it to you as I got it.

"Snatch" is a hamlet in Williamson County, Tenn. General Morgan's Cavalry was stationed at Liberty when Bragg's Army was at Tullahoma and General Forrest at Columbia. The commands of these two Generals guarded for a time the right and left outposts of the Army of Tennessee. An order came to a Lieutenant in Morgan's Cavalry (George C. Ridley, now of Florence, Tex.,) from the General Commanding, to select ten picked men to go via Alexandria, Lebanon and Goodlettsville and as near to Edgefield as practicable, and to send in a messenger *sub rosa* to Nashville to ascertain the location of the Federals, their force and the approaches. It was of but little trouble always to find some woman of Southern blood who was not only willing but glad to do anything to promote the Southern cause; accordingly, the scout pursued his way across the Cumberland, near Payne's Ferry, and found a trusted young lady for the mission. They scattered in the vicinity until her return. In twelve hours she came back with a complete diagram of the Federal works around Nashville, with the location of every regiment and battery, and the exact force. The Lieutenant, upon receiving it, started back post-haste for Liberty, but to his astonishment found out that General Wilder, with a large force of Federal Cavalry, had marched from Murfreesboro via Lebanon and was then on his way, via Alexandria, to meet Morgan at Liberty. He had received private instructions from General Morgan that if he should be cut off after gaining the information, to make his way as rapidly as possible to General Forrest at Columbia, that the two commands contemplated a dash on Nashville. So he changed his course, and struck out for Columbia via Triune. He struck a place called "Snatch," a little hamlet in Williamson County, now changed to Peytonsville. It was nearly nightfall when his scouts reined up at a farmhouse. The Orderly-Sergeant was sent to the house for a guide; he made his approach through a lawn, the house a two-storied frame. A lady came to the door, and, although the Sergeant had seen a man on his approach, yet she said there was no one there to pilot them. It was at a time when the citizens did not know who was a Federal or who was a Confederate. His dress did not indicate it, and the Confederate capturing the Federal would invariably take his overcoat, so that they could not with assurance tell friend from foe; besides, the Federals were killing many of those they caught on suspicion, being in an enemy's country. The scout assured the old lady that they were "Rebel Scouts" trying to get to Columbia, but they could get no guide. The Lieutenant went up and, notwithstanding his earnest protestation, met with the same response. Finally, he told her that he was lost, and must have a guide, that he had seen a man about the house, and must have him. She slammed the

door in his face, and hallooed to her "girls," who occupied a porch in the second-story, to "*ring the bell and blow the horn!*" In an instant, a big old



farm bell began to ring, sounding like "the bell of doom," and a girl blew that horn with the skill of an old-time chicken-peddler. In the stillness it could have been heard for miles. The officer said: "Madam, we are not to be frightened in this way; the guide must come." The bell kept ringing and the horn kept blowing, and there sat the scout parleying for a guide, when suddenly a pattering gallop of horsemen was heard, and the sound of approaching footsteps. Horses were mounted and navies were drawn; it was a company charging upon them, and a running fire ensued for miles. They ran the scouts two hours; it looked like surrender, but the sudden thought availed, the night being dark, to sidle off into a woodland and let them pass. This was done, and the pursuers were evaded; but they were out in a strange woodland without food or shelter, lost, and lay there until near daybreak, not knowing "whence they came nor whither they were going." After parleying over the proposed venture they saw across the fields which encircled the woodland a dim-burning light in a farmhouse. Nothing daunted, they all ventured to try again for more light; so as cautiously as possible they approached this house. A few dismounted and ventured to knock at the door. A female voice inside answered in excited tones: "Who's that?" "Madam, we are Rebel soldiers trying to get to Columbia; we are lost and want a guide." "No guide here! Poke your head in that door, and I'll blow your brains out!" "Madam, we must have a guide, and if you don't open the door, we will have to break it down." Said she: "Martha Ann, ring that bell!" O, a big bell again broke forth, a knell-a-clang-a-dole. It was not the quick tap of the fire bell, but

"Its clanging peals announced the doom,
Lost one! outcast! undone! undone!
Outcast from grace and life and light! undone!
Outcast from love and prayer and heaven! undone!
Outcast from hope and God! undone!"

They mounted their horses, and, by the time all hands were in the saddle, a pattering of horses' feet

again beat upon the air. In a moment bang! bang! went the carbines, and for two solid hours this party was scattering down the road pursued by a persistent set of devils bent on their capture. The next morning the Lieutenant met an acquaintance who had been to see his son in the Confederate Army, and was slipping back through the lines home. After being told that they were on the right road to Columbia, some one of the scout asked him "what they meant down there at 'Snatch' by ringing bells and blowing horns?" The old gentleman said that it was a warning that the Southern citizens gave to "Cross' bushwhacking company," and that our own men had been firing into us all night.

I ventured to submit this to Sergeant Seth Corley, and to the First Lieutenant of Company F, Ward's Regiment, John Morgan's Cavalry, to know if what I remembered was substantially correct, who replied:

"In the main, your account of it is correct, yet you stop 'in the middle of the road.' After we had reached Columbia and delivered the messages to General Forrest, we were making our way back to General Morgan, near McMinnville. On the day following, about sundown, the scouts dispersed to farmhouses for something to eat, with a view of afterwards traveling all night. The Lieutenant and Sergeant Corley were waiting on the pike leading from Eagleville to Shelbyville for said scouts to come up, when a man dressed in citizen's clothes came up to us through a lane approaching the pike. It being twilight, we halted him, and at once grew suspicious that his accent was not that of a Southern man, his manner uneasy and demeanor strained. We demanded of him to give up. He said that he was a citizen and that he was going about ten miles above there to see some of his people. Sergeant Corley began to investigate him, and discovered that he rode a cavalry saddle and bridle and a horse freshly branded U. S. By this time the other men had gotten their square meals and reported. This 'would-be-citizen' we found had a pair of saddlebags, and in one side a Confederate captain's uniform, in the other, a Federal major's, brand new. We took from him two finely mounted six-shooters, and prepared to resume our journey with him to Morgan's camp. The Lieutenant concluded to ride side by side with the captive and pump him a little, the scouts following a distance behind. After riding two or three miles through the country, taking the shortest cuts for our destination, we came into a dark, thick place in a woodland, when bang! went a small Derringer pistol seemingly in the Lieutenant's face. The ball penetrated his hat, and, as quick as lightning, the Lieutenant, on the *qui vive*, dropped him, and the scouts riddled him with balls. One of the men appropriated his boots, and, on examination, found concealed in the top between the lining and outer leather, some orders from the Commander at Nashville to go to Shelbyville and Tullahoma and find out the roads across the mountain and the force of the enemy. These papers, together with a fine black mare, were turned over to General Morgan, who, upon finding the Lieutenant's horse worn out, had him keep the mare."

Thus ended a dangerous scout between the Federal Army at Murfreesboro and Nashville, their base

of supplies, and would have proven fruitful of results had not Morgan been so quickly thereafter called to look after Burnside near Burkesville, and Forrest been sent to West Tennessee. Both of these gentlemen, the Lieutenant and Sergeant, recollect enough of that escapade to have been impressed with what became of the spy, and of the old woman's earnestness when those girls were made to ring that bell and blow that horn.

THE CONFEDERATES AT LOUISVILLE, KY.—The quarterly meeting of the Kentucky Confederate Association was held at Louisville, Tuesday evening, January 12; all the officers and sixty-three veterans were present. After the regular order of business, Secretary Osborne read two lengthy communications regarding the Confederate Memorial Association. A motion prevailed, by acclamation, directing the Secretary to correspond with other Confederate organizations in Kentucky, with a view to establishing a Kentucky Camp at a point not over half a mile from the north end of the bridge at Nashville, and march into that city in a body on the morning of the day that the general Confederate Reunion will begin, the idea being to concentrate all ex-Confederates that now live in that State and march into the city in a body, so that the thousands of strangers visiting the Tennessee Centennial Exposition can get a good look at a big batch of "corn-crackers" from Kentucky that were conspicuous in the great war. "And they say that all individual ex-Confederates who do not belong to an association will be heartily greeted at Camp Kentucky and the ranks on this occasion." Capt. John H. Waller, Treasurer Pettus, Col. Bennett H. Young and others made highly entertaining addresses. At the suggestion of Colonel Young, President Leathers will, between now and the next regular meeting, request twenty-five members to write out the most heroic act they witnessed during the war. If this scheme succeeds similar ones will likely follow at later meetings. It was announced that the Association Choir has been organized with twenty-four of the best male voices in Louisville, and that hereafter it will sing at the regular meetings. One interesting feature of this meeting was the presence of five members of Company I, Fourth Kentucky Infantry—which was just one more than responded to the roll call the morning after the battle of Shiloh. These men were requested to stand up, and upon doing so, were heartily applauded.

J. F. Fore, Pineapple, Ala., responds to Col. D. C. Kelley's call for Gen. N. B. Forrest's old soldiers in January VETERAN. He writes: I am proud that I was one of the first soldiers that joined his old regiment at Memphis, Tenn., being a member of Company A., of the Second Alabama Battalion of Cavalry. W. C. Bacot was my Captain. I am in favor of General Forrest's old soldiers having a grand rally one of the reunion days at the Tennessee Centennial. There are many of Forrest's old soldiers through this section of country who expect to attend the Reunion. Question: Was it this Col. D. C. Kelley who used to preach to Forrest's old regiment in 1862? I knew him well—a good man.

STRANGE PAPER—SINGULAR READING.

Miss Sue M. Monroe, of Wellington, Va., sends a singular document that she "picked up the latter part of the war" and lately came across in an old work basket. The handwriting is tremulous and bears the impression of sincerity. It looks as if a first draft of paper to be copied and then signed officially. There is a signature to it which is obliterated. Whose should it be? Who can tell?

To the HON. G. W. RANDOLPH, Report, &c.
Sec. of War.

Gen. Lee having advised me that orders had been given to Brig.-Gen. Hood to proceed to some point near Port Royal, Caroline County, and report to me, I hastened to that rendezvous, where I found my assistant, Capt. Page, had already arrived with the boat, which was capable of conveying forty persons. That number of my reserves, whom I had ordered to press horses and join me by forced marches, soon after made their appearance, and we were fortunate in getting them in the boat just in time to seize a steamer which had conveyed some stores and troops to the enemy at Fredericksburg. By this means we became possessed also of a very fine rifled cannon of largest size, with full supplies of ammunition and every convenience for mounting, etc. We also found 135 negroes on board and many valuable stores. The work of crossing the river now began and was conducted so rapidly that the men were over almost as fast as they arrived. I made the negroes and other prisoners drag the cannon and ammunition, etc., across to Matthias Point (twenty miles) by means of ropes. At the first hill one of the Yankee officers professed to give out, but inasmuch as the Sergeant in charge shot him down on the spot, we had no further trouble with the rest. I did not regret this event when I learned that this man had lately robbed and burned out a poor widow near Fredericksburg. Among the valuables taken from the Yankee steamer, there were several sheets of boiler iron of remarkable thickness and size, which I ordered to be brought on wagons in rear of the Brigade, and found invaluable for uses hereafter explained.

As soon as I reached the Potomac, I began capturing every vessel that passed. Those which had valuable cargoes, I sent round to Mob Jack Bay and the Rappahannock River to be unloaded and their cargoes sent inland. In this way several cargoes of coffee, salt, sugar, etc., were sent to Richmond. The other vessels were used as transports and then sent up Mashotock Creek.

While our men were crossing, I employed the negroes and Yankees in building an earth and log work over the rifled gun, leaving no entrance save in front. Over that opening I had the boiler iron placed, fastened on an apron of pine logs, and so hinged as to be raised and lowered over the gun to protect the men when not firing. By its being exposed to the fire of the gunboats, at an angle of eighteen degrees, it was capable of throwing off the heaviest shot.

In addition to this, I had the iron greased, and pine bushes planted to hide it from observation. By a little rough treatment, I succeeded in having this done thirty hours from the time of its commencement. Orders were left that after its completion several trenches were to be dug connecting with it and commanding it: each trench was five feet deep, four feet broad, and sixty yards long; they were covered with logs and earth, leaving an opening eight inches wide along the surface of the ground facing the cannon, from which muskets could be fired. No access was to be left to these trenches but through the work which covered the cannon.

By this means, and by storing water and provisions, I secured my men against gunboats and a superior force by land, and could command the river for some days, perhaps weeks. I left only fifty men in charge of Matthias Point. I must here mention a successful and daring exploit of Capt. Grymes, one of my Aids. Having, by mistake, boarded a gunboat, and finding not more than twenty five men on deck, and they unarmed, he ordered his men to seize her. The scuffle was bloody and severe, but short. Loss of the enemy, three officers and seventeen men; Capt. Grymes lost five killed, and twenty-one wounded; and among them one of our best men (Sergeant Jos. Smith). We took sixty-nine prisoners. The gunboat has been placed in the channel to assist in blockading the river. She will, however, make some trips down the Chesapeake to seize and destroy vessels. My orders were to attack *anything* but an iron clad, and to fight only at close quarters. She is chiefly manned by Marylanders; some of them taken from vessels in the river. I left directions to work night and day in enlarging and strengthening Matthias Point fortifications; and to this end they take all materials from the captured vessels. I am just informed they have captured some railroad iron, and two more guns with abundant stores.

It was only two and a half hours from my arrival at Port Royal when I stood on the shores of the Potomac. In another hour my advanced and mounted reserve began to come in and we were soon over on the Maryland shore. At 11 o'clock p.m., I found myself with forty-five officers and men, surrounded and caressed by some hundreds of Maryland gentlemen.

By previous orders the whole county had been picketed, so that no one could move from his place and none could signal the enemy. I mounted my men, and giving orders to have others follow as far as the country could supply horses, I started for B. & W. Railroad. We found the road guarded by a force equal to our own, but as soon as our men began to come up, I directed Capt. Page to surprise them and hold the bridges, and take possession of trains, etc. Gen. Hood, meanwhile, was advancing towards Relay House and Baltimore. His force was already increased to 10,000 men, one-half being mounted. As we advanced, our prisoners and the Annapolis Military store provided abundant arms, and from the latter we brought down some cannon and began an earthwork at the Junction, like that at Matthias Point. We only succeeded in taking

two trains on B. & W., and one on B. & O. R. R., but among our prisoners were Gens. Fitz John Porter and Banks, and Govs. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Pierpont, of Virginia. We also took a large mail and specie. I have sent you 677 prominent Yankees, sixty-five contrabands and \$2,769,571 in specie. Having reached the precincts of Baltimore via railroad early next morning, I placed my advance (256 men and officers) with a train packed full of Baltimore recruits, on cars of B. & Susquehanna R. R., (Northern Central) with orders to picket its whole line and cut off all communication until my men could be safely forwarded to Harrisburg. They were to carry U. S. Flag, and act as if by Mr. Lincoln's orders. All telegraphic communication here and at Philadelphia and Harrisburg has already been cut off by my agents, who preceded me in citizens' dress. I have also sent picked men to set fire to bridges around Philadelphia and other public property and shipping. If any of them are caught they are to avow themselves my soldiers, acting by orders, and if treated with cruelty I will retaliate.

I have just issued the following order: "All residents of Maryland must take the oath of allegiance to S. C. A., or leave the State in ten hours."

The General at Fort McHenry is much perplexed. He cannot fire on the city, inasmuch as I have not entered it, and he fears to attack me, supposing that I have an immense army.

☑ The President is in great consternation at Washington, and if he attempts to run my blockade via Harrisburg, I will catch him.

☐ I have just received advices from Gen. Hood, who, with 8,000, reached Harrisburg on the second night after leaving Port Royal, via railroad. He had only 311 of his own men with him, the rest were Marylanders. His men traveled all night and day from Port Royal, then slept in the cars. Detachments have gone up to secure York and other towns, which are near the railroad.

I have ordered Gen. Hood to destroy all public property, seize all horses, and other goods that can be sent to Virginia; seize all prominent citizens and destroy private property, unless the owners redeem it. He is to say to the people that "their government has ravaged and destroyed life and property in the South; that while we will respect persons, we will destroy property in order to end the war; that we have no desire to do such violence, but a town may be rebuilt, while they cannot restore to us our citizens who have been murdered."

He is to seize all bank property, etc. In fifty hours I shall have 1,200 men in Pennsylvania, and they will send down all the Quartermaster stores they can transport. You will expect as many stores to be delivered at Mob Jack Bay and at Harper's Ferry as you can move in many days.

The enemy will no doubt expect me to remain and be surrounded here, but as soon as I have secured my plunder you will hear of me where they least expect it.

I reopen this dispatch to advise you that we send you \$4,000,000 taken from banks, etc., in Harrisburg, and 3,000 very fine horses, 7,000 fat cattle, and 10,000 (here one line of letter worn out in fold)

are *en route* for Harper's Ferry. They are driven by contrabands and prisoners. I hear that the enemy's gunboats shelled our earthworks at Matthias Point for fourteen hours without any impression, but with serious loss to themselves. Our gunboat sunk three of theirs and was then abandoned.

Yours tr..

BANNER FOR CAMP GILES, U. C. V., OF S. C.

Camp Giles, U. C. V., No. 708, at Union, S. C., is proud of its new banner, presented by Mrs. A. Foster McKissick, of Auburn, Ala. They had quite a formal entertainment in its reception January 4th, and Comrade J. L. Strain, Adjutant of the Camp, made a beautiful speech in presenting it:

Fellow Comrades: The distinguished honor of presenting to you this token of woman's love has been placed upon me, and I realize that this is the grandest and happiest duty of my life. I regret that my faltering lips are unable to give expression to the emotional throbs of my bosom when I look into your faces and remember that this beautiful banner is intended as a souvenir which recalls your heroism and devotion to duty in the darkest hours of our country's peril—when a bloody fratricidal war was being waged against our homes and firesides in which the combined forces of the world were arrayed against us, when the arrival of almost every train brought the intelligence of a murderous battle fought; other wives made widows, and other children fatherless, and our loved ones were often driven to strangers, and even to our enemies, for a miserable shelter from the inclemency of the season.

You have assembled to-day, fellow comrades, to accept at the hands of a worthy daughter of South Carolina, this high testimonial of her admiration of your valor, which made her native State second to none of that grand galaxy of States which fought for Southern rights and Southern independence.

This is the handiwork of Mrs. A. Foster McKissick, Regent of Semmes Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, of Auburn, Ala., and in her name and in behalf of E. P., A. F., and J. Rion, sons of Gen. I. G. McKissick, our gallant Commander, I present this beautiful banner to Camp Giles, U. C. V., and I ask you to see that it always occupies a prominent place in the grand old army of survivors as they meet, from time to time, until the last member has crossed the river and joined the immortal Lee, Jackson and Davis on the unexplored field of eternity.

God bless the noble women of our country, for they are the mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts of heroes who South Carolina has taught how to live and how to die!

Let the memories of the past, the responsibilities of the present, and the hopes of the future bind us closely together, while we teach our children to bow to no being or influence save and except our God and the laws of our country.

And now you will show your appreciation of this beautiful banner by giving three cheers and an old-time Rebel yell.

At the conclusion of the address the Adjutant handed the banner to Commander Jas. T. Douglass, who accepted it graciously in behalf of Camp Giles.

STILL DRINK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

The names below comprise a "mess." It is composed of men who are bound together by the closest ties; having fought, marched, and starved together during the great war, and who have been associated closely, socially and in business, ever since.



R. J. SMALL. LEWIS PEACH.
B. T. ROACH. JNO. M. HALL. G. C. CARMACK.

They retain the "mess" for more fraternal relations than they could have at regimental or even company reunions, and have resolved, while they live, to meet once a year at the home of one of their number and spend an evening and night together. They have business rules in their organization. The next to entertain the mess is made President for that year, and he fixes the time for meeting.

They have a Secretary also, and keep a record. A small fund is kept and is lent to the member who may need it, at low interest.

This year they propose to make a tour of the battlefields and camping grounds, commencing with Shelbyville and ending at Columbia, via Murfreesboro, Lavergne, Nashville, Franklin, and Spring Hill; going in regular camp fashion, and will attend the great reunion at Nashville, en route.

The fraternity of these comrades is pleasing. They are justly proud of their Regiment—the Eight Tennessee Infantry.

Lewis Peach, the senior of the group, was born in 1836; the others are nearly the same age. Hall was born November, 1842; Small, April, 1843; Roach, December, 1843; and Carmack in April, 1844. Their experience in the army would be of interest.

The following is copy of a pass given scouts, such as Sam Davis carried when captured:

Guards and Pickets pass
through all our lines with or without countersign.

BRAXTON BRAGG,

General Commanding.

LET US HAVE CORRECT STATISTICS.

BY JOHN SHIRLEY WARD, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Mr. LaBree, of Louisville, gives in your December number some valuable and instructive statistics in reference to the enlistments of both the Federal and Confederate Armies, as well as the losses of each Confederate State, in killed, deaths from wounds and deaths from disease. One of the chief glories of the South is in her statistics. While Mr. LaBree has stated correctly the relative enlistments on both sides, he has certainly been led into serious errors in his abstract compiled, as he says, from a tabulation made by General Fry, of the Federal Army, of the losses by States in the Confederate Army. To illustrate our objection to this table, we will cite the facts as shown in regard to both North Carolina and Virginia. These statements appear in the table:

North Carolina.....	had 70 regiments in the service
Virginia.....	had 89 regiments in the service
North Carolina, officers killed.....	677
Virginia, officers killed.....	268
North Carolina, men killed.....	13,845
Virginia, men killed.....	5,328
North Carolina, died of wounds, officers.....	330
Virginia, died of wounds, officers.....	200
North Carolina, men died of wounds.....	5,759
Virginia, men died of wounds.....	2,519
North Carolina, died of disease, officers.....	541
Virginia, died of disease, officers.....	168
North Carolina, men died of disease.....	20,081
Virginia, men died of disease.....	6,779

Here we see that seventy North Carolina regiments lost 677 officers killed on the field while eighty-nine Virginia regiments lost only 299 killed, and that while North Carolina with her seventy regiments lost 13,845 enlisted men, killed on the field, Virginia with eighty-nine regiments lost only 5,328 enlisted men, killed on the field, and that while North Carolina lost 330 officers who died from wounds, Virginia lost only 200 officers who died from wounds. When we get down in this table to the men who died from disease we find that North Carolina lost 20,081 men, while Virginia only lost 6,779. This same table gives us a summary of losses as follows:

Total killed.....	52,954
Total died of wounds.....	21,570
Total died of disease.....	59,297

Grand total.....133,821

Though the troops of North Carolina on a hundred fields showed a valor and dash not excelled in military history, though they charged batteries as a pleasant military recreation, yet it is hardly probable that out of a total loss to the entire Confederacy in killed of 52,954 that she contributed 20,612, or that out of 2,086 officers killed in the Confederate Army that she furnished to that list 677, or nearly 33 per cent. of the whole number. This table shows that North Carolina lost 667 officers out of seventy regiments, while Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee lost only 659 officers out of 309 regiments.

Statistics are dangerous things to handle, and as the South is now preparing an accurate history, not only of the Confederacy, but of each one of the States belonging to it, we should be exceedingly careful with our figures.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

D. G. Fleming, Adjutant, Hawkinsville, Ga. January 27, 1897: The Pulaski County Confederate Veterans' Association organized a Camp last spring and had a splendid representation at the Richmond Reunion. Capt. R. W. Anderson, of Anderson's famous battery of the Tennessee Army, is Commander, and the gallant old Eighth Georgia Regiment, of Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, was honored by the election of the writer as Adjutant. We gave the Camp the name of "J. M. Manning," in honor of the lamented Colonel of the Forty-ninth Georgia Regiment, who illustrated Pulaski County, and fell at the head of his regiment at Cedar Run, Va., in 1862. A few of that illustrious regiment still reside in this city and community; also many of the descendants of those who have since joined the beloved Colonel. Our Camp will be well represented at the reunion in your city in June.

I will try in the near future to give a brief sketch of the Eighth Georgia Regiment (Bartow's) for the columns of the VETERAN. . . . I hope members of other commands in the Army of Northern Virginia will also prepare sketches and other items for the VETERAN. This is the only objection I have ever found to the VETERAN—the principal events being confined almost entirely to the Tennessee Army; but, comrades, this is not the fault of the VETERAN or its editor. The fault is ours, and let us remedy the defect by frequent contributions. Dr. J. Wm. Jones has done his part, and occasionally another writer from our department has given an item, which of course we appreciate, but we want at least half the VETERAN each issue filled with accounts of our experience in Virginia. I am also thankful to the writer of "Charming Nellie" series of letters, which I much enjoy, having been in the same division with the Texas Brigade, and went through pretty much the same experiences.

Let us "get a move on us," and help the VETERAN in every way we can.

J. Mace Thurman, who was a member of the Fifty-third Tennessee Regiment, now of Lynnville, Tenn., pays tribute to the late Mrs. Wilson: I very much appreciate the picture and sketch of Mrs. Annie B. Wilson in the January VETERAN. She waited on me six weeks in the Blind Asylum Hospital at Jackson, Miss. I have often wondered what had become of her. I value her picture, alone, above the price of the VETERAN for a year.

Ben F. Loftin, who gave a leg to the Confederacy, writes, Nashville, Tenn., January 27: The communication of Comrade J. M. Lynn, of Crystal Falls, Tex., and this very cold weather remind me forcibly of the scenes that transpired around Fort Donelson, February, 1862. My Regiment (the Thirty-second Tennessee) supported Graves' Battery on the right, the left of the regiment being in the ditches under the guns. After completing our breastworks, I knelt down in the ditch, with my head resting against a wheel of Graves' rifle, to take a nap. I had slept long enough for my clothes to freeze to the

ground, when the cannon was discharged at a sharpshooter. I jumped up, minus part of my pants, wondering what was the matter. The boys had the laugh on me. Pants were scarce; after dark I drew another pair, but don't tell how I got them.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, McAlester, I. T.: A member of Jeff-Lee Camp, No. 68, U. C. V., desires to know the whereabouts of any of the family of Col. James Lewis, who was an old resident of Tennessee, somewhere within about fifty miles of Nashville. Judge S. E. Lewis, McAlester, I. T., who makes the inquiry, was reared in this country, his father, John Thomas Watson Lewis, having come from Tennessee about 1831. Judge Lewis desires to find some of his people, and any information given him will be thankfully received.

BRIDGING THE BLOODY CHASM.

J. V. Grief, Paducah, Ky., writes of the event:

In the fall of 1864 a fierce battle was fought at Pleasant Hill, La., in which the Confederates were victorious. The Confederate Mounted Infantry charged through showers of grape and canister on a battery of 100 guns, riding down or bayoneting the artillerymen at their guns. Nearly the whole Federal force was killed, wounded or captured. General Magruder, Commander of the Confederate forces, treated the prisoners very kindly and paroled and sent them under flag of truce into the Federal lines. Of the Federal force at the battle of Pleasant Hill was the Thirty-fourth Indiana Volunteer Infantry (Morton Rifles.) But twenty-five men of the regiment escaped; the balance being captured, paroled and sent back into the Federal lines.

General Magruder died some years since and is buried in Virginia. The survivors of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Regiment are raising a fund to erect a monument over his grave. They have now raised \$600, and hope to unveil the monument on Decoration day of next year. The inscription will be: "Erected to the memory of General Magruder, C. S. A., by the Morton Rifles, Thirty-fourth Indiana Regiment Volunteer Infantry, mustered into the United States service September 4, 1861, at Anderson, Ind., and mustered out February 3, 1867, at Brownsville, Tex., as a token of their appreciation of his kindness to prisoners of war."

Mr. R. G. Wood of Cincinnati, O., is Chairman of the Monument Committee. A Louisville, Ky., firm will erect the monument.



Contributors who have sent long articles and expect them to be in the March number, may be disappointed, as it will take many pages to contain the items and short articles that should have been in the February. Do, please, write concisely.

DR. SAMUEL T. EVANS.

A Noted Soldier who Served with the Gallant Pelham.

Samuel T. Evans was born in Floyd County, Va., January 9, 1847. His father, Dr. S. A. J. Evans,

was a prominent physician, and his mother was Miss Sallie Jackson, a sister to Capt. Jas. W. Jackson who killed the celebrated Col. Ellsworth at Alexandria, Va., in 1861. Colonel Ellsworth, it will be recalled, with a portion of his command took possession of Alexandria, and became offended at Captain Jackson for having a Confederate flag flying over his hotel. Ellsworth went to the top of the building, secured the flag, and was coming down with



it wrapped around his body—when Captain Jackson who was asleep at the time the Federals went up after the flag, seized a gun and shot him dead; then he was in turn shot to death.

Dr. Evans was a brother of fighting "Bob Evans" of the United States Navy—the two engaged on opposite sides during the great war and Dr. Evans was an assistant surgeon in the United States Navy sometime during the seventies, but resigned his position and resumed the practice of his profession at Union City, Tenn., continuing until his death, January 9, 1890.

Dr. Evans was educated in the schools of Virginia, including the University of Virginia, and graduated at Washington University at Baltimore, Md. He was married to Miss Sue A. Coffin, a most estimable lady, in 1875, by which marriage there are three sons, Samuel T., John C., and Robley D., all of whom, with his wife, survive him.

DR. EVANS' CAREER AS A SOLDIER.

When the tocsin of war sounded in 1861, he joined Pelham's Battery of Stuart's Horse Artillery, and all through the stirring stormy scenes from the first battle of Bull Run to Fredericksburg he fought with valor, and was the highest type of soldier.

He had been promoted for meritorious service and gallantry until he was a lieutenant in this celebrated battery. He was wounded at Fredericksburg and disabled for several months, by a bursting shell which made a horrible wound, afflicting him as long as he lived and which finally caused his death.

Many times has the writer heard from the lips of this modest and unassuming man descriptions and

reminiscences of battles and noted soldiers and characters of the Army of Northern Virginia. He was a man of fine descriptive powers, and one could almost feel the presence of Jackson and Lee, Jeb. Stuart, Pelham and Breathed, the brave, chivalrous leader who succeeded Pelham in command of Stuart's Horse Artillery, as Dr. Evans related the stirring scenes of that eventful and unhappy time.

One section of Stuart's Horse Artillery was manned by Frenchmen—who always sang the "Marseillaise Hymn" in battle—chief among these was "Dominick," who was noted for his cool, invincible courage, and who is mentioned by John Esten Cooke in his "Surrey of Eagle's Nest."

Dr. Evans and Dominick were great chums. Dr. Evans, though a mere boy, was very proficient in artillery tactics—so one day Dominick proposed that they both assume the position of No. 1 at their respective guns and see who could load and fire the gun in the shortest time, of course according to the manual—the Doctor beat Dominick and thereby won anew his love and devotion. This intrepid Frenchman, after fighting through all the fierce and bloody battles up to Petersburg, suddenly disappeared and his fate was never known.

Dr. Evans said he last saw him during the siege of Petersburg, that he was very despondent, having been dismounted and deprived of a horse he had used for a long time. On meeting Evans, Dominick said, "Sammie, dey take my horse, put me down in company Q. Damn, me no fight any more." Sure enough he was seen no more in that army where he had fought so bravely and faithfully. His fate deeply interests those who knew him. Dominick was as famous in the Army of Northern Virginia as the big Grenadier who followed the fortunes of the Little Corporal so long and always spoke so plainly to Napoleon, even after he became Emperor of the French. Those who have read Lever's "Tom Burke of Ours" will recall him.

COURIER BETWEEN PRESIDENT DAVIS AND GEN. LEE.

After recovering from the terrible wound received at Fredericksburg, Dr. Evans was made a "special courier" between President Davis and Gen. Lee, and in this capacity he served until the end of the war. He was the courier who carried the last dispatch sent by Gen. Lee to Mr. Davis just before the evacuation of Petersburg, and that reached the President while he was attending Divine Services on that fateful Sunday morning in Richmond. I now have a faded paper, giving Dr. Evans' facilities for transportation as courier. It reads as follows:

Transportation Office, C. S. A., Richmond, Va.,
June 26th, 1863.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that the bearer hereof, S. T. Evans, of Stuart's Horse Artillery, has been detailed in this Office and is employed as one of the regular couriers between Richmond and Staunton, with dispatches for Gen. Lee, and it is requested that officers and others will afford him all necessary facilities in the premises—By order of the Quartermaster General.

D. H. WOOD, Major and Quartermaster.

Another faded slip of paper written in a small, beautiful hand reads thus:

Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia, 1st October, 1863.

Pass Samuel T. Evans, special courier between these Headquarters and the Adjutant and Inspector General's office at Richmond, until further orders.

By command of General Lee,

E. H. CHILTON,

Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General.

A beautiful and touching souvenir is a letter from President Davis. After the Doctor was stricken with paralysis in 1886, he bought three copies of the New Testament and sent them to Mr. Davis, requesting him to write in them, and in returning the Testaments, Mr. Davis wrote with his own hand the following:

BEAUVOIR, MISS., 17th December, 1886.

DR. S. T. EVANS, My Dear Sir:—I have received the pretty little copies of the New Testament you sent to me and have written in each, as you requested, the name of one of your sons and under it my own, and they have this day been returned to you by post. After reading your letter I had no difficulty in recalling you, and Mrs. Davis also most kindly remembered you as the handsome, spirited boy who so often came as a special messenger from Gen. R. E. Lee. I sincerely regret that your old wound should have caused your present disability, and wish, though you do not encourage me to hope, that your natural vigor may, by God's help, be restored. Time and especially the cruel treatment I endured as a prisoner after the war have changed me much since we last met, but the decay of the body has not reached my heart and the affection I feel for those who dared and sacrificed so much for the cause of constitutional liberty will never be less while life endures. Accept my congratulations on your possession of three sons to uphold your declining years, and with constant prayers for you and yours, I am, Faithfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

After being stricken with paralysis, Dr. Evans continued to practice medicine and surgery, being carried about in his invalid chair. He enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him as a skillful, able physician. In the latter part of the year 1889, a second stroke of that dread disease overtook him and hastened his death.

PRESENT OFFICERS VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.—The officers elected at the Warrenton, Va., Convention for Virginia Division were: President, Miss Mary Amelia Smith, of "Black Horse" Chapter, Warrenton, Va.; Vice President, Mrs. Eliza Selden Washington Hunter, of "Mary Custis Lee" Chapter, Alexandria, Va.; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. G. C. Lightfoot, of "Culpeper" Chapter, Culpeper Court House, Va.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Sallie Magruder Stewart, "Portsmouth" Chapter, No. 30, Portsmouth, Va.; Treasurer, Mrs. James Williams, of "Shenandoah" Chapter, Woodstock, Va.; Registrar, Miss Gertrude Howard, of "Lucy Minor Otey" Chapter, Lynchburg, Va.; Historian, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, of "Seventeenth Virginia Regiment" Chapter, Alexandria, Va.

THE LAST TIME I SAW GENERAL FORREST.

Rev. E. C. Faulkner, Searcy, Ark.:

It was at the battle of Dixie Station, or Ebenezer Church, in Alabama, April 1, 1865. The artillery, Morton's Battery, I think, occupied the big road leading from Montevallo to Selma, the Eighth Kentucky on the left and the Third Kentucky on the right of the battery. About forty or fifty of Wilson's Command charged over the battery and attacked General Forrest and Staff a short distance in the rear of the guns. Forrest was cut across the face with a saber and his horse shot in several places so that he died that evening. Forrest stuck his saber through the man killing him upon the spot. When the hand-to-hand contest was over Forrest rode up in the rear of our regiment, the blood dripping from his saber, and said: "Boys, I have bloodied this old blade again, and the first man that runs I will stick it through him." A private standing near me (regret that I have forgotten his name) turned upon the General and said with indignation: "General Forrest, I give you to understand that this is the Eighth Kentucky. We are not running stock." General Forrest made a most polite bow and said: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I did not know the regiment when I spoke." In a few minutes we were into it heavily, and, as Forrest fell back, about sixty of us were surrounded and captured on the field. The next day was the battle of Selma, the last battle of Forrest's Cavalry.

I see in January VETERAN an inquiry from Comrade J. H. Cottrell, Owensboro, Ky., in regard to Kelley who escaped from the Federals at Hopkinsville, in the spring of 1863. His name is J. Ed. Kelley and he still lives in Cadiz, Trigg County, Ky. We were reared in the same neighborhood, belonged to the same Company B, (Eight Kentucky), of Forrest's Cavalry.

I have often heard him speak of that marvelous escape, and how he tramped that night barefooted, bareheaded and thinly clad, until he reached his home, twenty miles away. His mother was a widow lady of some means, and when he returned to our camp in Mississippi he was the best clothed man in the regiment.

STORY BY CORPORAL TANNER.—After concluding his great speech at the Richmond reunion, Corporal Tanner (Union Veteran) sat, for a time quite exhausted, on the rear of the platform. There he met Captain Teaney, of Pulaski City, as told by the Baltimore Sun, who served in the famous Stonewall Brigade. Teaney, who was clad in a worn and faded suit of gray, said to Corporal Tanner:

"I was offered a new and handsome black suit to wear on this occasion, but declined it. You see railroad accidents are frequent, and I might be killed in one of them. In this event when I appeared at the gates of Heaven, Lee and Jackson would charge me with having deserted my colors, and would turn their backs on me. Should I go to the other place, old Jube Early would spurn me in his usual emphatic language for the same reason."

SHE DID WHAT SHE COULD.

Miss Mary Carlisle Cherry, born at Cherry Valley, Tenn., in 1815, died at the residence of her half-brother, Rev. W. D. Cherry, Nashville, January 8, 1896.

Her father, Rev. John M. Cherry, changed his residence from Wilson County, Tenn., to Athens, Ala., in her childhood. The death of her mother, in 1826, broke the family circle, and she was reared by her brother, Gen. Willis Cherry, in North Mississippi. She was left dependent upon her own exertions in young womanhood, and she entered with a will upon life's duties. Favored with a fine voice and fine social qualities, she soon became a successful teacher. She was a zealous Christian, and often gave renewed courage to her brothers, Revs. S. M. and W. D. Cherry, Methodist Ministers. She was gifted in prayer as well as song, and rendered much valuable service in revivals of religion.

During the great war Miss Cherry was ever active

in the cause of the South. She visited and administered to the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Memphis, and after its occupation by the Federals she secured such favorable regard of their officials as to be permitted to take cotton through the lines, dispose of it, and with the proceeds do much for Confederates in Northern hospitals. It is said that she secured and applied as much as \$30,000 in this way, while adding from

her own means as liberally as she could afford. She visited President Davis during the war and had his expressions of gratitude, which she ever esteemed. Stacks of letters from Confederates during and succeeding the war were preserved, and many times gone over with interest and comfort.

Many of the Fort Donelson and other prisoners who were sent down the Mississippi River for exchange in 1862 will recall her joyous greetings and songs of "a better day coming" on the wharf at Memphis. She died in the comfort of having been a faithful servant to her people and her God.



MISS MARY C. CHERRY.

FIRST TRIBUTE TO SAM. DAVIS.

Col. J. B. Killebrew, who was for years Commissioner of Agriculture for Tennessee, wrote the first article for public print in regard to Samuel Davis after the war. For the VETERAN he states:

I was in Pulaski on Monday, June 5, 1871. I rode all over the county gathering information about its material resources. During this work I had frequent interviews with Mr. James McCallum, a leading lawyer of the place, and during one of the interviews he related to me the story of Sam Davis. When I returned to Nashville I wrote a long article on the resources of Giles County, which

was published in three installments in the Union and American, beginning June 30 and ending July 4, 1871. The last installment contained the written narrative of the tragedy of Sam Davis.

The following extracts from that sketch are herein copied:

* * * He died with the calmness of a philosopher, the sternness of a patriot, and the serene courage of a martyr. Never did a deeper gloom spread over any community than did over that of Pulaski when Davis' tragic fate was made known. The deed was openly and boldly stigmatized by the common soldiers as a needless assassination; men and women in every part of the town indulged in unavailing moans, and even the little children, with terror depicted on their countenances, ran about the streets weeping with uncontrollable grief. No man ever awakened a deeper sympathy. His sad fate is one of the touching themes of the country; and whenever his name is mentioned, the tear rises unbidden to the eye of the oldest as well as of the youngest. His memory is embalmed among the people as a self-immolated martyr to what he conceived a pure and holy duty—the preservation of the sacredness of confidence. This case furnished a melancholy example of the atrocities still permitted under the usages of civilized warfare.

CONCERNING THE RE-UNION.

By General Order, No. 182, from Gen. John B. Gordon, the Seventh Annual Re-union of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in Nashville on 22nd, 23rd and 24th of June next. An Executive Committee on entertainment has been appointed and is at work making such preparations as we hope will make the re-union a success.

Those who contemplate coming will do well to communicate with the Committee. There is plenty of vacant ground, convenient to the city and the Centennial grounds, which is suitable for camps. From time to time such information as will be of interest to those who expect to attend will be given out by circulars and through the press.

It is our wish to make the re-union enjoyable to all who attend in every respect. A very large crowd is expected, whereas we may not be able to provide such accommodations as we would like to give our visitors, still we hope it will under the circumstances be satisfactory to all who come and that any shortcomings will be overlooked.

Any communication in regard to the re-union will receive prompt attention, by addressing

J. B. O'BRYAN, Chairman,
Box 439, Nashville, Tenn.

J. T. Lyon, Ashburn, Va., inquires for the comrade who promised an account of the operations of Quantrell and his noted band. This would certainly be very interesting.



The compilation of historic truths, by Dr. J. Wm. Jones, in this VETERAN will impress young readers profoundly. It will subdue the idea that "might makes right," and it will put some people to thinking that even our fellow-citizens at the North may not be as perfect as has been claimed.

Mr. Billings's personal correspondence has been exceedingly pleasant, and the VETERAN is most cordial in dividing space between him and Dr. Jones. By the way, Mr. Billings is "Colonel" now, having been appointed on the Governor's Staff to the rank, and he may feel all the more at home in the South at our Exposition.

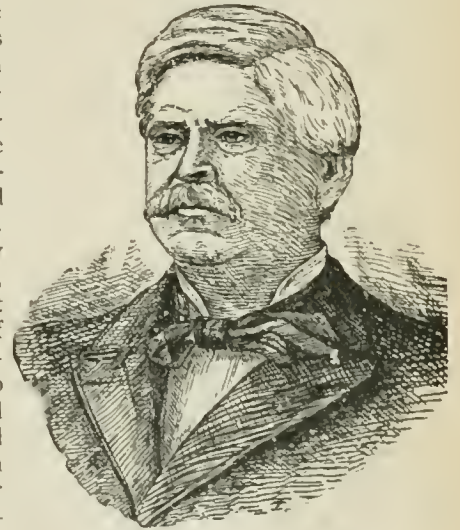
FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE.

Comrade James M. Ray, of the Zebulon Vance Camp, U. C. V., Asheville, N. C., writes an interesting letter concerning the coming reunion in June. He had an experience somewhat similar to that of the writer reported in the proceedings soon after the great gathering at Richmond last year, and suggests that officials in charge here should be genial and broad-gauged men:

The greatest complaint of the Richmond management I heard, was the preference given to "Virginians" in everything. As the host this was thought not to have been in the best taste. In the parade Virginia seemed to have the post of honor; at the grand concert this same thing, the front and most desirable seats in many instances being filled by Richmond families, children and nurses predominating, and old veterans crowded back to the undesirable standing room. It was here that I lost my temper. * * * When anything is given for the entertainment of the veterans they should have precedence and not left to scramble and to chance for seats or positions. Another thing seriously complained of at Richmond was the exorbitant charges for certain things, and, for instance, the horses used in the parade—\$5 each was charged—many parties paying it that were not able, and some going on foot that should have been mounted, because they could not pay the charge. Some of the horses furnished, too, would have been well-sold at \$10 or \$15. Our general's staff had sent them four old heavy-footed draft horses. Now, will Nashville not do better in this matter? The work is comparatively light for

horses, they are used possibly three hours, and the charge should be reasonable—say \$2—no one would object to paying this. We are trying to work up a good attendance at next meeting, and I think will succeed. Many of our Camps are going to take tents and take it old soldier style. Some of us tried that at Richmond and enjoyed it immensely. We mean to have some old war-time music—fife and drum—and will take with us an old bullet-riddled and shell-torn flag that went through fifty-seven battles, and it is expected that it will be borne by one of the original color-guards that carried it in many of the engagements alluded to. We also expect to have with us a man who served with the "woman soldier" in the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, then commanded by our Zebulon Vance.

Comrade Ray's criticisms are given in part that Nashville and Tennessee may be all the more diligent to avoid similar errors. It has already been decided, however, that in the order of parade Tennessee will not go in front, and that she will follow North Carolina—her noble mother—and that may be the occasion for having the place in the ranks next to the last. Other comrades will excuse Tennesseans if they give special prominence to the "Old North State."



ZEBULON B. VANCE.

WHO "SUE MUNDAY" REALLY WAS.—R. M. J. Arnette, Lee, Miss.: I have been very much interested in Captain Ridley's letters and especially his account of the Southern heroines. I have waited for some one to correct an error he made in regard to "Sue Munday." Captain Ridley certainly knows enough about Gen. John H. Morgan's Command not to have left the impression that "Sue Munday" was a heroine only in name. As I understood it "Sue Munday" was Jerome Clark, son of the Hon. Beverly L. Clark, of Franklin, Ky., who died while United States Minister to Guatemala, C. A. Jerome Clark was a member of Company A, the old Squadron, and was noted for his remarkably fine and feminine features. The boys in camp frequently called him "Sissie." They dressed him up one day as a lady and introduced him to General Morgan as "Miss Sue Munday," thinking they could fool their dashing Chief, but that was never done. After enjoying the joke with the boys for a while, he said to them: "We will have use for Miss Sue"—and he did, too.

The above was submitted to Captain Ridley, but he had already found out his error.

VALUED TRIBUTE TO THE VETERAN.

Rev. H. W. Bolton, of Chicago, Visits Nashville.

The picture on this page will be a pleasant surprise to Confederate readers who were fortunate enough to attend the dedication of Confederate Monument in Chicago, May 30, 1895. The many eminent Confederate leaders who were present will be glad to see the face of the Union Veteran who presided so happily and efficiently on that great occasion in the presence of fifty thousand people.



Rev. Horace Wilbert Bolton was born away up in Maine, in 1839, did two years service in the Federal Army, and at the close of the war entered the ministry in the Methodist Church. He is eminent as preacher and lecturer, and has published many books, among which are "Home and Social Life," "Patriotism," "Fallen Heroes," and "Reminiscences of the War." Dr. Bolton came to Nashville recently for rest and for change. The Frank Cheatham Bivouac attended services at a Southern Methodist Church, where he had been invited to preach.

A pleasant surprise came in a letter from him to a gentleman who is much interested in the VETERAN, in which he signs himself as Past Commander U. S. Grant Post. No. 28, Chicago, Ill. Northern business men who seem afraid to patronize the VETERAN, might take courage by carefully considering the above:

DEAR FRIEND:—I have just finished reading the December and January numbers of the VETERAN, which is so ably edited and published by my personal friend, S. A. Cunningham. I am more than pleased with the spirit of patriotism found in every article. Though a loyal soldier in the Federal Army for more

than two years and an active member of the G. A. R., I have long felt there was no cause for strife or feeling between the boys who composed the bravest, best organized and most loyal armies ever brought into deadly conflict. There is no issue before the American people now on which they can afford to be divided territorially. The great problems of to-day are not local in any sense. The one great central question now confronting us is, how can we utilize all elements and the national peculiarities of all persons so as to strengthen our common brotherhood in defense of the principles and institutions we have inherited. Every leader should be able to say with the immortal Patrick Henry: "I am a Virginian, but, more, I am an American!" I commend this magazine because of that spirit. While it is true to Confederate Veterans and Southerners generally, it is more; it truly has "charity for all and malice toward none." My "reception" in the sixties was hearty, and I have found no truer, more manly and Christian friendliness than has been extended to me by the Confederate Veterans in your city.

The VETERAN is certainly doing much towards a better knowledge of the men who fought, which is only necessary to the best relations existing among men. You can trust men who fought for their convictions. I wish every man among our G. A. R. Posts and Bivouac Camps, North and South, who feels called on to discuss the movements and motives of the heroes of the civil-war, were a reader of this excellent magazine. Say to my friend, to whom I am under obligations for kindness, that if there is any way I can serve him to command me.

No one thing gave me more pleasure than the presence of Cheatham Bivouac in a body to hear me preach at Tulip-Street M. E. Church.

Dr. Henri Blakemore, of Saltillo, Tenn., sends a clipping from the West Tennessee Whig, and the theme is commended as a worthy one for the pen of a Southern writer:

In one the battles of Virginia a gallant young soldier had fallen, and at night, just before burying him, a letter came from his betrothed. The letter was laid on the breast of the dead soldier, the young comrade in placing it there using these words: "Bury it with him. He'll see it when he wakes." Shall we not hear from some capable poet on the theme here suggested: "He'll see it when he wakes."

This is given in the VETERAN with the greatest of pleasure, as it offsets that interesting reply to the letter of a young lady telling her:

"Your letter came, but came too late,
For Heaven had claimed its own."

Wm. C. Knocke, 209 Madison Street, Waukesha, Wis.: Could you possibly give me any information as to known survivors of the "Albemarle," or any that may have seen her destruction?

Granville Goodloe, Arkadelphia, Ark.: Who can give me the address of Col. Wm. Deloney, or some member of his family? He is mentioned in the January VETERAN as an officer of Cobb's Georgia Legion, C. S. A.

A SOUTHERN ARTIST.

A delightful incident occurred at Nashville at a gathering of delegates from the various Tennessee Camps and Bivouacs, who met to make preparation for the great reunion in June, in formally honoring a Confederate daughter who has made fame for herself and her State as an artist.



Mrs. Willie Betty Newman was born near the historic old battleground of Murfreesboro, and was a student at Soule College in her early girlhood. Later she attended Greenwood Seminary, near Lebanon, and it was there that the talent as a genius in art was developed. She pursued art studies with diligence, and eight years ago she made her residence in Cincinnati for that purpose. Her excellent work induced the Trustees of the Art Museum, of that city to arrange for her to study abroad. She went to Paris in 1891, and studied in the Julien School under Beaugereau and Constant, eminent masters.

She brought from Paris some paintings that have surprised the local world of art. One of these, "Le Pain Benit," (Passing the Holy Bread) was being exhibited in Nashville, and the veterans were so pleased as to pass resolutions in her honor.

Prof. J. B. Longman, an artist of fine repute, writes of them:

The exhibition of three of the paintings of Mrs. Willie Betty

Newman which attracted so much attention in the Jackson Building a few days ago, has been the means of arousing the art spirit in the community to a height not equaled in years. To find among us a daughter of Tennessee who has achieved so much in so short a time and is possessed of so high a degree of power, awakens in our hearts not only admiration, but a feeling of patriotic pride and a desire to assist her in achieving all that her high endowments promise, if afforded the opportunity of full development.

A Cincinnati paper states:

The most notable and beautiful collection of paintings that has been put on exhibition here in years is that of Mrs. Willie Betty Newman, a resident of Nashville, Tenn., former student in the Cincinnati Art Academy. The gallery was simply thronged all day with the most cultured and prominent people of the city, as well as all of the artists; and it was with no little pride that Prof. Noble, of the Art Academy, her master, heard extolled the praises of his brilliant young pupil.

It is interesting to note that among the several thousand students that have been in the Academy since her entrance eight years ago, that among the very few that have given evidence of extraordinary talent, none have equaled Mrs. Newman, and among the women none have shown the same refinement, the same delicate, womanly feeling or the same exquisite talent, and her facility for color was evident in her earliest studies, as is shown in the figure of the old woman which was painted under Prof. Noble in the Academy here, and which was honored with a place in the Paris Salon of 1891. * * *

The canvas of "The Foolish Virgin" is also a beautiful conception, with the figure of a beautiful young woman leaning against a wall, the light of day falling from a window across from the one side, and the warm glow from the lamps of the wise ones on the other side makes a beautiful harmony of color, and again this picture leaves nothing of the story untold. The solitary figure tells all.

"Le Pain Benit" (Passing the Holy Bread) occupies the entire wall, which was accorded a place

of honor in the Salon of 1894, and was spoken of in the highest praise by the French journals, is a beautiful work, and shows, like her others, a most refined conception.

Her wonderful proficiency as a draughtsman is nowhere better expressed than in the red charcoal drawing, which, though it is much to say, could not be better accomplished by any master.

There are, besides these canvases, a number of marvelously beautiful heads drawn from life and several little sketches and school studies, which show the progress the artist has made during her time of study.

Of the little head, "The Daughter of the Sailor," a Salon picture of '94, the great Constant, in praising it declared that it was a little head that would live after the artist was gone.



Before Retiring....

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effectual remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is

THE PILL THAT WILL.

AMBROTYPE FROM MALVERN HILL.

Mr. E. C. Hambright, of the Cumberland (Md.) News, sends the following account of an old picture:

Postmaster Kean has received from Mr. E. A. Lorbeer, of Yallaka, Fla., an ambrotype picture of a lady apparently about twenty-five years of age. The picture is in a clasp-case, and was picked up on the battlefield of Malvern Hill in 1862 by Mr. Lorbeer's brother. The picture shows the lady as having on a plaid waist, with white collar, and two black velvet stripes from the neck to the waist, which is encircled by a black belt. A long curl rests on each shoulder, and the rosy cheeks, black eyes and dark brown hair show her to have been a beautiful woman. Behind the picture is a lock of hair wrapped in paper, and written with pencil, in a lady's hand, are the words: "Cumberland, Aug. 1862, Monday afternoon, Aug. 11."

The object of Mr. Lorbeer in sending the picture to Postmaster Kean is to locate the owner, if possible, and restore the property; or if she be dead, then to her relatives.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Harvey Laney, the News will exhibit an enlarged copy, made by him, and will be pleased to show the same, in hope of discovering the identity of the original.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Its scope briefly stated by Mr. Herman Justi, Chief of Publicity Department: * * *

The United States Government, by act of Congress, has provided for the admission, free of duty, all goods from foreign countries intended for exhibition, and this information has been transmitted by the Department of State, together with an invitation to participate, to all foreign governments, many of which have already accepted. Every State in the Union will be represented by exhibits, and most of them will provide State buildings.

The clamor for space makes sure a vast and interesting exhibition of the industries and resources of the United States, and as Nashville is in the center of a rich, fertile and well settled territory, a large attendance is assured. In fact, Nashville is within a night's ride of a population of between ten and eleven millions, and in addition to this, between eighty and one hundred national associations of every character and kind will meet here in annual convention between the first day of May and the first day of November, 1897. * * *

We are having the co-operation of many of the leading railroad lines of the country, and we are extremely anxious to enlist them all without exception. In view of all these facts, I am unable to see why the attendance at the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition should not exceed that of any other Exposition in this country, the World's Fair at Chicago, only, excepted.

Diligence will be exercised to give more space to the Exposition after this.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

The following poem was written by Gen. Wm. H. Lytle, U. S. A., who fell at Chickamauga. He was buried with honors by the Confederates, and these verses obtained a wide circulation in the Southern press, with honorable mention of his name.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, oh, queen! support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions,
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys,
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star shall lose its ray—
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away—

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within a widowed home.
Seek her—say the gods have told me—
Altars—augurs—circling wings—
That her blood with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
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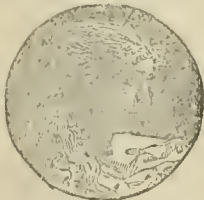
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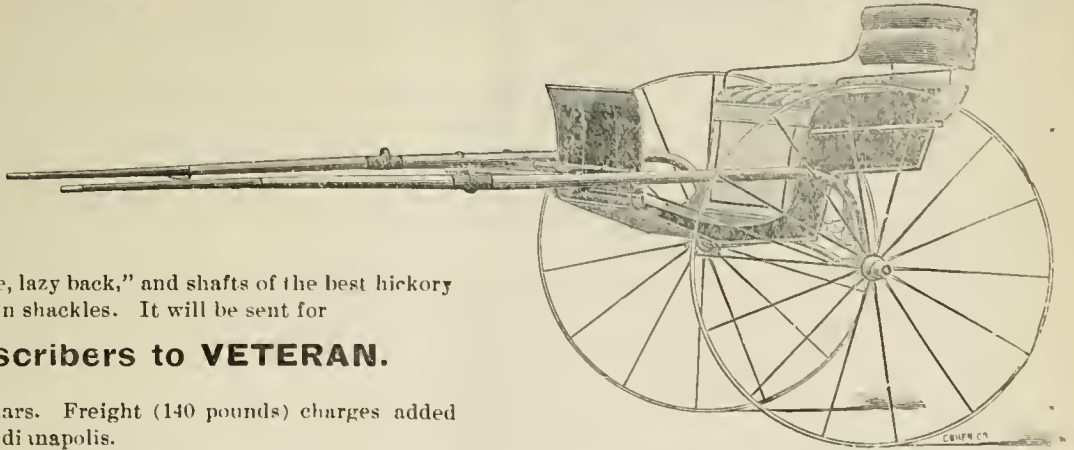
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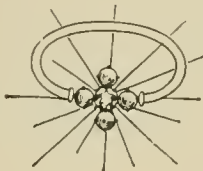
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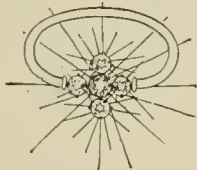
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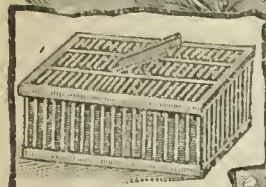
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Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1897.

No. 3. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR. }



LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, AS IT APPEARED DURING THE WAR.

In another number an account of the removal of this historical old building to Chicago may be expected.

AMERICAN VALOR AT CHICKAMAUGA.

It is pleasing, in connection with the tribute to Gen. H. V. Boynton on page 120 of this *VETERAN*, to quote from Col. George E. Purvis, in the *Chattanooga Times*, an account of the inception of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park in honor of Gen. Boynton:

. . . It was an inspiration, born of a noble mind, whose patriotic breadth overlapped the extensive battle-fields and reached from ocean to ocean, comprehending in its scope all the noble attributes that belong to the very highest American manhood.

It was Gen. Boynton's aspiration to perpetually and permanently memorialize in bronze, marble, and steel the heroism of both armies, causing the children and grandchildren and posterity through all coming time to realize the height, breadth, and depth of American valor.

He tells the story of the Heaven-sent conception in a modest but most pleasing manner of how, on a Sunday morning in the summer of 1888, he visited the Chickamauga battle-field with an old comrade in arms, and, on reaching the Cloud House, on the northern boundary of the field, there fell upon the silent summer stillness the voice of worshipers in a church near by, raised in sacred, solemn song. The last music that they had heard in that vicinity was a quarter of a century before, made up of the screech, rattle, roar, and thunder of a hell of battle, loading the air with horror; and these sounds had lived through all the intervening years, making the memory a horrid nightmare.

Now, in an instant, as with a flash, fancy peopled those woods and fearful scenes with the fearful horrors of that other Sunday, when the very demons of hell seemed abroad, armed and equipped for the annihilation of mankind. They saw again the charging squadrons, like great waves of the sea, dashed and broken in pieces against lines and positions that would not yield to their assaults. They saw again Baird's, Johnson's, Palmer's, and Reynolds's immovable lines around the Kelley farm, and Wood on the spurs of Snodgrass Hill; Brannan, Grosvenor, Steedman, and Granger on the now famous Horseshoe; once more was brought back to their minds' eye, "the unequalled fighting of that thin and contracted line of heroes and the magnificent Confederate assaults," which swept in again and again ceaselessly as that stormy service of all the gods of battle was prolonged through those other Sunday hours.

Their eyes traveled over the ground again where Forrest's and Walker's men had dashed into the smoke of the Union musketry and the very flame of the Federal batteries, and saw their ranks melt as snowflakes dissolve and disappear in the heat of conflagration.

They stood on Baird's line, where Helms's Brigade went to pieces, but not until three men out of four—mark that, ye coming heroes!—not until three men out of every four were either wounded or dead, eclipsing the historic charge at Balaklava and the bloody losses in the great battles of modern times.

They saw Longstreet's men sweep over the difficult and almost inaccessible slopes of the Horseshoe, "dash wildly, and break there, like angry waves, and recede,

only to sweep on again and again with almost the regularity of ocean surges, ever marking a higher tide."

They looked down again on those slopes, slippery with blood and strewn thick as leaves with all the horrible wreck of battle, over which and in spite of repeated failures these assaulting Confederate columns still formed and reformed, charging again and again with undaunted and undying courage.

And then, as Gen. Boynton says, thinking of this as fighting alone—"grand, awe-inspiring, magnificent fighting"—the project of the Chickamauga National Park was born in his mind. He says that he stood silently and thought reverently of that unsurpassed Confederate fighting, and in his heart thanked God that the men who were equal to such daring endeavor were Americans. At first, thinking only of the Union lines, he said to his friend: "This field should be a Western Gettysburg, a Chickamauga memorial." But instantly, like a flash forward, the more Godlike, generous thought succeeded and took instant form in words: "Aye! it should be more than Gettysburg, with its monuments along one side alone: both armies should be equally marked, and the whole, unbroken history of such a field preserved."

Gen. Boynton should and will receive great honor throughout all time for this great work. Had his nature not been a nobly generous one, no such conception could have had birth with him, and from that hour, eight years ago, he has never weakened or lost sight of this noble purpose. He began at once to formulate the plan, and in the summer of that year, after his return home, he thus publicly first announced the plan: "The survivors of the Army of the Cumberland should awake to great pride in this notable field of Chickamauga. Why should it not, as well as Eastern fields, be marked by monuments and its lines be accurately preserved for history? There was no more magnificent fighting during the war than both armies did there. Both sides might well unite in preserving the field where both, in a military sense, won such renown."

He afterward enlarged the scope of this purpose so as to embrace the notable fields of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge and the lesser affairs of the battle of Chattanooga, establishing the whole as a National Park under the control of the Secretary of War.

He drew up a bill authorizing the purchase by the government of the entire field of Chickamauga and the acquirement of the main roads leading to and through that field and those along Missionary Ridge and thence over Lookout Mountain, as "approaches."

The bill passed the House without dissent, and the time occupied in its passage was only twenty-three minutes. In the Senate it met with the same prompt approval and success, there not being a single vote against it, and it passed in twenty minutes. In its final shape it provided for the purchase of fifteen square miles of the Chickamauga field.

Much of the unanimity and success attending the bill from the moment it was first presented in the House and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs was directly due to Gen. Boynton's management and care.

W. F. Allison, Eagle Cliff, Ga., Commander of Camp Chickamauga (formerly Camp Little), reports that "a full delegation will attend the reunion."



GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

The above is a photoengraving from a bronze copy belonging to Charley Herbst, bearing date of 1862. This Great Seal was "designed by Wyon, of London." It will be examined as all the more interesting since it has been drawn as a part of permanent cover for the VETERAN. This seal and the conversion of the battle-flag into a shield must be generally satisfactory if the printing and engraving be fine enough.

Mr. Herbst sends this old letter from J. S. and A. B. Wyon, "Chief Engravers of Her Majesty's Seals," dated London, March 6, 1874:

To all whom it may concern:

Having received from John T. Pickett, Esq., counselor at law, of Washington City, in the United States of America, a certain impression of the Great Seal of the Confederate States of America, obtained by the electrotype process, we hereby certify that the said impression is a faithful reproduction of the identical seal engraved in 1864 by our predecessor, the late Joseph S. Wyon, Esq., of the Royal Mint, for James M. Mason, Esq., who was at that time in London, representing the interests of the Confederate States, of which the seal referred to was designed as the symbolical emblem of sovereignty.

We may add that it has been the invariable practice of our house to preserve proof impressions of all important seal work executed by us; and on a comparison of the impression now sent us with the proof impression retained by us we have no hesitation in asserting that so perfect an impression could not have been produced, except from the original seal. We have never made any duplicate of the seal in question.



BEAUREGARD—JOHNSTON—SHILOH.

Maj. H. M. Dillard, Adjutant A. S. Johnston Camp, No. 115, Meridian, Tex.:

The allusion in a recent VETERAN to the death of Mrs. Johnston recalls to memory, after more than thirty years, an impressive incident in the life of the distinguished soldier, Albert Sidney Johnston. I had been ordered to Corinth, Miss., upon a specific mission, soon after Gen. Beauregard took command there, and was in consultation with him relative to his line of fortifications when his adjutant-general, Tom Jordan, came in with a cipher telegram and handed it to the General. After reading the message, which announced that Gen. Johnston's army was then crossing the Tennessee River at Decatur, Ala., and from all indications was going into permanent quarters above the city, he said to Col. Jordan: "You must go to Decatur at once and impress Gen. Johnston with the absolute necessity of a rapid concentration of the whole army at this point, for reasons in accordance with the plans discussed and agreed upon last night."

By invitation of Gen. Beauregard, and for reasons which he explained, I accompanied Col. Jordan. Upon our arrival at Decatur we immediately sought Gen. Johnston's headquarters, which we found at the McCarty House in an out office of the hotel yard. I can never forget the cordial greeting and the soldierly manner in which the General received us. As he stood before us reading the communication handed him by Col. Jordan, his whole face aglow with expectation, I thought that I had never seen so remarkable a personage. Clean-shaved, except a heavy mustache, nearly six feet in height, weighing some one hundred and eighty pounds, and perhaps forty years of age, he stood my highest ideal of a soldier. But in that unstudied pose, which marked him in emergencies, with

an eye that penetrated to the very thoughts of the listener, and with his whole face mirroring the grave responsibilities resting upon him—then it was that I received my profoundest impressions of his greatness. Finally, in a clear, silvery voice, but marked with a tremulous emotion, the General, now pacing the floor, turned to us with the expression: "It is so; the policy is correct in all its details. We should fall upon Grant like a hurricane and overwhelm him with our concentrated army as soon as he lands from his transports, then cross the Tennessee River and give Buell battle on his way with reinforcements, and thus retrieve our disasters from Donelson down. I am sure," continued he, "that the opportune moment is near in which our cause can be put beyond any contingency; but, sirs, my hands are tied, for I am ordered to stop at Decatur, reorganize my army, and await orders." Then, in an utterly disconsolate tone: "But this waiting may

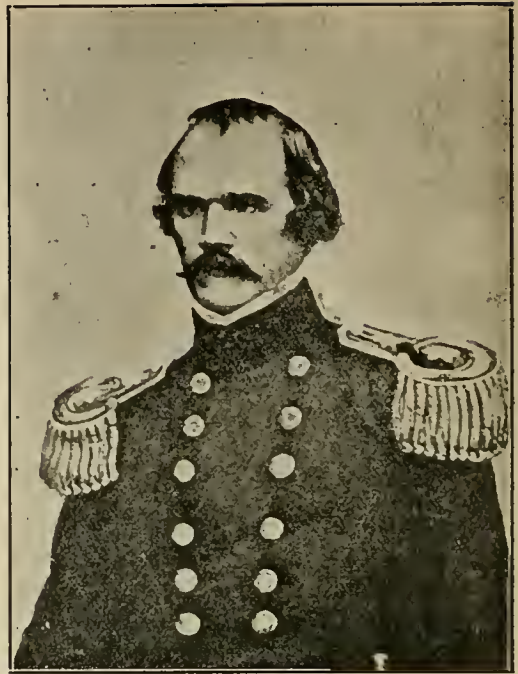


TENNESSEE RIVER AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

be fatal to our purposes, and, if persisted in, may seal the fate of the Confederacy."

I never met Gen. Johnston again, but this pathetic picture at the McCarty House forms one of the fadeless memories of my war-life. This account is sent to you at the suggestion of a distinguished Confederate general, now of Texas, who thinks that it may be at least suggestive to the historian hunting facts along certain controverted lines; but if it has no other mission than to prompt some old soldier to gather up some of the golden links of the "bygone," it will have served an end.

Comrades of both armies will meet at Shiloh and Pittsburg Landing for anniversary reunions, as usual, April 6, 7. While a large attendance is not expected this year, the interest will not flag, because of the National Park movement that is already under way. Capt. James W. Irwin, who was a Confederate officer



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

and is now engaged as purchasing agent for the government, has secured about three hundred acres of land along the river-front and has abstracts for about fifteen hundred acres, and the commissioners under whom he serves—Gen. D. C. Buell, Col. Cornelius Cadle, and Col. R. F. Looney—hope to procure from four thousand to five thousand acres eventually. It will be remembered that the government has already appropriated \$75,000 for National Park purposes at that place. The officers of the association which holds annual meetings there are Gen. John A. McClelland, Springfield, Ill.; Dr. J. W. Coleman, Treasurer, Monticello, Ill.; Capt. F. Y. Hedly, Secretary, Bunker Hill,



SPRING NEAR THE CHURCH, SHILOH.

Ill.; and Capt. James Williams, Assistant Secretary, Savannah, Tenn.

Comrade James Williams, of Savannah, Tenn., Secretary of the association, writes the VETERAN that they will have a good program, and that Capt. Hedly is pushing matters at the North, and that Gen. McArthur, of Chicago, will make an address.

COL. WILEY M. REED.

Mortally Wounded at Fort Pillow April 12, 1864; Died at Jackson, Tenn., at 2:30 a.m. May 1, 1864.

BY MAJ. CHARLES W. ANDERSON, FLORENCE, TENN.

It has long been my purpose to give the VETERAN a short biographical memorial of the life, services, and death of Col. Wiley Martin Reed. He was born in North Alabama in 1827, and was a son of the Rev. Carson P. Reed, an able, eloquent minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. While yet in his teens the son determined to follow in the footsteps of his father and devote his life to the ministry. With this end in view he entered Cumberland University, graduated in the class of 1849, and at once took charge of a church at New Hope, Ala.

In 1851 he married Miss Mary C. White, of Memphis, who, with five of their seven children, yet survives. Their sons are Marshall, of Birmingham, Ala.; Erskine, of Nashville; and Wiley M. Reed, Jr., of Fort Worth, Tex.; and their daughters, Mrs. W. H. Cooke, of Smith's Grove, and Mrs. A. C. Wright, of Bowling Green, Ky.

In 1856 he was called to the pastorate of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Nashville, which position he ably filled until February, 1862, when, believing it the patriotic duty of every able-bodied man in the South to fall into line and repel the invader, he resigned his charge, raised a company, and joined the Fifty-fifth Tennessee Infantry. He became its lieutenant-colonel, and served with distinction in every battle in which his regiment was engaged from Shiloh to Mission Ridge. The decimation of Tennessee regiments by losses in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge rendered consolidation and reorganization a necessity. In reorganizing them many regimental field-officers were necessarily left out, among them Col. Reed, who at once applied for orders to report to Gen. Forrest. Pending this application, he served as chaplain on the staff of Gen. A. P. Stewart, and preached to the soldiers of that corps whenever opportunity permitted. The Secretary of War having approved his application, he reported to Gen. Forrest at Columbus, Miss., in February, 1864, and for the time being was announced as aide-de-camp on the General's staff. His first active service with us was in Forrest's Kentucky campaign, in March, 1864, when his readiness for any duty, however hazardous, so favorably impressed Gen. Forrest with his merit and efficiency as an officer that he assigned him to the command of the Fifth Mississippi Cavalry.

On April 12, while gallantly leading this regiment at Fort Pillow, his tall, commanding appearance doubt-

less made him a target, and he fell within eighty yards of the breastworks, pierced by three bullets. As soon as it could be done Col. Reed was placed in an ambulance and, with proper attendants, was sent to Jackson, Tenn. Having been left behind at Fort Pillow to effect and superintend the parole and delivery of the Federal wounded to their gun-boat fleet, I was gratified, on reaching Jackson on the 15th, to find Col. Reed alive and hopeful and quartered at the hospitable home of Col. W. H. Long. At Col. Reed's request, Comrade W. C. Stewart—a former member of his church in Nashville, now cashier of the Bank of Commerce at Memphis—was relieved from duty with his command and detailed to report to and remain with him. Comrade Stewart has kindly sent me extracts from his diary, which I would be glad to see printed in full, did your space permit, as they give a pathetic account of Col.



COL. WILEY M. REED.

Reed's sufferings, fortitude, and faith, of his daily visitors, of the sympathetic attention paid him by the ministers of Jackson and its prominent citizens, by Gen. Forrest in person, and by comrades of the command. Flowers were sent him almost daily by the ladies of Jackson with expressions of regard and sympathy. Col. and Mrs. Long could not have done more for a son, and their daughters—Mrs. Mann, wife of Capt. John G. Mann, of our staff, and Miss Susie Long, now Mrs. Treadwell, of Memphis—could not have more tenderly cared for a brother than they did for Col. Reed. Surgical skill and the unrelenting attention and sympathy of friends and attendants failed to stay the icy hand of death, and on the 29th Surgeons Jones, Dashiell, and Clardy held their last consultation, and

their words, "no hope," went out, spreading sadness and sorrow throughout the city and the command.

I saw Col. Reed every day, and on the night of the 30th I saw plainly that the end was near. After midnight I was called to his room, and found Col. Long's family and the attendants around his bed and in tears. Col. Reed was lying with his chin elevated and his head thrown back over his pillow. I gently put my arm under his head and raised it to a natural position. His breathing became easier, but in a few moments he breathed his last with his head resting on my arm. Thus passed away one of the purest and bravest men that I ever knew.

On the following day, May 2, the remains, in a metallic casket, were moved into the parlor. At 4 P.M., as appointed, Col. Kelley (Rev. Dr. D. C. Kelley) read a portion of the burial service of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and announced that services would be concluded at the grave. The Masons took charge, placed the casket in the hearse, and a long procession attended it to the cemetery. The citizens moved in front, the Masons going before the hearse. Capt. Sam Donelson led Col. Reed's horse, equipped with his overcoat strapped behind the saddle, his boots reversed in the stirrups, and his sword belt and scabbard pendent from his saddle-bow. Gen. Forrest and staff came next, followed by his escort company and the Sixteenth Tennessee Cavalry, Col. A. N. Wilson commanding. The Masonic ceremony was used, and Col. Kelley concluded the burial service, when two rounds were fired by the military present, after which Col. Kelley spoke substantially as follows: "I do not propose to pronounce a eulogy upon our beloved friend and late comrade in arms. He went into the service early and cheerfully, and while serving his country faithfully at all times—preeminently so at Fort Pillow—he proved himself worthy of the high praise bestowed upon him by his commander. When Gen. Forrest told me of Col. Reed's fall, he said of him: 'He was a good man, brave and patriotic—a good man.' This is praise enough." The ladies sang, "I Would Not Live Away," and the benediction was then pronounced.

In Gen. Forrest's report of the capture of Fort Pillow, he says: "Among the casualties Lieut.-Col. Wiley M. Reed—conspicuous among his comrades for martial aptitude, courage, and ardor—was mortally wounded within eighty yards of the Federal works, while leading and inspiring his regiment."

In an address before the alumni of Cumberland University, Gen. William B. Bate, who was familiar with Col. Reed's services while in the infantry, paid to his memory the following eloquent and merited tribute: "Col. Wiley M. Reed, whether at the head of his Church or at the head of his regiment, was ever true, eloquent, and gallant. In peace, a soldier of the cross of Christ; in war, a soldier beneath the cross of St. Andrew. While he knelt to the one with a Christian's faith, he embraced the other with a soldier's idolatry. If in the one instance he led his followers to the Mount of Calvary and bowed at the foot of the cross, in the other, with no less convictions of duty, he led his command to the red line of battle and crowned himself victim on the altar of his country."

The congregation of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Nashville, in affectionate remem-

brance of his faithful services as their pastor, placed a marble tablet on the wall of that church, with the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
REV. WILEY M. REED,
PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH
FROM APRIL, 1856, TO FEBRUARY, 1862.
DIED IN 1864.

"His praise in the gospel was throughout all the churches."

MY UNCLE'S WAR STORY.

"Whose picture is this, uncle? One of your old sweethearts, I suppose." These words are spoken by a bright, rosy-cheeked maiden of sixteen. It is a summer day on the shores of old Lake Michigan, and the question occasioned by seeing on the table in the parlor of my dear old home, where I have spent so many happy days, an old-fashioned likeness of some Southern beauty.

The eager question is answered in almost as eager a tone. "No, my girl, not mine, but some other fellow's; and 'thereby hangs a tale.' All day long the battle had raged at Shiloh—on that sunny Sabbath April day—and all day long we, of the Federal army, had been driven back from post to post. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon. Johnston was dead, and the Confederate army was badly shattered. Buell was coming, and the Southern army must break the way to the landing before the day was done. Assembling the New Orleans Guard and some other equally as reliable troops, Gen. Beauregard made a desperate attack on the center of the Federal position. Bert Webster had massed his artillery there, and Hulbert's remnants were in near support of it. Bravely the Confederates made the attack; but, swept by the heavy guns of Webster and enfilading rifle-fire from the infantry, they were defeated. On Monday morning, with Buell's fresh troops, supported by the reorganized old army, the Federals took the advance. It happened that my regiment (the Fifteenth Illinois) marched over the ground where Beauregard had made his ineffectual attack on Sunday afternoon, and we passed over a field strewn with the bodies of brave men that fell there. We halted, and there, close beside the corpse of Capt. Lindsley, of New Orleans, lay a youth. He had been shot through the breast, and, while he was not dead, I could see that he was going fast. He seemed in a half-conscious condition, for every few minutes his eyes would open and then wearily close again. His extreme youth, and the fact that he held a portrait clasped in his hand, caught my attention. Beside him were several keepsakes made by some woman, probably the same dear one whose picture he held in his blood-stained hand. I gently raised him in my arms and carried him a few yards away to a more quiet spot, where the noise of the rabble could not be so distinctly heard. There beneath the laurel blossoms, red as his own blood, he lay, still tightly clasping the portrait. I bathed his forehead with cooling water, which I brought from a spring near by, and soon my care was rewarded by having him open his eyes to consciousness. Great brown eyes they were, and, as his lips parted into a smile, teeth of a beautiful whiteness

glistened through the small dark mustache. 'Are you in pain?' I asked. 'No; only weary and tired,' he answered, again closing his eyes and resinking away into unconsciousness. In a few minutes his eyes reopened, and this time the portrait was feebly lifted and laid upon his breast, and his eyes eagerly glanced at me. 'Could you, would you, find her?' 'Find whom, my dear boy?' I asked. His only answer was a deep-drawn sigh, as he turned his head, and for a few moments there was silence, broken only by the twittering of the birds as they flew from tree to tree. Not a soul was stirring; the dead and wounded lay at such a distance from us that not a sound disturbed the composure of nature. All nature was sedate and serene. As I knelt beside this dying youth my thoughts wandered, my limbs grew weary, but I patiently bore the uncomfortable position rather than disturb him. Surely this uncertain earthly life is not man's only dwelling-place. How like a bubble it all seemed, I thought, as in the distance the twilight shadows slowly gathered. When first blown they rise up in the air, then fall help-



lessly to the earth. After all, this life is only an education to the enjoyments of the life beyond; else these high and glorious aspirations that at times burn within our breasts would never come. . . . So my thoughts ran until, with a start, I glanced more closely at the silent form. He lay so still and his breathing seemed so faint that I bent over him to see if life had gone out with the setting sun. No; the great brown eyes were gazing far off into space. 'My dear fellow,' and tears came to my eyes, 'tell me what I can do for you,' I muttered brokenly. 'Give me some water, and I think I can tell you.' I moistened his lips with the cooling draught, and in a faint voice he began. I can remember what he said, almost word for word, in spite of the many years that have passed since those dreadful times. 'I was just twenty, and was living with my grandmother,' he began, 'having lost my parents at an early age, when I met the girl who has been the one love of my life. I wasn't like most of the fellows—one girl to-day and another to-morrow. Such things seemed more serious to me. And one day there came

rumors of war that disturbed the quiet of our little village. I became a volunteer, and it was on the evening before my departure that I told her of my love. How well I remember that summer evening! a time when nature is so beautiful in the South. I can even recall the exact spot on which we stood, the north end of the piazza. . . . The next day I joined my regiment, full of hope and joy for the future. Raise my head; I can hardly breathe. There, that is better. This is her picture. She gave it to me just before we parted. Won't you take it to her and tell her that my last thought was of her? And, O! tell her'— His voice died away in a whisper. I tried to revive him, but the poor fellow was gone; and gone, too, without telling me the name of his sweetheart or the village where she lived. I gazed at him in a dreamy way for some time, not able to realize that his lips had framed their last sentence and that death, that mysterious power, had passed by. At last I sank down beside him, exhausted. How long I sat in this stupefied condition I do not know. Overhead the stars came out, one by one, and far off in the heavens the moon sent her bright rays over the silent world, making the trees cast shadows both mysterious and beautiful. Surrounded as I was by these seemingly unearthly powers, I tried to sleep until the dawn should break. But the long day and march, the touching tale of this soldier boy, now ended so tragically, had succeeded in getting my nerves so unstrung that sleep was out of the question. So I lay there with many thoughts crowding through my brain. How vast the heavens looked; how wonderful the expanse of the sky, dotted with stars that sparkled like diamonds; and what a solemn hush seemed to pervade the universe! So I soliloquized the night through. With the first signs of an awakening world I gathered myself together, tried to refresh my weary eyes by dashing some of the fresh spring-water into them; then, leaning over the form of the dead soldier, I took the portrait gently from his hand and put it in my own breast-pocket, and carried it through many other bloody battles. I always thought it a talisman, as I passed through many a hard-fought field. After seeing that he was given as decent a burial as was possible at that time, I joined my regiment on their march. It was days and weeks before I got his pleading dark eyes out of my thoughts, and it was only when I swore to myself that I would find the girl and deliver the picture to her that I had any rest. After the war was over, and the nation was trying to recover from her disabled condition, I made efforts to find her. I inquired concerning his regiment. But the Southerners had been so completely beaten that day at Shiloh that I could secure little information; and the little that I did get, though it led me to two or three Southern villages, never succeeded in helping me to find the girl. After giving as much time to the search as I could, I returned home really sad and disappointed. And that is the picture, my dear, that you are looking at. I have always wondered if she ever learned about her lover's death there underneath the laurel at Shiloh."

—Edith Hall Markle, in *Chaperone Magazine*, St. Louis.

Any one having an idea of the lady by this picture will kindly report to the VETERAN.

A BATTLE "ABOVE THE CLOUDS."

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

CAMP (near Cleveland, Tenn.), November 16, 1863.

Charming Nellie: A private on picket duty, under orders to allow no one to pass inside the Confederate lines without giving the countersign, was approached by his brigadier-general, who asked: "What would you do, sir, were you to see a man coming up that road toward you?"

"I should wait, General," said the private, "until he came within twenty feet of me, and then halt him and demand the countersign."

"Very good, very good," commented the General; "but suppose twenty men approached by the same road, what would you do then?"

"Halt them before they got nearer than a hundred feet, sir, and, covering them with my gun, demand that the officer in command approach and give the countersign."

"Ah! my brave fellow," began the General in his most flattering voice; "I see that you are remarkably well posted concerning your duties. But let me put still another case. Suppose a whole regiment were coming in this direction, what would you do in that case?"

"Form a line immediately, sir," answered the private unhesitatingly and without a smile.

"Form a line? form a line?" repeated the officer in his most contemptuous tone. "What kind of line, I should like to know, could a single man form?"

"A bee-line for camp, sir," explained the picket.

Your pictures of Texas home life are so attractive as to almost persuade me to "form a line" myself, but with Texas as the objective point, instead of a hateful camp. Joyfully indeed would I say farewell to

All quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,

could I do it without desertion and disgrace. After reading your letter, I was for a while inclined to think that there was both sense and philosophy in the behavior of a Confederate at Chickamauga. When the battle was at its height and the bullets flying thickest he stepped behind a tree, and, while protecting his body,



extended his arms on each side and waved them frantically to and fro, up and down.

"What in the dickens are you doing, Tom?" asked an astonished comrade.

"Just feeling for a furlough," replied Tom without a blush, and continuing the feeling process as if his life depended upon it.

While few soldiers actually seek wounds of any character, fewer still regard a parlor wound—that breaks no bones, yet disables one temporarily, and requires time, rest, and nursing to heal it—as any very serious misfortune. Such accidents necessitate furloughs, and these the ladies of the South, by their kindness to both the sick and the well, have made blessings to be hoped for, prayed for, and—within safe and patriotic limits—struggled for.



POOR FELLOW! HIS FINGER WAS GETTING WELL.

"Why, sir, that handsome widow and her curly-haired daughter couldn't have been kinder to a son or a brother. They gave me the pleasantest room in the house, brought my meals to it, fed me on chicken and sweet cream with their own hands, dressed my wound half a dozen times a day, and were always ready to play and sing for me or read and talk to me. I wanted to stay a month longer, but my darned old finger healed in spite of me." That, and a great deal more to the same purport, was said by Lieut. L— when he returned to duty after losing half the nail of his little finger at Sharpsburg, getting a furlough on the strength of it, and, fortunately, falling into the hands of a wealthy and patriotic Virginia lady. Can you blame a poor fellow if, after listening to such a story, he is a little inclined to "feel for a furlough?" . . .

Only Longstreet knows certainly where we are bound, but general opinion favors Knoxville as the objective point, Burnside as the victim. Should these surmises prove correct, you may hear from me next in good old Virginia, for it is whispered confidentially that Bragg and Longstreet are at outs, and that this movement is intended to make their separation permanent.

I have often boasted that the Fourth Texas never showed its back to an enemy, but I am more modest since that little affair of October 28, known as the bat-

tle of Raccoon Mountain. There the regiment not only showed its back, but stampeded like a herd of frightened cattle, it being one of those cases when "discretion is the better part of valor;" and, instead of being ashamed of the performance, we are merry over it. Raccoon and Lookout Mountains, you must know, are separated by Lookout Creek. Between the creek and Raccoon are half a dozen high, parallel ridges, whose tops are open and level enough for a roadway, and whose thickly timbered sides slope at angles of forty-five degrees into deep, lonely hollows. Hooker's Corps, of the Federal army, coming up from Bridgeport to reenforce Rosecrans, camped on the night of the 28th in the vicinity of Raccoon. Imagining that here was an opportunity to experience "the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel," and at the same time to win distinction, Gen. Jenkins proposed to Longstreet to march Hood's Division to the west side of Lookout Mountain and by a night attack capture "Fighting Joe Hooker" and his corps. Longstreet, of course, offered no objections; success would place as brilliant a feather in his cap as in that of Jenkins, while the blame of defeat would necessarily rest upon the projector of the affair. As for us poor devils in the ranks, we had no business to be there if we hesitated to risk our lives in the interest of commanding officers.

The plan of operations appears to have been for Benning's, Anderson's, and Jenkins's Brigades to cross Lookout Creek two miles above its mouth, and, forming in line parallel with the Tennessee River, force the Yankees to surrender or drive them into deep water; while Law's and the Texas Brigades should occupy positions west of the creek, at right angles with the river, and prevent them from moving toward Lookout Mountain and alarming Bragg's army. What became of the Third Arkansas and First Texas I cannot say, every movement being made at night, but the Fifth Texas guarded the bridge, across which the Fourth marched and proceeded in the direction of Raccoon Mountain, climbing up and sliding down the steep sides of intervening ridges, until brought to a halt on the moonlit top of the highest, and formed in line on the right of an Alabama regiment. Here, in blissful ignorance of Gen. Jenkins's plans, and unwarned by the glimmer of a fire or the sound of a snore that the main body of the enemy lay asleep in the wide and deep depression between them and Raccoon, the spirits of the gallant Texans rose at once to the elevation of their bodies, and, dropping carelessly on the ground, they proceeded to take their ease. But not long were they permitted thus to dally with stern and relentless fate. A gunshot away off to the left suddenly broke upon the stillness of the night, and was followed by others in rapid succession, until there was borne to our unwilling ears the roar of desperate battle, while the almost simultaneous beating of the long roll in the hitherto silent depths below us, the loud shouts of officers, and all the indescribable noise and hubbub of a suddenly awakened and alarmed host of men, admonished us that we stood upon the outermost verge of a human volcano, which might soon burst forth in all its fury and overwhelm us.

The *dolce far niente* to which, lulled by fancied security and the beautiful night, we had surrendered our-

selves vanished as quickly as the dreams of the Yankees. The emergency came unexpectedly, but none the less surely. Scouts dispatched to the right returned with the appalling intelligence that between the regiment and the river, not half a mile away, not a Confederate was on guard; skirmishers sent to the front reported that the enemy was approaching rapidly and in strong force. To add to the dismay thus created, the thrilling whisper came from the left that the Alabamians had gone "hunting for tall timber" in their rear. Thus deserted to "suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" in a solitude soon to be invaded by a ruthless and devouring horde, the cheerless gloom of an exceedingly great loneliness fell upon us like a pall—grew intense when, not twenty feet away, we heard the laborious struggling and puffing of the Yankees as, on hostile thoughts intent, they climbed and pulled up the almost precipitous ascent, and became positively unbearable when a dozen or more bullets from the left whistled down the line and the mild beams of the full moon, glinting from what seemed to our agitated minds a hundred thousand bright gun-barrels, revealed the near and dangerous presence of the hated foe. Then and there, charming Nellie—deeming it braver to live than to die, and moved by thoughts of home and the loved ones awaiting them there—the officers and privates of the gallant and hitherto invincible Fourth Texas stood not upon the order of their going, but went with a celerity and unanimity truly remarkable, disappeared bodily, stampeded *volens et volens*, and plunged recklessly into the umbrageous and shadowy depths behind them, flight hastened by the loud huzzinga of the triumphant Yankees and the echoing volleys they poured into the tree tops high above the heads of their retreating antagonists.

Once fairly on the run down the steep slope, voluntary halting became as impossible as it would have been indiscreet. Dark as it was among the somber shadows, the larger trees could generally be avoided, but when encountered, as too frequently for comfort they were, invariably wrought disaster to both body and clothing; but small ones bent before the wild, pell-mell rush of fleeing humanity as from the weight and power of avalanche or hurricane. The speed at which I traveled, let alone the haunting apprehension of being gobbled up by a pursuing blue coat, was not specially favorable to close observation of comrades, but nevertheless I witnessed three almost contemporaneous accidents. One poor unfortunate struck a tree so squarely and with such tremendous energy as not only to flatten his body against it and draw a sonorous groan from his lips, but to send his gun clattering against another tree. As a memento of the collision, he yet carries a face ragged enough to harmonize admirably with his garments. Another fellow exclaimed, as, stepping on a round stone, his feet slipped from under him and he dropped to the ground with a resounding thud, "Help, boys, help!" and then, with legs wide outspread, went sliding down the hill, until, in the wholly involuntary attempt to pass on both sides of a tree, he was brought to a sudden halt—a sit-still, so to speak. But adventure the third was the most comical of all. The human actor in it was a Dutchman by the name of Brigger, a fellow nearly as broad as he is long, who always carries a huge knapsack on his shoulders. Aid-

ed by this load, he struck a fair-sized sapling with such resistless momentum that the little tree bent before him, and, straddling it and exclaiming, "Je-e-e-sus Christ and God Almighty!" with long-drawn and lingering emphasis on the first syllable of the first word,



he described a parabola in the air and then dropped to the ground on all fours and continued his downward career in that decidedly unmilitary fashion. His was the novelty and roughness of the ride, but, alas! mine was all the loss; for, as the sapling tumbled him off and essayed to straighten itself, it caught my hat and flung it at the man in the moon. Whether it ever reached its destination, I am unable to say, for time, inclination, or ability to stop were each sternly prohibited by the accelerating influence of gravitation. Anyhow, I am now wearing a cap manufactured by myself out of the nethermost extremity of a woolen overshirt and having for a frontispiece a generous slice of stirrup leather. Col. Bane well deserves the loss he has sustained; he is not only careless about his saddle, but of his head as well, on which he still bears a reminder of the battle of Raccoon Mountain in a very sore and red bump.

I inclose some drawings, which, if not artistic, certainly have the merit of being so graphic as to leave much to the imagination. In my salad days at Florence, Ala., I persuaded Prof. Pruskowski to organize and teach a class in perspective drawing. While refusing to charge for his services, he reserved the right to dismiss any member of the class whom he found lacking in talent. I was the first to advocate this privilege, also the first and only one of the class to be dismissed. Then I was satisfied that he judged correctly, but now I am doubtful. What do you think?

But, to return to my story, although I lost my hat, I neither lost my physical balance nor collided with a tree sufficiently sturdy to arrest a fearfully swift descent, as did many of my comrades. The scars imprinted upon the regimental physiognomy by large and small monarchs of the forest are yet numerous, and in some instances were so disguising that the wearers were recognizable for the next day or two only by their melodious voices. "Honors were so easy" in that respect between the members of the command, officers as well as privates, that when they at last

emerged from the darkness of the woods and, taking places in line, began to look at each other and recount experiences the shouts of laughter must have reached old Joe Hooker.

One poor fellow was too sore, downcast, and trampled upon to be joyful. He was a litter-bearer named D—, six long feet in height and Falstaffian in abdominal development. His position in the rear gave him the start in the retreat and his avoirdupois enabled him to brush aside every obstacle to rapid descent. But his judgment was disastrously at fault. Forgetting a ditch which marked the division line of descent of one hill and ascent of the other, he tumbled into it broadcast. The fall knocked all the breath out of him, and he could only wriggle over on his broad back and make a pillow for his head of one bank and a resting-place for his number twelve feet of the other, so that his body appeared as the trunk of a fallen tree. Scarcely, however, had he assumed this comfortable position when Bill Calhoun came plunging down the hill with a velocity that left a good-sized vacuum in the air behind him. Noticing the litter-bearer's body, and taking it to be what it appeared, Bill took the chances of its spanning the ditch and made such a tremendous leap that he landed one huge foot right in the middle of the unfortunate recumbent's corporosity. The sudden compression produced as sudden artificial respiration, and, giving vent to an agonized grunt, D— sang out: "For the Lord Almighty's sake, man, don't make a bridge of a fellow!"



Bill was startled, but never lost his presence of mind, and shouting back, "Lie still, old fellow, lie still! The whole regiment's got to cross yet, and you'll never have such another chance to serve your beloved country," he continued his flight with a speed but little abated by the rising ground before him.



GEN. J. O. SHELBY.

One of the pleasantest incidents connected with the great reunion at Richmond occurred through the action of Gen. J. O. Shelby, who sought the editor of the *VETERAN*, and was diligent until he had presented every lady of the Missouri delegation.

The hero looked bad then, but his infirmity did not even suggest that it would be his last reunion with Confederate associate survivors. But so it was. His demise was peaceful as a child going to sleep. His family were so hopeful of his recovery that the shock was all the greater.

A sketch of Gen. Shelby's remarkable career may be expected hereafter. Two articles upon his campaigns in Missouri have been



GEN. J. O. SHELBY.

prepared by W. A. M. Vaughan, Esq., of Kansas City. Gen. Shelby's order to his men, dated Pittsburg, Tex., April 26, 1865, also to appear, indicates his determination, even then, to fight on to the death. His sublime courage, like that of Jefferson Davis, was illustrated in the closing words: "No, no; we will do this: we will hang together, we will keep our organization, our arms, our discipline, our hatred of oppression, until one universal shout goes up that this Missouri cavalry division preferred exile to submission, death to dishonor."

At a called meeting of the members of Camp Joe O. Shelby No. 630, U. C. V., West Plains, Mo., the committee reported the following concerning Gen. Shelby:

We deem it fitting to hereby give expression to our profound sorrow and high regard for his merits as a gentleman and a soldier. He was generous and kind to a captive enemy, foremost in rendering assistance to the unfortunate and needy, courteous to all, a stranger to fear, undismayed when surrounded by perils, quick to strike when he saw an opportunity, ready

and resourceful under all difficulties, the idol of his command and ever watchful for their welfare, devoted to the cause he espoused and to his family and friends—we can scarcely realize the magnitude of our loss.

Resolved, That we will ever bear in our hearts a tender recollection of his great and glorious deeds, his kindly loving acts.

Dr. W. A. Mulkey, of Kaufman, widely known in North Texas, died January 23, aged sixty-three years. At his request, Adj. Dan Coffman, of George D. Manion Camp, United Confederate Veterans, sends the following biographical sketch of Dr. Mulkey, written by himself: "I joined Company C, under Capt. Parsons, Talbotton, Ga., in 1861, and was a part of the Third Georgia Cavalry, commanded by Col. Martin J. Crawford, of Columbus, Ga., a former Congressman. I was elected from the rank to assistant surgeon, and commissioned as such; afterwards commissioned a full surgeon, and served as regimental, brigade, and division surgeon. I was in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, Fort Donelson, Resaca, Good Hope Church, and Atlanta. Fell into the hands of the enemy by order to look after our wounded. I was once captured with the Third Georgia Regiment near Bardstown, Ky.; was first taken as a prisoner of war to the barracks in Louisville, Ky., thence to Columbus, O., thence to Camp Chase, thence to Philadelphia, thence to Baltimore, thence to Fort Delaware, thence to Fortress Monroe; and from there, in the spring of 1864, I was exchanged at Union Point. In addition to the enumerated places I was held a while as a military prisoner in the penitentiary at Nashville, Tenn." Dr. Mulkey was a brother of Evangelist Abe Mulkey, and has two brothers in Texas: Fletcher Mulkey, living in Dallas; and George Mulkey, who lives in Fort Worth. He was buried in full Confederate gray.

Samuel Roberts, Sr., was born February 14, 1832, in Forsyth County, Ga. He was married to Minerva Smith October 30, 1850; and in 1852 he left for California, where he spent three years in the gold-mines; then returned to his wife and babe. He was residing in Cherokee County, Ala., when the great war broke out, and enlisted in the Eighth Georgia Regiment. He was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness. Previous to this event he was in thirty-two battles, some of which were Chickamauga, Seven Pines, Missionary Ridge, Spottsylvania, seven days' fight near Richmond, and Gettysburg. As soon as he recovered from a wound he was placed at Richmond to drill conscripts. Later he returned to the army, and was wounded the second time, when he got a furlough and did light duty until the close of the war. When Mabry made a raid through Alabama he captured Samuel Roberts and carried him off, treating him very badly. He had him tied to a tree to be shot, and when the twelve men with guns were ready to fire he made himself known to one of them as a Mason, and was turned loose. Dr. Samuel Roberts was the father of eleven children, ten of whom are yet living. He was killed on the night of October 28, 1896, by some unknown person slipping up behind him and knocking him in the head with a club to get his money.

JOHN H. BRYSON, D.D.

The Egbert J. Jones Camp, U. C. V., Huntsville, Ala., took formal action in honor of its deceased member, John H. Bryson, D.D., who was a true Confederate and a faithful minister of the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Bryson exercised much diligence in behalf of strengthening the prominence and giving authority to chaplains in the army. He conceived a plan: obtained authority for and organized an ambulance corps, which was of great utility to the service. Soon after the war he was very active in behalf of a school to educate the orphans of Confederates, located near Clarksville, Tenn.

In its resolutions his camp says:

In his lofty calling, equipping himself by systematic study, extensive travel, and constant personal contact with his fellow men, high and low, rich and poor, he attained a breadth, power, and influence for good, rec-



JOHN H. BRYSON, D.D.

ognized and admired. He did not confine his energies to preaching, praying, and visiting the sick, but he took a deep and active interest in all lines of human progress. He strove to promote the educational, moral and material welfare not only of those with whom his lot was cast, but of the whole country and of foreign people. His charity did not expend itself on the good unfortunate, but, like the great Master, his pity went out also to the guilty and fallen. He forbore evil-speaking, and gave kind words and a helping hand to all whom these might benefit.

James Renloul Cumming died suddenly of heart disease in Dallas, Tex., on December 6, 1896. Deceased joined the Confederate army in his nineteenth year, and a truer, braver soldier never enlisted in the Southern cause. He was a member of Company A, Alabama State Artillery, and was among the first to enter Fort Morgan at its capture in the early part of 1861. He served under Bragg, Johnston, and Hood. When the company lost all of its guns at the disastrous battle of Franklin it was sent to man Spanish Fort, near Mobile, and he was among the last to leave the fort. Being orderly sergeant of the company, he called its roll for the last time in May, 1865, at Meridian, Miss., where it surrendered.

He was never wounded, though he was brave to rashness. He had a horse shot under him at the battle of Munfordville, Ky. His sister, Miss Kate Cumming, author of "Hospital Life" and "Gleanings from Southland," was in Chattanooga, Tenn., when the army retreated from Tullahoma in June, 1863. She writes: "My brother had been ill and had gotten a fur-lough and gone home, and I was congratulating myself with the thought that he would miss that retreat, when in he walked. I said: 'O, why did you return so soon?' He look astonished at me, and said: 'Do you think I would miss a battle?' I did all that I could to get him to remain until we knew what the army was going to do, but to no purpose; he would go. Ten days afterwards he returned, more dead than alive, and, throwing himself down on a cot, he exclaimed: 'This retreat was worse than the one from Kentucky! and if Bragg had only let us fight, I would not care, for I know that we would have whipped the Yankees.' He sleeps in the soldiers' graveyard, Oakwood Cemetery, Dallas, Tex., and was followed to his grave by the veterans of Sterling Price Camp, some of whom were his pallbearers."

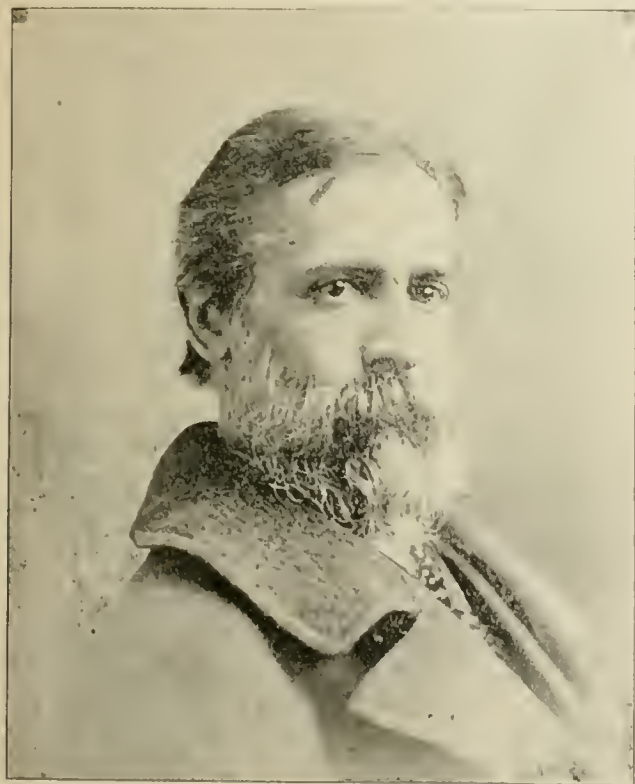
James R. Sartain, of Tracy City, Tenn., reports the death of Comrade W. H. Bolton, who served in Company B, of the Second Tennessee Cavalry, which served under Ashby. He was a faithful soldier to the end, and until his death was proud of the part he took in the great war. He was a railroad engineer, and as reliable in civil life as he had been as a soldier. He missed his footing while preparing to start with his engine down the Cumberland Mountain from Tracy, March 1, a trip that he had made successfully once to twice a day for many years. No patron of the VERERAN was more ardent in its cause, and it was a comfort to hear his zealous commendation of it. The Masonic Fraternity officiated at his burial. He was born July 4, 1845, and left to his wife, two sons, and one daughter an honorable record as a faithful soldier, citizen, husband, father, and Christian.

Capt. James N. Gardner died at McKenzie, Tenn., February 25. His wife died on the 26th, and they were buried in the same grave. Capt. Gardner was a member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac. He enlisted in the Confederate States army in 1861, and served in the Fifty-fifth Tennessee Infantry. He was a good citizen and a Christian gentleman.

FELIX G. DE FONTAINE.

The Southern people that had opportunities for literary pursuits during the war will recall the thrilling sketches of "Personne." His story of the firing on Fort Sumter, printed in the *New York Herald*, it is said "shook the country." He soon became the war correspondent of the *Charleston Courier*. He followed the main bodies of Confederate forces in Virginia and Tennessee, neglecting not, however, the record of events in the Confederate capital.

After the war Mr. De Fontaine was for a long time on the staff of the *New York Herald*. He subsequently wrote many books. He was a charming companion socially, and highly gifted. He was so facile with his pen, one of the oldest and fastest stenographers, and re-



FELIX G. DE FONTAINE.

ported some of the most noted court trials on record, one of which was that of Dan E. Sickles, for killing Barton Key in Washington before the war.

Mr. de Fontaine died in his old home, Columbia, S. C. In a letter his wife wrote to a friend:

He was ill not quite a week with pneumonia, but we had no idea of his approaching death. It came like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. I was totally unprepared for it. In April I buried my only sister, Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, so you see that my cup of sorrow is full to running over. Mr. de Fontaine died in the midst of his life-work, the publication of his war letters, only one copy of which had been issued. I am trying

to make arrangements for the continuance of the magazine, which was a phenomenal success. I know little about the business affairs of such a venture, but shall do my duty in the compilation of the letters and other literary matter. I have also ready for publication the "Missing Records of the Confederacy," a work of much value, and I hope to obtain a good price for it. Mr. de Fontaine was a great favorite in Columbia, our old home. Every honor was paid him that was possible to be paid to any one. The Governor's Guards, the oldest military organization in the city, asked the honor of turning out at his funeral, an honor shown the first time to a civilian. All this is very sweet to think of, but O how little it helps the breaking heart!

Lieut.-Col. Hervey McDowell pays tribute to Newton Taylor, one of his old soldiers of the Second Kentucky Infantry, C. S. A. In 1861 Mr. Taylor enlisted for a year in Cameron's Battalion. After that service he joined Company F, of the Second Kentucky, and was in many battles, including Stone's River, Jackson (Miss.), Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, on through Dalton to the Atlanta campaign, then through Georgia and the Carolinas until the war ended. In concluding Col. McDowell says: "He was a brave, faithful soldier, and there was not his superior. I never knew a more thorough gentleman and soldier. He was ever ready for duty. He never shirked nor complained. Implicit confidence was rendered him, for he was of those who are true to the death. His courage was of that fine and high character that had no thought of display. I do not think he ever realized that he was a hero—simply tried to always do the best that was in him. The ranks of the 'Orphan Brigade' are closing up. Let us cherish the memory of brave comrades that have left us."

Dr. G. Kann, Woodville, Miss., March 12, 1897: "To-day your agent, who was a Confederate soldier of the Twenty-first Mississippi Regiment, passed away, after a long, lingering sickness of consumption. Although he lost a leg in the valley, he hastened his death by overwork. He was Circuit Clerk." The brief note is all that has been received. W. K. Cooper's name was one of the most familiar in connection with the hundreds whose zeal for the VETERAN never flagged. For the twenty subscriptions in the most remote country town of Mississippi special gratitude was felt to Comrade Cooper, whose maimed body and ill health were never mentioned.

The South lost an eminent citizen in the death of John Randolph Tucker, which occurred recently at Lexington, Va. An exchange truly says: "It would be hard to exaggerate Mr. Tucker's abilities and virtues. He was a great lawyer, a great statesman, and a noble Christian. In his early manhood he was Attorney-General for his native state. After the war he served many terms in the Federal Congress. During recent years he has been Professor of Constitutional Law in Washington and Lee University. Without being the least of a demagogue he was a very fine stump speaker. We have never heard a man that could so illuminate an elaborate argument with a pertinent anecdote. His power of pantomime was nothing less than marvelous."

J. M. Null, Secretary of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, McKenzie; Tenn.: "Comrade James N. Gardner was born December 16, 1832, in Humphreys County, Tenn.; enlisted in the Confederate army October, 1861, as first lieutenant in Company H, Fifty-fifth Tennessee Infantry; paroled May 6, 1865; died at his home near McKenzie, Tenn., February 25, 1897. Comrade Henry C. Townes was born in Carroll County, Tenn., June 10, 1840; enlisted as corporal in Company H, Twentieth Virginia Regiment Infantry, Confederate States of America, in May, 1861; was captured in July, and released in November, 1861; served as private in the Third Virginia Cavalry until paroled in May, 1865; died at his home in Huntington, Tenn., September 15, 1896."

J. M. Johnson, Chairman of Camp 884, Tracy City, Tenn.: "Since the February issue of the VETERAN another of our old brothers has passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees. Brother W. H. Bolton, of Company B, Sixteenth Tennessee Infantry, was killed at Tracy City, Tenn., March 1, 1897. While stepping on his engine he slipped and fell, and was killed almost instantly. He was to have joined Camp No. 884 on Wednesday evening, March 3."

In reply to an inquiry in the February VETERAN regarding Col. William Deloney, a friend writes that he died of wounds received in the service of the Confederacy (thinks that it was shortly after the battle of Brandy Station). His wife and a married daughter, Mrs. John H. Hall, reside in Athens, Ga.

Maj. Nathaniel R. Chambliss, of Selma, died while at service in a cathedral at Baltimore. He was an Episcopalian, but had gone to the Catholic Church with his wife, a daughter of Gen. W. J. Hardee.

Dr. Robert Darrington, a native of Clarke County, Ala., and surgeon of the Third Alabama Cavalry, died at Darrington, Wilkinson County, Miss., October 29, 1896, aged fifty-eight years.

Capt. W. F. Thomas, now a merchant at Cumberland City, Tenn. (on the river between Clarksville and Fort Donelson, Tenn.), desires information about any members of Company C, Fiftieth Tennessee Regiment. It was an Alabama company, raised by Capt. Jackson, but at Fort Donelson was made part of the Fiftieth Tennessee. Capt. Thomas was its commander for two years.

Henry Lee Valentine, Box 247, Richmond, Va.: "William Armistead Braxton, who was one of Mosby's men, was killed just at the close of the war. Can any one assist me in finding a picture of him? His family are quite anxious for it."

Miss Laura Neal, Chatham, Ky.: "I noticed in the December VETERAN in the list of names given in Mr. Nicholson's autograph album that of W. B. Neal, of Nashville, Tenn. Would like to know if he is still living, and where."

Responses to requests for the addresses of comrades who cannot afford to subscribe to the VETERAN have called forth many pathetic stories. It would not be practicable to supply such regularly, but occasionally copies will be sent. When the VETERAN is received by such, or by some one who it is believed would like it, without having been ordered, the recipient may know that some friend who knows and appreciates him suggested it. Even such as the comrade referred to below in much honor can help the VETERAN by some commendatory word—good seed in good ground.

Mr. Joe H. Morris, of Glenville, Ky., writes:

Mr. —, of Glenville, Ky., was the peer of any soldier in the Confederate army. He served from September, 1861, to May, 1865, in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, Orphan Brigade, and was wounded five times. He lost his wife and family of five children by death. Sickness has literally "eaten him up," and in his old age he is helpless and destitute. He is a man of fine education, but is nearly blind. Such a man, who gave his young manhood to the South in her time of trial, should not suffer. Confederates who are able should help him. Squire William Goodwin, one of your subscribers, and one of the most influential men in the county, will certify that Mr. — is a deserving man in every sense of the word. Will you not send him the VETERAN? If he lives, he will pay you; and if a small remittance were sent him by Confederates, it would be an act of charity highly deserving.

The foregoing is a sample of appeals that come to this office. The name is not given, because the comrade is undoubtedly too high-spirited not to be mortified if public appeal should be made for him. Besides, it is against the revised policy of the VETERAN to publish indiscriminate appeals for any person, however deserving. It yearns to help the needy, but there must be systematic rule, and such charity given through a committee of good men or women, if in future appeals for aid be at all published herein.

Rev. S. S. Rahn, of Jacksonville, Fla., writes: "There is one subject which I hope will be thoroughly ventilated: that in regard to the number of troops furnished by each Southern state for the Confederate service, the number killed, wounded, died of disease, etc. I wish to know only the facts, nothing more. I am a Georgian by birth, enlisted in a Georgia regiment when a mere boy, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., when Gen. J. E. Johnston surrendered. The last four years I have lived in North Carolina, and frequently heard some of the old veterans there say such things as the following: 'North Carolina had the first man killed in battle during the war, and the last; she had more troops to enlist according to the population; more were slain in battle, etc.' Now just how much of this is truth ought to be known. Can we not settle the question through the columns of the VETERAN? Possibly Dr. Jones, our historian, can and will give us light."

HONOR TO WORTHY HEROES.

We, the undersigned committee, have been appointed by Mosby Camp to solicit subscriptions for a monument at Front Royal, Va., to the memory of our six comrades—Anderson, Carter, Jones, Overby, Love, and Rhodes—who, while prisoners of war, were hung or shot to death by the order of Gen. Custer, in the year 1864.

The memory of these brave boys, who met an untimely death in defense of their country, deserves to be perpetuated, and we earnestly appeal to all survivors of the Forty-third Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, to aid in rendering long-delayed justice to our fallen comrades.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Treasurer, W. Ben Palmer, No. 1321 Cary Street, Richmond, or may be sent to any member of the committee.

W. Ben Palmer, Richmond, Va.; J. W. Hammond, Alexandria, Va.; Robert M. Harrover, Washington, D. C., Committee.

The committee requests the following comrades to act as solicitors and to receive contributions: John H. Foster, Marshall, Va.; Benjamin Simpson, Centerville, Va.; Stockton R. Terry, Lynchburg, Va.; S. R. Armstrong, Woodville, Va.; B. F. Nalls, Culpeper, Va.; W. W. Faulkner, Newport News, Va.; W. F. Lintz, Norfolk, Va.; Capt. R. S. Walker, Orange, Va.; F. F. Bowen, Danville, Va.; J. F. Faulkner, Winchester, Va.; Charles Danne, Trevilians, Va.; Stacy B. Bispham, Baltimore, Md.; John S. Munson, St. Louis, Mo.; J. J. Williamson, New York, N. Y.

NORTHERN ANCESTRAL DISLOYALTY.

The following extracts are suggested by Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee, of Philadelphia:

President Andrews, of Brown University (Vol. II., page 345) says of the war of 1812: "Triumph far more complete might have attended the war but for the perverse and factious Federalist opposition to the administration. Some Federalists favored joining England out and out against Napoleon. Having, with justice, denounced Jefferson's embargo tactics as too tame, yet when the war spirit rose and even the South stood ready to resent foreign affronts by force, they changed tone, harping upon our weakness and favoring peace at any price. Tireless in magnifying the importance of commerce, they would not lift a hand to defend it. The same men that had cursed Adams for avoiding war with France easily framed excuses for orders in council, impressment, and the Chesapeake affair. Apart from Randolph and the few opposition Republicans, mostly in New York, this Thersites Band had its seat in commercial New England, where embargo and war, of course, sat hardest, more than a sixth of our entire tonnage belonging to Massachusetts. From the *Esser Junto* and its sympathizers came nullification utterances not less pointed than the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, although, considering the sound rebukes which the latter had evoked, they are far less defensible. Disunion was freely threatened, and actions either committed or countenanced bordering hard upon treason. The Massachusetts Legislature, in 1809, declared Congress's act to enforce embargo 'not legally binding.' Gov. Trum-

bull, of Connecticut, declined to aid, as requested by the President, in carrying out that act, summoning the Legislature to 'interpose their protecting shield' between the people and the 'assumed power of the general government.' 'How,' wrote Pickering, referring to the Constitution, Amendment X., 'are the powers reserved to be maintained but by the respective states judging for themselves and putting their negative on the usurpations of the general government?' A sermon of President Dwight's on the text, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord,' even Federalists deprecated as hinting too strongly at secession. This unpatriotic agitation—from which, be it said, large numbers of Federalists nobly abstained—came to a head in the mysterious Hartford Convention, at the close of 1814, and soon began to be sedulously hushed in consequence of the glorious news of victory and peace from Ghent and New Orleans." ("History of the United States," 1896.)

When the bill for the admission of Texas as a slave state was under discussion in Congress a numerous signed petition was presented on behalf of Massachusetts and Maine people, in which they opposed its admission, and threatened secession if it were admitted as a slave state. This I have on the authority of a United States Senator then serving in that body.

History clearly proves that New England did several times threaten to do what the South actually did: to secede.

REUNION AT WILSON CREEK SUGGESTED.

Dr. B. A. Barrett writes from Springfield, Mo.:

Old soldiers of both sides, how would you like a realistic performance of the battle of Wilson Creek at the reunion on the 10th of August next, the anniversary of the battle? I would suggest that there be an understanding of soldiers of both sides who participated in the battle to arrange an encampment on the identical battle-ground as the Confederates were upon the morning of the 10th and an attacking army move out as the Federals did in the night, and make the attack about daybreak on the anniversary of that memorable morning. Should this meet the approbation of soldiers of both sides, it can be easily arranged by interchange of thought by the committee. Just a suggestion.

Dr. Barrett adds:

I am opposed to all kinds of war and fighting.

All troubles can be settled in a better way
By just arbitration I would say
That justice to all can easily be done
If in the right way begun,

and conducted upon right principles in a God-fearing spirit. The wise and best are saying: "Speed the time! let it come fast!"

The golden rule is reaching all the world see
To do to you as I like you to do to me.

Comrade A. M. Foute, of Cartersville, Ga., writes: "I am going to the reunion if I have to do as I did in 1865: walk from Georgia into Tennessee. I was of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee Infantry, and my first general was John C. Brown, of your city."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Wilcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

Gratitude is herein expressed to hundreds of comrades and friends for zeal in behalf of the VETERAN in the beginning of its fifth year. Increase of circulation brings additional responsibilities, and the solemn obligation is renewed again and again to do all that is possible to patrons and to the memory of those who gave life for the sacred cause—not "Lost Cause"—of principles that live to-day under different form from what they were designed. If the VETERAN is worthy, it should be sustained unremittingly. Its regular increase of pages cost a great deal of money; but to make it as good as possible all the time was an original resolution to which adherence is as ardent as ever. Don't neglect to remit, and please introduce the subject to your neighbor and recommend it as you feel that it deserves. All subscribers can know the status of their subscriptions by counting from the date by their names.

This is a momentous period with the VETERAN in its importance. Publication day is to be advanced two or three weeks before the reunion; and while each number is increased to 48 pages, and then the reunion number to 100 pages, in an edition of over 20,000 copies, puts the management to a hard test. All this besides much work on committees arranging for the reunion.

The part that its friends may perform, necessary to its success, is apparent. If each one will attend promptly to renewal when time has expired and to influencing others to subscribe, the prosperity of the VETERAN will be a declaration that it represents right ideas and that the Southern people *will maintain* their history.

Everybody that expects to attend the reunion *would do well* to take the VETERAN. Payment may be made then. Let such, or subscribers who will induce these, write postals requesting entries of names. People who read the VETERAN pay for it, however much the sacrifice.

ABOUT SAM DAVIS.

In the April VETERAN additional subscriptions to the Sam Davis Monument Fund will be published.

The pleasing announcement is made that Gen. G. M. Dodge, who was in command at Pulaski, and who ordered the court martial to try Sam Davis, has cordially consented to write for the VETERAN a statement about Davis. Other interesting and important data upon the

subject will appear next month. Let every one that has the heart and spare dollar send in promptly, so that the showing next month will be worthy of the matchless theme.

Another fact which will be gratifying to the Southern people is that a sculptor of eminence, who, though not even an American, has become so thrilled with the wonderful story that he has undertaken to make a bust of Sam Davis, and he is being furnished with all the helps that family and friends can provide. Possibly his creation may be photoengraved for the next VETERAN.

As this number of the VETERAN is being printed Gen. George Moorman comes from New Orleans to confer with the management to arrange for the great reunion. He is well pleased with the prospect, and predicts that it will be the largest gathering in the history of the United Confederate Veterans.

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* mentions that "one of Gen. Lee's marked peculiarities was his extraordinary carefulness in money matters. While exceedingly generous, he was in business transactions rigidly exact. To the young men who were put under his care at Lexington from all parts of the South he used frequently to say: 'Do not waste your money; it cost somebody hard labor, and is sacred.'" There is so much in this statement that the VETERAN mentions and emphasizes it in the comfort that a commendation of this principle will impress all men, the old as well as the young. It is a principle worthy to be remembered and acted upon by all who revere the memory of Robert E. Lee.

Tom Hall, Louisville, Ky.: "Ex-Confederates all over the country will rejoice to hear that the Kentucky Confederate Association has at last become a part of the United Confederate Veterans, and its large membership is now ready to receive the badge of that great organization. It has long been the desire of a majority of members that the Kentucky Confederate Association become a member of the U. C. V., but there was a hitch somewhere, which has been overcome. The new camp has been named 'George B. Eastin' Camp No. —, U. C. V.—this in honor of the late Hon. George B. Eastin, President of the Kentucky Confederate Association, who died last year while on a visit to Rome, Italy, for the benefit of his health. In his coming address President John H. Leathers, who has been elected Commander of George B. Eastin Camp, will dwell at length on the memory of Judge Eastin, and it will sparkle with other matters that will be most edifying to all good Confederate ex-soldiers. The official roster of Camp George B. Eastin is as follows: John H. Leathers, Commander; Thomas D. Osborne, Adjutant; Samuel Murrell, Quartermaster and Treasurer. Prospects are that the camp will send a very large delegation to the general reunion at Nashville in June, and it is likely that the state of Kentucky will turn out in almost its entire strength to swell the crowd at the Tennessee Centennial."

"TIME TO CALL OFF 'DIXIE!'"

Elite, a society periodical of Chicago, contained an editorial recently under the above caption, in which it argued:

It is sectional, and its tendency is to keep alive the lost cause. The "Star-spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," etc., are not sectional. Let us drop "Dixie" for good and set the bands to playing national airs. Why do Northern people go out of their way to conciliate Southern folks? They always do. At the convention of Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, if a delegate's name from Connecticut was called, it aroused no enthusiasm; but let a name from Georgia be announced, and the house immediately found its hands. These societies are pledged to treat the war of the rebellion as if it had never occurred, so their action cannot be explained on the ninety and nine who went not astray and the rejoicing over the one wanderer basis. By all means let all be cordial and kind, but let the bands stop playing "Dixie" and the people stop playing toady.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S ANSWER.

True merit rarely goes without recognition. We, as Southern people, glory in this "tendency to keep alive the sentiment of the lost cause." Why not? Have we anything of which to be ashamed? True, defeat was ours, but it was brought about not through any lack of bravery, gallantry, or patriotism for what we believe to be right because of its being guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. The record of Confederate soldiers is without a parallel in history, and, as time goes on, instead of being classed as traitors, their many gallant deeds and loyal hearts will be appreciated for their true worth, and their names go down in history as heroes true to every trust.

"Time to call off 'Dixie?'" No!

In Dixie's land we'll take our stand,
We'll live and die by Dixie.

It is not that we love the "Star-spangled Banner" less, but "Dixie" will always be absolutely sacred to Southern hearts. Around "Dixie" twine our fondest memories and dearest associations. "Dixie" went with our loved ones through all the perils of war, and in their darkest hours of strife "Dixie's" bright, sweet strain cheered the boys on.

Why, then, should we call off "Dixie?" Its strains are melodious and edifying. Rather call off "Marching through Georgia," which reminds one of naught save cruelty and ruin, and in whose bars there is no music.

Why is it that the lady of the South receives the recognition of any convention in which she participates? It is simply that a true Southern woman stands out in any company and shows by every word and deed her superiority. She realizes her true worth, and others are bound to recognize it. We agree that it is time to put a stop to "toadyism," but let the bands continue to play "Dixie," and may its strains continue to send a thrill of joy and pride to the heart of every true Southerner for generations to come!

This Southern woman signs "Halcyon." Her pic-

ture may be seen in a group of children on an old war-horse in this VETERAN.

ELITE ANSWERS BACK.

It is all in the point of view. "Marching through Georgia" to a Northerner does not mean "cruelty and ruin," but victory and union. However, Northern people are quite willing to substitute "Yankee Doodle" for that energetic tune.

It is a coincidence that, with a copy of *Business Chat*—an enterprising publication of Nashville, which contained the foregoing—in his pocket, the editor of the VETERAN went to a lecture-room where Hon. A. H. Pettibone, a Union veteran and an ex-Congressman of the Republican party, was to deliver an address on



DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

"Stonewall" Jackson. The lecture was postponed, but the speaker entertained his audience with expressions of pride in Tennessee during this Centennial period, at the conclusion of which the brass band of boys from the Tennessee Blind School rendered popular airs. Among the auditors was Hon. G. N. Tillman, late Republican candidate for Governor, and second in creditable reputation to no Tennessean ever nominated for office by that party, and he called for "Dixie." It gave instant inspiration, and the applause was led by Hon. Mr. Pettibone.

"Dixie" is here to stay, and the prophecy is made in this connection that it will become a national air. Long before the writer knew "Uncle" Dan Emmett

and secured the original sheet of "Dixie" (a photo-engraving of which is free to any subscriber of the VETERAN who will ask for it), he was in prison at Indianapolis, when a Federal band entered Camp Morton and complimented the prisoners by playing several airs. When it began "Dixie" one of that multitude of thousands, speaking for himself, says now, through blinding tears, vividly recalling the scene, that it was the most glorious of all sounds that ever made music in his ears.

Ah, "Dixie!" "Dixie" is here to stay. Its author will be invited from his Ohio home to the great reunion of Confederates here next June, and no President of the United States ever had as unrestrained expressions of good-will and honor as will be accorded Daniel Decatur Emmett on that occasion.

seem well and happy. An occasional complaint from some malcontent comes to the ears of the Visitors, who inquire into the matter, and nearly always find that there is no foundation. . . . Six dinners are given each year by the Visitors, which furnishes the old men a gala-day—each month from November 25 (Thanksgiving Day) to Easter Day—while the Fourth-of-July dinner celebrates their loyalty. . . .

The Stonewall Jackson Infirmary, or hospital, due to the tender thought of one of the Board of Visitors and her committee, has assumed larger and more perfect proportions. The Board of Governors have this year enlarged it, adding a ward and three small rooms—one for very ill patients, one for hospital steward, and one for a pantry. The old ward is changed into a sitting-room, where ailing men can have a quiet hour. The visitors have undertaken the furnishing of these rooms, and we hope soon to have them in perfect order. The Governors propose introducing water into



CONFEDERATE HOME IN MARYLAND.

The report of Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson, President of the Board of Lady Visitors to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, 1896, to the Board of Governors of the Maryland Line Association, contains the following:

The Home is kept in such beautiful order under the management of the Board of Governors and its excellent Superintendent that it is a pleasure as well as an honor for the Board of Lady Visitors to be associated with them and to do what they can to assist in its work.

The men in the Home, of whom there are eighty-two now present and one hundred and six on the roll,

the hospital, which will add greatly to the comfort of the inmates.

Each year adds to the improvement and beauty of the Confederate Home, while each year adds to the number of its inmates, as age and infirmities and poverty wear out the men who fought bravely for Southern rights and they turn with longing to a home provided by the generosity of the state of Maryland for her sons, who otherwise would have none. No wonder we consider it an honor to assist in such a blessed cause! We see that their temporal wants are provided for, we care for the sick and ease the last moments of the dying, and in so doing we have done our little in memory of those who fought for a holy cause.

There are one hundred and twelve names on the list of the Board of Lady Visitors. I am sorry that the attendance is not more regular. Some are on the roll as contributors only, but others are entered as visitors, their names are put on the committees for the separate months, and yet the chairmen of these committees find it hard to get some of them to comply. I sincerely hope that during the coming year there will be a better attendance.

The treasury is in a good condition. We collect two dollars a year from each visitor—one for the dinner, and one for casual expenses. We are also pledged to assist in the spring fete, the receipts of which go to the general fund. We have this year's report from our Treasurer of \$576.76 receipts, \$224 of which has gone to the fund of the Board of Governors, \$239.50 for the dinners and sick fund and other expenses, and \$113.26 remains in the treasury.

The Daughters of the Confederacy have undertaken the sacred duty of attending to the graves of the Confederate dead on Memorial Day. This young organization of Confederate women, whose hearts are full of love and sympathy for the dead Confederacy, will be a great power in diffusing among our contemporaries and transmitting to our posterity devotion and respect for the cause of justice, right, and honor, for which so many of those men fought and died. We cordially welcome them as powerful auxiliaries in our work, and sincerely pray that success may attend them.

HIS WORDS LIVE AFTER HIM.

The late Gen. R. E. Colston went abroad and was long among the Egyptians after our great war, whereby he had the advantage of broadening his views; and yet to a Virginia Ladies' Memorial Association made an address from which the following is taken:

Those who fall in the arms of victory and success need no monuments to preserve their memories. The continued existence and prosperity of their country are sufficient epitaphs, and their names can never be forgotten. But how shall those be remembered who failed? It is their enemies who write their history, painting it with their own colors, distorting it with their calumnies, their prejudices, and their passions; and it is this one-sided version of the conquerors that the world at large accepts as truth, for in history as in the present, *vae victis* (woe to the conquered).

It is true that when we, the actors in the last contest, shall be sleeping in our graves little will it matter to us what the world may think of us or our motives. But methinks that we could hardly rest in peace, even in the tomb, should our descendants misjudge or condemn us. And yet, is there impossibility of this? They will be told that their fathers were oligarchs, aristocrats, slave-drivers, rebels, traitors, who, to perpetuate the monstrous sin of human slavery, tried to throttle out the life of the nation and to rend asunder the government founded by Washington; that they raised parricidal hands against the sacred ark of the Constitution; that they were the unprovoked aggressors, and struck the first sacrilegious blow against the Union and the flag of their country.

What if this be but false cant and calumny? Constant repetition will give it something of the authority

of truth. We cannot doubt it. Our descendants will see these slanders repeated in Northern and probably in European publications; perhaps even in the very text-books of their schools (for, unfortunately, we Southerners write too little, and they may be compelled, like ourselves, to look abroad for their intellectual nutriment). It is true that our own immediate sons and daughters will not believe these falsifications of history, but perchance their children or grandchildren may believe them. And those who are still our enemies after five years of peace rely confidently upon this result. A so-called minister of the Prince of Peace, but whose early and persistent advocacy of war and bloodshed prove that he obtained his commission from a very opposite quarter, has dared to say that "in a few years the relatives of those Southern men who fell in our struggle will be ashamed to be seen standing by the side of their dishonored graves." And he who said this, mark you, is no obscure driver, but, on the contrary, one of the highest representative men of the North, one whom they delight to honor—no less a personage than the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Fellow Southerners, whose teachings and influence can accomplish more than all other agencies combined to hurl back this foul slander in the teeth of that reverend liar? Who can best guard our posterity from the corrupting odium of falsehood? Who can so implant the right and justice of our lost cause into their souls as to prevail over all the calumnies of our detractors?

Your hearts reply, like mine: "It is the noble, patriotic, unwavering women of the South." Yes, let me repeat this last epithet, for it belongs peculiarly to them, unwavering, true to the right, true to the South, in the past and in the present, and they will be in the future. We would be baser than the brutes that perish could we forget what the women of the South did to promote the success of our efforts. By night and by day they labored with diligent hands to supply the deficiencies of the government. They nursed the sick and wounded, they bore sorrows and privations of every kind without a murmur. What they suffered no tongue, no pen, can ever express. Yet they never faltered, they never gave up, and they continued to cheer the sinking hearts of their defenders and to hope against all hope, even when all was over. And see how nobly they have kept us in faith! While some men who once did gallant service in the Southern armies have, alas! turned false for filthy lucre, where are the renegades among Southern women? Even we who have preserved our faith unstained, have we not grown colder and more forgetful? Had it depended upon us alone, is there not much reason to fear that our brothers' bones would still lie unheeded where they fell? Not that we have grown indifferent or estranged, but the claims of the living and the anxieties of misfortune have absorbed our attention. It is these blessed Southern women, whose tender hearts never forget, that deserve the credit of all that has been done among us to preserve from destruction the remains of our brave comrades. Unwearied by all their labors and self-sacrifice during four years of war, they were, like Mary, the first at the graves of their beloved dead. Therefore to them we may safely intrust the holy ark of our Southern faith. Yes, it is for you—wives, mothers, daughters, of the South—it is for you, far more than

for us, to fashion the hearts and thoughts of our children. We have neither the time nor the aptitude that you possess for training the infant mind from the beginning and inclining the twig the way the tree should grow. You are now, or will be some day, the mothers of future generations. See that you transmit to them the traditions and memories of our cause and of our glorious, if unsuccessful, struggle, that they may in their turn transmit them unchanged to those who succeed them. And let them learn from you that, although the same inscrutable Providence that once permitted the Grecian cross to go down before the Moslem crescent, has decreed that we should yield to Northern supremacy, and that we should fail in our endeavor; yet, for all that, we were right.

It is for you, Southern matrons, to guard your cherished ones against this foul idolatry, and to teach them a nobler and a higher moral. It is for you to bring the youth of our land to these consecrated mounds and to engrave in their candid souls the true story of our wrongs, our motives, and our deeds. Tell them in tender and eloquent words that those who lie here entombed were neither traitors nor rebels, and that those absurd epithets are but the ravings of malignant folly when applied to men who claimed nothing but their right under the Constitution of their fathers—the right of self-government. Tell them how we exhausted every honorable means to avoid the terrible arbitrament of war, asking only to be let alone, and tendering alliance, friendship, free navigation—everything reasonable and magnanimous—to obtain an amicable settlement. Tell them how, when driven to draw the sword, we fought the mercenaries of all the world until, overpowered by tenfold numbers, we fell; but, like Leonidas and his Spartans of old, fell so heroically that our defeat was more glorious than victory.

Then from so sublime a theme teach our children a no less sublime lesson. Bid them honor the right, just because it is right; honor it when its defenders have gained the rich prize of success, honor it still more when they are languishing in the dungeons of oppression or lying in bloody graves, like the martyrs we celebrate to-day. And bid them remember that no triumph, however brilliant, can ever change the wrong into the right. Next to their duty to God, teach your offspring to love their native Southern land all the more tenderly for its calamities, and to cherish the memories of their fathers all the more precious because they battled for the right and went down in the unequal strife. And should their youthful hearts wonder at the triumph of force over justice, teach them that the ways of Providence are mysterious and not like our ways. For a time the wicked may flourish like a green bay-tree, but he shall not endure forever, and far better it is to suffer with the righteous than to rejoice with the unjust. Sooner or later, in some mysterious way that we cannot now perceive—in their own day, perhaps, if not in ours—the truth of our principles will be recognized. Meanwhile, bid them scorn “a crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning.” Yet, while clinging to our principles and vindicating the righteousness of our motives, let our children learn also the Christian lesson of forgiveness. God forbid that the bitterness of our times should be perpetuated from generation to generation!

God forbid, above all, that this land should ever be drenched again with the blood of contending armies speaking the same language and springing from a kindred race! On the contrary, may he grant that the causes of strife, being at last all extinct, peace and harmony may prevail and make this land in truth, and not merely in name, the asylum of human liberty!

THE STORY OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

BY JUDGE HENRY HOWE COOK, FRANKLIN, TENN.

I was a member of the First Tennessee Regiment, and was with Lee at Great Mountain. But at the time my story begins I was a member of the Reed and McEwen Company, Forty-fourth Tennessee Regiment, Bushrod Johnson's Brigade. In the spring of 1864 we left East Tennessee for Richmond. I shall never forget the day we marched through Richmond and in front of the Capitol of the Confederate States. Never before was seen such a ragged set of soldiers, many of them without shoes and with their feet tied up in rags or in green cowhides. These were the men who held Butler's army at bay until an army could be gathered together. The battle of Drury's Bluff was then fought and won, and Butler and his army securely bottled up at the landing in Bermuda Hundreds. I was wounded and captured in this battle, placed in a boat, and anchored out in the James River. As I stood upon the deck I could see the Carter House—Shirley. A Federal officer told me that the daughters of Gen. R. E. Lee were in the house, and he appeared to be much pleased at the fact that Gen. Lee did not fear to leave his daughters within their lines. I thought, but did not tell him, what havoc his soldiers had wrought at Dr. Friend's house at the battle of Drury's Bluff. From this Carter House—Shirley, were descended R. E. Lee, Benjamin and Carter Harrison, and my old friends, Sandy Carter and Col. Moscow Carter. Down the river and across the mouth of the Appomattox once stood the Bland residence, Cowsons. From this family descended John Randolph, of Roanoke, Chief Justice John Marshall, Light Horse Harry Lee, and many others of illustrious name.

Time would fail me to mention the colonial residences that could be seen from the James River, but I mention these as being the homes of the ancestors of our great commander. The lonely grave of Henry Lee was on the distant shores of Georgia; upon this Georgia coast I, with six hundred comrades, was soon to endure horrors never before suffered by man, and many a one was there to find an untimely grave.

We reached Fortress Monroe in the evening, and stopped there two days. The Federal officers gave us quite a feast, causing me to think that prison life was feasting on the fat of the land. How cruel to thus raise the hopes of a boy! We were at this time about twenty in number, but I recall the name of only one: Capt. C. S. D. Jones, a son of Gov. Jones, of Iowa. He was on Gen. Johnson's staff, and was captured at Drury's Bluff on the morning of the battle, having ridden into the lines of the enemy in the darkness caused by the fog. Who can describe the darkness of a spring morning on the bank of the lower James? The fog is as thick and dense as a cloud, and rises from the ground in a dense mass as the morning advances. I had not fully observed this until I fell over a wire

stretched a few feet in front of Butler's breastworks, when I found that I could look up under the fog and see some distance. Near this spot where I fell over the wire Maj. McCarver, George Collins, and many others were killed. It was at this moment that Bantam Hill, our color-bearer, planted the standard of the Forty-fourth upon the works and fell back, shot through the mouth. On this part of the line many were killed in hand-to-hand combat, a thing I had never seen before. But I am reminded that I have not even reached the beginning of my tale of sorrow, woe, and wretchedness.

I was taken to Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac. This was the best prison that I was in during my prison life; but it was summer, and we lived in tents. It would not have been so comfortable in winter. I was next taken to Fort Delaware, where I found many of Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, who were captured near Petersburg, among them Col. Foulkerson, of the Sixty-third Tennessee; John Hooberry, of my company; Morgan, Fleming, Cameron, Johnson, Z. W. Ewing, Capt. Walker, and others. Here I met Capt. Thomas F. Perkins and Capt. John Nick, who were destined to prove friends in the time of greatest need. I was much rejoiced to meet again my young lieutenant, John Hooberry. I little knew what a burden and source of anxiety he would be to me in the days of affliction soon to come, and how many long nights I should nurse him as a mother nurses a child.

It is not my purpose to speak of prison life at Fort Delaware, as the death roll tells the story. I have often been requested to tell the story of the six hundred. This no man can do, but I will give a faint idea of the scenes and sufferings through which we passed.

I think it was August 20, 1864, that six hundred Confederate officers were selected and placed on board the ship "Crescent" at Fort Delaware. Were we to be exchanged? or what was to be done with us? How hopeless and helpless the condition of a prisoner of war, packed like cattle in the hold of a ship, and no questions answered!

The morning after leaving Fort Delaware we cast anchor inside the Delaware breakwater to await the arrival of our convoy, the man-of-war "Eutaw;" but the "Eutaw" did not come until the next day, when we at once got under way. Here Gen. McCook left us in charge of an officer, whose name, as I now remember, was Prentiss. McCook was a soldier and a gentleman, but I cannot say as much for Prentiss. About four o'clock on the morning of the third day we were all ordered on deck to assist in getting the ship afloat. She was aground near Cape Romain, off the South Carolina coast. By some miscalculation, the pilot had lost his reckoning, and we had run away from the convoy. The Federals were much frightened, while their prisoners were overjoyed. Discipline was forgotten, and confusion reigned throughout the ship. We at once made up our minds to capture the vessel before the return of her convoy. Col. Manning was appointed to make the demand for her surrender, but too much time was lost, and the black hull of the "Eutaw" loomed up in the horizon, and all hope sank within us.

On the morning of the 26th of August we were at anchor off Hilton Head. Here we first met Gen. John

G. Foster, who was in command of the Carolinas and Georgia, and who was thought to be responsible for the treatment we afterwards received.

Our condition at this time was horrible. I cannot describe it. For a week or more we had been penned in the hold of the ship, many were sick, and the stench arising from the filth was unbearable. We were almost famished, provisions and water having given out two days before we reached Hilton Head. On one of these days I caught some water in an oilcloth during a rain, and on the other a sailor gave me a cup of hot water. Lieut.-Col. Carmichael, of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York Regiment, came aboard. He was horrified when he saw our condition, and, expressing much displeasure and regret, earnestly set to work to relieve our deplorable state. A steamer was brought alongside the prison ship and a detail made from the prisoners and from the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Regiment to cleanse the ship, the prisoners having been transferred from it to the steamer. We were supplied with water and provisions, the soldiers gladly dividing their rations with us. We were now in the hands of soldiers, not guards.

For several days our ship rode at anchor in the bay. It was here that Capt. Thomas F. Perkins, Kent, and Ellison secured life-preservers and slipped overboard in the darkness of the night, taking the chances of floating to one of the numerous islands, and thence making their escape to the mainland. It appeared that the venture must necessarily result fatally to the whole party. There was a swarm of sharks around the ship. I myself at one time saw five, with dorsal fins above the wave, moving with the swiftness of an arrow. After being out three days Perkins and Kent were captured and returned to the ship. They had become separated from Ellison.

On September 4 we found ourselves in the midst of the blockading fleet off Charleston, and on the 7th we were landed on Morris Island. On reaching shore we were placed under the charge of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment. I do not know why it was called the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, as its colonel, Hollowell, was from Philadelphia, while its privates and non-commissioned officers were negroes from the Southern States, though some of the commissioned officers were from Massachusetts. I often talked with a young lieutenant of this regiment, who thought that the war was being fought solely to free the negroes. He was of the class who thought that the Constitution was a league with the powers of evil. In charge of this regiment, we marched to our prison pen, situated midway between Forts Wagner and Gregg. Our prison home was a stockade made of palmetto logs driven into the sand, and was about one hundred and thirty yards square. In this were small tents, capable of holding four persons. Around the tents and ten feet from the wall of the pen was stretched a rope, known as the "dead-line." Outside of the pen, and near the top of the wall, was a walk for the sentinels, so situated as to enable them to overlook the prisoners. About three miles distant, and in full view, was Charleston, into which the enemy was pouring heavy shells during the night while we remained on the island. Sumter lay a shapeless mass about twelve hundred yards to the west of us, and from it our sharpshooters kept up a constant fire upon the artillerymen

in Fort Gregg. Off to the right lay Sullivan's Island, and we could see the Confederate flag floating over Moultrie. The first evening remained quiet, not a shot being fired by Moultrie or Wagner. Late in the evening I watched the great bombshells sent from Gregg into the city of Charleston, and heard one loud report from the "Swamp Angel," situated about six hundred yards southeast of us. At sunset we were ordered into our tents, there to remain until sunrise the next day. In the morning we received our first meal upon the island. This consisted of two moldy crackers and two ounces of boiled pickled meat, while at four o'clock in the afternoon we were given two crackers and a gill of bean soup. Two negro soldiers carried the rations around to the tents, and the corporal dipped out the soup in a gill tin cup and poured it into our cups, giving each prisoner two crackers also. As to the ration formula, Col. Hollowell said that Gen. Foster was responsible for it. The formula was strictly carried out—never more, never less. At the end of forty days we were to learn that life could be sustained on a much smaller amount and a poorer quality of food. We received from the citizens of Charleston three plugs of tobacco each. This gave great relief. One can live on a small quantity of food when he uses tobacco freely. In the evening of the second day Wagner opened fire on Moultrie. Soon Gregg opened fire, and the two made the sand island quiver and shake as if it would melt from under us. For several hours this continued, Moultrie remaining silent. Our friends knew that we were staked between Wagner and Gregg. A little after dark a boom from that direction gave notice that old Moultrie would remain silent no longer. I watched the fiery globe as it curved gracefully in the air and descended with frightful rapidity right upon me, as it seemed, but it passed over into the garrison of Wagner. I sat in the door of my tent and watched the battle. The whole heavens were illuminated and the mortar-shells were darting through the heavens in all directions as though the sky were full of meteors. Moultrie had opened with all her mortars, and for some time continued to throw her shells either into Wagner or Gregg. At last one came that looked as if it would surely fall upon me. It came closer and faster, and finally burst right over us, striking several tents, but injuring no one. About one o'clock the firing ceased, and we went to sleep. The firing continued at night during the entire six weeks of our stay on the island, but I think that the battle of the second night was much the fiercest of any of these artillery duels.

Sickness soon began to prevail to an alarming extent, in consequence of the treatment received on board the ship and on the island. The guards became more exacting and cruel, and often shot into the pen. Two sick and helpless prisoners were wounded. One day Hollowell came into the pen very drunk and ordered us to get ready to move. He stated that a truce-boat was on the way from Charleston, and made the impression that we were to be exchanged. Those who could walk marched to the landing, a distance of more than a mile, while the others were carried in carts. On reaching the landing we were placed on board two small sailboats, with barely standing-room. But we could stand that to Charleston, a distance of five or six miles. But the truce-boat left and night came on, and

we did not move in the direction of Charleston. The next day we were again landed, and moved back to our prison pen. It is a matter of conjecture why this was done. Why were we moved out and kept upon these small boats so long? Did Foster wish to inspect the prison pen to see if we were digging tunnels through the sand, or was it a wanton act of cruelty? Two or three miles was a long march in our condition, and many a one fainted on the road. Think of starving upon that sandy island, under fire of Moultrie, for forty-two days! In my feverish, fitful dreams I saw all the cool, sparkling springs that my childhood knew, but fate refused me the power to kneel and slake my thirst as of yore. I saw tables loaded with the luxuries of Tennessee, but had not the strength to reach forth my hand and appease my hunger. How both pleasant and frightful visions appear to the dreams of a starving man! Death was in our midst. Almost every day one of our members was taken from us. I do not remember to have seen a doctor in the pen, though a priest came several times and held services.

Life upon the island consisted of starving and watching the mortar shells from Moultrie. But one night I saw something out of the usual routine. Looking to the east, in the midst of the darkness of the cloudy night, could be seen a long line of lights upon the blockading fleet. A boom of cannon was heard from the fleet, and two gunboats were seen moving swiftly in our direction. They passed between us and Sullivan's Island, and Moultrie opened fire. In front could be seen the dark hull of a ship moving with the swiftness of the wind in the direction of Charleston. Has it run aground or has it sunk upon a sand-bar? For several days we could see the boats from Charleston unloading the disabled blockade-runner.

On October 26 we were informed that we were to be taken to Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of the Savannah River. We were in the hands of Foster, and no mercy was expected or hoped for. We staggered or were hauled to the wharf and were placed upon the little schooners to be towed to Fort Pulaski. The horrors of Morris Island were not to be compared with what awaited us on the coast of Georgia. The little funeral ships were on their way to establish a graveyard upon Cockspur Island.

(To be continued.)

J. K. P. Blackburn, of Waco, Tex., writes that June 21 has been selected by the committee as the day for the reunion of Terry's Texas Rangers in Nashville. The meeting will be held at the Auditorium, on the Centennial grounds. This will be the thirty-first reunion of the survivors of this grand brigade, which served under Hood, A. S. and Joe Johnston, and Bragg, shedding its blood on every field of carnage from Woodsonville, Ky., to Hawk River, N. C., making the first and last fights of the Army of Tennessee.

In calling a meeting of the Palestine (Tex.) Camp. United Confederate Veterans No. 4, Commander R. M. Jackson states:

By the aid of the ladies—ever ready and essential in every good cause—we raised and have in the bank \$100, promised by our camp for Jeff Davis monument.

TRUE TO THEIR OATHS.

The *Washington Post* tells an interesting story of two Confederate comrades that became distinguished in after life, and have answered the last roll-call within a year. They were Charles F. Crisp and John R. Fellows.

Fellows entered the Confederate army with the First Arkansas, and was subsequently promoted to colonel of staff. Crisp was a lieutenant in the Tenth Virginia Infantry, Confederate States of America. Fellows was captured at the surrender of Port Hudson, June 8, 1863. Crisp was captured on May 12, 1864. Both were confined in Fort Delaware. Fellows was elected to the Fifty-second Congress, of which Crisp, who was serving his fourth term, was chosen Speaker, Fellows voting for him in caucus. One day Fellows was in the Speaker's private room at the Capitol to look after some matter of legislation of interest to New York. After this business was completed Speaker Crisp said: "Colonel, were you not confined at Fort Delaware as a prisoner of war? I recollect a Col. Fellows from Arkansas in that prison who was a good deal of an orator, and it occurs to me that you are the man. My Col. Fellows used to make a speech to the boys once and sometimes twice a day at the time we were discussing the advisability of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States."

"Yes, that was I," responded Col. Fellows. "I remember very well how I used to harangue my fellow prisoners, and it seems to me that I recall knowing you in those days. You were quite a young chap then, about eighteen or nineteen, were you not?"

"That young chap was myself," replied Speaker Crisp; "and I remember very well your eloquent appeals to the boys not to take the oath as long as there was a Confederate army in the field."

"That's right," said Col. Fellows. "By the way, as a matter of fact, I never did take the oath. I refused to do so on the ground that I did not owe my allegiance to Gen. Lee—that is, after his surrender—but to the Confederate Government. When I learned of the surrender of Dick Taylor and Kirby Smith I was willing to surrender too. Accordingly, I wrote to Gen. Schenck that I would take the oath. He refused to let me do so. I was finally released on parole, and never did take the oath, except as an officer of the government."

"I'll never forget your speeches in the prison," said Mr. Crisp. "They did us a lot of good. My most disagreeable experience as a prisoner of war was when I was one of the six hundred prisoners taken from Fort Delaware South and placed under the fire of our own men. However, we took the oath afterward and were released."

Speaker Crisp was a prisoner of war a few days more than a year, being captured in May, 1864, and released in June, 1865. Col. Fellows was a prisoner within a few days of two years, being captured in July, 1863, and not released until June, 1865.

Miss Lillian Finnall, 2720 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La., would be greatly obliged for information respecting Gen. John W. Finnall, whose name appears in the appendix to John Esten Cooke's "Life of Gen. Lee," in the tributes to Gen. Lee.

FIDELITY OF NEGRO SERVANTS.

BY BURGESS H. SCOTT, PADUCAH, KY.

Touching incidents of negro fidelity from the pen of Rev. J. C. Morris, in the January *VETERAN*, constrain me to mention a few faithful characteristics of a negro boy that attended me during the war. Willis was of pure African blood. He and I were brought up together. When I decided to enlist in the Confederate States Army my father insisted that this boy should attend me. Willis remained true and faithful throughout the war. He would always bring the results of his foraging to me before gratifying his own capacious appetite. He was wonderfully brave—when the enemy was at a distance—but was sure to be lost for two or three days after a battle. After the surrender of my command, at Washington, Ga., we made a tiresome march to Chattanooga. While there Willis addressed me as "Master" in the presence of some Federal soldiers, one of whom chided him for calling me master, saying: "He is no longer your master. You are as free as he is."

Willis straightened himself up and replied: "He is my master, and will be until one of us dies."

His speech made my heart tingle.

We were sent together to Nashville, Tenn. There I decided to part with Willis, at least for a time. I divided equally with him the \$26 in silver which I had received at Washington, Ga., as final remuneration, and advised him to stop in Nashville, where he could ply his picked-up trade of barber, and he did so. Later on in life some stolen goods were found in Willis's house, which he said had been left there by another negro. He was tried and convicted as a party to the theft, and sentenced to the penitentiary. When I heard of it I made every possible effort to get him pardoned, visiting Gov. Senter (at that time in office), and employing an attorney in the effort. The poor fellow sickened and died, as I believe with a broken heart, soon after all hope for release disappeared.

A pathetic story of a slave's loyalty is told in the *New York Sun*, and the *Sun* says "it's so." Dr. McReynolds, in the long ago, having the "gold-fever," left his wife near Harrisonville, Mo., and, taking his servant, Asa, went West, and had secured \$10,000 in gold, and was about ready to return when he sickened and died. Faithful Asa undertook to reach home with the gold, but had many discouraging adventures. While on the way he was captured by Indians, but he managed to bury the treasure. They might have treated him badly had he not posed as a doctor, there being a scourge among them at the time. After his release he gathered the gold and succeeded in getting home and delivering it to Mrs. McReynolds. She gave him his freedom and part of the money, and in the end he had a burial like white folks, near his mistress.

A Mr. Wheeler, of New York state, claims to have the bullet that killed Stonewall Jackson. The story is that the surgeon who amputated Jackson's arm impatiently threw the bullet against the wall, and that Officer Wheeler, of his staff, picked it up. The owner died some time ago, and the cousin mentioned as having the bullet found it with the history recently in going through the old clothes of the deceased.



The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park is already a credit to the country. Its dedication, September 19, 20, 1895, has recently been published as compiled by Gen. H. V. Boynton, the park historian, for the committee.

One of the first issues of the *VETERAN* contained a tribute to Confederate valor in that great battle by this Union officer, who was a witness to it. That created a desire to do him honor, which is now being done in the excellent engraving and the brief sketch of his life. The dedicatory volume mentioned above does him credit in its illustrations, as well as reading-matter.

HENRY VAN NESS BOYNTON.

General H. V. Boynton was born July 22, 1835, at West Stockbridge, Mass.; removed to Cincinnati in 1846; graduated at Woodward College, in that city, and subsequently attended and was graduated from Kentucky Military Institute. After graduating he entered the Faculty as Professor of Mechanics and Astronomy, and received the degree of Civil Engineer.

He entered the Union army in 1861 as major of the Thirty-fifth Ohio Infantry; was lieutenant-colonel in command of the regiment in July, 1862, and commanded it to the end of its service, except when disabled by wounds. He was mustered out in September, 1864, because of disability from wounds received at Missionary Ridge. He was brevetted brigadier-general for his part in that battle, and has been given the Congressional medal of honor for it.

Gen. Boynton has been engaged in journalism in Washington City since December, 1865. He originated the plan of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Park, and drew the bill establishing it, which incorpo-



rated his plans. He is the Assistant and Historian of the National Park Commission. The plan for the dedication of the park, as incorporated in the law providing for it, was also his.

THE GALLANT COL. SAUNDERS.

Col. Baxter Smith, of Tennessee, Pays Tribute to the Venerable Alabama Patriot.

Your course in noticing in the *VETERAN* the deaths of Confederate soldiers, especially those who were meritorious, is highly commendable. The other day I heard, with regret, of the recent death of a gentleman who figured conspicuously for a short while in the early part of the war, Col. James E. Saunders, of Courtland, Ala., who died in his eighty-seventh year.

After the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, the Confederate army fell back to its base at Corinth, where it remained until Halleck advanced on it in June, and then fell back to Tupelo, Miss., where the army was reorganized, and what was known as the "Kentucky campaign" was planned, which was subsequently executed by Bragg leading one column through North Alabama and Middle Tennessee, threatening Nashville, with the hope of causing its evacuation by the Federal forces, and then to move in the direction of Louisville as far as possible; while at the same time Gen. Kirby-Smith should move with another column from Knoxville, *via* Richmond and Lexington, as near as practicable to Cincinnati. Col. Saunders at that time was, perhaps, sixty years of age, and had not joined the army in a regular way, but he was intensely devoted to the Southern cause and had studied well the contemplated campaign in Kentucky, which met with his hearty approval. In furtherance of this contemplated movement Col. Saunders applied to Gen. Beauregard, then in command of the Confederate forces at Tupelo, to send Col. N. B. Forrest with a brigade of cavalry into Middle Tennessee, in order that he might strike Buell's communication with Nashville and throw all possible obstacles in the way of his retreat from Huntsville. Col. Saunders had watched the career of Forrest from the beginning of the war, and felt that he was the most appropriate man that could be selected for such work. Gen. Beauregard was loath to detail Col. Forrest for such operations, as he had other important movements to make, needing the services of that officer, but finally yielded to Col. Saunders's persuasion, and Col. Forrest set out from Tupelo with a small escort for Chattanooga, Tenn., where he was to form a brigade. Prominent among the members of his staff was Col. James E. Saunders, a volunteer aid. The writer, then a very young man, went out of his old command at the reorganization at Tupelo, and desired to be connected with Gen. Kirby-Smith's army in East Tennessee.

As Col. Forrest left he invited the writer to join him at Chattanooga, which he subsequently did, in command of a battalion, under orders from Gen. Kirby-Smith. The new brigade of Forrest finally rendezvoused near McMinnville, where a council of war was held, resulting in an order to make a descent on Murfreesboro. Col. Saunders was prominent in the council, and showed that he had studied well the situation and that he was a soldier by nature, if not by education. Col. Forrest put his brigade in motion at McMinnville at sunset on Saturday afternoon, July 11, 1862, and reached Murfreesboro, a distance of forty miles, in the early gray of Sunday morning, capturing the pickets and surprising the Federal forces, most of

whom were still in bed. The garrison at Murfreesboro consisted of about two thousand troops, and were located at different points around the city and many of them in the court-house. The attack upon Murfreesboro was so sudden and unexpected to the Federals that many of them sought concealment in the town. Among those lodging in the town was the Federal commander, Brig. Gen. Crittenden, to effect whose capture Col. Forrest had sent Col. Saunders with a small detachment to the inn on the public square, where it was understood that he had established his headquarters.

After an ineffectual search through the house, Col. Saunders and his party, emerging and remounting their horses, were making their way across the square when a general fire was opened upon them from the windows of the court-house, and that brave and zealous gentleman received a ball, which passed through his right lung and entirely through his body; but nevertheless he maintained his seat in the saddle until able to ride to the east side of the public square to Maj. Ledbetter's residence, into which he was taken, as all supposed, mortally wounded.

It will not be attempted here to go into details of that memorable and successful engagement at Murfreesboro which brought Forrest prominently before the public and made him a general, but simply to state in what part of the engagement Col. Saunders participated. The last of the Federal forces surrendered near nightfall of Sunday; but the writer, with his battalion, was left at Murfreesboro to destroy a bridge on the railroad about five miles in the direction of Chattanooga, which was guarded by a small garrison. The bridge was burned, the garrison captured, and, returning to Murfreesboro, two bridges there were destroyed. Everything was ready to evacuate the city about one o'clock A.M. Monday; but, feeling an intense interest in the fate of Col. Saunders, the writer and Lient. J. Trimble Brown, of his staff, called to see how he was, and found him hopeful of recovery, notwithstanding the desperate nature of the wound. It was subsequently learned that between one and two hundred straggling fugitive Federal soldiers came into Murfreesboro on the day following and sought Col. Saunders, and requested him to parole them, which he did in due form, desperately wounded as he was.

Murfreesboro was reoccupied with Federal troops in a day or two after Forrest's evacuation, and Col. Saunders fell into their hands; but, after a long confinement, he recovered and served again in the Confederate army. He died as he had lived, esteemed by all who knew him.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT REMITTING.—Many persons, in remitting sums of one dollar and less, buy a post-office or express order. This is usually done by those who have not had much experience in remitting. Merchants, and even bankers, in remitting several dollars (except where record is important), simply deposit the currency in a letter. To send dollar bills or stamps, if less than a dollar, is the more convenient way, and it is cheaper. Again, it would save some writing or stamping if the checks or money-orders were made payable to S. A. Cunningham.

TO COMPANY B, TWELFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Bugler, bugler, sound the rally,
 Call our boys home to the valley—
 Loveliest vale of the world.
 Whose glades and streamlets oft were red,
 When her young heroes fought and bled
 For the bonnie flag now furled.

Sound, for they're scattered far and wide;
 Some make their home by ocean's tide;
 Some dwell on the Western moors;
 A few in the dear old homes remain;
 For many the "call" will sound in vain—
 They're at rest on heaven's bright shores.

From far and near we'll have them all—
 From lowly cot, from lordly hall,
 Come back and "dress on the line!"
 We'll listen to the war-time story;
 Tears we'll give to those in glory—
 Those comrades of auld lang syne.

Then they were all youthful and gay;
 Now they are aged, saddened, and gray,
 But their hearts are true as steel;
 Still they burn with the high desire
 That stirred alike both son and sire
 To die for the Southland's weal.

"Fighting" sergeant, you call the roll—
 Name every daring, dauntless soul
 Of gallant Company B.
 Through winter's snow, through summer's sun
 They marched and fought and battles won
 With Jackson, with Stuart and Lee.

Had the plumed knights of the olden days,
 Who are sung in Scotch and English lays,
 A purer, nobler chivalry?
 Nay, their courage reached no grander height,
 Nor do they shine in a purer light,
 Than the knights of Company B.

—Fannie J. G. Timberlake.

Sherwood, 1896.

The Cobb-Deloney Camp, of Athens, Ga., celebrated Gen. Lee's birthday in an oratorical contest by students of the university. This is the practice every year, the speeches always being in defense of the Confederacy. Jonathan Threatt Moore, of Jackson, Ga., received the medal. His theme was "The Soldier in Gray." Commander J. E. Ritch writes: "After the speaking was over we marched back to the City Hall, and, on motion of Judge A. L. Mitchell, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was unanimously adopted as the official organ of Cobb-Deloney Camp No. 478. We then adjourned to meet on the 26th of April, Memorial Day. I am talking reunion and Nashville to the boys, and trust that a large number from our camp can go. I carried a good crowd to Richmond. We had a special car, and carried Gen. T. R. R. Cobb's old legion flag with us. It raised a good many hurrahs when recognized."

Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, a gifted daughter of Admiral Semmes, writes the VETERAN that the Ann T. Hunter Auxiliary to Semmes Camp, United Confederate Veterans, No. 11, is engaged in raising funds to complete the monument to her father, which was started in Mobile several years ago. The facts that Admiral Semmes served his country at sea and that there are so few surviving associates appeal to the Confederates everywhere to contribute to that fund. Young people who give entertainments for such purposes could hardly do a more fitting thing than to raise a fund in honor of the man whose career as a Confederate officer was an honor to his people and to the methods of naval warfare.



Confederate States Cruiser Alabama (or "290")

IN CHASE

EVELYN LEOPOLDINE FAIRFAX.

BY MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND.

This young Southern artist died of consumption in Washington, D. C., September 18, 1896. She was a member of the "Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter," United Daughters of the Confederacy, having been reared by her mother in an enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the Confederate States. The house of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fairfax, on Capitol Hill, will be recalled by many who see this notice as the *one* residence in Washington City which was draped in mourning—a mourning interwoven with the red, white, and red of the South—on the death of that best and noblest of men, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States.

An "In Memoriam" sketch of Miss Fairfax was prepared by her family to be read at the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Nashville in November, but reached the President too late to receive any mention there. It has since been printed in pamphlet form, and from its pages I quote a few paragraphs.

"Writes an artist friend: 'She was the most diligent and thorough student I have ever known. The single-mindedness and resoluteness of her application were unbounded.' She studied first under capable and conscientious private teachers, then at the Art League (also private), and at the Corcoran Art School; and to what was lacking she independently helped herself (in the study of animal painting, for instance, which is not taught at the Corcoran School). The easiest branch of study for the young girl was animal painting.

She made most special, patient, and laborious study of the anatomy of the horse, which she counted on utilizing later in paintings celebrating the prowess of Southern soldiers; and had progressed, entirely unaided, so far as to be able to draw a horse in any position from her accurate knowledge of the skeleton. An artist writes: 'I well remember my delighted surprise when I saw the bold promise exhibited in Miss Leopoldine's first picture, "In Ambush"—a tiger in a tropical jungle—and the imagination displayed in it. Of its defects—which, of course, every first picture must have—she was frankly aware. From her talent and her freedom from self-conceit I expected great things of her in the future.' She found her greatest difficulty with portraiture, which difficulty she, with her accustomed resoluteness, determined to conquer; and in one instance, that of a Confederate soldier, she succeeded so well that a lady exclaimed: 'Why it looks more like him than he looks like himself' (the original having changed somewhat since it was painted)!"

Miss Fairfax's versatility of talent was shown in her choice of subjects. Besides animal painting and portraiture, she had planned such ideal works as "Aurora," "Inspiration," and "The Voice of Memnon," for which she had made sketches, most interesting in their promise and originality. One of her best finished pictures was called "Red, White, and Red," and represented "a radiantly beautiful girl, with her red lips parted, showing the pearly teeth between, and having the Confederate battle-flag for background."

After she had lost her health, in 1890, from an attack of the grip, Miss Fairfax, though often "unable to endure the air of the life class or to stand at large

drawings," lost none of her ardor and determination. She frequented the Zoological Park and National Museum, going to the "Zoo," five miles from her home, determinedly, in spite of her painful ailments (neuralgia and rheumatism) in nearly all kinds of weather, waiting for and watching the whims and airs of the lioness "Rose" and her troublesome family with almost incredible patience. She made eighty sketches and studies for her proposed "lion picture," and then occupied herself with studio work while waiting for the lions to be put in their outdoor cages, "so that she might study the effect of sunlight on their tawny hides."

The autumn before her death Miss Fairfax wrote to a friend: "I have been going to the National Museum all this week, where I have been hard at work on my picture of 'Brotherly Love'—two lovely white ponies, showing the strain of Arabian that is in them, one with his head resting affectionately on the other's back. The superb facilities for anatomical study there have enabled me to make a finished picture out of the few pencil sketches I was able to secure in the M—barnyard. The painting has been beautifully photographed by a friend, and the photo has enabled me to see how to improve the original."

Everything had been made ready for the lion picture, the large canvas was before her, when, after the first few vigorous strokes, the brush fell from the hand of the aspiring young artist, and the summons came that called her to the spirit world.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, in a letter of sympathy to the sorrowing parents, wrote, alluding to the only occasion on which she had seen Miss Fairfax: "Mrs. Hayes and I were very glad of the little talk that we had with the gentle, childlike girl. We perfectly understood her artistic longings and aspirations, and felt sensibly her cordial, sweet manner."

This young girl was not only an artist, but a patriot. "Her entire being," as her mother wrote of her, "seemed to be absorbed in the desire to make a name in art that would be a credit to her native South." And she possessed the true artist spirit, giving up so much that youth loves for the sake of art's great aims. One feels, in reading of her plans for paintings celebrating the prowess of Confederate soldiers, that not only art, but history, as illumined by the Muse of painting, would have been the gainer had health and the gift of years been vouchsafed to this artist child of the South. Let us believe that her example will be an inspiration and an incentive to some young artist of the future to realize her dreams.

THE ANNE LEE MONUMENT.

COMMUNICATION FROM ANNE LEE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., February 22, 1897.

The undersigned officers of the Anne Lee Memorial Association, knowing that statements have been made calculated, if unnoticed, to impair the success of the association, feel it their duty to submit a statement to all interested in its noble work.

Early in 1895 a meeting of the women of this city was called to form an association to erect a monument in Alexandria, Va., to Anne Lee, the mother of Gen. Robert E. Lee, regarding it as a special privilege to

perform this noble duty. They realized that, before any more definite steps could be properly taken, the approval of the family should be obtained; hence Gen. G. W. C. Lee, with other members of Gen. R. E. Lee's family, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, were consulted, and a telegram and sundry letters from them (on file with the association) gave assurance that they not only had no objection to the movement, but in more than one instance gratification was expressed at its inception and active sympathy was manifested in its success. Thus assured, they then made application and secured the charter of the Anne Lee Memorial Association, which named its officers and trustees, proceeded to collect funds and disburse the same in the interests of the association, and selected representatives in other Southern States and in New York City to organize branches of the association. They have been greatly encouraged by the wide-spread and earnestly expressed desire of the women of the South to cooperate with them in their work of love.

They are now energetically moving on in the confident expectation of realizing, in the beginning of the twentieth century, the completion of a monument to this noble woman, of whom Edmund Jennings Lee, in an article on Gen. Robert E. Lee, in this month's number of *Frank Leslie*, says: "If the world owes much to Mary, the mother of George Washington, it owes no less to Anne, the mother of Robert E. Lee. It is highly to the credit of the ladies of Virginia that they are seeking to raise a suitable monument" to her memory.

MRS. L. WILBER REID, *President*;
SALLIE STUART, *Vice-President*;
ALICE E. COLQUHOUN, *Secretary*;
KATHARINE H. STUART, *Cor. Sec.*;
MRS. W. J. BOOTHE, *Treasurer*.

THE GRAND DIVISION.

Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia.

BY MRS. JAMES MERCER GARNETT.

This society having been urged to join the United Daughters, a meeting was held in Richmond, Va., on July 1, 1896, at Lee Camp Hall, to decide the matter. After it was fully discussed the vote was taken by chapters. It was the unanimous vote of the twenty-seven chapters "to join the United Society as a Grand Division." The terms were those on which the Grand Camp of Virginia joined the United Confederate Veterans—viz., "The Grand Camp Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia, joined the United Confederate Veterans as *one camp*, representation in the United Confederate Veteran conventions being based on the number of *delegates* in attendance at the annual meeting of the Grand Camp in the preceding year, and assessments being paid on that number."

It was chartered by the United Confederate Veterans just as any other camp would be, but the Grand Camp alone issues charters to its several camps. About one-third of these camps are members also of the United Confederate Veterans *separately*, and hold charters from the United Confederate Veterans, but

this does not affect their allegiance to the Grand Camp, as they are represented in both. The other two-thirds are members of the United Confederate Veterans only through the Grand Camp, and are represented in the United Confederate Veteran conventions by the delegates from the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia.

This official offer of the Grand Division, signed by its President and Secretary, was sent to Mrs. Raines, then President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to be laid before their annual convention at Nashville, November 11, 1896. The above "terms" were sent with the request that *they be read also*, so that all might understand the matter. The by-laws and constitution of the Grand Division, based on those of the Grand Camp of Virginia, were on hand, so that all could be settled at this meeting. This constitution does not differ on any material point from that of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The "offer" and "terms" were apparently misunderstood, as the resolutions presented by the committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, though most friendly and conveying the "unanimous wish of the convention" to have the Grand Division join them, were not in accord with its offer, the Richmond convention having voted against joining as separate chapters.

If the United Confederate Veterans could accept the terms of the Grand Camp, Confederate Veterans of Virginia, there is no reason why the United Daughters should not accept the same from the Grand Division of Virginia. The origin and work of this society were published in the *VETERAN* last spring, with a list of chapters and their officers. It began the work in Virginia, and has steadily gone on, under many difficulties, until now thirty chapters and over fifteen hundred members are enrolled. As their work is exactly the same as that of the other Daughters in the South, the allusions in the report of the Virginia division (January *VETERAN*) strike one as rather singular; especially that a Virginia woman, knowing the great good that has been done by this society throughout the state since 1894 and the cordial kindness extended by it to all other Virginia Chapters, should say: "Virginia has had a difficulty with which to contend in a rival association, engineered with greatest activity." No such word as "rival" should ever be used in connection with this sacred work, and we hope never to see it again on the pages of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*.

W. F. Christian, Bordley, Ky.: "I was a soldier under Gen. Morgan; was on the raid through Indiana and Ohio, and was captured at Chester, O., July 20, 1863. I was a prisoner seventeen months at Camp Chase and Camp Douglas; went on exchange to Richmond in 1865, and was there furloughed thirty days, whereupon I went to North Carolina, and during this time Gen. Lee surrendered. I then walked from North Carolina to Mt. Sterling, Ky. There I fell in with Gen. Giltner's brigade and surrendered to Gen. Hobson. It gives me pleasure to say that I got home without having to take the oath of allegiance, although I have no desire to be disloyal. I am well pleased with the *VETERAN*."

FROM THE WESTERN BORDER OF TEXAS.

Comrades in the far West are diligent in the sacred duties incumbent upon them. A new camp has been organized in far West Texas with a membership extending over six of those large counties. Comrade H. O'Neal, of Alpine, has been elected Commander. He writes:

I take pleasure in writing to you what a few old veterans in this county are doing. We like the VETERAN very much, and would not do without it. We have organized a camp on the Texas frontier, and our population is scattered. Some of us will go to Nashville to the reunion.

I was only thirteen years old when I enlisted in Company A, Fortieth Alabama Regiment, at Demopolis. My first battle was at Chickasaw Bayou, near Vicksburg, Miss., and, by accident, I was not captured at the surrender of Vicksburg. I was also at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and at both places I eluded capture by the "blue boys." I was in the Georgia campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, and never missed a battle. In the battle of New Hope Church the Twenty-seventh Alabama Regiment was cut to pieces; in fact, nearly all killed. I remember that one shell killed twenty-one men—struck the breastworks and scattered the rails. I lost some of my best friends there, among them Pole Dearman and Bob McGowan.

The 22d, 23d, and 28th of July were hard battles for us, and we lost a great many good men. I would like to know what became of one of my friends, Hiram Fincher, who was wounded on the 28th. The enemy drove us back, and afterwards I went to look for him, but could not find him.

The last battle I was in was that of Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865. Our regiment suffered severely. Our percentage of loss was greater there than in any other battle during the war. My company had only thirty-two men, officers included, when we went in, and lost twenty-one in one evening—three captured, and the balance either killed or wounded. All the color-guards were killed or wounded. It seemed to be my duty to pick up the colors and carry them through the heaviest of the fight. I was called the "little Irishman." I remember well, it was on a beautiful Sunday evening. We were cut off from our army, and did not get to it for ten days. There were seventy of us altogether—twelve Yankee prisoners, thirty officers, and the others were privates and non-commissioned officers. During five days we got only one pig, weighing twenty-five pounds, and twelve ears of corn. Some of the thirty officers mentioned were from Tennessee. The prisoners were from Illinois.

After the battle of Bentonville Capt. Gully went with me to Maj.-Gen. Clayton's headquarters, and when he saw me with the colors, and it was explained to him how I seized and carried them alone through the fight of ten days before, he took me in his arms as a child. It had already been reported that we were cut off and lost, and I saw my name recorded on the death-roll. A short time afterward we surrendered at Salisbury, N. C.

I went into the army from Sumter County, Ala. Have never heard from but very few of my old comrades since the war.



MRS. FITZHUGH LEE.

Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, the President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was Miss Ellen Bernard Foule, of Alexandria, Va. She was born in January, 1853. Her father was George Dashiell Foule; and her mother, Miss Ellen Hooe. Her ancestry is illustrious on both sides. Through her father, who came from Massachusetts, she is descended from the Holmeses, Hoopers, Lowells, and many others whose names have made New England illustrious. Through her mother she is descended from the Hansons, Keys, Briscoes, Bonds, of Maryland, and the Alexanders, Hooes, Washingtons, Balls, Bernards, Fowlkes, and many others in Virginia. She was married in Alexandria on the 19th of April, 1871, to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and lived a number of years on his plantation in Tidewater, Va. In 1886 she went to Richmond, and lived there during the four years of her husband's administration as Governor of Virginia. Since then she has lived in Lexington until a year ago, when she removed to Lynchburg when her husband was appointed Internal Revenue Collector, and left Lynchburg to accompany him to Cuba when he was made United States Consul-General to that island.

John F. Westmoreland (Company A, Fifty-third Tennessee Regiment), Athens, Ala.:

I wish to know the whereabouts, if living, of one Samuel A. Adkins, who was in prison with T. J. Oakley and myself at Camp Morton in the winter of 1863-64. Would like to meet him at the reunion in June.

* A SOLDIER IN GRAY.

A soldier at Antietam, in frenzied battle fray,
With gory wounds was bleeding his boyish life away;
The ashen hue of pallor that gathered o'er his face
Betokened that the soldier had well-nigh run his race.
The glassy, shining luster of his bright and tearless eye
Revealed beyond all doubting the youth was bound to die.
Though death at him was staring, he hummed a roundelay
Of his "Old Kentucky Home," so far, so far away.

A comrade heard him singing, and that delirious tongue
Was like the swan's when dying, the sweetest he'd e'er sung.
He knew that measured cadence was but a sad refrain,
Which, when it ceased its toning, he ne'er would sing again.
So, kneeling down beside him, he opened his canteen;
He bathed his face with water till it was white and clean.
The handsome youth was dying—belonged to Company K,
From an "Old Kentucky Home," so far, so far away.

"Some messages you'll carry? Then thank you, comrade true,
And I have something other I'd like to send by you
To her whose lovely image, 'mid battle's bloody fight,
Or 'mid the peaceful quiet of bivouac for the night,
Was ever present with me, a solace and a cheer,
In time of deepest trouble it ever hovered near.
Then take, O take this picture—she gave it me one day
In her 'Old Kentucky Home,' so far, so far away.

Then tell her how I prized it, and wore it near my heart.
It was her love-medallion, my gift its counterpart.
The sulphurous glare of battle I'll never witness more,
For soon I'll cross the river and seek the other shore;
That 'mid Antietam's thunder, please say to her for me,
'Twas on my country's altar, I made libation free,
Poured out my life willingly, and wore with pride the gray
For my 'Old Kentucky Home,' so far, so far away.

These letters too I'll send to her, with blood-spots here and there.

Please tell her 'bout the comfort these bright effusions were:
As cheering, glad talismans I conned them o'er and o'er,
For I loved the writer truly, as I never loved before.
O tell her how I loved her, and in the arms of death
I breathed for her a blessing, e'en with my latest breath,
And in my invocation asked a token for display
In her 'Old Kentucky Home,' so far, so far away.

And now, my comrade, listen: This watch you'll take with you.

Please give it to my brother, the younger of us two,
And tell him he must wear it—a brother's dying gift,
Who, oft amid the battle, the smoke of battle whiffed,
And when the charging legion raised loud their wild war-cry,
Although mortally wounded, was not afraid to die.
Tell him that I still proudly wear my suit of gray,
For my 'Old Kentucky Home,' so far, so far away.

You'll please say, too, to brother, for parents growing old
Attention he must shower—no kindness must withhold,
His tender care of mother, her sorrow may assuage,
While grieving that so early I closed my pilgrimage.
My country's wrongs demanded my arm and then my life.
I answered her demanding, and joined the dreadful strife;
I left ancestral plenty, and donned a suit of gray,
For my 'Old Kentucky Home,' so far, so far away.

O would that I could wander once more o'er hill and dell,
Which once in childhood gambolings I loved, and loved so well.

Alas! I'm wounded—dying, on field of carnage grim,
O'er which the morning sunlight is swiftly growing dim.
To home and love and kindred, a long and last good-by,
For I, who am a soldier, am ready now to die.
I fought the fight, and lost it—a sergeant dressed in gray,
From an 'Old Kentucky Home,' so far, so far away."

His whisper grew more feeble, his eyes assumed a stare,
Then limp his limbs fell trembling aside his body there.
The brave, heroic soldier had fallen into sleep,
'Round which the holy angels will constant vigils keep
Till reveille is sounded by Gabriel, loud and clear,
To call the sleeping soldier to "line up in the rear,"
And to eternal camping, march him who wore the gray
From an "Old Kentucky Home," so far, so far away.

Lexington, Ky.

—J. T. Patterson.

COMRADES IN BORDER SECTIONS.

The VETERAN records ever with special pride the faithfulness of comrades in such sections as East Tennessee and Missouri, where continually avowed loyalty has often cost much more than in sections of the South, where so nearly all are one way in honoring the Confederate dead. Comrades at Knoxville and about Morristown and Bristol are so true that special attention to their testimonies is deserved. In this issue we give a held-over account of the last Memorial Day service at Knoxville. Comrade Frank A. Moses, having charge of the services, had all things done in a most orderly way. He had selected Mr. Charles T. Cates, Jr., the son of a veteran, to make the address, and in introducing him said:

Comrades: For nearly a quarter of a century we have annually assembled in this sacred place to join with the ladies of the Memorial Association in paying respect to the memory of our dead heroes. Through all these years these noble women have come with willing hands, tearful eyes, and tender, loving hearts to scatter sweet flowers on the last resting-place of the boys who wore the gray and who suffered and died in defense of the land they loved so well, far from home and loved ones. To-day we look around and miss the well-known faces of many of those mothers in Israel whose presence was always an inspiration to us. One by one they have gone to their reward, and a younger generation has taken up the task that they so lovingly performed.

And our ranks, too, have been growing thin as the years rolled by. Some who were with us even one short year ago have heard the last bugle-call, and to-day we have paid tribute to their memory. The youngest of us who followed the stars and bars and the red cross of St. Andrew have long since reached the summit in life's journey, and are now descending the western slope. Soon "taps" will have sounded for us too, and the "rear-guard" will have "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees."

Who then will take our places? Who then will gather here and over yonder in that other city of the dead, Gray Cemetery, to do for us all what we do to-day for these dead comrades? Surely we may bequeath this duty to those who must soon take our places in all the affairs of life: our children and our children's children. I am commissioned by the ladies of the Memorial Association to present to you to-day a young man, the worthy son of a gallant sire, a young man who is proud of the fact that his father wore the gray.

Mr. Cates, in becoming manner, said:

Sons and Daughters of the South: These are our dead. We are here to honor, not to defend, them; they need no defense. And it would be passing strange if the sons and daughters of this glorious Southland did not, with each recurrent year and when all nature has put on her fairest robes, assemble with reverent hearts to deck with the emblems of purity, peace, and love the graves of our heroes, in remembrance of their deeds

and to keep alive upon the altar of our hearts the memory of their sacrifices and their patriotism.

More than a generation has passed, and still we come—their comrades, their wives, their sons, their daughters. Surely no ordinary sentiment inspired these men. Who were they that, with this lapse of time, live to be remembered by such hosts from the Potomac to the Rio Grande's waters, who bring the sweetest flowers of spring time to cover their graves? Are these the graves of men who in peace and quiet lived out the period usually allotted to mortals and were carried to their last resting-place to go "down to dust, unwept, unhonored, and unsung?" No! These are the graves of heroes, and with them lie their brethren on every hillside, in every dale, and by every river throughout this land they loved so well. Amid the roar of battle, and with the scream of grape and canister for their last requiem, their souls took flight. They died for their country, for you, for me. They saw not the end, they wore not the laurels of victory, but they were spared the ashes of defeat. Their memory should be embalmed in the hearts of every true son and daughter of this Southland, and these beautiful floral offerings will never be abandoned so long as their worth and patriotism shall be remembered; and when we no longer remember them we shall cease to deserve them and the glorious heritage which has descended to us from their deeds of valor and their examples of devotion to principle and duty. Who will say that we may not honor our heroic dead? We honor ourselves in honoring them; and that people which forgets such dead as these will no longer rear men worth remembering.

We are not here to prove that they were right. We know they believed that they were right; and, save for the stern decree and arbitrament of war to which we yield, and from which there is no appeal, who in this broad Southland would say that they were wrong?

Throughout the world's history and back to the first days when men began to associate themselves together in their earliest rude governments, in what age, under what clime, will you find such men as these? In all the historic records of past ages, wherever people have struggled for principle and died for country, no greater examples of heroic devotion to duty, no more magnificent exhibitions of valor, no more suffering and patient self-denial, can be found than among the soldiers of the Confederacy. Come with me down the vista of ages, strewn with the wrecks and marred by the ruins of earth's proudest empires; search among their archives for their bravest and their best, and where, I ask you, will names be found more entitled to be fixed on fame's proud temples than the immortal names of the courtly Lee; of Jackson, the stone wall; the intrepid and chivalrous Johnstons; the knightly Stuart, Prince Rupert of the Confederacy, and a myriad of others, whose names will live forever and whose fame will be as enduring as the mountains that pierce the sky? And here we would be recreant to ourselves and the sacred heritage of his name did we forget that calm, sedate figure in the executive mansion at Richmond, who had followed the flag of his country on the torrid plains of Mexico, who with credit and dignity had filled a place in the cabinet of the Union and the Federal Senate. Beloved by the people of his state and the whole South-

land, he was called to fill the highest place in the Confederacy; a warrior whose escutcheon was unsullied; a statesman, liberal, just, and humane, but traduced and slandered beyond all parallel—his name and fame will grow brighter as we are farther away from that dread conflict and the passions engendered, and his name will be cherished by future generations of the land he loved so well and which now holds in its bosom all that is mortal of the President of the Confederacy.

In looking back to those days of blood and suffering we are perhaps too apt to dwell longest upon those great leaders who are now world-famous and whose genius has forever fixed them as brightest stars in the galaxy of heroes of all ages. But let us not forget that the private soldier, who neither wore stars upon his collar nor bars upon his shoulders, but, with knapsack and musket, bore the brunt of the hot, weary march, the winter's blast, the long, quiet vigil of the sentinel's beat; ever ready, ever willing to rush with the squadrons of Forrest or stand like a stone wall in the battalions of Jackson; as chivalrous as Bayard, as merry as Rupert; following the lead of their chieftans, and oftentimes leading them—from Manassas to Appomattox they fell, uncomplaining, regretting each that he had only one life to give for his country; and down through the lapse of ages their memory will grow greener and their fame shall be more lasting than yon marble shaft which loving hearts have erected in fond and tender remembrance of their valor and virtue. No minstrel may single out their names, but

On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of our dead.

Does our fancy dwell upon the terms Confederate dead and Confederate veterans? We could not forget them if we would, and we would not if we could. We come not with apologies, but with love and honor. Yet, to-day there are no Confederates. Those words rest with the fading gray jacket and the rusting sword, placed away forever with the tenderest memories. The dead are not Confederates, but heroes; the living, with a tear for the banner

That will live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust.

have their eyes fixed upon the flag of the Union, and are the proud citizens of the grandest republic the world has ever seen. They are in the house built by their fathers, and they are at home to stay. Among good citizens they are the best, and among the patriots none will be more devoted and loyal to protect and preserve this "indissoluble Union of indestructible states" from the assaults of foreign enemies or the dark machinations of domestic foes. Shall we not say this, and will not our brethren of the North believe us? Aye! surely they will and do. They need no other guaranty than the lives of such men.

And what of the sons and daughters of these men? Will the day ever come that the memory of that father who battled with Lee and Jackson or fell with Pickett at Gettysburg or Johnston at Shiloh cause you a blush of shame? Never! Perish the thought! As you have learned, so teach your children that their grand-sires believed they were right, that with undying devo-

tion they loved the Constitution of their country, that they fought and died in defense of principle and their hearthstones; and at the same time show them the flag of the Union and teach them that its stars must not be dimmed nor its stripes suffered to pale. . . . And then, should the Union have need of defenders, none will be found quicker to respond or more willing to die than the sons and grandsons of those who wore the gray.

DARING DEED OF CAPT. BURKE.

Thomas W. Timberlake, Milldale, Va.:

In reply to query paragraph by W. R. Hanleiter, of Griffin, Ga., in your January VETERAN, concerning "one of the greatest scouts in the Confederacy—his name is Burke"—I will say that while wounded and sojourning with an uncle, Samuel Andrews, near Spottsylvania Court-house, in January, 1864, there came to his hospitable residence two scouts: Capt. Burke, about twenty-seven years old, and a younger man by the name of Clark, about twenty-two years old. They remained several days to recuperate, as they said, after an arduous trip in rear of Meade's army and to Washington. Burke was tall, of dark complexion, with dark hair, and blind in one eye, which latter feature, he said, was of great advantage to him, in that when he deemed himself a suspect he could remove or insert one of glass, and, by change of hat or other apparel, confound detectives. He said that he was a Texan. Clark, with whom I had never met, was a native of my own county, and a son of Elder Clark, of the Primitive Baptist Church. He was volatile, bright, and entertaining; while Burke was of quiet dignity, but not unapproachable. By my solicitation, he related some highly interesting adventures while scouting in the enemy's lines, one of which I will repeat.

During one of his trips to Washington, in the rear of the Army of the Potomac, he suddenly met, at a bend in a wooded road near a Federal camp, a Federal captain, who regarded him with suspicion, and, when near enough, challenged him to know to what command he belonged. To this Burke replied, but he thought not entirely to the satisfaction of the officer, and he quickly covered him with his revolver and secured a surrender. Then the question arose: What should he do with the Federal captain? He could not forsake his mission, neither could he retrace his steps with a prisoner nor parole him, lest he himself might soon become a prisoner, so he decided to take him into a dense piece of piny wood and kill him. Having found a lonely spot, he frankly told his prisoner that he was a Confederate scout and spy; that he made frequent trips to their camps and to Washington, and therefore he was of necessity compelled to kill him, as he might become an informer if released on parole, and cause his capture thereafter. The Federal captain, being an intelligent man, told him that he plainly saw the logic of his conclusions, but calmly pleaded for his life, saying that as he valued his own life so he would guard and shield Burke if ever their paths met again. The manly coolness and bravery of the Captain won Burke's confidence as a man of honor, so he released him, and each went on his way.

Not many weeks after, during another trip and

while in Washington, a card, bearing the name of this same captain, was sent to his room at one of the hotels, and he was at once invited up. After a cordial greeting, Burke was informed that there was great vigilance on the part of the detectives, and that he should be very careful and less conspicuous, the Captain himself having recognized him on the avenue and followed him to his hotel. Burke was invited to the hotel bar by the Federal, where he renewed his pledge of fidelity, and both drank to "a safe return home when the cruel war is over."

In a letter sent with the foregoing thrilling story, Comrade Timberlake—who served first in the Second Virginia Infantry, in the "Stonewall Brigade," and, after August, 1863, in the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade—states:

When renewing my subscription to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I did not express its engaging interest throughout, as it recounts memories of men, scenes, enactments, and achievements unsurpassed in the annals of heroic and historic tragedy. When I tear away the wrapper I cannot lay it down until I have read it through. Here I find familiar stories that bring back the days of life's beginning, when, with the bayonet as a pen of steel, I began to write my biography, the preface of which had been as a peaceful river, gently flowing, never wanting. But hark! here are stirring times. The bugle sounds in the mountain glens and upon the plains the throbbing drum is keeping time with martial music. What means the assembled hosts? 'Tis war. . . . Now, sir, the record is written by each surviving hero of a war unsurpassed for chivalry, courage, and devotion to cause and country.

Comrade J. King, of New Orleans, writes concerning the statistics of the Tennessee army in 1865 in the December VETERAN, mentioning errors, etc.:

Manigault never commanded a battery, but a South Carolina brigade, and was Gen. Manigault in history, or "Old Swayback" in camp. Further, I do not find mention of some of the most prominent batteries of that army—to wit, Douglas's Company, Texas Artillery; Garrity's Company, Alabama Light Artillery; Robinson's Company, Confederate States Artillery; Slocum's Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, of New Orleans. Besides these, there was no mention of the First Regiment of Regular Louisiana Infantry. These commands were important parts of the Army of Tennessee until the defeat at Nashville in 1864 and their transfer to Gen. Dick Taylor in 1865. In all the reports of actions in the Tennessee army I have not seen any of these commands mentioned, and their work certainly deserves some kind of recognition. Again, I see the report of the battles at Fort Craig and Fort Durlam, Ky., by Chalmer's Mississippi Brigade, in which is left out entirely Garrity's Alabama Battery, an organization the Confederacy need not be ashamed of and a company whose proud fame commenced at Fort Perkins and ended at Meridian, Miss., May 10, 1865—four years and ten days of honest service from the day of enlistment.

MODEL GOOD TIME OF VETERANS.

The Pulaski (Va.) Camp, U. C. V., No. 721, took such part for the Richmond reunion that, besides the interest in a report, it may be accepted as a model and suggestive to comrades in other states in which general reunions are held. Comrade James Magill reported various funny incidents of his camp on the trip, sending the "original dispatches," etc., such as:

Capt. A. L. Teaney: Have fort built at Liberty to protect college at that place at once. A. P. HILL.

Government Rate. Commanding.

Adj. Gen. George W. Stringhouse orders Col. McGill with seventy-five men "to the Peaks of Otter, and to hold them at all hazards."

Another dispatch directs that Cols. Caddell and Lovington "remove from the city to a safe place all the ladies and children of Richmond."

And still another orders: "You will proceed immediately to Portsmouth and drive the Yankees from Fortress Monroe and the Navy Yard."

Joking aside, the Pulaski Camp did its part well in Richmond reunion matters. Eighty-five veterans and seventy-five citizens occupied two special cars for the trip, one of which was decorated with bunting, Confederate flags, etc. The week before going the camp sent a two-horse wagon through the country for supplies, and this was generously loaded—seven hundred pounds of hams, a lot of lard, four barrels of flour, etc. They cooked ten hams, four hundred pounds of bread, cakes, etc., to carry with them, and shipped the other to the quartermaster at Richmond.

Comrade Magill's venerable mother, in her ninetieth year, had gone all the way from Galveston, Tex., to attend the reunion, and she stood the long journey well.

The Pulaski Camp provides funds for its members that are unable to pay their way to the reunions. Its contribution of supplies to the Richmond reunion was valued at \$250.

CONFEDERATE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION AT THE CAPITAL.—At the recent election of officers for the United Confederate Veteran Camp No. 171, Washington, D. C., the following comrades were honored: R. Byrd Lewis, Virginia, President; Magnus S. Thompson, Virginia, First Vice-President; F. H. Mackey, South Carolina, Second Vice-President; C. C. Ivey, Kentucky, Secretary; George H. Ingraham, South Carolina, Financial Secretary; R. M. Harrover, Virginia, Treasurer; A. G. Holland, Maryland, Sergeant-at-Arms; Rev. R. H. McKim, Louisiana, Chaplain; Dr. J. L. Suddarth, Virginia, and Dr. W. P. Manning, District of Columbia, Surgeons. Secretary Ivey writes that they have established new headquarters since October last, and have a beautiful hall, the walls being hung with pictures and war relics. The latch-string hangs on the outside of the door, and comrades are welcome.

C. J. Jackson, Salado, Tex.: "I was a member of Company I, Fifth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, A. N. V. When the war closed I was in Fort Delaware, where we buried our dead comrades two deep on the New Jersey shore. I was on detail to do this awful thing, while there was plenty of room on the beach to do otherwise."

MODEL GOOD TIME OF VETERANS.—THE PULASKI (VA.) CAMP, U. C. V., NO. 721, TAKEN IN 1896.



One of the best-organized camps in the brotherhood of United Confederate Veterans is that at Pulaski City, Va.

ONE OF THE LAST WAR HORSES.

"Write about the horse" was the message from W. R. Bringhurst, of Clarksville, Tenn., concerning whom comrades had told so many thrilling stories that a request had been made of him for personal experiences in the war. Some data has been secured, however, and, although second-hand, is known to be reliable.

When a soldier lad and a prisoner "Billie" Bringhurst was nursed with great kindness by a good woman in Paducah, Ky., and she secured his picture before he was sent off for exchange. A copy of that little photograph is herewith given.

Comrade Bringhurst does not deserve quite as much credit, perhaps, as others, for having been a good soldier, as he seemed not to fear anything. On one occasion he went so far ahead of his comrades in a charge that he was thought to have been killed or captured.



W. R. BRINGHURST.

As proof of his fearlessness this story is told: While on picket duty at Chickamauga one bitter cold night, and practically barefooted, young Bringhurst conceived the idea of burying his feet, so he dug holes and anchored them. He was *there to stay*, anyhow.

At a time when the Confederates entered Maryville young Bringhurst saw an officer riding and leading another horse. He brought in the other horse, as well as the officer and his outfit, one of which is "Old Bill."



Not content with that achievement, when confronting Federals barricaded in the court-house, he undertook, between the lines, to secure two horses, handsomely equipped, the halter of one of which was thrown around the neck of the other. When he had almost secured them a volley of shots came so near that one

wounded a horse in the neck, and the blood spattered in his face. He abandoned further effort; but a comrade had the sagacity to tempt the horses with fodder through a crack into a barn, and thereby secured them. This old horse did his master faithful service to the end. Despite the cartel of exchange, the horse was taken from him, after much service, by the authorities. Subsequently a comrade, having secured the animal, sold him to Bringhurst, Senior, and he was the "family horse" for many years. The picture of the group was made some years after the war. The picture represents Comrade Bringhurst holding the horse, his wife (whose pathetic recollection of seeing Sam Davis's execution, while a girl in her teens, has appeared in the VETERAN) holding the fifth of their now ten children in her arms, while the four older ones are happily perched on "Old Bill." Comrade Bringhurst rode him as one of the escort to President Davis from Greenville, N. C., to Washington, Ga. There the party divided, and he was one of fifty going with Gen. Breckinridge. The VETERAN would like to know by what means these fifty Confederates "compelled five times their number of Federals to draw off the road and let them go on their way." It was a remarkable event. The old horse died at twenty-six years, nineteen years after the war.

Robert Bringhurst, an older brother of William B., was wounded in the battle of Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta, July 18, 1864; and, although he had not recovered, he was on crutches and with his command at the time of the carnage at Franklin, having an unexpired furlough in his pocket. Seeing him at the front as his brigade was about starting on a charge, Gen. Quarles advised him to go to the rear, but he declined to retire. He was asked what good he could do on crutches and without a gun. He replied that he could "cheer the boys on," and he did. But he was carried to the hospital the next morning with eight fresh wounds, one of them necessarily fatal, and after six days he died. Some time afterward his body was reinterred in the family burial-lot at Clarksville, Tenn.

A DANCE IN A GRAVEYARD.

More than thirty years ago we buried our dead comrades, who fell at our side defending our homes, mothers, wives, and daughters. Annually we go to those graves with flowers and drop a tear to their memory, not forgetting the cause for which they died. You cannot imagine my astonishment and mortification on reading in the VETERAN for January, 1897, that the Daughters of the Confederacy of the good city of Little Rock, Ark., had their *first annual ball*, the proceeds to be applied to the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead. Is it possible? Can it be true that noble daughters of fallen heroes have so forgotten the blood shed in their defense as to dance over their graves? Tell it not abroad. In the name of my fallen comrades, I enter my solemn protest that we want no monument over their graves purchased by a dance and revelry. God forbid that they should have a second ball!

W. C. HEARN,

A Survivor of the Lost Cause.

Talladega, Ala.

ENGLISH SENTIMENT IN 1861-65.

Rev. George Lester, of the M. E. Church, now missionary in the Bahama Islands, furnishes the following to the VETERAN:

Upon the outbreak of the American war English sympathy was undoubtedly in favor of the Federal cause. It is not difficult to account for this, remembering the attitude of the old country toward slavery. But, as the struggle proceeded, it was noticeable how distinctly the sentiment of a large body of the English people veered round to the South. Distressed as the cotton-manufacturing districts of Lancashire were, in consequence of the failure of the cotton supply, there nevertheless gradually came a reaction in favor of Southern patriotism. Eventually the aims and ambitions of the Southerners were recognized and respected; but while many Englishmen retained their affection for the North, it was unmistakable that the cause of the Confederates gained upon the hearts and intelligence of the bulk of the subjects of Queen Victoria. Sympathy with the Southern planters and other owners of real estate was avowed with no bated breath; and, to my certain knowledge, by the time the war closed the stories of Southern valor, the realization of the long and deadly struggle, and a suggestive review of the campaign had captivated a large section of the British public, and had converted prejudice into kindly and sympathetic sentiment.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Barnard E. Bee Chapter, U. D. C., San Antonio, Tex., gave an entertainment January 19. Miss M. H. Magruder, Corresponding Secretary, writes:

The Daughters of the Confederacy of San Antonio, Tex., gave a charming entertainment Tuesday evening, January 19, in honor of Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday. Turner Hall was beautifully decorated with laurel, ivy, and gray moss. Much credit is due Mrs. Marshal McIlhenny for the beautiful effect produced. Gen. Lee's portrait was on a handsome easel, draped in a Confederate flag, with the laurel he so richly earned cast as a trophy at his feet. The pictures of other distinguished Confederate generals were also framed in laurel and ivy.

Gen. H. P. Bee introduced the orator, Mr. William Aubrey, who delivered the address on Gen. Lee in his best style. He brought the soldier and the man very close to the hearts of his audience.

When Miss Olivia Dancy Hall sang the "Bonnie Blue Flag" the house went wild with enthusiasm.

The orchestra played "Dixie," the "Star-Spangled Banner," and other old Southern airs. Miss Nona Lane sang "My Maryland" and, for encore, "Dixie." Mrs. A. W. Houston, the President of the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, led the procession in the grand march with Gen. Kroeger, of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp.

Among the distinguished honorary members of the chapter were Mrs. Mary A. Maverick; Capt. Polley, of Floresville; Maj. Gordon, a brother of Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia; Maj. Monserrate and Gen. Young, of this city.

The Reception Committee consisted of Mesdames A. N. Houston, W. H. Young, H. P. Bee, H. H. Neill,

M. McIlhenny, Misses Nancy Lee Hill and Laura Maverick.

Maj. Fitzgerald and little Myrtle contributed much to the success of the entertainment. Gen. Bee assisted the ladies, and has the thanks of the whole chapter.

The entertainment was a success financially as well as socially, and of the proceeds they have made a generous donation to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund.

LUCY MINOR OTEY CHAPTER.

June 11, 1895, a few ladies of Lynchburg, Va., organized a chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and named it in honor of Lucy Minor Otey, whose time, talents, fortune, and seven sons were all devoted to the cause of the South. Mrs. Otey organized the Ladies' Relief Hospital at Lynchburg, having visited President Davis at Richmond and secured a surgeon to take special charge.



MRS. NORVELL OTEY SCOTT, PRESIDENT.

After the last convalescent was discharged from the hospital Mrs. Otey returned the building to the lessors. The United States authorities had furnished a guard and protection from the surrender of that city.

The badge worn by the chapter was designed by one of Mrs. Otey's sons, who commanded the Eleventh Virginia Regiment in the war.

The chapter has undertaken to build a Confederate monument in Lynchburg. There is one already in the cemetery there, an account of which has been published in the VETERAN.

Mrs. Norvell Otey Scott is President; Mrs. J. Watts Watkins, and Miss Margaret Marshall Murrell, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. M. F. Tanner, Secretary.



Dr. G. C. Sandusky, of Shelbyville, Tenn., writes a pathetic account of experiences in the eastern part of the state during the war. The theme is a tribute to his faithful horse, "Elack." He had been sent by Col. Morrison, with fifty picked cavalymen from their camp, in the direction of Chattanooga to find out what the Federals, under Gen. Woolford, were doing nearer Knoxville. They spent their first night in a school-house near Sweet Water. His outpost discovered a forage-train with twenty-five picked cavalymen at a barn. He captured their pickets a few hundred yards from the barn, from whom he learned that, in addition to the cavalymen, there were seventy-two infantrymen in the barn. Under fire from the barn he cut loose from the wagons thirty-five mules and got away with them and a dozen prisoners. These he ordered to Confederate lines under a captain, while he started for Decatur, some miles away, where he hoped to spend the night with his family. His rear-guard of four were captured by a part of Woolford's command, over five hundred strong, and without notice the Federals charged his remnant of twenty-one men just at the entrance of a muddy lane a mile long. It was a race for life; but the Confederate horses were fresher, and their riders escaped. Sandusky's men thought that a pint of bullets had been sent for each of them, but they did not lose a man. The story is finished in his own words:

"At the end of this lane—timber on one side, plantation on the other—I ordered the men to scatter and take to the woods. I attempted to do likewise. When old Elack's feet struck the wet leaves he fell broadside, and I lighted on my feet. Knowing that Elack had been hit several times, I felt sure that he had fallen from the effect of the shots. I ran a short distance, and hid under a thick oak bush. The advance of about twenty dashed up to my horse. I could hear every word. One said: 'Where is the man?' An officer commanded: 'Go ahead, boys; we will gather up as we come back.' I thought it uncertain about gathering me up if they didn't get me then. So they dashed forward, all in less than half the time it takes to write it. When they had started I jumped up and ran a little farther, hiding under another thick bush. I could now hear the column passing; could hear the men talking, but could not see them; but soon, from the noise growing fainter, I knew that they had not discovered me, and were passing on. About this time I heard a horse's feet approaching me. He would walk a few steps and stop. I naturally thought my own horse dead back at the road where he had fallen, and that they had undertaken to find me from where my horse lay. I could hear the footsteps slowly coming nearer. I looked at my pistol, and found that I had two cartridges remaining. I could not move so that I could see the horse. I thought to myself that if there were not more than two I could make it and would risk it; but my pis-

tol was wet and muddy, and might miss fire; and on the impulse I decided to surrender. So I crawled from under my covering, feet foremost and face to the ground. As soon as I could raise up I did so with both hands up, and turned around to face, as I supposed, a mortal enemy; and, to my astonishment and great joy, there stood old Elack. The faithful creature had lain still until the first squad had passed and then got up and trailed me through the dense underbrush to my hiding-place. I said, 'Howdy do, Elack! God bless you!' took him by the rein, and was soon out of danger. On reaching camp next day, I found that my captain had crossed the river in safety with every man, every prisoner and mule.

"It now only remains to state what became of poor old Elack. At the battle of Charleston, when Gens. Wheeler and Kelly were fighting a Yankee command known as the 'Quinine Brigade,' old Elack was mortally wounded under me. After he was wounded and I on the ground, I succeeded in making my escape. The Yankees ran over and captured quite a number of us. I ran on foot, following the Yankee cavalry. The infantry could not shoot at me without endangering their own men. I ran for dear life about two hundred yards, until the timber hid me from view. In this race for life old Elack, with his hip badly burst, ran on three legs, and when I ran into the timber he was at my heels. I again took charge of him, led him down to a creek, which was much swollen. I got in the saddle, and he carried me across, the water covering him all but his head, and up to my breast. As soon as I reached the opposite bank I dismounted, led him to camp, forty miles distant, and had the surgeons to probe his wound and do everything possible for him, but it was of no avail; in about a week he died."

Dr. C. S. Reeves, Lone Grove, Llano County, Tex., March 3, 1897: "Dear Sir: A dear brother of Longstreet, La., has sent me the VETERAN for the past year. I certainly appreciate it very much, and would gladly renew my subscription, but I am within a few days of my sixty-seventh year, and dollars are so hard to get now that I am unable to pay for it. I enlisted as a private, in 1861, in Company F, Thirty-fourth Regiment, Alabama Volunteers, C. S. A.; soon became the assistant surgeon of the regiment; went into the service at Tupelo, Miss., immediately after the battle of Corinth; was attached to Mannigault's Brigade, Polk's Corps, Army of Tennessee; participated in the battles of Murfreesboro, Ky., Perryville, Stone's River (Murfreesboro); and resigned at Shelbyville, Tenn., on account of ill health, in 1863. I was present at the inauguration of Jefferson Davis, at Montgomery; heard the oath of office administered by Howell Cobb, of Georgia, in the presence of Hons. Alex Stephens, Robert Toombs, William L. Yancey, Roger A. Pryor, Lewis T. Wigfall, Barksdale, Harrison (of Mississippi), J. L. M. Curry, Thomas N. Watts, and many other celebrities whose names are now forgotten. The most interesting letters in the VETERAN, to me, are those of Chaplain J. William Jones in reply to Mr. Billings, of Massachusetts, showing who were the first nullifiers and secessionists. The work of Hon. J. L. M. Curry, my lifetime friend, covers the whole ground, and is no doubt the best and truest history now extant. If my hand did not tremble

so, I would give you a few incidents of camp-life; but I will turn this over to Brother Polley, of Floresville. Below I send you a few names of old 'vets,' to whom you are requested to send specimen copies."

J. F. Keith, 401 Main Street, Fort Worth, Tex.: "I desire to know if any old Confederate can tell me of one Lieut. Kiddo, who belonged to Company I, of Mississippi (have forgotten regiment and brigade). Kiddo was captured by Gen. Hooker, together with twelve or fourteen hundred others, and sent to Alton prison from Memphis, Tenn., on the steamboat "Belle of Memphis." When the boat arrived in St. Louis Kiddo and several other officers went on shore early in the morning. While they were gone the boat was taken from the shore and anchored in the middle of the Mississippi River. At that time I was doing business in and was a resident of St. Louis. As Kiddo returned to where he had left the boat he and I met. He stated to me that he was a prisoner of war and belonged on that boat, and asked me how he could get to the boat. I suggested to him that it was not necessary for him to go to the boat, and that if he would follow me I would assist him in making his escape, which he did. He remained in and about St. Louis for several weeks, and finally started back to the Confederate army by way of Kentucky. After he arrived in Kentucky I received a letter from him saying that he was in about four miles of the Federal line, and would attempt to go through that night, and I have never heard from him since. I would be very glad to hear directly from him or to have any information about him."

J. B. Mobley, Lubbock, Tex.: "In the January VETERAN I see an error in Capt. Polley's letter to 'Charming Nellie.' He states that Jenkins's Brigade of Longstreet's Corps was from the coast, and so well dressed as to be distinguished from the balance of the army by the Yankees. Now Jenkins's Brigade was among the first troops in Virginia after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and 1861 found them on the lines near Manassas. When Gen. Lee went on his campaign into Pennsylvania Jenkins's Brigade was left on the lines of Petersburg, and when the Army of Northern Virginia returned and Longstreet was ordered to join Bragg at Chickamauga Jenkins's Brigade came up from Petersburg and joined the corps at Richmond; was in the battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain, and was with Longstreet in his campaign to Knoxville. They were veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, and never served on the coast after the fall of Fort Sumter. I know two regiments that were in Jenkins's Brigade (Sixth South Carolina Volunteers, Col. John Bratton; Seventh South Carolina Volunteers, Col. A. Coward); the others I do not remember. Jenkins was killed at the Wilderness, and Col. John Bratton became general of that brigade. This is from my own knowledge and from history also."

W. L. Smith, Bernie, Mo.:

The article in the VETERAN for January in regard to Mrs. Anne Bowman Wilson recalls vividly the kind, motherly treatment that I received while under her care at the hospital in Jackson, Miss. In September, 1863, I became sick and was sent to the blind asylum

at Jackson, which had been turned into a Confederate hospital. I was never more kindly treated or more tenderly cared for than by old "Mother" Wilson and Mrs. Isod. I feel that I only speak the sentiment of all the old boys who owed her so much for the care and kindness bestowed upon them while sick and wounded. The evening before I was to be discharged "Mother" Wilson came to me with a few kind and cheering words and gave me a large baked sweet potato and a glass of sweet milk. How good they tasted! but O how I suffered with the colic that night! The next day I bade "Mother" Wilson good-by, and never saw her again. But all through my life, since that time, the memory of her gentle touch, motherly care, and cheering words have been with me. I hope to meet many survivors of the old Forty-sixth Tennessee Regiment at the reunion in June.

Col. A. T. Gay, Graham, Tex.: "I am coming to the reunion. Will you please see the managers and ascertain if we can secure stop-over tickets for all those old veterans who now reside in Texas and came from West Tennessee, Arkansas, and Mississippi? If I cannot stop over at Humboldt, I will lose half the pleasure of my trip. If these stop-over tickets can be secured, it will greatly increase the attendance."

UNION VETERAN'S STORY.—Norm G. Cooper, editor of the *Coffee Cooler*, Brooklyn, N. Y.: "On the 29th of August, 1862, I was a musket bearer in Company E, Twenty-fourth New York Infantry, First Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps, and, by carelessness in obeying the orders of our colonel, I got into a fight at Groveton, Va. The whole regiment was careless also; we ought to have known better. Our charge about dusk was not a success—we got licked. Some sardine of a 'Johnny' shot a ball through my arm, and I didn't want any more shooting. We all retreated. I could not get away fast enough, on account of loss of blood, and had to halt and keep halting, till I found myself alone. It was, perhaps, 8 p.m. when I looked to a small hill a short distance off and saw a lot of soldiers in the moonlight. I went toward them and hailed them as follows: 'Are there any of the Twenty-fourth there?' The question came back: 'Twenty-fourth what?' I replied: 'Twenty-fourth New York.' Some one said, 'Yes,' and a sergeant of a Texas regiment stepped toward me and said: 'You are a prisoner.' Then I was sold. Can you find that 'noncom.' for me? He gave me a drink—water."

CHIEF ON JEB STUART'S STAFF.

A. S. Morton, St. Paul, Minn., March 3, 1897:

I am endeavoring to secure data for a romance located in Virginia during our civil war and whose central figure is to be the gallant Prussian, Maj. Heros Von Boreke, J. E. B. Stuart's chief of staff, and one of the most picturesque figures of that heroic period. To this end I wish to gather from every known source available reminiscences of the Major, incidents in which he was even indirectly concerned or interested, and any fragmentary details remembered by the boys that served with him under Stuart. I shall be deeply grateful for such information.

IN THE HEART OF AMERICA.

BY LILLIAN ROZELL MESSENGER.

This "Eternal Passion of Song" which "love ever fans," "life ever feeds," that "time cannot age" and "death cannot slay," is notably demonstrated in the little book just out, by Lillian Rozell Messenger, "In the Heart of America."

The picture she draws of the "old gray jacket worn," as its wearer told his story of why he "mused in tears," beside a lonely cabin closed, deserted, still, but brushed with empty sleeve "his tears away" to softly speak, "'tween the hymns of morning birds," his wondrous song of wars, which swept with rushing awful wing the silent paths he now had chance to tread.

"The page of myst'ry ever open spread,
Yet never read save by th' Eternal eye,"

expresses far more than couched in other words it could, and it will be impossible to write a comment on this book that would so deeply impress the reader as a few quotations from it which are so worded as to beautifully bring out the dream of music that must have possessed the writer:

"This beauteous South, the poet child of
Pan,
Who hold the sylvan harps of secret song
To the world's deep soul.

This land of beauty, rest, and faith and
dream."

This is the land where time and chaos
paused
In mad'ning whirl, to plant the rose and
gem,
The lilies rare of every hue and clime
On Nature's brow, and in her greening
fields.
On mountainside leave tender lyres of
song."

This land, which man shall call the heart
and soul
Of all America, so grand in youth,
In beauty, majesty, and power supreme;
With feet that touch the tropic island-seas.
Whose flowered breeze fans her young
morning mind
Afire with starry thought and dream to
gild
That dawn which breaks for earth's and
man's new day!"

Beautiful and fitting tributes are paid to
Washington, Lincoln, and Lee.

"'Twas nearer noon when civil strife
broke out,
But these last failed—how can the right
e'er fail?
I spake to him who stood, the Gabriel
Of this strange hour and revelation
strange.

"Not fail!" he breathed in softest music
tone,
Dare mortal men to say these failed—
were wrong?
Since imperfection and unwisdom both
Of brothers held in deadly war God takes
To round his perfect trinity of Law.

While music blew from feathery throngs,
afar,
Sweet melodies without the passion-woe.

The spirit touched mine eyes, and lo! I
saw

A vasty troop of warriors clad in gray
Led by their grand old chieftain—tower
of strength—

Virginia's son; thence followed scores of
men

Aye, hundreds, all of noblest make and
mold,

Of lofty mien, to die for faith and right.

They smiled at death! Their bruised,
bleeding steps

Left shining paths that sloped through
space and time,

And blent with one high, gleaming way,
that leads

Straight to God's realm of vast, undying
light."

IN THE HEART OF AMERICA is published
by the J. L. Hill Company, Richmond,
Va., at 50 cents, and is furnished free with
three subscriptions to the VETERAN.

ABOUT THE U. C. V. REUNION.

In order to facilitate the handling of
the large number of veterans expected to
attend the U. C. V. reunion, June 22, 23,
and 24 next, I would suggest that in all
sections of the country, whether or not
you have organized camps or bivouacs,
you get together and select one man to
take charge of all correspondence, and
come in a body and let this man report
to the Reception Committee at the rail-
road station on arrival at Nashville; that
there be a man in charge of every twenty-
five or less.

Our committee expects in due time to
issue a circular of information about Hot-
els, Boarding-Houses, Barracks, Trans-
portation Companies, Saddle-Horses for
the Parade, Badges, etc. In the meantime
any communication addressed to the
Chairman will have prompt attention.

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant-Gen-
eral U. C. V. spent several days with us
last week, looking over the ground, giv-
ing and taking items of interest in con-
nection with the reunion. His whole
heart is in the work. We enjoyed his
visit very much.

The reunion is in no way connected
with the Centennial Exposition, which
opens May 1 and continues six months.
By having the reunion at the same time
as the Exposition, all Veterans who desire
to do so have an opportunity of attending.

The Exposition authorities have an-
nounced that one-third of their net re-
ceipts of the three reunion days will be
donated to the Battle Abbey, wherever it
may be located. This we think very gen-
erous.

The meetings of the U. C. V. will be
held in the Gospel Tabernacle, which is
located in the central part of the city,
and with the galleries now in process of
construction will accommodate 6,000 per-
sons.

J. B. O'BRYAN,

Ch'm'n Reunion Ex. Com.

Box 439, Nashville, Tenn.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsapa-
rilla. True. So any tea is tea.
So any flour is flour. But grades
differ. *You want the best.* It's
so with sarsaparilla. There are
grades. You want the best. If
you understood sarsaparilla as
well as you do tea and flour it
would be easy to determine.
But you don't. How should
you? When you are going to
buy a commodity whose value
you don't know, you pick out
an old established house to
trade with, and trust their ex-
perience and reputation. Do so
when buying sarsaparilla

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been
on the market 50 years. Your
grandfather used Ayer's. It is
a reputable medicine. *There
are many Sarsaparillas—
but only one Ayer's.* It
cures.

"CHIME SECRETS," A SONG.

The VETERAN acknowledges the re-
ceipt of the latest waltz song, "Chime
Secrets," written and composed by Har-
vey M. Barr, and dedicated to Tennessee's
"White City." It is handsomely printed
on fine heavy paper, with title cover in
two colors, containing a beautiful pano-
rama view of the Centennial.

Price, 35 cents. Order of R. Dorman
& Co., Nashville, Tenn.

M. MITTELDORFER & SON, OF
RICHMOND.

Leroy Mitteldorfer, of M. Mitteldorfer
& Son, Decorators and Dealers in Flags,
Bunting, etc., has come to Nashville to
engage in his business for the Exposition
and the reunion. Address him care the
VETERAN.

VIRGINIA.

BY N. N. P., THE PINES, LEXINGTON, VA.
Virginia! land of the gentle and brave,
Our love is as wide as thy woe;
It deepens beside every grave
Where the heart of a hero lies low.

Virginia! land of the bluest of skies,
Our love glows the more mid thy gloom;
Our hearts by saddest of ties
Cling closest to thee in thy doom.

Virginia! land where the desolate weep
In sorrow too deep to console;
Thy tears are but streams making deep
The ocean of love in thy soul.

Virginia! land where the victor flag
waves,
Where only our dead are the free;
Each link of the chain that enslaves
Shall bind us but closer to thee.

Virginia! land where the sign of the
cross
Its shadow of sorrow hath shed;
We measure thy love by thy loss,
Thy loss by the graves of our dead.

SOUTHERN HISTORIES.

A leading business feature of the VETERAN is to supply Southern histories, and especially that class of war histories which treats of the valor of Southern men who served the Confederacy, or in any other patriotic service, and the constant zeal of Southern women in what their hands have found to do. In the catalogue of such books, to be published from time to time, special rates will be given when procurable, to be supplied with the VETERAN, singly or in clubs. Friends of the VETERAN may do it a service, as well as the owner of books designed to honor the South, on merit, by mentioning this feature in its business.

MOSBY'S RANGERS: A history of the Forty-third Battalion, Virginia Cavalry (Mosby's Command), from its organization to the surrender. By one of its members. 8vo., cloth, 512 pp. Over two hundred illustrations. Price reduced from \$3.50 to \$2.50. Through a specially liberal offer of the publisher this thrilling narrative will be sent post-paid, together with the VETERAN for one year, at the price of the book, \$2.50. The book will also be sent post-paid in return for a club of six subscriptions.



CAMP-FIRES OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Ben LaBree. Price, \$2.75.

This book contains humors of the war and thrilling narratives of heroic deeds, with a hundred illustrations of humorous subjects.

GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND.

By Miss Kate Cumming, of Alabama. Price, \$1.

Gen. S. D. Lee, of Columbus, Miss.: "I have read 'Gleanings from Southland' with pleasure, and it recalled many of the sad scenes and sacrifices incident to Southern society during the great war between the states." Rev. T. J. Beard, rector, Birmingham, Ala.: "Gleanings from Southland" is a truthful, realistic account of the times gone by. Its perusal brought back vividly to my mind the scenes, thoughts, anxieties, and hopes of that eventful period."

THE CONFEDERATE MAIL-CARRIER. Advertised by G. N. Ratliff, Huntsville, Mo. 300 pp. Price, \$1.

This book should be read by every one that wishes to be fully informed as to the active part which the Missouri Confederates took in the war. This book is well written from extensive notes kept by the author, James Bradley, during his service in the Confederate army. A thrilling romance of Capt. Ab Grimes and fair Miss Ella Herbert, who carried the mail from the Tennessee army to Missouri and back by the underground route, runs through the book. The book is printed on good paper, well bound in cloth, illustrated, is well gotten up, and is well worth the price, \$1.

OUR GENERALS.

Having secured some fine engravings of Gens. Lee, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, Sterling Price, R. S. Ewell, and A. P. Hill, the following offer is made: Either picture will be sent with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$1.25, or as a premium for two subscriptions. Price, 50 cents each.

These pictures are 22x28 inches, and would ornament any home.

THE SAM DAVIS DRAMA.

Press comments are very complimentary:

A true story, sympathetically and effectively told, in a well-written drama.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

An interesting drama and written with much dramatic power, and will no doubt be a success.—*Knoxville Sentinel*.

It is constructed well, is filled with good language, has enough of humor, and not a few of the sentences are thrillingly beautiful.—*Nashville American*.

Mr. Fox has done, in its dramatization, as fine a piece of work as was ever done by a Southern man.—*Chicago Horse Review*.

A strong and stirring drama, in which the horror of war is blended with the tender emotions that belong to love and peace.—*Nashville Banner*.

In its construction and execution of the plot, its unflagging interest from the opening scene to the final exciting climax, it is simply superb.—*Nashville Sun*.

Copies of the book can be had of the VETERAN, postage paid, for 50 cents.

ICE CREAM.—The leading ice cream dealer of Nashville is C. H. A. Gerding, 417 Union St. Caters to weddings, banquets, and occasions of all kinds. Country orders solicited.

GRAND DIVISION (VA.) DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The following Chapters were enrolled in January, 1897:

STONEWALL JACKSON CHAPTER, Berryville, Va., January 16, 1897. President, Miss Mary A. Lippitt; First Vice-President, Miss Kate S. Neill; Second Vice-President, Miss Louise Hardesty; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mary K. Moore; Chaplain, Mrs. Lambert Mason.

GEN. DABNEY H. MAURY CHAPTER, Philadelphia, Pa., January 22, 1897. President, Mrs. James T. Halsey; Vice-President, Mrs. G. F. Brown; Treasurer, Mrs. George Chase; Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Patterson. This Chapter is named for the oldest Confederate general living, and also in compliment to his daughter, the President of the Chapter.

HAVE YOU READ IT?



"THE FIDDLE AND THE BOW"

"THE PARADISE OF FOOLS."

"VISIONS AND DREAMS."

"Gov. Bob Taylor's Tales" is the title of the most interesting book on the market. It contains the three lectures that have made Gov. Bob Taylor famous as a platform orator: "The Fiddle and the Bow," "The Paradise of Fools," "Visions and Dreams." The lectures are given in full, including all anecdotes and songs, just as delivered by Gov. Taylor throughout the country. The book is neatly published, and contains fifty illustrations. For sale on all railroad trains, at bookstores and news stands. Price, 50 cents. Special prices made to book dealers. Agents wanted. Address

DeLong Rice & Co.,

208 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.

Vegetables and Flowers.

By special arrangements with James Vick's Sons, the VETERAN is enabled to make the following tempting offer of seeds: To any one remitting \$1.90 we will send

18 Packets of Vegetable Seeds.....	\$1 00
10 Packets of Flower Seeds.....	75
Vick's Illustrated Monthly, 1 year	50
THE VETERAN, one year	1 00

Total value.....\$3 25

This may not appear again, so it would be well to take advantage of it while you can.

THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

It is fitting, as the time approaches for our great reunion in June, to present facts connected with the Centennial Exposition, since comrades are to enjoy the treat that it promises. The Exposition comes along with the centennial celebration of the state's admission into the Federal Union. It will be recalled that the celebration proper occurred on Monday, June 2, 1896, on which occasion Hon. J. W. Thomas, President of the Exposition Management (also President and General Manager of a popular, prosperous, and most important railway system: the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis), made a brief address.



MAJ. J. W. THOMAS, PRESIDENT.

In the language of a local paper:

His burning words of eloquence and patriotism held the deepest and most undivided attention of the thousands assembled below to hear, and when he had finished every man in that vast audience was inspired with that feeling of patriotism and love of country which comes to the heart of every American citizen at such times. . . . It was a thrilling scene, such as causes the patriotic blood of every American to mount and



MEMPHIS BUILDING.

tingle through his veins. Added to other effects, as the great silken banner mounted toward its destination, nearly three hundred feet high, the soul-stirring strains of the "Star-spangled Banner" floated triumphantly out on the air, played only as the matchless United States Marine Band can play it.

President Thomas's address was as follows:

Fellow Citizens: In celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union of states it is appropriate that we should be proud of the record and progress of the past, appreciate the advantages and responsibilities of the present, and rejoice in anticipating the possibilities and prosperity of the future. We have all heard of Boone, Robertson, and Donelson, of Jackson, Polk, and Johnson, of Sevier, Houston, and Campbell, of Grundy, Haskell, and Gentry, and hundreds of others whose names are enrolled upon the pages of history, who have made Tennessee illustrious by their adventurous daring, words of eloquence, and deeds of valor. But there are thousands of brave men and noble women whose names are not so enrolled, but who, in locating homes in the wilderness west of the Alleghanies, displayed as much bravery and heroism as did Leonidas and his Spartan band, and the great state of Tennessee stands forth to-day as a monument to their integrity and patriotism.

The progress of the century has been wonderful: log cabins have been supplanted by commodious dwellings; the spinning-wheel and hand-loom, by factories with steam as motive power; the reap-hook, by the self-binder; the flatboat, by the steamboat; the packhorse, by railroads; the mail-ri-



PARTHENON AND COMMERCE BUILDING.

der, by the postal car, telegraph, and telephone; old field schoolhouses, with a single log cut out for a window, by high schools, colleges, and universities. The population has increased from 79,000 to 1,800,000, and the wealth of the state from \$3,000,000 to \$800,000,000.

Enjoying the advantages of the present imposes upon us the grave responsibility of transmitting unimpaired the great legacy of civil and religious liberty bequeathed to us by our forefathers, the duty of preserving in its simplicity a government from the people, for the people, and by the people. In doing this we may well rejoice in the hope that the progress and prosperity of the past may continue in the future: that our laws shall be respected and obeyed; that they shall be just and equitable; that the relations of labor and capital shall be mutually understood, and the rights of each respected; that the homes of our wage-earners may be homes of comfort, contentment, and happiness; that all social and national differences shall be settled by arbitration, and the nations of earth shall learn war no more.

And now, fellow citizens, as President of the Tennessee Centennial, I proclaim these grounds and the buildings to be erected thereon dedicated to the honor and glory of Tennessee; and here, during the coming year, with magnificent displays of our products and resources, we will be delighted to receive the congratulations of our sister states; and, as a token of our devotion to our common country, I raise the stars and stripes, around which Tennesseans have rallied, and in defense of which Tennesseans have died at King's Mountain, Nicajack, Talladega, Tallahassee, New Orleans, Monterey, Vera Cruz, and Mexico.

Unfurl to the breeze our country's flag, with its stripes like rainbows and its many stars bright and unsullied as those in the skies, and long may it wave over the land of the free and home of the brave!

The Exposition management has done a most generous thing for the Confederate Memorial Institute in giving one-third of the entire proceeds for all three of



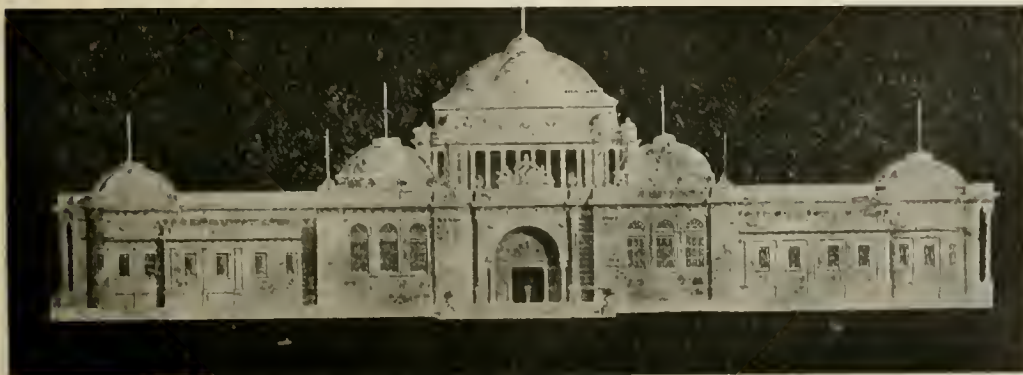
LOGGIA OF THE AUDITORIUM.

the reunion days to the fund. Comrade Hamilton Parks, of Nashville, ever zealous for the Confederate cause, conceived the idea of asking one day's receipts, and was made Chairman of a committee by Cheatham Bivouac to apply for it. The request was granted promptly. Subsequent events caused the Exposition management to feel that they were not authorized to give the entire proceeds of a day; but they submitted the broader plan of giving one-third of the receipts for every day of the reunion to this "Battle Abbey" fund without requiring a cent of obligation from the Confederates. Another, and a still broader, act of liberality was exercised in agreeing to give this sum, which will evidently be very large, to the Memorial Institute, regardless of location, although the original proposition was to give it conditional to the location being fixed at Nashville. This is by far the most generous thing ever done for the memorial after the original contribution of Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss of \$100,000.

The Centennial Exposition has recently made strides far beyond what the management had anticipated.

The United States Government appropriation of \$130,000 seemed to electrify progressive elements throughout the country. Appropriations for exhibits are still being made by the most progressive cities. Memphis, Tenn., deserves special credit for its patriotic action.

Every American will be proud of it.



AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

Masterpieces of Literature.

THE two volumes of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" just issued repeat the excellence of those gone before. The crowning virtue of the work is that it delivers the masterpieces of literature of every age and country into the hands of the people, to whom they properly belong.

The two volumes now before us range from Bion, the Greek poet, to James M. Barrie, whom, only the other day, in New York, publishers and editors were jostling each other to banquet and placate, in the hope of securing the right to publish his next novel. Along with a remarkably intelligent and sympathetic study of Mr. Barrie's genius is given the best of his stories, and even a fine episode from "Sentimental Tommy," which, in a work of the magnitude and enduring quality of the "Library," is keeping up to date with an emphasis.

One of the most interesting sections in this volume is that devoted to Balzac, who died in 1850, with the world not yet half aware of his wonderful powers. But now the name one hears on every hand, not only in literary but also in ethical and scientific discussion, is Balzac. For a person of general culture not to know something of his life and writings is what it would be for English readers not to know something of Shakespeare.

Mr. Warner's "Library" makes it possible to get out of the great bulk of Balzac literature just what the general reader ought to have, and to get it in an extremely pleasant way. Prof. W. P. Trent, one of the few men who have read for themselves every line Balzac published, gives within a space of twenty pages an account of Balzac's life, the scope and character of his work, and his place in literature, that contains the essential parts of the hundreds of essays that have been written about him. Then follows such a presentation of his writings that one can approach them not as a task, but as a pastime—like going to a play.

In the Beecher section, which follows, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Beecher's successor as pastor of Plymouth Church, furnishes an interesting sketch of the latter's life, and a description of his qualities and power as a writer and preacher. While not often named as a man of letters, Mr. Beecher has left no small body of writings, many of which, as revealed in the "Library," will be interesting and inspiring to men for many a day to come.

"Masterpieces every one," may truly be said of the varied and interesting contents of the "Library," also of the special articles prepared by over three hun-

dred literary celebrities of this country and Europe. In these exhaustive reviews not only individual authors, but entire fields of literature—of Assyria, for instance, Egypt, even South America—are covered, giving the reader a connected, comprehensive, and impressive idea of the history of the rise and prog-

ressed the price, and are making a special offer, so as to place a few sets in each community for inspection. The buyer that acts promptly saves nearly half the list price, besides having the privilege of easy monthly payments. But it is possible to take advantage of this price through Harper's Weekly



HAMILTON W. MABIE,
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF THE "LIBRARY."

ress of the literatures of the world from the earliest time until to-day.

With the aid of these thirty volumes one may acquire in a season's easy reading a wider grasp of literature than could otherwise be obtained by the industrious study of a lifetime. The "Library" really contains a well-rounded literary education.

The first edition is, of course, the most desirable, because printed from the fresh, new plates. Usually a higher price is charged for this edition, but the publishers of the "Library" have actually

Club only, which offers a limited number of sets to introduce and advertise the work.

The demand for this most desirable first edition is so active, and the number of sets allotted to be distributed so limited, that it is safest for those who really covet this invaluable "Library" of Mr. Warner's to write at once to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, for sample pages and special prices offered to members of the club now forming, and which closes the last day of the present month.

GEORGE R. CALHOUN & CO.

The VETERAN takes special pleasure in calling the attention of its readers to the advertisement of Messrs. George R. Calhoun & Co., which appears in this issue. This firm is one of the landmarks of Nashville. W. H. Calhoun & Co., the predecessors of the present firm, were established over fifty years ago, and built up a reputation for fair and honorable dealings that is being perpetuated by Messrs. Geo. R. Calhoun & Co. While young men, they are thoroughly posted in their line, and carry a full and complete stock of goods, which consists of Diamonds, Watches, latest fads in Jewelry, Optical Goods, Gold and Silver Plated Ware. In honor of the great reunion in June they have received a large stock of Confederate Veteran Souvenir Spoons, very elegant and artistic in design, and at such prices as to bring them within easy reach of every one. Be sure and visit their handsome store while in Nashville.

HOT-AIR AND VAPOR TREATMENT.

As a hygienic and therapeutic agent the vapor bath is rapidly growing in favor. Leading physicians recognize its value. By its use circulation is equalized and becomes regular and rhythmical, glandular activity is stimulated, and elasticity given to muscles, while a general tonic effect is immediately felt throughout the entire system, thus increasing the buoyancy of the patient and the power to ward off disease. The treatment can only be successfully given by means of the hot-air cabinet. In rheumatism female ills, gout, kidney, liver, skin, and many other diseases this treatment has yielded gratifying results. The trouble heretofore has been lack of facilities and excessive expense. The Hygienic Bath Cabinet Company, of Nashville, now offers a convenient and complete apparatus for vapor bath at an evidently low figure. (See ad.)

MONON ROUTE.

By all odds the best route to Chicago and the North is the Monon, via the L. and N. Running as it does through the rich blue-grass regions of Tennessee and Kentucky, and through the best agricultural portion of Indiana, skirtings the barrens, the coal district, and the hard lands, its lines are truly cast in pleasant places. The scenery to the very point where the bounds of the great metropolis are reached is most picturesque, and the travelers by this route moreover can secure a stop-over at Mammoth Cave and French Lick or West Baden Springs. Through its double terminal, Michigan City and Chicago, the Monon makes direct connections with all Northern, Northwestern and Northeastern lines and the famous summer resorts of the Peninsular State and the Great Lake country.

"Ask your Druggist for the Kindergarten Novelty, 'The House that Jack Built.'"



YOU CAN HAVE IT IN YOUR OWN ROOM,

Sanitarium, Hot Springs, Turkish, Russian, Medicated, Dry Steam, Vapor, Alcohol, Oxygen, Perfumed, Mineral, Quinine, or Sulphur Baths at a cost of about 3 cents per bath.

Hygienic Hot-Vapor Cabinet

HAS NO EQUAL IN THE WORLD FOR THE TREATMENT OF

RHEUMATISM, La Grippe, Private Diseases, Stricture, FEMALE COMPLAINT, Skin and Blood Diseases, Liver and Kidney, Nervous, Malaria, and Bilious Troubles, Scrofula, Catarrh, Dropsy.

Cleanses, tones, and soothes the entire system. Highly endorsed by the best physicians everywhere. Weight, 5 lbs. So simple a child can operate it. Price in reach of all.

Hygienic Bath Cabinet Co.,

Willcox Building,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Established 1867.

Telephone 734.



FRANK ANDERSON PRODUCE CO.

WHOLESALE FRUITS,

No. 204 Court Square. Nashville, Tenn.

[Comrade Frank Anderson is President of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac.—ED. VETERAN.]

New Hardware Store.

J. M. Hamilton & Co.,

Hardware,
Cutlery,
and Tools.

212 North College Street

(Between Church and Union Sts.).

NASHVILLE, TENN.

WANTED!

OLD CONFEDERATE STATES
POSTAGE-STAMPS.

Many are valuable, and I pay high prices for scarce varieties. Old stamps bring more if left on the entire original envelopes or letters. Send for price-list.

S. M. Craiger,

Takoma Park, D. C.

Mention Veteran.

Dr. B. McMiller,

THE WONDERFUL

Magnetic Healer.

By Laying on of Hands Afflictions of Poor, Suffering Humanity vanish as a dew before the morning sun. Thousands can be cured who have been pronounced incurable. Call and be convinced.

Health is Wealth.

Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Lame Back, Catarrh, Cancer, Indigestion, Nervous Debility in all its forms, Headache, all Female Diseases—all are cured by his treatments. All Fevers broken up by a few treatments. NO DRUGS.

CONSULTATION FREE. Bring this advertisement with you, and get one treatment free. No examination made of person. No case taken that I cannot relieve that I will know when in the presence of the sufferer. Send for particulars with two-cent stamp. Address 606½ Church Street, third floor, Nashville, Tenn.

A. W. WARNER,

DEALER IN

Fresh Meats of All Kinds.

TENDER BEEFSTEAK A SPECIALTY.

Staple and Fancy Groceries,
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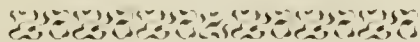
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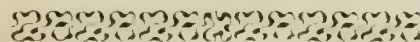
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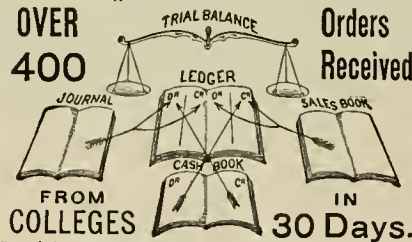
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Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1897.

No. 4. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF FORT SUMTER, 1863. From official photographs signed by Gen. Delafield, U. S. A.



GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

Maj. W. T. Blakemore, of New Orleans, who served on the staff of Gen. B. R. Johnson, pays tribute to Gen. George Moorman in a thrilling story of what he did in the battle of Fort Donelson:

As time passes the history of the war becomes more and more interesting, and instances of individual heroism are eagerly sought. Many such I witnessed at Fort Donelson, Chickamauga, and upon other battlefields of the war, but one in particular at Donelson impressed itself upon my memory as an instance of unsurpassed heroism, and so wonderful that it partook of the miraculous. To those like myself who witnessed it, it really seemed as if the days of miracles had returned.

Gen. George Moorman, the present Adjutant-General of the United Confederate Veterans, and myself



GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

were both aides upon the staff of Gen. B. R. Johnson, who was in command of our left in that great battle.

The attack of Huley, of the Thirteenth, upon Col. Heiman's position was fierce and memorable, and it appeared at one time as if the Federals would succeed in forcing our center. A supreme effort was being made to effect this. Schwartz's, Taylor's, Droeshner's, McAllister's, and other batteries had been brought up and placed by the Federals upon the crests of the hills overlooking our rifle pits, and supported by immense columns of infantry. Outside of our rifle pits timber had been felled and interlapped, which made an abatis. This, and the timber standing back of it, was filled with Federal sharpshooters. They were even in the tops of many of the trees. Col. Heiman's position was

a hill somewhat in the shape of a V, with the apex at the angle. From this point the ground descended abruptly on each side to a valley.

Immediately back of Col. Heiman's position and half way up the hill opposite was an open space about eighty yards wide, surrounded in the rear with timber. In this open space not a sign of life could be seen, as it received the concentrated fire of the Federals from all around the V-shaped hill; even a head raised above our rifle pits was instantly shot off, and so thick were the missiles of death flying that anything as large as a ramrod raised above the rifle pits was instantly shot away. This space was covered with bullets, as could be seen by the flying fragments of snow and ice where they struck, and no communication was had across this open space only by crawling along the rifle pits or by the longer way toward Dover around through the timber. As the Federals advanced the fire of their infantry, artillery, and sharpshooters, both in front and enfilade, was all concentrated upon this open space to prevent reinforcements, which the conformation of the hills unfortunately made easy.

As they were advancing and firing rapidly Gen. Johnson saw that his thin line could not withstand the terrific charge, neither could he expect help from any other part of the lines. At this moment a courier arrived from around through the timber, and, saluting Gen. Johnson, said: "Col. Quarles, with the Forty-second Tennessee Regiment, is in the rear of Col. Heiman's position, awaiting orders."

"Go back," said the General, "and tell Col. Quarles to move his command under cover of the ridge into the rifle pits, and report to Col. Heiman for orders."

But the rapid onward movement of the Federals would not admit of any delay, and, seeing that the supreme moment had arrived, Gen. Johnson said: "It will take the courier some time to reach Col. Quarles. I want one of my staff to reach him immediately, if possible, and order him to move up rapidly to Col. Heiman's support." Turning to Lieut. Moorman, he said: "Do you think that you could reach Col. Quarles across the field?"

Lieut. Moorman replied: "I do not, General; but if you think it absolutely necessary, I will try."

He left his horse with us at our headquarters in the timber, about half way up the hill, opposite Col. Heiman's position, from where he started to carry this famous order through a veritable valley of the shadow of death. We watched him as he cleared the woods at the first few bounds, never expecting to see him alive again. As he stepped out from the shelter of the trees into the open space thousands of sympathetic eyes watched the intrepid young soldier, apparently moving on to certain death. It was a war picture—this handsome soldier, not yet of age, of splendid physique, six feet tall, standing out in his new uniform in full view of those splendid marksmen as a target for thousands of the enemy's guns, ready to sacrifice himself if sharpshooters from far and near made him their target, while thousands of bullets and cannon balls were plowing up the snow and ice at every step he took. As he reached the frozen branch in the valley he fell. Every heart sank, supposing that he was pierced by hundreds of balls; but in a moment he was on his feet—his sword had tripped him. He started up the hill and

moved diagonally across the open space, and reached the timber—unharmd and untouched, but with many bullet holes through his clothes—where Quarles' Regiment was awaiting orders.

A short time after the Federal commander was wounded, and the enemy fell back to gather strength for another attack.

Many thousands of gallant soldiers have stood in the face of terrible dangers, mounted parapets, and performed heroic feats, but it is doubtful if any soldier in our war, on either side, had an experience so marvelous and miraculous. Less heroism has made many a soldier immortal. . . . Many thousands of shots must have been concentrated in that space during the time he was passing over it; and it is probable that more shots were fired at him, under these peculiar circumstances, than at any one single soldier during the war. It can never be known by any human agency how he ever escaped death, and will always remain to me one of the most wonderful incidents I witnessed during the war.

THE REUNION BRIGADE—GEN. G. G. DIBRELL'S.

BY W. L. DIBRELL, SPARTA, TENN.

This brotherhood was organized at Sparta, Tenn., in September, 1883, and was composed of Gen. Dibrell's Cavalry Command, with the following officers: Gen. George G. Dibrell, Commander; Capt. M. L. Gore, Colonel of the Eighth Tennessee Cavalry; H. C. Snodgrass, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighth Tennessee Cavalry; J. P. England, Major of the Eighth Tennessee Cavalry. They have continued to hold their meetings annually since that time.

At their second meeting, in 1884, held at Gainesboro, the following commands were added to the organization: The Eighth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-fifth, Twenty-eighth, and Thirty-fifth (B. J. Hill's) Tennessee Infantry, and Colms's Battalion; Hamilton's, Bledsoe's, and Bennett's Battalions of Cavalry.

Gen. Dibrell commanded the brigade up to his death, in 1886, and never failed to attend its meetings. After his death Maj. W. G. Smith, of the Twenty-eighth Tennessee Infantry, was elected Brigadier-General, and has been reelected every year since, with the following officers: Walton Smith, of Putnam County, Colonel; C. C. Carr, of Overton County, Lieutenant-Colonel; Charles Bradford, Major of all the Infantry; W. L. Dibrell, of White County, Colonel; J. W. Howard, of Warren County, Lieutenant-Colonel; W. W. Gooch, of White County, Major of all the Cavalry. A full corps of brigade and regimental staff officers have been appointed, appearing in full Confederate uniform at each reunion.

The object of this organization was to perpetuate the friendship engendered for each other during the four years of our hardships, to keep in touch with each other, and that we might be enabled to aid in furnishing the true history of the cause and conduct of the war, so that our children might know that we were not traitors to the constitution as we understood it and as it was interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, but sought to perpetuate the institutions and liberties purchased for us by the blood of our fathers.

Gen. W. G. Smith, present Commander, entered the Confederate service in the spring of 1861 as captain of

Company C, Twenty-fifth Tennessee Infantry (S. S. Stanton's), and served in that regiment until the battle of Shiloh, after which he resigned, on account of ill health. In October following Col. S. S. Stanton organized the Eighty-fourth Tennessee Infantry. Gen. Smith served as lieutenant-colonel of this regiment, and was in the engagement at Murfreesboro, Tenn. After that engagement the Twenty-eighth and Eighty-fourth Tennessee Regiments were consolidated. He, being then a supernumerary and preferring to be in the field, resigned the office of lieutenant-colonel and accepted the appointment of major of the consolidated regiment and remained in the field. He was in every engagement of that regiment from Chickamauga to Jonesboro, including the one-hundred-days' fight from Dalton to Atlanta. Col. Smith had a great many eulogies passed upon him for his gallantry. He never was known to be away during any of the engagements, but was always at his post and ready to lead the command, and was beloved by all for his bravery and gallantry.

We intend to use our best endeavors to put the VETERAN in the home of every old soldier, and where he is not able to pay for it, will raise a fund for that purpose.

W. F. Smith, Holt's Corner, Tenn., wishes to get all the information possible about two Federal soldiers who were wounded at Shiloh on Sunday morning at the front line of tents. He rendered aid to them, and was thanked for it; a ring was also offered him for his kindness, which he refused. Would be glad to know if they are alive now.

W. L. Parks, of Port Royal, Tenn., was so gratified with the record of W. C. Boze and B. B. Thackston, as told by the former in a recent number of the VETERAN, that he wants Comrade Boze to "accept a package of fine, pure smoking-tobacco." He considers the custom a happy one, extending back to the days of the red man and the pipe of peace.

Lewis Peach, Fayetteville, Tenn.: "I have in my possession a Testament taken from the knapsack of a dead Federal soldier at Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 31, 1862. On the fly leaf is written: 'Francis Rourke, Company G, First Kentucky Regiment.' The name of Carl Denton is also written on another page. Would gladly restore this to his relatives."

In a very interesting letter Miss Hettie May McKinstry, of Carrollton, Ala., quotes her father as saying that W. W. Booton, of London Mills, Ill., in writing of Fort Robinette, was mistaken in supposing that "a fine-looking man with dark hair, wearing a dark coat," was Capt. Foster, as he was a small man with gray hair, gray beard, and wore a gray coat.

W. P. Witt, of McGregor, Tex., wishes to know the whereabouts of Capt. Gittian, who commanded Company H, Fifth Tennessee, the last months of the war. He thinks he was from Middle Tennessee.

W. D. Brown, Hanson, Ky.: "I have been requested to ask for the name, age, and residence of the youngest regular Confederate soldier."

THE STORY OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

BY JUDGE HENRY HOWE COOK, FRANKLIN, TENN.

(Continued from last month.)

PART II.

We reached Fort Pulaski about midnight, and while at anchor several of the party made a most reckless attempt to escape. During the passage down some of them had cut a hole in the stern of the vessel, and when we reached anchor six or seven lowered themselves into the water. They were soon discovered, fished out, and brought back into the ship. It would have been impossible for them to escape, as there are nothing but little barren islands on the coast, and had they reached one of these they would have starved to death. The mainland was too far off to be reached.

The next morning we landed and were conducted to the interior of the fort, and here we went to sleep on the brick floor. The following morning we met Col. P. P. Brown, Lieut.-Col. Carmichael, and many of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York Regiment. Never during the war did I meet better looking and better disciplined or a kinder Federal regiment of men. Col. Brown addressed us in a kind manner. He promised all in his power for our comfort, not contrary to orders from headquarters. Lumber was furnished, and, with the assistance of the carpenters of the regiment, in two days we had bunks and tables. Provisions were supplied in quantity and quality as good as we could reasonably expect, and we began to improve in health and appearance.

LIFE AT FORT PULASKI.

Fort Pulaski is situated upon Cockspur Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River, and about twelve miles from Savannah. The Fort covers four or five acres. On the inner side is the parade ground, containing about three acres. Facing Tybee Island is a semi-circle composed of casemates, in the center of which we were placed, and we were separated from the garrison upon the right and left of us by immense iron gates. The embrasures were grated to prevent our escape, and guards were placed upon the banks of the moat in front of us. Our only view was through these grates, and our eyes met naught but the expanse of water, dotted with little barren islands. For many a day I watched the great waves chase each other in and then turn back to the vast ocean. At times a sailboat or man-of-war would appear in the distance and relieve the monotony of the scene. How eagerly I watched to catch the sight of the topmast sail of a ship that might be approaching the island, hoping that something might happen to relieve our condition!

A casemate is about twenty-two by twenty feet, and there were twenty of these; hence each casemate contained about thirty prisoners. Col. Brown, finding that we were too crowded, sent two hundred of our number to Hilton Head, and among the number Capt. Thomas F. Perkins, for which cause I lost the only officer from my own county, and my truest friend.

We did reasonably well until about January 1. Goldsborough, Latrobe, Fitzhugh, and others from Maryland, and a few from the Confederate States had a little money, and succeeded in getting credit with the sutler of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Regi-

ment. My friends were all young men from Middle Tennessee, with no knowledge of commercial affairs, and none of us asked or received credit, though it was known that the sutler, Mr. Bell, was one of the kindest of men. I had a common little silver watch which a private had given me at Point Lookout when the officers and privates were being searched and separated. He thought that the officers would be better treated than the privates and not subjected to such a rigid search, and that I might save the watch for him. I never saw him again, and don't remember his name. I passed through three rigid examinations, and my United States blanket and most of my clothing were taken away from me. Nearly all my possessions had been picked up by me on the battle-field, and when I was captured it was considered that all these things had been recaptured. Everything valuable was taken away from us upon the idea that we might use such things in bribing the guards.

When I reached Fort Pulaski my entire earthly possessions consisted of this watch (which I had miraculously preserved by sleight-of-hand, as it were), one pair of shoes, one hat, two shirts, a pair of pants, and a shawl. This shawl, or blanket, was composed of thick woolen goods and lined with a much finer class of woolen. Dr. — Pees, an Episcopal minister, had wrapped me up in this shawl one cold night at Tullahoma as I was being taken from the battle-field of Murfreesboro to Chattanooga. How I loved the good Doctor and his shawl! Lieut. Fleming persuaded me to let him have the watch, agreeing to be responsible to the owner if we should ever see him again. He sold it for three dollars, and bought codfish and soda from the sutler. During the months of November and December my good friend, Capt. Nicks, often gave me a good piece of meat and bread. He was a man of great industry and energy, and would do any kind of work for those who had money, and he had a kind heart, and divided with me the proceeds of his labor. About this time we learned that Gen. Sherman was marching to Savannah. Gen. Foster made a movement on Pocotaligo to cut the railroad and prevent the reinforcement of Savannah. He took Lieut.-Col. Carmichael and a part of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Regiment. For several days we heard nothing from the outside world, but one day we saw some wounded soldiers being brought to the fort, and among the number Lieut.-Col. Carmichael. The forces under Foster, numbering several thousand men, had been surprised at Honey Hill by a small force of Georgia militia, under Gen. Gustavus Smith, and badly whipped.

An order was at once issued by Foster depriving us of the privilege of the sutler shop, and also depriving us of the right to receive money, food, or clothing. He ordered that our rations be one-half pint of rotten corn-meal, one-fourth of a pound of bread, and a cucumber pickle each day. This was everything. Not even salt or soda was allowed us. This meal was ground in 1862 at the Brandywine Mills, as shown by the marks on the barrels. It had been in the barrels for three years, and often the whole would stand in a mass when the staves were taken off. Some of it could be dipped out with cups, and as many as one hundred weevils and white worms were picked from one pint. The fact is that the weevils and white worms were the

only nutritious parts of it. Lieut. Fleming's soda proved a great blessing: the soda would neutralize the acid in the meal and make it possible to eat it.

Col. Brown was much moved, and his voice was tremulous when he informed us of the new orders, but he attempted to cheer us up, stating that he hoped the cruel treatment would be of short duration. Winter had now fairly set in, and its chilly blasts off the Atlantic wailed mournfully through our open casemate windows, causing the poorly clad prisoners to shiver. It was a damp, nipping, and eager cold, such as no one who experienced it could soon forget.

Our supply of wood had also been cut off to barely enough to cook our small supply of rotten cornmeal. Through the whole winter we knew not what it was to feel the warmth of fire. The officers were poorly clad, many of them not having blankets, and some of their wardrobes not as good as my own, above described. The casemates were damp and the brick floor was at all times wet, as if it had been rained upon. We paced the vaults to keep warm. Some would walk while some slept, and thus the time passed slowly away. Day after day and week after week passed.

In a short time the treatment began to tell fearfully. The officers of the garrison hid themselves from us, and were seldom seen, and the privates were only seen on their posts of duty. The New York Regiment, officers and privates, were a noble set of men, and were manifestly pained at our plight when they came into our prison.

If our condition was horrible on Morris Island, it was much more so here. Many were unable to walk; others meandered through the vaults like living skeletons, gazing into each others' faces with a listless, vacant stare, plainly indicating that they were bordering upon imbecility or lunacy. That dreadful disease, the scurvy, was raging fearfully, so that the mouths were in a fearful condition, their gums decaying and sloughing off and their teeth falling out; while others had the disease in a more dangerous form, their arms and legs swelling, mortifying, and becoming black. Black spots appeared upon the arms and legs of some, looking as though the veins and arteries had decomposed, separated, and spilled the blood in the flesh. One day when some of our dead were carried to the graveyard Col. Brown had a military salute fired over their graves, but this was soon forbidden, and then, day by day, the dead were silently and sadly carried and laid in their graves.

All of us knew full well that unless relief soon came we must soon pass out at the Sally Port, now the funeral arch to the graveyard. "To you these words are ashes, but to me they are burning coals." There were quite a number of cats upon the island, but they did not come much into our prison, as there was nothing for them to eat. Lieut. Fleming succeeded in capturing two, and our mess ate them. A baked cat is as good as a squirrel, if not better. Necessity overcomes many foolish prejudices. The prisoners captured and ate quite a number of cats, and this doubtless saved many lives. Many were driven to us by the soldiers, and it is said that Col. Brown himself was seen to drive several into our prison. Late one night Col. Brown, Lieut.-Col. Carmichael, Maj. Frank Place, and Sutler Dick Bell, with several soldiers of the regiment, came

into our prison with baskets of fish. Late at night they had gone out and caught them and stealthily slipped into our prison with them. This was after midnight, but we at once baked and ate them, without bread or salt, and had enough to eat for the first time in more than thirty days.

After Sherman had captured Savannah I received a letter from a lady in that city stating that Gen. Meigs was expected there, and that she had received letters from the families of Col. Atkinson and Henry Meigs, of Marietta, Ga., in my behalf, and she thought perhaps the quartermaster-general would make it possible for me to get clothes and provisions; but nothing came of it. This letter inspired me with great hope, and how anxiously I watched every boat that appeared to be approaching the island! How gratifying to hear from the people of Marietta who had been so kind to me after the battle of Murfreesboro, and to know that I was not forgotten by them in the hour of my greatest afflictions! It was a message from the unknown world to spirits in prison. Mr. Henry Meigs, of Marietta, was a brother of Quartermaster-General Meigs, and was a man of learning and piety and of the kindest disposition. He had married a Miss Stewart, of Georgia. I cannot now say that his brother came to Savannah while we were at Fort Pulaski, but if he did he may have interested himself in our behalf, as our condition was improved in the latter part of February, but I received no special act of kindness from him.

In the latter part of January we made an effort to reach the Commissary Department. We tried to reach a casemate ten casemates beyond us, which was filled with provisions, and we hoped to reach this and draw upon the provisions little by little. Beneath each casemate was a cellar, entered by a trap-door, and the cellars were separated by a thick brick wall. With a small iron bar we made a passageway through these twenty brick walls and reached the trap-door entering the Commissary Department, but when an effort was made to raise the door it was found impossible, as it was weighted down by the provisions piled upon it. This was distressing indeed; so much patient labor, and nothing accomplished. Matters grew worse every day, and the passageways in the casemates were almost deserted, for most of our number were lying helpless in their bunks, suffering from scurvy or other diseases, or had been carried out, one by one, to be laid beside those who had gone before in the graveyard set apart for us.

Some two or three weeks after the occupation of Savannah by the Federal forces Col. Brown came into our prison, appearing to be much excited and overcome with emotion. He told us that Gen. Foster had been relieved, and that Gen. Gilmore had just sailed from New York to take his place. He stated that Gen. Grover, now in command at Savannah, would command the department until Gen. Gilmore's arrival, and that he would go at once to Savannah and represent to him our sad condition. In a few days the colonel returned from Savannah with five or six medical officers, who went through the prison and made a close inspection. When they came to my bunk I was nursing Lieut. Hooberry and several other officers who were unable to walk or assist themselves in any way. I myself was able to stand up and walk for a few minutes at

a time. I asked them why medical officers should come into the prison, and one of them replied: "We wish to see how much longer you can live under this treatment." Of course I was displeased at this apparently flippant and heartless remark, but I learned from others that the inspectors were really kind and humane, and were shocked and horrified at our condition. One of them stated that he would not have believed a Federal officer guilty of such horrible brutality if he had not seen it himself. One stated that in all his experience he had never seen a place so horrible or known of men being treated with such brutality.

Col. Brown accompanied the medical officers back to Savannah, and the next day returned with a boat laden with provisions and everything that could contribute to our comfort; but to many the assistance came too late. Nothing but death could relieve them; they had passed beyond the physician's skill. Those not beyond the power of human aid began to improve. Both officers and privates of the regiment, now that they were no longer under the command of Gen. Foster, did all in their power for us. I cannot give exact dates, but for more than forty days I was in a stupefied, listless, insane dream.

About February 10, 1865, the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York Regiment left us to join Sherman's army. It was natural that we should regret their departure. For more than three months they had not been guilty of one unkind act or word. Under the most trying circumstances they had done all they dared to alleviate our sufferings. We now fell into the hands of Gen. Mullineaux. His command was composed of all the nations and tongues of the earth, except English, Scotch, and Irish. We could not understand them and they could not understand us. They greatly feared us, and we feared them more, and the beginning was not propitious.

(To be continued.)

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.—TRIBUTE TO GEN. ASHBY.

This Confederate monument was unveiled on the 7th day of June, 1893, at the Soldiers' Cemetery, near the University of Virginia, in the presence of many Virginia camps and military organizations, and under the auspices of the John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., and the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association of Charlottesville. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee acted as chief marshal, and with his staff and veteran cavalry escort, preceded by the mounted police, headed the procession.

The orator of the occasion was Maj. Robert Stiles, of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, U. C. V., and the veil was drawn by Miss Baker, daughter of James B. Baker, of the John Bowie Strange Camp.

The monument is one of remarkable beauty, and is another evidence of the great talent of the sculptor, Mr. Caspar Buberl, of New York City. The statue, of finest bronze, was cast at the Henry Bonnard Foundry, in New York. It stands eight feet high on a pedestal of twelve feet, and is a perfect representation of the youthful Confederate soldier as so many remember him. The handsome face, of pure Southern type, so eager and bright and full of manly courage and loyal purpose; the strong, graceful figure, resolute grasp of

musket and determined air bring back the past to us. One who has examined it, and who is familiar with much work of this sort in Northern cities, says: "If there is any statue in the whole country finer than this, I have never seen it."

The pedestal, also designed by Mr. Buberl, is twelve feet high, and was made by the Petersburg Granite Quarrying Co., and was taken from historic ground near Petersburg, where Gen. A. P. Hill fell. The die



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

rests on three granite blocks, and has on the four sides bronze panels containing in raised letters the one thousand and ninety-seven names of those buried in the University Cemetery, many of whom died of wounds in the hospitals at the university and in Charlottesville.

The states represented, with the number from each state, are as follows: Maryland, 4; Virginia, 192; North Carolina, 200; South Carolina, 161; Georgia, 224; Flor-

ida, 13; Alabama, 82; Mississippi, 69; Tennessee, 10; Louisiana, 84; Texas, 12; states doubtful, 29. The state, name, and regiment are in raised letters, ending with seventeen blanks for the unknown dead—names unknown to us, but recorded in the book of life. Over the die, in polished letters, is inscribed, "Confederate Dead," and the dates, "1861-1865." Below the die, on one of the massive blocks, is the inscription: "Fate denied them victory, but crowned them with glorious immortality."

The committee selected Mr. Buberl's design out of a large number submitted to them from all parts of the country. The erection of this monument was the work of sixty ladies composing the Confederate Memorial Association of Charlottesville and the University of Virginia.

GEN. IMBODEN'S TRIBUTE TO GEN. ASHBY.

The late Gen. J. D. Imboden, in reply to an invitation by Prof. Garnett to be present at the dedication of the monument, wrote his regret in being unable to attend, and added:

I regret it because it would have enabled me to drop a tear of more than ordinary fraternal affection upon the grave of one of the nearest and dearest friends I ever had, the immortal Ashby. We were friends before the war began. We were together in Richmond on the night of April 16, 1861, and, with others, planned the attack upon and capture of Harper's Ferry; and on the morning of April 17, the day Virginia seceded, we set out for our respective homes; he to lead his cavalry company, I to take the Staunton Artillery, and meet at Harper's Ferry before daybreak on April 19 with some other volunteers—one company from Charlottesville, one from Culpeper, and others from adjacent counties. Then our former friendship ripened into the most devoted attachment, which was to end on his part by his glorious soldier's death, near Harrisonburg, on the evening of June 6, 1862. The next day I received an order, written in pencil on the blank margin of a newspaper, from our great commander, Stonewall Jackson, to join him with my little command during the ensuing night at Port Republic, with a postscript that conveyed the first intelligence I had of the fate of my peerless friend. It was couched in these words: "I know that you will share my grief over the death of our mutual friend, the gallant Ashby, who was killed last evening in a charge upon the enemy. The Confederacy had no truer or braver soldier, nor Virginia any nobler gentleman." Such was the spontaneous tribute of one whose testimony is in itself a monument that will stand out on the pages of Virginia's history even when the structure reared by the untiring efforts of noble Virginia women at the University of Virginia shall have crumbled into dust under the inexorable laws of the physical world.

It is the grave of such a man in the midst of his fallen comrades that would have invested the ceremonies of the day with a sacredness in my heart never to have been erased as long as life lasts.

I have turned this morning to Vol. XII., Series I, page 712, of the "Official Records" of the war, and find this reference to Ashby's death, in Stonewall Jackson's report of his great "Valley Campaign of 1862." Describing the skirmish of June 6, 1862, near Harrison-

burg, he says: "In this skirmish our infantry loss was seventeen killed and fifty wounded. In this affair Gen. Turner Ashby was killed. An official report is not an appropriate place for more than a passing notice of the distinguished dead, but the close relation which Gen. Ashby bore to my command for most of the previous twelve months will justify me in saying that as a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredible, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy." If these words be not carved upon the marble that marks his resting-place, no matter, for they are inscribed and imperishable on the pages—the brightest and the saddest pages—of Virginia's history.

Thomas Edward Buford, a private in the Confederate army, was born in Lunenburg County, Va., in 1837. He enlisted in Company H, Seventh Tennessee Regiment, May, 1861, at Lebanon, Tenn., and served through the



THOMAS EDWARD BUFORD.

West Virginia campaign with Gen. Lee; was with Stonewall Jackson in the Bath and Romney campaign. He was killed in the charge at Seven Pines. A braver and better soldier never lived. "He was always ready to do his duty—he was always there."

THE BATTLE OF ARKANSAS POST.

BY LIEUT. S. W. BISHOP, SPARTA, TEX.

I was in the battle of Arkansas Post, and cannot understand why it has not been given more prominence in history. At noon, Friday, January 11, 1862, just as we were finishing a good dinner of fresh pork and

sweet potatoes, a picket came running into camp hallooing: "Yankees! Yankees!"

All were in a flutter for awhile. Soon our officers cried aloud: "To arms! fall in!" The five thousand men were soon in line. "Forward, double-quick, march!" was responded to, and we were soon in our ditches a mile below the fort. Just below these intrenchments there was a sharp bend in the river, and from that point to the fort the river is quite straight. Below the bend the Yankees were landing. Seven gun-boats were slowly coming around the bend just as we got in the trenches. The gun-boats opened fire on our fort, and the firing lasted about an hour, when they fell back around the bend. We lay in the ditches all night. Saturday, the 12th, we had about concluded that the Yankees had slipped off down the river, for it was now about two o'clock. In the evening suddenly the gun-boats rushed around the bend again, and a terrific firing was begun between them and our fort. At the same time a heavy force of infantry came marching up the river bank.

Here I must diverge a little from my story. I had left my company lying in the upper end of the ditches, and was sitting on the bank of the river watching the fight between the gun-boats and the fort. Suddenly my attention was attracted by the words: "Close up!" When I looked up I saw the blue coats quite near me. I jumped up and ran. I was ordered to surrender, but kept on running. A few shots were fired at me, with no effect. That was the best running of my life. To add to my fright, I found that all our men had left the ditches and gone to the fort. I was alone. Now for a race of one mile; it was made on good time. Just as I got back to my company in the ditches near the fort, a heavy force of Yankees had flanked us, and we barely saved ourselves from capture in the lower ditches; but we were now ready to make a strong fight, which we did, considering our small number of about five thousand poorly armed men.

It was now about night. Up to this time we had not fired a shot with small arms. Just at dark a furious cannonading took place, lasting until ten o'clock. The rest of the night we worked on our ditches.

Sunday morning the sun rose clear upon the two contending forces. Although there were no Yankees in sight we knew that they were not gone, for we were kept close in line. Looking down the line we saw Gen. Churchill riding hurriedly toward us, stopping at each company, giving this order: "Gentlemen, the fight will commence in a very short time, and we must win it or die in the ditches." He quickly gave advice to the officers thus: "You will instruct your men having short-range guns to hold their fire until the Yankees come in thirty or forty yards. The buck and ball guns will commence firing at seventy-five to one hundred yards. Minie rifles will fire on them from the time they come in sight."

The Yankees had to cross a hill about three hundred yards distant from where a level plain extended to our breastworks. We could hear the Yankees giving orders, and our officers were also doing likewise.

A very amusing incident occurred just here. One of my company, a long, gaunt young fellow, had mysteriously disappeared two days before, just as we were ordered into line. Just now he came walking up, when

all the boys began to yell: "Here's Bill! Where have you been, Bill?"

The poor fellow just acknowledged that he got scared and ran off, but said: "Boys, I'm going to stick to you the rest of the time."

Then I remarked: "Hurrah for Bill! I told you that he would come when he was needed. But at the first fire he ran like a wild buck."

My company was detached with others under command of Lieut.-Col. Nobles, to guard the crossing on the bayou at the west end of our ditches. We were highest upon the bayou and directly in line with the gun-boats and fort. We were ordered to lie down, which we did, and stuck close to mother earth all day. The battle opened at eight o'clock, and the five thousand poorly armed Confederate soldiers held at bay twenty-five thousand Federal troops till 3 P.M.

While the battle was raging heavily I saw a boyish fellow come running directly toward me. I saw that he was scared, so I watched him. Just before he got to me he stopped near a large cypress tree; then, quick as a brush rabbit with a dog after it, he darted into the hollow tree. I went up to him and said: "You have a nice place in there, but you must come out and go back to your company."

"Sir," he said, as he slowly crawled out, "they are killing people up there."

"Yes," said I, "but we came here to be killed." By this time his scare was over, and he walked back to his company.

The ditch lacked about two hundred yards of reaching the bayou. In this vacancy there were placed two regiments. We had orders that if those men were run back to let the Federals pass over us, then pour a fire into them, and fall back with our boys. At one time our boys were forced back near us, and one of them said: "Lieut. Bishop, I feel like I had swallowed a pumpkin." He spoke the feelings of more than one, for it takes nerve to rise up in the face of a strong enemy and expose your person to the deadly fire.

Happily for us, when they came in range of the rifle pits the cross-fire turned them, and they made no other attempt to turn our left flank during the day. Charge after charge was made on our breastworks during the day, but each charge was repulsed with heavy losses. Our field pieces, six in number, were disabled by the first fire from the Yankee guns.

I think it was the tenth charge that they made on our works. They were marching in columns ten deep. They established a battery across the river directly in our rear. Just now "Long Tom," our best gun, ceased firing. It had been disabled by a shot from the gun-boats. Our doom was now inevitable. Our men had fought bravely; but, like a serpent decoying its prey, the Federal troops lay coiled around us. We were prisoners. The white flag was hoisted. Some contention arose as to who ordered it; but, be that as it may, it was a timely thing, for we would very soon have been exterminated by the superior forces which were closely drawn around us. All was now over, and in the calm that followed nothing could be heard except the sound of human voices.

As I left my place of assignment (not having fired a shot all day) I walked directly to the west end of our ditch. The Yankees were standing around the ditches

in great numbers, while our men were sitting and standing among them. I shall never forget the scene of that hour. Strong men were weeping like whipped children. Others were enraged and were cursing. One poor fellow had been wounded in the loins, and could not stand. An ambulance was driven up, on which the wounded were being placed to carry them from the field, and four men were trying to put this man on the ambulance. They were handling him very carefully, when he cried out in anger: "— it! put me in like men."

I counted sixty-three of our dead down the line. I don't know the exact number of Federals killed, but it was about one-half of our entire number, twenty-five hundred.

SERVICE OF HOOD'S BRIGADE.

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEX.

BEAN'S STATION, TENN., December 21, 1863.

Charming Nellie: So much has occurred since my letter from Cleveland that two problems confront me: what to mention and what to leave untold. Skimming over the surface of events—as I must, to keep within the limits of paper supply and your patience—I intentionally omit many things of interest and forget others. . . .

Crossing on pontoons to the north side of the Tennessee River, near Loudon, on the 14th day of November, the Texas Brigade marched and counter-marched, advanced, retreated, and halted, much as if a game of "hide and seek" were being played between it and the enemy. From Loudon to Campbell's Station the Yankees offered a very determined opposition to Longstreet's advance, but after complimenting his little army with a few challenging shots from artillery at the last named place, deemed it prudent to make haste to shelter themselves behind their breastworks at Knoxville. While the Texans had but occasional skirmish fighting to do, their experiences were far from agreeable. The weather had turned bitterly cold; little or no clothing had been issued to them at Chattanooga, and all were thinly clad and many almost, and some wholly, barefooted. You can easily conceive their joy, then, when at Lenoir's Station, late one evening, they were marched into winter quarters just vacated by the enemy, and a rumor, which had every appearance of truth, fairly flew about that they were to spend the winter there. When I saw the neat, well-framed, and plastered huts, each of a size to cozily accommodate two men, and was led to believe that within one of them I was to find shelter from wintry blasts and comfort and rest for my poor, hunger-gaunted *corpus*, my heart filled with gratitude to my adversaries, and had they come unarmed and with peaceful intent, I would gladly have "fallen upon their necks and wept." Lieut. Park and I managed to preempt one of the most elegant of the cabins, and with almost undignified haste set about to make ourselves thoroughly at home. About nine o'clock in the evening we were sitting on benches before a pile of hickory logs that, blazing merrily in the fireplace, warmed our chilled bodies and brightened up the walls, and had just lighted our pipes and begun talking of home when the long roll sounded. "Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro," and if not

"mounting in hot haste," a prompt "getting into line"—an end to quiet smoking and earnest talk of loved ones, as hurriedly grasping sword, gun, blankets, canteens, and haversacks we rushed from a paradise into a frozen inferno; from warmth into bitter, stinging cold; from cheering, homelike firelight into that of glittering and unsympathizing stars. Little stomach as I have for fighting, I have faced the enemy with far less of reluctance than I left that comfortable little hut; and, worse than all, I never saw its interior again, for, resting upon our arms the balance of the night, we took up the line of march next morning at daylight for Campbell's Station.

Oh ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.

One may be ever so philosophical, and yet—especially if he be a Confederate soldier—there will come times when philosophy utterly fails to give strength to bear with becoming fortitude "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." This was just such a time to me. I stood manfully in arms that livelong, dreary night, consoled by the thought that morning would carry me back to the little log cabin; but when the order to march gave the lie to hope, fortitude deserted me, and I wished I were a baby, so that I might cry with a show of decency. Nor have I recovered my good spirits altogether yet. And if any one of those gallant warrior friends of yours, whose featherbed patriotism has hitherto bound him irrevocably to the defense of Texas against invasion by water, who stands far inland and gazes fearlessly at the dangerous men of war in the distant offing, who even mocks at danger, and demonstrates his desperate and unquenchable valor by drinking several cups of burning hot coffee in the long intervals between the flash of the enemy's cannon and the passage of its shell over the intervening five or six miles of water and land—if any one of these, I say, nurses a fond desire for a more active life, for closer quarters with the enemy, just send him right here; I will cheerfully and even gladly exchange with the gentleman. He shall have my gun and all of its attachments, my haversack and all its varied contents, even the gay and fashionable garments that adorn my manly person. Indeed, I should insist on his taking the clothing, for it would furnish him with some incentives to prompt and vigorous action that report says are yet lacking in Texas. And I will trade "sight unseen," too; for, while I should "admire" to do the balance of my soldiering in a neighborhood where there are fair ladies to sympathize with me in my hardships and privations, any part of the Texas coast is preferable to this part of Tennessee.

Since encountering the Western men who fight under the "star-spangled banner," Longstreet's Corps has somewhat modified its estimate of what Bragg "might have done" in the way of whipping them. The Yankees who fled before us at Chickamauga had as little grit and staying power apparently as any we were in the habit of meeting in Virginia, but Burnside had troops at Knoxville that not only stood well, but shot well. The hardest and most stubbornly contested skirmish fighting I ever witnessed took place there, and our lines needed to be frequently reinforced. On the 23d of November first one company and another of the Fourth went forward, and finally the turn of Company

F came. To reach the line we had to pass around a point of rocks and up the side of a steep ridge, in plain view of and under a galling fire from the enemy. . . . Jim Mayfield and Jack Sutherland, more venturesome than others, sat down behind trees twenty feet farther to the front and began exercising their skill as marksmen. Mayfield grew careless and, exposing a foot and part of a leg, received a ball, which lodged between the bones of the latter just above the ankle. "What will you give me for my furlough, boys?" he exclaimed when the shot struck him. "What will you give me for my furlough, boys?" he asked again, as he came limping hurriedly back, using his gun for a crutch. It was only a "parlor wound" he thought, and, thinking the same, several of us would willingly have changed places with him; I know that I would. But there was little time to envy him. The enemy was pressing us hard, and we had forgotten him and his "parlor wound," when, an hour later, a litter-bearer returned from the field hospital with the sad intelligence: "Jim Mayfield is dead, boys; he took lockjaw."

On the evening of November 28 Company F was detailed for picket duty. Three inches of snow lay on the ground and an icy wind, from whose severity we could find little protection, chilled us to the marrow. I went on duty about nine o'clock, my post being at the edge of a high bluff overlooking Knoxville and the valley opposite me, and half a mile away I could see lights moving back and forth in the enemy's fort on College Hill. I was growing numb and sleepy with the intense cold, when the flash and report of a rifle, followed by a scattering and then a continuous roar of small arms, awoke and informed me that an attempt was being made by the Confederates to capture the fort. Out of the line of firing entirely, I watched the battle from beginning to end with a strange mingling of delight and foreboding. Night attacks are seldom successful, and the fort was not only well manned, but protected by wire netting and *chevaux de frise*. But if terrible while in progress, it was awful when, having been repulsed with great slaughter, Barksdale's Brigade was forced to withdraw and leave hundreds of its wounded upon the field, too close to the fort to be carried off by their friends. After so desperate a night attack it was impossible to arrange a truce, and while many of the hurt managed to crawl to help, many more laid where they fell and froze to death. All through the long night their voices could be heard calling for help, both from the Yankees and their friends, and often screaming with agony as they essayed to move themselves within reach of it. . . .

About daylight we learned that an advance would be made that day on our (the east) side of the river, and immediately began to congratulate ourselves that, being pickets, Company F would escape the fighting. But it was a mistake, for at sun up we were relieved by Georgians, and not only ordered to the regiment, but, when the advance began, placed on the skirmish line. It was so cold that even after running up hill half a mile the men had to warm their fingers at the fires left by the Yankees before they could reload their guns. Both the weather and the battle grew warmer as the sun climbed higher in the sky. The Federals had made only a slight resistance to the capture of their picket line, but now showed such a bold front against farther

advance of the Confederates that it was decided not to attempt it, and until noon we kept our blood in circulation only by incessant sharpshooting. . . . Old Reub Crigler, the second lieutenant of Company F, never goes into a fight without a gun and a chosen supply of cuss words to fling at the Yankees when he shoots. "There, d——n you! see how you like that," or "Take that, you infernal son of a gun!" fell from his lips that day with an unction and regularity not at all complimentary to the intended victims of his wrath. Capt. Martin, though, of Company K of the Fourth, neither draws a sword nor bears a gun in battle, but rubs his hands together and smiles as merrily as if it were the greatest fun imaginable. Not even when he came near me that day and said, his voice choking and the tears standing in his eyes, "They have killed Brother Henry, Joe," did the movement of his hands cease or the smile disappear from his countenance.

That evening the Texans learned, as Longstreet had two or three days before, of the defeat of Bragg at Chattanooga, and many were the anathemas hurled against that incompetent, or at least singularly unfortunate, officer by the self-constituted generals and statesmen in the ranks. Of course, he ought to have held the ground against whatever odds, for, given ten days longer, we would have forced Burnside to surrender. But facts were facts, and none less stubborn appeared to Longstreet than the rapid approach from the direction of Chattanooga of two Federal army corps and the advisability, if he would avoid being caught between two fires, of passing around Knoxville and moving up toward Bristol, Va., through the fertile country lying between the Holston and French Broad Rivers. The adoption of this course was largely influenced, no doubt by the considerations that it would insure a permanent separation from Bragg, give Longstreet a longer term of independent command, and enable him to rejoin Lee in Virginia. The last of these appealed so strongly to the Texans that, after getting beyond danger of pursuit on the 4th of December, hundreds of them joined in the chorus, "O, carry me back to ole Virginia, to ole Virginia's shore!" with a will and a volume of sound that made the echoes ring for miles around. My melodious voice, however, went up with mental reservation that I should be privileged to stop this side of the seacoast. Salted shad possesses no allurements to me. . . .

Lest in recounting "the battles, sieges, fortunes, that I have passed; lest in speaking

Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,

I have harrowed your gentle heart to the point of swearing
ing

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful,

and expending upon me more sympathy than I deserve, permit me to remark that at this particular juncture in my career I am really "in clover." For—if because of the curtailment of one leg of my pants, because my toes protrude conspicuously from dilapidated and disreputable shoes, and my cap is stained with dirt and grease, my ensemble is scarcely stylish enough to give me a right to the feminine society so liberally and lavishly bestowed on the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys who infest the

Texas coast—my canteen is bulging with the nicest strained honey, my tobacco-pouch and haversack with the very choicest smoking-tobacco; the sweetening being the munificent reward of a moonlight tramp last night over the mountains to Clinch River, the tobacco the product of a raid by Brahan and myself day before yesterday on a kind-hearted old farmer. My present state is, in short, the naturally inevitable result of physical satiety, mental and moral plethora, exemption from any duty, writing to you, and a philosophical mind.

KILLING OF THREE BROTHERS.

Something of Warfare in Arkansas in 1863.

J. Mont Wilson writes from Springfield, Mo.:

The short sketch of Lieut. A. H. Buchanan (now Professor of Mathematics in Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.) in the *VETERAN* some time ago mentioned the killing of his three brothers and father in Arkansas. It brought vividly to my mind the scenes enacted that winter inside of the Federal lines. As I was one of the three that escaped that day, I will give an account as I remember the facts after a lapse of thirty-three years.

During the summer and fall of 1863 Col. Brooks occupied Northwest Arkansas and Southwest Missouri, harassing the Federal posts and supply trains and often driving in scouting and foraging parties. Going South unexpectedly, he left several squads of his command out on scouting expeditions, and others whose homes were in that section. They did not come South, but kept up their squad fighting, running in picket posts at night, picking up stragglers, dismounting and disarming them, and generally turning them loose, as they did not want the trouble of guarding them. Gen. William L. Cabell, commanding the cavalry in South Arkansas, detailed Capt. Pleasant W. Buchanan, of Buck Brown's Battalion, to take eleven picked men and horses, go through the Federal lines, gather up all the squads and straggling men, and bring them South to their command. This was a hazardous undertaking, it being in mid-winter, leaves off the trees, forage scarce, and a chain of Federal posts on both sides of the Arkansas River from Little Rock to Fort Smith; also a post at every county-seat, village, or mill where forage or provisions could be had. Besides, the Arkansas River is generally past fording at that season of the year, and every boat and skiff on the river had been burned, except those at the forts.

Capt. Buchanan's instructions were to be very cautious, avoid all posts and scouting parties, get the men together quietly and quickly, and to do as little fighting as possible until ready to start South. His plan was to enter the Federal lines at dark, travel only at night, and lay up, feed, and rest in daylight. When we reached their lines we bore west of Waldron, striking the Fort Smith road a few miles north of Waldron, where there was a Federal post, about ten o'clock at night. We had gone only a short distance when we ran up on a Federal scout at a house. The captain halted us, rode up to within a few feet of them, made them tell who they were, and moved us quietly on down the road in such a careless way that they did not realize we were Confederates. When out of their hear-

ing we rode rapidly several miles and then turned through the woods due north for the Arkansas River, the North star being our only guide. Reaching the river at daylight, we hid and fed our horses in a little cove of timber, rested, and reconnoitered for a crossing. Just at sunset we forded it on a gravel bed just above the mouth of Big Mulberry, out through a dense bottom of four or five miles, to the wire road from Ozark to Van Buren, near Mr. Joel Dyers's. It was the work of a few minutes to have several sections of the telegraph wire torn down and dragged off in the woods by the horn of our saddles. We rode all night, bearing northwest, crossing the Van Buren and Fayetteville road before daylight, and on to the main mountain, avoiding all houses and roads. We were thoroughly drenched with a heavy winter rain. The drops seemed as large as a quarter of a dollar. We halted, built up a fire, dried our clothes, and rested, and moved out again at dark, crossing over and down the mountain to Tola Gray's. The next night, I think it was, we reached Cane Hill. Here the squad disbanded and began the dangerous and tedious task of getting to their respective homes to see friends and relatives and to notify all squads and individuals in two or three counties of the time and place of rendezvous for the return South.

I went by E. W. McClellan's to see my sister. His house was in three or four hundred yards of the Federal post at Boonsboro, which was composed of negroes and "Pin" Indians, commanded by one Maj. Wright from Kansas. After meeting my sister I went on home with the captain, leaving our horses and going in on foot from back of their farm. We found his two brothers, William and James, at home, both anxious to get South and rejoin the army. We had to be very cautious, being only two or three miles from the post at Boonsboro. The captain could only go in at night to see his mother and sister, while we were waiting for the time to start on our return. The captain's father was murdered about a month before, without any earthly excuse, by a scout of negroes and Indians. They asked him for some apples. He went into his cellar, gave them all they wanted, and was locking the cellar-door, when one of them shot him down. The surgeon with the scout (Dr. Willet, I believe, was his name) came back to the house and made very brutal and unfeeling remarks to his wife and daughter over their grief.

The captain decided that he would try to mount his brothers better the night before we started South, as all they could pick up and conceal was a mule and a "plug" horse. So he suggested that we get the horses of Maj. Wright and his officers, whose headquarters were at Mr. James Hagood's dwelling, and the stables were from seventy-five to one hundred feet from the house. About ten o'clock the night before we were to start South we four went to Mr. Hagood's, and let down the fence to the stable lot, but before we could get any of the horses out we aroused the sentinel at Maj. Wright's headquarters, only a few steps away. We could not get them without killing him and creating an alarm, so we quietly withdrew in the dark. I went by E. W. McClellan's to tell my sister good-bye, the captain going with me. We found Miss Amanda Hinds (sister of Prof. Hinds, of Cumberland University) with

a letter for her brother Dudley, a member of Capt. Buchanan's company, and Miss Emma Hagood, who had also come to see us, knowing that we were to start South the next night. They told us that just at dark they had slipped Maj. Wright's horse to the rear of the dwelling and tied him to the yard fence. I asked permission of the captain to go and get him, and he readily consented. He had slipped his halter, but I managed to catch him and get off without being discovered, rejoined the boys, and we all returned to their home for them to say a last good-bye to their mother and sister and for William to bid his wife good-bye. Next morning Maj. Wright was furious at losing his horse, and started scouting parties out in all directions. That last night some of Mr. Buchanan's negroes had seen us, and told the Federals where they thought we were. A scout of some fifty, following the negroes' advice, struck our trail and followed it up. We had moved about three miles and fed our horses at noon, intending, as soon as they were through eating, to start for the place of rendezvous, the Pine Mountains, in Benton County, near the junction of Osage and Illinois Creeks.

We were joined that forenoon by Gray Blake and William Rinehart, two of the eleven men. William and James Buchanan had no arms, and the captain only his Colt's six-shooter. The Federals came on us while our horses were eating, all with bridles off. I saw them first, and called to the boys just as they fired and charged on us through the open woods. I sprang on my horse (the one I got the night before), with only the halter, and set him going. Rinehart and I ran together for about one hundred yards, when the captain's mare dashed by us. I knew then that he was shot, for as I wheeled my horse, only a few feet from him, he was standing in his left stirrup, his right leg nearly in the saddle, and facing the Federals. In a few seconds they had surrounded William and James Buchanan, who had stopped to bridle their horse and mule. They jumped off their horses and shot William down, but James fought them with his bridle for fifty yards before they killed him. Guy Blake's horse was so excited when the firing began that he could not mount, and he dashed off on foot, as fleet as a deer, and escaped in a range of bluffs a few hundred yards away. The brutal negroes and bloodthirsty Indians mutilated the boys after killing them.

This is one incident of the war in which I felt that I could see the hand of Providence, for the three brothers were truly Christians and prepared to die, while neither of us three who escaped were; but all became members of the Church soon after the war.

I never knew a nobler, braver, or truer gentleman than Capt. Pleasant W. Buchanan. He was Professor of Mathematics in Cane Hill College when the war began, and I was a student under him. I was intimately associated with him in all of his army life, being in both of the last two companies that he commanded, and part of the time in his mess. I never heard a word escape his lips that might not have been uttered in the presence of ladies. He was modest and retiring in disposition, and always ready to give others credit who really were not as deserving as himself. William and James possessed very similar virtues. Thomas Buchanan, another brother, was and is now an esteemed

minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He served as a private in the same company, and never shirked any duty. Pleasant W. Buchanan was elected captain of the first company of state troops organized on Cave Hill, composed largely of the college boys, the President, F. R. Earl, serving as a private in it. This company was of the Third Arkansas state troops and fought under Col. Gratiot at Wilson Creek (on Oak Hill) in front of where Gen. Lyons was killed. After this battle, the state troops being disbanded, Capt. Buchanan raised another company of infantry for the regular Confederate service, being Company H, Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry. He, with some of his men, were captured at Pea Ridge (or Elk Horn), and before he was exchanged the army in Mississippi was reorganized and, against the wish of his lieutenants and the company, the vacancy had to be filled. After being exchanged he went to Northwest Arkansas and raised a company of cavalry, when he joined Buck Brown's Battalion, which company he commanded when he was killed. Though a mere boy in my teens, I was proud to claim his friendship.

The story of this awful tragedy was told by the mother of the noble men a few years ago, only a short while before her death, to the editor of the VETERAN, and of how the murderers jeered when the bodies of the three sons had been hauled to her home and ruthlessly put out in her yard. The murder of her husband, without the least provocation, and the dastardly burning of the feet of his brother, a venerable minister, in the effort to extort money, are part of the record of the war in Arkansas.

It is comforting in this connection to call special attention to the high character of these martyr brothers as noted by Comrade Wilson, for some might suppose there were reasons for the wanton murder by the enemy other than simply capturing a horse. That is evidently all the provocation the slayers could have had.

COURIER KERFOOT AND HIS DEEDS.

Mrs. M. B. Carter, Stephen City, Va.:

On the evening of the retreat of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry from Gettysburg they met the Sixth United States Regular Cavalry at the village of Fairfield, Pa., and after a desperate fight killed and captured all of the Federals but about thirty; and before the Virginians had recovered from the fatigue of this engagement they were ordered to a point on the pike leading from Frederick City to Green Castle, Pa., as the Federals were threatening an attack upon the wagon trains, containing the wounded, at that place. It was a very rough mountain road, and only a small part of Gen. William E. Jones's command arrived in time to offer resistance; but they held the enemy in check until nine o'clock at night, when their ammunition gave out.

Considerable rain had fallen, but the moon was now out, and as the firing slackened the Federals charged with sabers, and in the confusion of a hand-to-hand contest the men were so mixed up that it was hard to tell friend from foe. One of Gen. Jones' couriers, W.

T. Kerfoot, of Company B, Sixth Virginia Cavalry—who did not carry a saber, on account of a broken arm, and whose pistol had been emptied, except two loads which the rain prevented firing—received a severe cut on his forehead. He ward off a second blow with his pistol, but one of his fingers was cut off. The Federal, still hacking with his saber as he charged ahead, called out, "Surrender!" but Kerfoot, bleeding profusely, backed his horse into some thick undergrowth, and drew out his handkerchief to bind up his wound, when some one called out: "Don't shoot!"

"Who are you?" said Kerfoot.

"A wounded Confederate," came the reply.

"So am I," replied Kerfoot.

A Confederate surgeon who was near by, hearing the conversation, rode up and bandaged the wounds as best he could. The firing still continued, as more of the Confederates slowly arrived, and the two wounded men and the surgeon concluded that they had better withdraw further into the underbrush and lie down among the rocks to sleep. Kerfoot said: "With my saddle for a pillow and God as my trust I slept as sweetly as when a child at home."

At early morning they arose, and thought best to steer eastward to Gettysburg, as many of our troops had not yet left that field. In the circuitous mountain road they not only got lost, but Kerfoot's horse lost every shoe, and was so lame that he could scarcely walk; about four o'clock in the afternoon they came to a mountain mill, where Courier Kerfoot got a hat, having lost his in the fight. From this mill they could see the "Grade," full of soldiers, but at that distance could not tell whether they were friends or enemies. Kerfoot volunteered to reconnoiter and find out, saying: "If they are enemies, and get me, they won't get much, as I am disabled. Going on foot to the 'Grade' he saw, to his delight, that the soldiers were members of his own company, and found out that they were near the base of the mountain on the western side, exactly in the opposite direction from their intended course. "Under the guiding hand of Providence they were led straight to their friends," as Kerfoot told his companions at the mill upon his return for them.

Near Hagerstown they went to a farm near by to get something to eat and graze their horses in the orchard. While in the orchard an innocent-looking boy came up and said: "I like Rebels. There was a big fight around here this evening, and there is a Yankee in the barn and a horse in the yard." Kerfoot went to the barn and called out to the man to surrender, which he did. Having secured the man and horse, he went back to his comrades in the orchard. Being exhausted by loss of blood and great fatigue, he said to his prisoner: "I want to treat you well, and I want to sleep too. If you want to lie down on the grass with us and go to sleep, do so; but if you try to escape I'll shoot you." The prisoner agreed, and all four lay down as if the best of friends, and soon were asleep; but Kerfoot's pillow this time was his pistol. Rising early the next morning, he saw his prisoner still asleep, flat on his back, mouth open, and snoring. Arousing all parties, they proceeded on their way, and soon came to a large barn. In the yard were about fifteen horses with cavalry saddles and bridles. Rightly concluding that their owners were in the barn, Courier Kerfoot crept up and

tried the door. Finding it locked, he and his two companions proceeded to the house, where they demanded the key to the barn. It being refused, Kerfoot quietly remarked to his comrades that a match would do as well. Upon this the key was hastily produced.

Leaving one of their number to guard the prisoner they had and take care of their horses, the other two proceeded to the barn, and, making as much racket as they could, opened the little door and called out: "Surrender! collect your arms and send them out by one of your number." The Federals, believing that they were surrounded by their enemies, did so. Kerfoot slung five of the pistols around his own waist, and when the Yankees all got out and found that they had been taken prisoners by two men they were greatly mortified; but, as they had given up their arms, there was no help for it.

They were put on their horses, and with one Confederate at their head and two in the rear, were marched to Col. Funston's headquarters, about one and one-half miles distant, where, taking a few of the best horses and arms for themselves, Kerfoot and his companions, turned over the rest to the command, and felt somewhat compensated for their trouble and wounds.

ABOUT HER FORMER ARTICLE IN THE VETERAN.

In the January VETERAN Mrs. Carter wrote of Gen. Lee and three little children. She says:

I have heard from all quarters in regard to my little war sketch which you published. I had no idea that the VETERAN was so widely circulated.—Excuse my ignorance on this point. A gentleman from Philadelphia wrote to me in regard to the article, and a lady in Winchester asked about it. Judge Cummings, of Fort Worth, wrote to a gentleman in Winchester, mentioning the sketch in a complimentary way. A lady from Kentucky has twice written to me of my little story, though she is an entire stranger. Some time since a gentleman who sat by me at church in Warren County, Va., whispered: "I was delighted with your little war sketch in the VETERAN." Mrs. Crawford, of Frederick County, came to my husband and said: "I was much interested in your wife's little sketch. I wonder everyone don't take the VETERAN." Still another wrote to me from Culpeper County, Va., about the "entertaining article."

FOR A NOBLER PURPOSE.

It was in the summer of 1862 that Champe Carlton and I were lounging in the summer sun at Camp Douglas and hoping for an early exchange. Champe was a sterling, good, companionable fellow, and my best friend. When alone his face was pleasant, though it wore a look of hopeful sadness; but when with the boys his cheerful words and cheery smile lifted from Ward No. 10 much of its depressing gloom. One day I asked him to tell me something of his past life. After a thoughtful pause he related this story:

"Ewing, my home and that of my parents, is in Southern Mississippi, and there also are my loving wife and bright little boy. I was what is known as a 'promising' young lawyer, and yet I was a grievous disappointment to my truly pious parents, because my incessant reading ran to skepticism on religious affairs. I

had the infidels' arguments at tongue's end, and was quick to run into controversy with them.

"The venerable Ruffin, at Charleston, had pulled the lanyard of the great gun, the first ball had borne the message of defiance, and the war had begun. A company of gallant fellows was organized for the war, and I was honored in being unanimously selected as captain. Pride and a sense of patriotic duty reached an affirmative decision, and my aged mother did not object. 'Go, my son! go!' were her words. At a second conference she said: 'Champe, you will never get fame as a lawyer, nor, indeed, as a soldier; because you are reserved for a nobler purpose.'

"I went with my company to Virginia, taking with me George Welsh, a fourteen-year-old son of a minister of the gospel. In our first battle George was slightly wounded in the wrist; but, like the little hero that he was, he bandaged the injured arm with his handkerchief, and remained in the fight until it ended. Soon after the battle George asked me why he escaped, while so many better soldiers were slain. I told him, in a careless and thoughtless way, that it was owing to his mother's prayers.

"Months passed, and George was stricken with fever. I telegraphed his father, who came to the death-cot of his boy. He said: 'My son, is it well with you? Are you at peace with the Father?'

" 'I am,' was the faint reply.

" 'My son,' continued the parent, 'how came this change?'

" 'The captain there told me that my mother's prayers saved me in the battle.'

"George died, and I'd rather have the credit of saving that boy's soul than all fame.

"I was wounded, captured, and sent to Camp Morton, and after a time I was sent down the river to Vicksburg for exchange. Being ill, I was sent to the hospital, where I lay with my life in the balance, too sick to write or dictate a letter home. In the meantime a comrade who had been with me called at my home and told my people that I had died on the passage from Memphis to Vicksburg; that he saw the boat landed, and saw me buried in the bank of the Mississippi River. My father and mother mourned me as dead, but my faithful wife never lost her cheerfulness or seemed to be troubled at the ill tidings. So happy did she appear that my parents doubted her sanity.

"One morning Mary, my wife, made as elaborate a toilet for herself and her boy as circumstances would permit, and, to the horror of my distressed father and mother, she was radiantly happy. A parental conference was held, and the decision reached that Mary was surely crazy.

"In answer to the question why she thus appeared, she pleasantly responded: 'Because Champe will be here this morning, and we must meet him.'

" 'Mary, this is wrong,' said my father; 'Champe is dead. What makes you think him alive?'

"She replied: 'Father, I read my Bible and pray all the time to God. Champe is coming; God told me so.'

"Taking little Charlie by the hand, she led him down the walk to the main road. Soon a carriage was seen to emerge from a cloud of dust, and in that carriage were my wife, my child, and myself. Another righteous prayer had been answered.

"On account of my impaired health I remained at home some months, resigning my commission; but, with returning strength, I reenlisted, was again captured, and here I am in Camp Douglas."

This was Champe's story. I have not seen him since, but, if spared, I hope to meet at the reunion at Nashville that old comrade, now engaged in saving souls. I think that on the Mississippi register will be found the name, "Rev. Champe Carlton."

CHANGES PROPOSED TO CONSTITUTION.

Official notice has been given to all the camps of the United Confederate Veterans that certain changes in the constitution and by-laws will be submitted to the delegates for action at the seventh annual reunion, to be held at Nashville in June.

To alter Section 1, Article 7, in the constitution badge, to substitute a badge or button, which is patentable.

To alter Article 1 of the constitution to "Confederate Survivors' Association," instead of "United Confederate Veterans." Camp 425, U. C. V., of Augusta, Ga., petitions for the change, saying: "We are aware of the reasons which originally led to the adoption of the U. C. V. At that time there was no general organization, and as local societies were called Confederate Survivors' Associations the general organization was termed United Confederate Veterans to prevent confusion; but the original reasons have now ceased to exist. The local organizations have now come into the general organization, and it should henceforth be known as the C. S. A. The U. C. V., while a useful term to meet a temporary emergency, has no history and no precious memories of the past. It was never imprinted on the Confederate soldier's belt plate nor blazed upon his button. If our dead comrades were to come to life, they would fail to recognize our present insignia. They would ask: 'What does the U. C. V. mean?' Change the name to the C. S. A., and the living and dead alike can greet it with a fond, affectionate salutation. It stands for Confederate Survivors' Association. The word 'association' means a band of friends; the word 'Confederate' speaks gloriously for itself; the word 'survivor' points reverently to the good God who shielded our heads in the day of battle and has mercifully prolonged our lives to the present hour. C. S. A. stands also for the Confederate States of America, and happy would this people be if the wise restraints of the Confederate Constitution were of force now throughout the length and breadth of the land. C. S. A. stands too for another name that shines like the planet Mars in imperishable glory. At the sound of those three letters there flashes upon the dazzled imagination of the world the dashing cavalry, the steady cannon-eers, the dauntless infantry, of the Confederate States Army. Brothers in arms, we are not long here. For the time still left us, when we meet to renew the recollections of the days of our youth and glory, let us meet under the beloved, the illustrious name of the C. S. A."

To add to the staff officers named in Section 10, Article 6, of the constitution one chief of artillery and one chief of ordnance, each with rank of brigadier-general.

To add to Section 1, Article 4, of the constitution

regiments and battalions, to be officered with commensurate rank.

To add to Article 4 of the constitution a Department of the North, to include all the camps not embraced in the former Confederate States, and to put a general officer in command, who will care for the graves of our comrades buried upon Northern soil.

To add a clause to the constitution giving members holding proxies the right to vote, when held by a member of any camp in the division to which he belongs. This is necessary on account of the long distance which frequently separates the veterans from the reunion; and their old age, infirmities, and often straightened circumstances entitle them to this character of representation from their more fortunate comrades.

To change in Section 1, Article 5, "and one additional one for a fraction of ten members" to read "twenty."

To change, where the constitution fixes the rank of staff officers, to read "with rank not less than," for the reason that frequently officers are appointed or elected whose rank was higher in the Confederate army, and there seems to be no good reason why their rank should be arbitrarily lowered.

To strike out of Section 1, Article 11, of the constitution "Provided that notice and a copy of proposed changes shall have been sent to each camp at least three months in advance of the annual meeting."

To strike out in Article 7 of the by-laws "But any section herein may be suspended for the time being at any annual meeting by a unanimous vote of the delegates present. No amendments shall be considered unless by unanimous consent, if a notice and copy of it shall not have been furnished to each camp in the federation at least thirty (30) days before the annual meeting."

To make such changes in the constitution and by-laws as will provide at once for the formation of Sons and Daughters of Veterans into separate national organizations, prescribing plans and forms for immediate organization, and the appointment by the General Commanding of the First President or Commander of each Association, that they may be made auxiliary, and to report to the U. C. V.'s headquarters, and the members of each organization to pay a *per capita* tax of five cents per annum into the U. C. V. treasury. This is urgent from the mournful fact that our ranks are thinning daily, and our beloved representatives should step in now and arrange to take charge of Southern history, our relics, mementoes, and monuments, and stimulate the erection of other monuments to our heroes ere "taps" are sounded for the last of their fathers.

The foregoing is signed officially by Gen. Gordon and Adj.-Gen. Moorman.

J. M. Stevens writes from Madisonville, Ky.:

I enlisted from Caldwell, Ky., under Gen. Forrest, in the First Kentucky Cavalry, and was in the raid into Kentucky in the latter part of 1864, under Gen. Lyons. On this raid several of us were cut off and three of us tried to get out south, but found all crossing-places on the Cumberland River guarded and could not cross, so we fell back to Saratoga, on the Princeton and Eddyville pike, where we partook freely of "red liquor."

The barkeeper said that several wagons, guarded by Yankee cavalry, had passed down to Eddyville for supplies. The barkeeper was very anxious for us to leave him, but we did not do so until we filled our canteens. After going about a mile we agreed to ambush those Yankees, and that I take the lead. We fell back about fifty yards to a good place for ambushing. Soon we heard the wagons coming up the pike. The guards seemed to be enjoying themselves. Just as they got beyond us we fired on them, killing one and wounding two. We found that we could not make our escape, so we sent into Princeton for terms if we surrendered, and they told us that we should be paroled. We accepted the terms; but, instead of paroles, we were accused of being guerrillas, and were guarded by negroes. We decided to knock down these guards and make our escape; so I knocked one down, but my companions left me to tug it out with the negroes. They were too strong for me, and I had to give it up. The next evening twelve Yankees called at the guard-house and took me out to William Calvert's woodland, where they intended to kill me. I was stripped of everything. The captain pushed me into the lock of the fence, and asked me if I wanted to be blindfolded. I replied: "No." Everything was in readiness for shooting me, when I made request of the captain to let me pray, and he gratified it by saying: "You must be in a — big hurry." While kneeling in earnest prayer something whispered to me: "Jump the fence." I obeyed this still voice and did jump the fence, fell on the ground, and the guards overshot me. When the firing ceased I got up running and got away from them. They searched for me, but I had climbed a cedar bush. Three of them walked under this bush, and just here they fired a volley, dug a hole, put a cedar limb in it, and filled it. On top of this grave they placed my pocketbook. They then went back to Princeton and told that they had killed and buried me, notwithstanding I am still alive. I left my hiding-place and went to my father's, about fourteen miles from Princeton. This was the night of the 5th of February, 1865, and I was barefooted, bareheaded, and almost naked. I assure you it was a cold night.

THE OLD SOUTH.

I love her hills, I love her dales,
Her towering peaks and sunny vales;
I love her best for struggles won
By fearless sires and gallant sons.

I love her laws, her history great,
Her manners, customs, and men of state;
But better still—her strength and might—
In battling for the cause of right.

I love her, too, for suffering much
From vandal hordes while at their worst;
I loved her then in sore distress,
But doubly so while in duress.

O mighty land! of natal birth,
I love your soil—your greater worth—
In struggling up from sore defeat
To industrial arts and humanizing peace.

Well may we love the old land yet,
That gave us men we can't forget—
Like Washington, our nation's guide,
And Robert Lee, the Southron's pride.

—Alexander Helper.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Wilcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

Recently a Union veteran, whose manifest appreciation of Confederate valor gave assurance that he had "met the enemy" in deadly combat, made the extraordinary statement that all of the Grand Army publications had been failures. That fact, in connection with this other, that all Confederate publications have likewise been failures, except this VETERAN, caused serious meditation, particularly while in the death shadow of so many comrades who were faithful workers. While many are ever active in its support, there are others who estimate each issue critically, and unless they are well pleased with everything in it, become lukewarm. One such, if ever a Confederate at all, became indignant recently at being requested to pay arrearage; another, a physician and a good man, was so exacting in behalf of comrades that he was not willing to have advertising that might induce them to buy patent medicines, clipping and sending the objectionable advertisements, in which list there was a sarsaparilla advertised half a century. Another, loyal to the spirit of the VETERAN, wrote that he was not so attached to anything printed but that he could cut loose from it; that there was a quotation in the last number which determined him against letting his son see it.

These complaints are not referred to in ridicule.

Persistent diligence is exercised to keep advertising pages free from fault, and will be maintained.

The worthy comrade whose son was denied the entertainment of the last "Charming Nellie" letter, and also the entire number, may be comforted to know that the editor of the VETERAN is almost as exacting as himself. Some years ago, as the editor and owner of a daily paper, the only request made of visitors was in this card: "Please don't swear in this office." Profanity is so low and degrading that it is never accepted as a palliation for any grievance, and it not only puts the user on bottom grade, but to hear anybody swear under any circumstances is to him acutely painful.

Thousands of copies of this publication are being preserved, and the record to be left behind by editor and contributors is of far more consequence than money. Surely patriotism would suggest patience with issues of the VETERAN which may be a little lower than the standard, with complaint in fraternal spirit, rather than to discontinue patronage when the ideal in morality and refinement happens to fall below their standard.

After more than four years of unremitting zeal, in the consciousness of having done the best possible with

every page and sentence, and the assurance of approval, even in the testimony of dying comrades; looking to the situation in its most solemn relations, and seeing how families of earth's noblest men who went down to death, also the occasional negligence of good men yet surviving, are neglecting to learn the truth concerning their fathers' lives, the appeal is made boldly to the duty of every one who believes in its principles to rally to the standard.

It is requested that camps discuss the VETERAN in their meetings, and that members who take it express themselves as they think they should, commending or condemning.—The most serious fault of the publication is in the failure to condense again and again, so as to get in more nearly all that is sent for publication. Comrades can hardly conceive the benefit that would come to the cause if they would discuss the needs and merits of the VETERAN in their meetings, appoint committees to solicit subscriptions, pass resolutions of indorsement, and secure publication in their local papers; the cordial, hearty relations of the Southern press toward it is perhaps unprecedented. If the camps would take this action everywhere, the result by reunion time would give them pride, and they would be assured of that strength to maintain the truth of history which has never been witnessed in this country.

Another thing—and this may be for you personally—if every subscriber would look to the date by the name and compute from that, they would know how much to remit. If you want to keep up your subscription, look to the date by your name. If all persons whose times expire before July of this year will remit two dollars, in addition to what they owe, their names will be entered on "end of the century" list.

There is a mistaken idea on the part of many concerning a charity fund for subscriptions. Generous persons remit occasionally for the VETERAN to be sent to unfortunate but worthy veterans, and more of this would be done if we would ask it; but that is a delicate matter. As a consequence, at least twenty times as many copies are furnished gratuitously as are paid for in such manner.

The procurement of subscriptions to be handed in at reunion time should be reported in advance. Comrades and friends, please consider the great task in this office of getting out the May number, then the one-hundred-page issue for June, and help to swell the subscriptions—won't you?

Advertisements for the June issue of the VETERAN, of over 20,000 copies, and of 100 pages, are sought. This double edition will be superb. Please request any enterprising advertiser to use this number at the usual low price. Prompt attention is necessary, as copy for that number should be in hand by May 25.

CONFEDERATE FLAG NOT "INFAMOUS."

Bishop Mallalieu, of Boston, preached in a Methodist church in Baltimore recently, at which time he used strange language. He is quoted as saying that "the United States is the only country worth praying for." Again, he said: "It was not Wendell Phillips, Garrison, Lincoln, nor the Republican party who rid the country of slavery, nor the millions of heroic men, the bravest that ever fought, who gave up their lives fighting against the disgraceful, abominable, and infamous rag that floated over the Confederacy; but it was the appeals that went up to God from the bondsmen and bondswomen." The *Baltimore Herald*, commenting upon the discourse, states:

We know nothing of the antecedents of the very learned, although somewhat pugnacious and atrabilious Bishop of Boston, except that he hails from one of the original slaveholding states and from the only American colony whose pious inhabitants indulged in the ignominious crime of burning witches; but it would require testimony to convince us that he was a soldier during the Civil War, and that he ever faced the "infamous rag" under fire. Union soldiers, at least courageous ones, never refer to the Confederate flag in such ungracious and unchristianlike terms. As for the Confederate flag, it is but the truth of history to say that, in the estimation of millions of Union soldiers and of the fair-minded populace of the Northern States, it was the honored emblem of a brave and conscientious people, who offered their lives and their possessions in its defense.

The *Baltimore World*, commenting, says:

Brave men of both armies have shaken hands over the "bloody chasm" long ago, and it is time that their example should be followed by those who viewed the struggle from afar. A minister of the gospel, above all others, should rejoice that it is so, and endeavor to inculcate the lessons of peace and unity, instead of stirring up strife by reviving long-past issues. If he cannot find better things to preach about, he should abandon the pulpit and go into some other business, for he has evidently missed his calling.

There is nothing more sacred to the women who made the "stars and bars" and the men who rallied, and rallied to the death-grapple, under that Confederate flag. Comment in these pages is not in anger, but sorrow, that such sentiment should be entertained by any man authorized to occupy a Christian pulpit, and all the more by one who has taken the vows of a bishop in the Church. The *Baltimore News* gives an account of it, and adds:

These words were submitted to the Bishop this morning by a representative of the *News*, and he endorsed them in writing as being very nearly his utterance yesterday. The matter has aroused much unfavorable comment in this city and has been condemned by Gen. John Gill, President of the Mercantile Trust and Deposit Company; Mr. Frank T. Hambleton, of Hambleton & Co.; Capt. George W. Booth, General Auditor

of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; Col. R. Snowden Andrew, Capt. Frederick M. Colston, and others. Mr. Bartlett S. Johnston, in discussing it, said: "I have noticed for many years since the war that wherever or whenever any venom or vituperation is indulged in it nearly always comes from some Northern minister. We men who fought each other have long since ceased to have any bitter feeling. In fact, we feel that we were brother soldiers, and are Americans and lovers of our common country." Mr. Skipwith Wilmer, of the Baltimore bar, said: "At a time when the world is honoring the memories of Lee and Jackson, and their genius and valor, the purity of their lives and the loftiness of their Christian characters are part of the glory of our common country, and when the issues of the war are well-nigh forgotten it is a poor business for one that calls himself a messenger of the Prince of Peace to be tearing open the wounds of the past and referring in terms of contempt to what so many brave men died to serve and so many living regard as a sacred memory."

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT THE REUNION.

Capt. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.: "I am impressed with the communication of Comrade Ray in the February number of the *VETERAN*. I must say that I do not think it was intentional on the part of the management of affairs at Richmond that preference was given to Virginians during the reunion. I rather believe that many alien residents of the city, newcomers, etc., took advantage of the laxity of the management and forced themselves into places and positions that should have been reserved for veterans and their families. For instance, the reception of Mrs. Davis at the Museum was a farce and a failure so far as the old soldiers were concerned. The management allowed it to be an open affair, and the veterans were simply elbowed out of their own. So it was also at the grand concert. These special features of a reunion should be rigidly reserved for the pleasure and entertainment of the veterans, and the general public let in after the old soldiers and their families. The committees of citizens arranging for receptions, parades, etc., where charges are to be paid, should devise plans by which the veterans can be made reasonably secure from extortion. When the United Confederate Veterans meet in Nashville the seats in the assembly hall reserved for delegates should be those immediately in front of the stage and partitioned off from the others. . . . This suggestion is of the greatest importance. In a densely crowded hall it is almost impossible for an old soldier delegate to hear the proceedings unless in front of and in close proximity to the stage. Into this area of reserved seats for delegates none other than those representing the camps should be allowed. Men go long distances to these reunions and at considerable expense, and return home dispirited at the miserable disorder experienced during the sessions, and in consequence some of them determine never to attend another. In a few years large reunions will be events of the past; so, if Nashville would bear the palm for the best one to date, let her committees heed the admonitions of old veterans. Important business will come before the next meeting. We would be delighted to have the name 'United Confederate Veterans' changed to that of

'Confederate Survivors' Association,' and a still further change in the titles of the officers. We should do away with all military titles. We are not a military organization; we are simply and strictly a social, literary, historical, and benevolent one—so says the constitution. Then why all these misleading titles to our officers, as general, colonel, captain, etc.? As suggested in a former article by Col. Holmes, of Charleston, S. C., it is not good form nor wise to have our veteran colonel outranked by a corporal now holding the rank of a brigadier. Acutely will the blunder be felt by the veterans if the same titles are maintained by the Sons of Veterans. Our descendants, in many instances, will bear the coat of arms of some lieutenant-general, Son of a Veteran, and will never know of the old original in, possibly, Capt. Jones, of Company B. Our officers should be simply president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, etc., from the head of the grand organization down to the camp. Under the present order of titles veterans are disposed, it is true, to honor still their old officers, while younger men are tempted to use political means to insure election. In the former case an old officer will accept the position, but do little work for the benefit of the order. In the latter case a younger man, after election, is willing to devote time to the work, but will not have the support of the older veterans. Old soldiers of all ranks would be more willing to join the camps if presided over by officers bearing non-military titles. Let us do away with all military features also when we adopt 'Confederate Survivors' Association' in preference to 'United Confederate Veterans.' The life insurance idea, as embodied in the proposed U. C. V. Benevolent Aid Association, is worthy of our support, and, if adopted, will bring grateful aid to the loved ones of a deceased comrade."

Miss Claudine Rhett, Charleston, S. C., March 10, 1897: "Maj. T. A. Huguenin, a general of militia, C. S. A., died here on February 28. He was the last survivor of the commanders of Fort Sumter, the only Confederate post I know of that was never taken during the war. Maj. Huguenin had charge of this important work during the final seven months of the siege of Charleston, and was a faithful and devoted Confederate to the day of his death. He was President of the Survivors' Association at the time Gen. Beauregard died, and was one of the committee sent by this city to New Orleans to receive the sword bequeathed to it by that general; and when he brought it into the hall where the citizens had assembled to receive it as a sacred trust, followed by the survivors, many of whom had been present at the battle of Manassas, and then by the color-bearers of all the military companies here, carrying the flags furled and draped in crape, it was a most impressive and touching sight, and one which will ever linger in my mind as a noble evidence of the respect which this city has for what is brave and faithful. Would not this be a good time for you to publish those beautiful lines on the 'Sword of Beauregard?'" Rev. Dr. Johnson, in his great work, "Defense of the Charleston Harbor," a work of much interest and great value as history, gives a pathetic account of the last days of service to the Confederacy: "The eye of the commander, Gen. Thomas A. Huguenin, who is still a resident of Charleston, took in all these things for the

last time as he went the rounds with his two attendant officers, walking through the deep shadows of the long gallery, until he emerged at length through the sally-port upon the open wharf, where the boats were waiting for him. Then nothing remained but to cast off



DOCK AT CHARLESTON, 1862.

the lines, which was done by himself, assisted by Lieuts. White and Swinton, and to step on board. Fort Sumter loomed grandly before their lingering eyes for a few minutes longer, then the dark night enveloped it, and they saw it no more."

T. Allen Higgs, Glennville, Ky., formerly of Company B, Fourth Kentucky Infantry: "Noticing a short mention in February number of the VETERAN about 'Sue Munday,' and several mistakes therein, I deem it best to say that Jerome Clark came from near Beech Grove, McLean County, Ky., and enlisted in Company B, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, in September, 1861, at Camp Burnet, Tenn. The whole company was detached at Bowling Green, and formed Capt. R. E. Graves's Battery. After brilliant service this battery was captured at Donelson and the men sent to prison at Camp Morton. Clark was exchanged, or escaped, and made his way to Kentucky, where he was joined by several dashing young fellows, and they made themselves terrors to the blue coats in every direction. Clark went by the name of 'Sue Munday' because he was very effeminate in appearance. He was slim, with dark eyes and dark hair, brave to a fault, and very companionable with all his associates. I knew him well. He was not the son of Beverly L. Clark. He has a nephew in Owensboro, Ky., and most of his relatives live in McLean County. Hundreds here would testify to these assertions."

J. W. Breedlove, of Baltimore, Md., wishes the address of A. L. P. Williams, captured at Gettysburg inside of the enemy's line with the flag of the Fifty-sixth Virginia Infantry, Garrett's Brigade, Pickett's Division. Thinks he moved from Lunenburg County, Va., to Kentucky or Tennessee.

J. J. Elcan, of Mason, Tenn., wishes to know the names of the company and regiment to which John Wesley Wilkerson belonged. Thinks he enlisted at Danceyville, Haywood County, or Somerville, Fayette County, Tenn. If alive, would like to have his address.

VIRGE MOOSE.

[Copy furnished by W. J. Johnson, of Cheneyville, La.]

Here he is in a wreck of gray
With the brazen belt of the "C. S. A."
Men, do you know him?
Far away,
Where battle blackened the face of day,
And the rapid rivers in crimson fled,
And God's white roses were reeked in red,
His strength he gave and his blood he shed—
Followed fearless where Stonewall led,
Or galloped wild in the wake of Lee,
In the dashing, mad artillery—
Shelled the ranks of the enemy
For the South that was and the South to be!
Or bore his musket with wounded hands
O'er icy rivers and burning sands,
Leveled straight at the hostile bands
That sped like death through the ravaged lands!
Men! do you know him? Grim and gray,
He speaks to you from the far away!

There he stands on the prison sod—
A statue carved by the hand of God;
And the deaths he dared and the paths he trod
Plead for him in a voice that seems
Wild and sad with the battle-dreams,
And memory's river backward streams
With its strange unrest and crimson gleams!
There he stands like a hero—see!
He bore his rags and his wound for ye!
He bore the flag of the warring South
With red-scarred hands to the cannon's mouth—
By heaven! I see, as I did that day,
His red wounds gleam through the rags of gray!

Men of the South! Your heroes stand
Statue-like in the new-born land!
Will ye pass them by? Will your lips condemn?
The wounds on their brave breasts plead for them!
Shall the South that they gave their blood to save
Give them only a nameless grave?
Nay! for the men who faced the fray
Are hers in trust till the judgment-day!
And God himself, in the far, sweet lands,
Will ask their blood of their country's hands!

Soldier! You in the wreck of gray,
With the brazen belt of the "C. S. A.,"
Take my love and my tears to-day!
Take them—all that I have to give.
But by God's grace, while my heart shall live,
It still shall keep in its faithful way
The camp-fires lit for the men in gray—
Aye! till the trump sounds far away,
And the silver bugles of heaven play,
And the roll is called at the judgment-day.

—Frank L. Stanton.

BOOTS AND SADDLES: A REMINISCENCE.

BY W. A. M. VAUGHAN, KANSAS CITY, MO.

As from gaseous vapors gathers the impending storm, the political atmosphere, surcharged with sectionalism, had gathered force and volume, and so wrought upon the passions of men that reason went into exile, while anarchy feasted and fattened on the spoils to which opportunity gave rein and license.

The country had divided on a sectional line, with aggression on the one side threatening; on the other, the sovereignty of a people jealous of their rights and inheritance.

Agitation continued and the strain increased until the bond of union gave way and tore asunder the barriers and safeguards of the constitution, while discord lighted its lurid fires and revolution fired its signal gun. Drums beat wildly war's dread alarm, the bugle called

to arms, the tocsin sounded: a nation heard, the clans gathered, the struggle came, and Sumter fell.

Thus came war, with shout and revel, as if in anticipation of a holiday, with Sambo as chief fiddler and the juggernaut of sectionalism elevated above a people's liberties to become a nation's guest.

What we shall hereafter have to chronicle in this pen-sketch will pertain to Missouri and her men who wore the gray. The southern counties of the state, bordering on the state of Kansas, from the Missouri River to the state line, had been devastated by a relentless and savage warfare, encouraged by the machinations and private enterprises to which "Order No. 11" gave license and direction. At long intervals only had any considerable body of hostile soldiery raided or otherwise infested the state, save Quantrell and his band of rangers, who rode at will—which authority, with an army at its command, seemingly could neither repress nor yet control. The state had become one vast military camp, dominated by its militia, conspicuous most when danger threatened the least, zealous spoil-gatherers, actively loyal for revenue, and prompt of execution at murder's behest. By the season of 1864, to the people of the South and her armies, the situation had become intensified. Every energy and enterprise known to them was being employed to the averting of a calamity, then so eminently threatening at every point. To this end the Trans-Mississippi Department assembled the available of its forces, and under the command of Gen. Price they were ordered to assume the aggressive by marching deep into the state to the Missouri River and west to and beyond the gates of Kansas. It was hoped that this movement would create a diversion for the relief of the more exposed sections.

Such was the condition of affairs at the time of which we write. Gen. Shelby, with his superb brigade of cavalry, was in saddle at Pocahontas, Ark., awaiting orders from the commanding general, then marching north from Camden on the Ouachita River. When this news came to the brigade men stood in their stirrups and shouted their battle-cry, which sent its echoes flying through the hills, wild as the winds when the tempest is abroad. Gen. Shelby chafed under delays and imposed restraints as would the knight await a challenge to the tourney.

On the 13th of September a detail of sixty officers and men had been taken from Shelby's Brigade and it ordered into North Missouri on detached service. The writer, being one of their number, each day plucked from the current events thereof the incidents most obtruding, and would make of them a record here.

With the warm grasp of a comrade's hand, a farewell that trembled on the lip, and a benediction, they rode away into a region where danger played the detective and Death, as executioner, stood by with bloody hands. A short ride and the detail went into camp for the night; the fatted calf was killed, corn-meal grated, and all fared sumptuously.

The detail now organized itself into a company, with the following elected to manage and control it so long as it continued together as a whole—viz., Capt. Rathburn, Commander; Capt. Eli Hodge, Orderly; Capt. Marge Jacobs, Quartermaster; James Medows, Commissary; Capt. Frank Thorp, Command of Advance, and Capt. Maurice Langhorne, the Rear Guard. It is

much regretted that we have not a roster of all who composed the detail.

September 16: An early morning hung fog shadows in the valley and ribbons of sunshine on the hills. Up White River and across the state line into Oregon County, Mo., thence into Howell and into West Plains, its county seat, once a thriving village, now blackened ruins, kneeling in silence amid a solitude telling of its rape and ruin.

September 17: The march to-day has been as if through a wilderness. Fire has left standing but two houses, and they seem as exclamation points to emphasize the deeds villainy and crime have enacted here. Skeleton ruins dot the hillsides, and through their openings rayless eyes in vacancy stare at you. Sound gives no voice save that made by the moving column wailing through the mountain passes. As the day wore away the march developed a young Switzerland, meager in proportions, with its Alps and rude, rustic cottage homes, its goat herds, its wild cascades, its lofty peaks where the eagle builds, and valleys which seem to offer rations and entertainment for the night.

The few people remaining, alert to sound and vision, on apparent approach of any seeming danger go to the brush, and the women, "as in the twinkling of an eye," become widows. On going into camp a squad of rangers called, and remained until morning, rationed on beef and corn-bread, "pot-luck" fashion.

September 18: The ride continued to the northwest, and after a few hours in the saddle the command came to a cabin by the roadside, at which it had been learned such information as was desirable might be obtained, and possibly a guide procured. On approaching the place one of the detail recognized former acquaintances, which soon brought them in accord and sympathy with the wishes of the command. Two girls, rosy with health and as if inured to and careless of danger, gave the information that a company of "whackers" were then watching this command. Continuing, one said: "By them you are suspected with being 'Milish.' I am mighty glad that you are not; don't like those dances where pistols furnish the music."

"Won't you mount behind me and take me to your friends?" asked one of the men.

"No, sir; that would be risky and dangerous," said she, adding: "Lend us your horse, and we will bring them in in short order."

Mounting them, very soon they returned with twenty of the "whackers," under command of one Capt. Yates. After a short consultation, two of his men volunteered to act as guides for the day. On resuming the march one of them said: "You have before you a ride of forty miles to-day without food for man or beast; this will take you to the Gasconade River; there you will strike a Union settlement, and from there to the Osage River you will find an enemy in every man that you see." A long, hard ride verified the statements, for with night came trouble.

On reaching the settlement, a community of farmers, stowed away in the narrow valleys and broken hills, were found attending their flocks and fields, as if a peace unbroken was the passport here. A halt was called and the order given to dismount and feed. Two of the advance, as yet unobserved, cautiously approached the nearest house, and, finding there a man,

arrested him. He was told that his services as guide would on the morrow be required, and that his detention was to insure his presence when wanted. Protesting that he had neither horse nor saddle, but with the cool cunning of a diplomat he said that he might get a mount from his neighbor living close by. When taken to him, under the pretense of getting a saddle the two men were permitted to enter the house, when, at an unguarded moment, both dashed through an open rear doorway into the night and into a piece of chaparral close by, heedless of pistol shots or the call to halt. This was belling the cat. A signal horn was blown; its sound echoed throughout the hills in wild alarm, and was caught up and answered in kind until all the region round about wailed and shrieked with clamorous horns, as if the woods were filled with hunters returning from the chase. An hour had not passed since the halt was made, yet every man tightened his belt and stood at his stirrup, with the feeling that it was no place for him.

"Mount, men!" was the order quietly given; and "forward!" Where?

Satisfied that the night would furnish no pursuit, the command feared no ambush nor surprise so long as the shadows continued with them.

A race for life had now begun. Over rugged hills, across deep-seamed gulches, and down rock-ribbed terraces an indistinct roadway led to a blind ford or crossing of the river, where the light from a cabin in the woods led to the procuring of a guide. He was told that he had nothing to fear if he would be faithful to the imposed trust given him; otherwise, for treachery, the penalty would be death. Forging the river, the column moved steadily forward until morning.

September 19: The "wire road" between Springfield and Lebanon, now at hand and to be crossed at this point, was four miles west of the latter place, where a force of eight hundred soldiers were encamped. To outride the early night's alarm and make the crossing before scouts would patrol the great highway had kept the men in their saddles during the whole night. "Scatter your tracks," passed from man to man; and, the crossing made, all knew that the hounds had slept when the game was moving.

A cross-country ride took the command to Big Creek, where a halt was made and one hour given to feed. The hour had not more than passed when an old lady came from a house close by and, seemingly much agitated in tone and manner, said: "Men, for God's sake and your own good, get away from here! You don't know the danger that you are in."

But a moment sufficed to put the command in the saddle and into the woods. Deep in the afternoon the march was checked for a moment at a house to gain, if possible, some information, when suddenly a well-mounted Federal soldier rode into the ranks, wholly unconscious of his surroundings until told that he was a prisoner. He gave up his arms and kindly traded horses, but gave no information respecting himself or his command. Danger now seemed anywhere, everywhere. "Close up, boys!" the order came, and passed down the line. The march continued through an open forest giving no evidence of habitation, save at long intervals, when a clearing, meager in its appointments, would be discovered shut up in the hills. Such a place,

only a little more pretentious, developed a melon patch which seemed to invite invasion, when several of the men, yielding to temptation and the calls of hunger, raided the patch, each securing a melon, remounted, and, with it in his arms, rode on. But suddenly their visions of a feast took wings, when, with an impressive distinctiveness, the sullen roar of a "sharp's" rifle, hailing from the rear, caused a sudden drop in melons and put the men with the column and into line of battle. The sound and tumult of the enemy's charge seemed to electrify every nerve into steel and every man into a magazine on fire. The fight had become fast and furious when a counter charge, executed with vigor and reinforced by the "Rebel yell," sent the enemy from the field, and the fight had ended.

The command had one man, Lieut. Connor, killed, and one, Lieut. Fleming, mortally wounded, who died a few hours after at a farm-house, where he was left with nurses. It had also three horses killed, and captured one. The enemy had two men and three horses killed; other casualties unknown. The dismounted men remounted behind and rode with comrades until a remount for them could be procured.

The situation, which had been perilous, was now intensified, and wrought every man up and into a live galvanic battery. Telegraph lines would shiver, pregnant with news of a bushwhacker invasion; troops would patrol the highways by day, though sleep in their camps at night; post commanders doubled the guard around their respective camps, and the great war-drums beat. Deep in the night a halt was called, guards posted, horses fed, and two hours given for sleep. On resuming the march Capt. Hodge and fifteen others break rank and go in the direction of Jefferson City to cross the river near that point.

September 20: On reaching this point, the Pome de Terre River, in Camden County, the command goes into camp for one hour, and, on dismounting, found loafing a young heifer, sleek and fat, her horns bedecked with vines as if for a holiday—perhaps a sacrifice. It proved to be the latter. She was butchered, and provided the command a feast worthy the gods. It was their first meat eaten in fifty hours. The stock, much worn by fatigue, prefer sleep and rest, having been well rationed throughout the march.

Since crossing the "wire road" the country has given but little evidence of a divided sentiment among its people. Fire has left no marks nor desolation its trail.

As the evening approached, and when the sun's low sinking brought lengthened shadows from the purpling Osage hills, midway between Osceola and Warsaw, in Benton County, a single horseman (an uncommon sight) approached from the front—a jolly Irishman, who, after a keen encounter of wits, consented to guide the command to a fordable crossing of the river, yet some distance up stream. On arriving at the ford a moment's halt was made, and in the deep darkness, typical of the river Styx, the crossing was safely effected. As a precautionary measure, the roll was called, and developed one of the men as missing. Neither calling nor shouting brought any tidings from him. Two of the men recrossed the stream and found him seated on his horse, the horse standing in the road, and both fast asleep. A short ride of several miles developed a black-jack grove, into which the command

rides and a bivouac of two hours taken for sleep by all save the camp guards. Again in the saddle, the ride continues until a late hour in the morning, then a halt, and an hour taken to feed.

September 21: With the morning came another break in ranks, when Capt. Walton and six others right oblique in the direction of Sedalia. Many of the horses are greatly distressed. Since crossing the Osage River and on approaching the western line of the state, the marks and sears left by savagery seem to have grown more conspicuous with each hour. When night had cast its somber mantle over these skeletons of desolated homes, and each, wholly unconscious of the other's presence or proximity, the command came upon a company of militia camped in a forest of young timber by the roadside, and all astir, as if with preparations for a jubilee after a successful raid. Fires sent forth fragrant odors from steaming food, which tantalized the appetite afresh and gave to hunger a renewed ferocity as fierce as the cry starvation makes when kneeling at famine's barred and rusty gate.

Beyond the radius of their camp-fires the shadows deepened, giving to the command, unobserved, full opportunity to canvass the situation at a glance. Satisfied with this and nothing more, the command turned aside and rode away, while the spoil-hunters feasted and slept.

(Continued in next number.)



CONFEDERATE PERSISTENCY.

Last Desperate Utterances of Gen. J. O. Shelby, After Lee Had Surrendered,

The following is from an old clipping, dated Pittsburg, Tex., April 26, 1865. How vividly it recalls the spirit of the Confederates in that eventful period!

Soldiers of Shelby's Division, the crisis of a nation's fate is upon you. I come to you in this hour of peril and of gloom as I have come when your exultant shouts of victory were proud on the breeze of Missouri, relying upon your patriotism, your devotion, your heroic fortitude and endurance. By the memory of our past efforts, our brilliant reputation, our immortal dead, our wrecked and riven hearthstones, our banished and insulted women, our kindred fate and kindred ruin, our wrongs unrighted and unavenged, I conjure you to

stand shoulder to shoulder and bide the tempest out. In union there is strength, honor, manhood, safety, success; in separation, defeat, disgrace, disaster, extermination, death. I promise to remain with you until the end, to share your dangers, your trials, your exile, your destiny; your lot shall be my lot and your fate shall be my fate; and come what may—poverty, misery, exile, degradation—O never let your spotless banner be tarnished by dishonor! If there be any among you that wish to go from our midst when the dark hour comes and the bright visions of peace are paling beyond the sunset shore, let him bid farewell to the comrades that no danger can appall and no disaster deter, for the curse of the sleepless eye and the festering heart will be his reward as the women of Missouri—the Peris of a ruined paradise—shall tell how Missouri's braves fought until the Confederate flag was torn by inches from the mast.

Stand by the ship, boys, as long as there is one plank upon another. All your hopes and fears are there; all that life holds nearest and dearest is there; your bleeding motherland, pure and stainless as an angel-guarded child, is there. The proud, imperial South—the nurse of your boyhood and the priestess of your faith—is there, and calls upon you, her children, her best and bravest, in the pride and purity of your manhood, and your blood to rally round her altar-shrine, the blue skies and green fields of your nativity, and send your scornful challenge forth: "The Saxon breasts are equal to the Norman steel!"

Meet at your company quarters, look the matter fairly and squarely in the face, think of all that you have to lose and the little you have to gain, watch the fires of your devotion as you would your hopes of heaven, stand together, act together, keep your discipline and your integrity, and all will be well as you strike for God and humanity. I am with you until the last; and O what glad hosannas will go up to you when our land, redeemed, shall rise beautiful from its urn of death and chamber of decay, the storms of battle and the anguish of defeat floating away forever!

If Johnston follows Lee and Beauregard and Maury and Forrest—all go—and the Cis-Mississippi Department surrenders their arms and quit the contest, let us never surrender. For four long years we have taught each other to forget that word, and it is too late to learn it now. Let us all meet as we have met in many dark hours before, with the hearts of men that have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and resolve with the deep, eternal, irrevocable resolution of free-men that we will never surrender. If every regiment in this department goes by the board, if coward fear and dastard treachery dictate submission, we will treat every man that leaves his banner now as a base recreant, and shoot him as we would a Federal. This Missouri Division surrender? My God, soldiers! it is more terrible than death. You, the young and the brave of poor Missouri, who have so often marched away to battle, proudly and gaily, with love in your hearts and light in your eyes, for the land that you loved best; you, who are worshiped by your friends and dreaded by your enemies; you who have the blood of cavaliers in your veins—it is too horrible to contemplate!

No! no! We will do this: we will hang together, we

will keep our organization, our arms, our discipline, our hatred of oppression, until one universal shout goes up from an admiring age that this Missouri Cavalry Division preferred exile to submission, death to dishonor.

JO. O. SHELBY, *Brigadier-General Commanding.*

Pittsburg, Tex., April 26, 1865.

JEFFERSON DAVIS NOT A SECESSIONIST.

Mr. William Miller, who was with Gen. Taylor from the time he was in Corpus Christi, in 1845, until his return to the United States, writes as follows about Jefferson Davis:

Mr. Davis was never a secessionist *per se*, but resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States reluctantly, hoping to the last that peace would be perpetuated. He loved peace and he loved the Union. He grieved to see it torn asunder, and clung to it as long as he could consistently do so. The people in the movement toward secession were ahead of their leaders. They greatly mistake the character of the Southern people who suppose that they needed to be driven to meet the advancing storm of battle as it rolled down upon them. Mr. Davis was selected by them as best fitted by his ability, his experience, his fidelity to principle, his tried courage, and his exalted character to lead them in a time of imminent danger. If he failed, who could have succeeded? Jefferson Davis heroically maintained the principles for which the South contended with a courage that never flinched, a fortitude that never failed, a fidelity that even captivity could not repress, and with constancy unto death.

For four years the Confederacy, under his leadership and with the genius of its military and naval heroes, upheld a conflict that was the miracle of the age in which it occurred and will be the romance of the future historian. It is true that its name as a nation is effaced from the page of history forever; yet the cheeks of our children will never blush for its fate, but will flush with pride as they read of the patience, constancy, and fortitude, the daring and heroism, the genius of leadership, and the victories of their noble fathers.

Our Confederacy sank in sorrow, but not in shame. When the end came all the vials of the victor's wrath were emptied upon the head of Jefferson Davis. This sick, feeble, half-blind, old man, worn by anxiety and exposure, this refined gentleman, was imprisoned in a casemate at Fortress Monroe, without the comforts of life, insulted, manacled in a felon's cell, and watched by night and by day. His splendid courage and unshrinking heroism brought tears to even manhood's eyes throughout the world. He rose to grander heights as prisoner of State, as, unbending, he bore his misfortunes and wore his shackles for all his people. It is a heritage that this Southland has produced so glorious a sufferer. Upon him criticism expended all its arrows, and yet no blemish is found. His name, his fame, and his example remain an honored legacy. It is fitting that an appropriate monument should be reared by that people to tell posterity where rests all that the grave can claim of the soldier, statesman, and patriot.

ONE OF THE REAL HEROES.

Mrs. Nannie H. Williams, Guthrie, Ky.:

While in Louisville recently, several of us, in animated conversation, drifted into incidents of the war—that theme ever dear to us older ones of the Southland—when my son said: “Mother, I have an old friend, a Confederate veteran, that I would like for you to meet. He keeps a cigar-stand on the corner of Market and Fifth Streets. He was the color-bearer, and was wounded in one of the battles of the Wilderness, and can’t walk a step; but he is always there, cheerful and pleased to serve his customers. I have known him for five years, stopping almost daily to chat him a few minutes, but have never heard him complain. Whenever I ask, ‘How’s business?’ he replies: ‘Fairly good. I’ve no right to complain. As long as I can make a dollar a day we can get the necessities; but the luxuries—well, we can do without them.’”

We women soon had on our bonnets, for this one considers herself a Confederate veteran, and that story had touched the sympathetic chord. Although a cold north wind was blowing and clouds lowered, the electric car soon placed us on the street corner designated. The inevitable stand was by the wall of the great bank (doubtless by courtesy of some friend within), and an old, gray-haired “Johnny Reb,” with keen eye beneath his shabby derby hat, was perched on his high seat, ready to sell cigars, chewing-wax, or anything in his line.

To my son’s “Serg. Beasley, this is my mother, whom I wish you to meet,” with a pleased expression he scrambled forward and extended his gaunt hand with the naturally gallant response: “My best friends have always been the ladies.” When we told him that we would like to mention him in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN he expressed intense gratification, and gave the following war record of himself:

At Selma, Ala., April 21, 1861, he joined the Governor’s Guards, Capt. Goldsby’s Company, Joseph Hardie, Jason M. West, and — Samuels, lieutenants. All the original officers of this company are dead, except Maj. Hardie, who he thinks now resides at Birmingham. When the Fourth Alabama Regiment was organized, at Dalton, Ga., Capt. Goldsby’s company became its Company A. With much pride Serg. Beasley said: “All old soldiers of Gen. Lee’s army will remember the Fourth Alabama Regiment of Law’s Brigade. It was in Fields’s Division and Longstreet’s Corps.”

It was after the battle of Chickamauga that W. W. Beasley was made color-bearer of the regiment, and surrendered with his colors and regiment at Appomattox. Although wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, he never felt the effects of his wounds until seven or eight years ago; but, as I have stated, he cannot now walk a step. He said: “I have found many good friends in old Confederate soldiers, as well as others, here in Kentucky. I would be glad to hear from any of my old comrades.”

The most touching part of the story is his solicitude about his one child, a little girl nine or ten years old. How would it be with you, kind friends and old comrades who read this? When you go to that hospitable city of Louisville, find the old sergeant at his stand. You will be none the poorer to invest in some of his offerings: cigars, chewing-wax, etc.

MEBANE’S BATTERY.

John A. Thomas, Louisville, gives reminiscences:

I should like to know how many survivors there are of Mebane’s Battery, which closed its battle record in the slaughter-pen called Spanish Fort, near Mobile, in April, 1865. They were mostly Tennesseans, young and spirited; and as soldiers were up to Hardee’s standard, and helped to make the splendid record of that superb old soldier. After the wreck of Hood’s army had escaped from the Nashville campaign, we were ordered to Mobile, about the 1st of February, where we drilled in heavy artillery for about a month and fattened up for the next “killing,” which began about the 1st of April by Canby attacking our works at Spanish Fort, on the east side of the bay. To this point we were ordered, together with a remnant of Cleburne’s old division, and by which we were well supported during the fourteen bloody days that followed, while resisting the assaults of Canby’s army. On the fifteenth day of the siege we were relieved by a fresh battery. Our loss, over fifty, was so great that we could not longer man the guns. We were taken back to Mobile on the “Red Gauntlet,” where we assisted in the evacuation a few days afterward. We were then armed as infantry, marched on board a transport, and taken up the river to Selma, Ala., where we lay in camp a while, hearing no news from any direction, till one gloomy Sunday evening after retreat roll-call, which was our last in the service, we were marched out to the depot, and ordered on board a stock-train for Meridian, Miss. We traveled very slowly till late in the night, when we stopped at a station, where we learned of Lee’s surrender and the fall of Richmond, which had happened nearly a month before. We had been fighting since the fall of Atlanta. About twenty-eight of us left camp and struck for Tennessee. We marched hard for thirteen days through woods and swamps, until we came near La Grange, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad, where we held a conference and disbanded, each man going to his home, except myself. Being a Kentuckian, I went home with George Wheeler and John Brown, where I was treated with the greatest kindness. I have not seen one of those comrades since.

I am now old and gray, and I guess they are too, but maybe some of the boys will see this, and we can arrange a plan for Mebane’s Battery to rally with the United Confederate Veterans at Nashville and have one more camp-fire before we enter that last bivouac whose gleaming fires are lighting the shores of two worlds.

Comrade Thomas’s address is 648 West Jefferson Street, Louisville, Ky.

Dr. M. S. Browne, Winchester, Ky.: “I am interested in buttons worn on coats of soldiers of the Confederate States of America. Did we have such a thing as company buttons lettered generally or at all, or was it only buttons lettered to represent arm of service, as A, for artillery; I, for infantry; C, for cavalry? If only the latter, was the letter common? Did we have any button factories in the South?” The VETERAN would be glad for information.

HEROINE OF WINCHESTER, VA.

Miss Tillie Russell died at her home in Winchester, Va., recently, after an illness of several weeks. In her death a whole community is bereaved. During the war she was devoted to the South, and she fed, clothed, and nursed the Confederates who needed such ministrations. She aided some to avoid capture, and others, imprisoned, to escape. She was the heroine of a battle-field incident that has gone into history and has been portrayed on canvas. This painting may be seen at the War Department in Washington. A young staff officer was found desperately wounded. The surgeon had no hope that he could live through the night unless he be kept where he was, perfectly still. Miss Russell took her seat beside him on the ground, and during the weary watches of the night, with only the dead and wounded about her, held his head motionless in her lap. Who was the soldier? He was a stranger to her, and she only knew that he wore the gray; and she hoped that her ministry might preserve his life, which it did. Introductory to a thrilling account of Miss Russell that eventful night on the battle-field at Winchester, John Esten Cooke wrote:

With the women of Winchester to see suffering was to attempt courageously to relieve it. They had been accustomed to the war of artillery, the crash of small arms, to nursing the sick, succoring the wounded, binding up the bruised forms, and bleeding beneath the chariot-wheels of the terrible demon, war. Did we not see them, after Kernstown, hanging with sobs over the death trenches, bearing off the sorely hurt, facing with tears of noble scorn the enemies who were the masters of the moment? That was in 1862, and be sure that in 1864 the long years of soul-crushing war had not abated one particle of that proudly defiant, that tenderly merciful, spirit, which through all coming time will remain the glory of their names and the pride of those who draw their blood from those true daughters of Virginia.

Night had come, and a number of ladies who had obtained permission from the Federal officer in command at Winchester to perform their pious duties reached the battle-field. The heavens seemed all ablaze with the glory of the full-orbed moon. A battle-field after a hard fight is a spectacle so sad that he who has looked upon it once never wishes to behold it again, and the saddest of all the terrible features of such scenes perhaps is the impossibility of promptly attending to the wants of all. Your arm may be shattered by a bullet, but your neighbor's leg is torn to pieces by a shell, and he is bleeding to death. Before your arm can be bound up his leg must be amputated. It is painful, you think, to leave you writhing there, but each in his turn, friend—the leg before the arm.

It was a real assistance when the Winchester ladies came to the aid of the Federal surgeons, thus relieving the latter in a large measure from the care of the Confederate wounded. They assiduously applied themselves to the painful task before them, and were ministers of mercy once more to their Southern brethren, as

they had been before after so many hard-fought battles in that country of hard battles, the Valley of the Shenandoah.

In sending an account of her death, a friend adds:

Miss Annie Russell and Miss McLeod rode through the Yankee lines at the risk of their lives to inform the Confederates of the advancing enemy. The girls of



JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

the Valley of Virginia were worthy descendants of the "Golden Horseshoe Knights."

TICKNOR'S GREAT POEM.

Ticknor's poem, "The Virginians of the Valley," is as follows:

The knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
The kindest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spottswood round the land,
And Raleigh round the seas;
Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth.
We thought they slept—the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;

But aye, the "Golden Horseshoe Knights"
 Their Old Dominion keep,
 Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
 But not a knight asleep!

EXPERIENCE IN TAKING UP DESERTERS.

Comrade B. F. Allison, Rogersville, Tenn., gives a vivid account of a trip to East Tennessee in 1864:

In August, 1864, I was detailed, with some others from our regiment (the Sixty-third Tennessee), then at Fort Chafin, below Richmond, to go to Sullivan and Hawkins Counties, Tenn., to take in charge absent members of our regiment. We started early in the month, with sixty days leave of absence. On reaching Bristol we dispersed. I took the road to Rogersville, on foot, where I arrived in two days. I first went to see my wife and two children.

Soon I located three of my company, and on the third morning after I got there I went to the provost marshal for a guard to send them to our regiment. While waiting for the guard in the early twilight I saw a blue line of men filing in to surround the town. A company of Confederates was guarding the jail, where we had several United States prisoners. The orderly sergeant had just gotten up, and was hallooing at the top of his voice: "Fall in to roll-call!" Just then I heard a gun, and then two or three more. I thought that the men would rally on the jail and defend it, but every man that I saw, some not even dressed, struck for the hills. I thought that I had better go too, as by that time the town was surrounded on three sides.

Soon after I started a man a few steps before me was shot, and fell on his face dead. I turned and jumped over a paling fence into the yard of Mrs. Poats, whose husband belonged to my company and was at home on leave of absence. She was on the back porch, and asked me if I wanted to hide, and pointed to the back end of the house, saying, "Get under the floor," and under I went. Serg. Poats and two others were there, one a lieutenant and the other a private of Morgan's brigade. Mrs. Poats threw an old muddy carpet over the tracks to the hole under her house, and I heard her call a Federal lieutenant, William Owens, and ask him to search her house. He did so, but did not find anybody. About that time I heard them searching the house in the next lot, belonging to Col. Walker. He was an old man and a non-combatant, and had hid in the attic. In moving about he had stepped on the plastering, which gave way, and I heard some one say: "Come down; I see your leg sticking out." So they got him, also Col. Joseph Heiskell and several others. They liberated the prisoners in jail and left, and I crawled from under the floor and went home.

I stayed at home that day and the next until about one o'clock. While eating dinner I heard a gun fire, and then the biggest racket imaginable. I ran to the gate to see what was up, and there came our pickets, about twenty of them, frightfully stampeded. I asked them what was the matter, and they replied: "Get out of here! the Yankees are coming." Down the road I saw some loose horses with their halters dragging. I tried to catch one, mount, and get away, but I grabbed at the halter and missed it. So there I was, and the Yankees within a hundred yards of me. I ran across

a road and jumped a fence into a thicket; then I had to cross a hill before I got out of sight, with the Yankees shooting at me. I struck my toe on a root, and as I fell heard one of them say, "I killed one — Rebel," but I knew that he was mistaken. I got up and ran over the hill and hid in a gulley covered with grapevines. I stayed in there a while, then crawled out to see what was going on. When I got out I heard some one say: "Surrender!" I looked up, and there sat a Yankee on his horse about thirty yards away, with his pistol covering me. I told him that I would surrender, and he said: "Throw down that gun." This I did. "Now double-quick up here," he said. I started in a pretty fast walk. "Double-quick, or I will shoot," he said, and I double-quickened. He took me to the road, where the regiment was passing. Some of them would curse me and some would laugh at me. While I was sitting on the fence a lieutenant rode up, stopped and looked at me some moments, and then said: "I'll be d—— if that isn't Frank Allison." I never was so surprised in my life, for I did not know him, and told him so. He laughed and said: "Have you forgotten your old friend, George Emmett?" I then recollected him as an old chum of other and happier days. He took me with him, and we had a long talk of old times.

I was captured by the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry. They took me, with twenty-three others, to Greeneville, and while there Gen. Wheeler made a raid and came to Strawberry Plains, between us and Knoxville; so they did some big running to keep out of his way. They came back to Rogersville, and from here to Bean's Station, and back to Russellville; from there to Bull's Gap, when I and eleven others got away from them. I don't remember the names of all who escaped with me, but among them were Serg. Dismukes (I think of Morgan's Cavalry), Jack Harry, an Irishman by the name of Carney, and a Middle Tennessean named Crosby Dismukes, who planned the escape. They kept us in a house known as "Jackson's old store," taking us out during the day and putting us back at night. Dismukes got a guard to go with him to Jackson's to get the ladies to cook some rations. While there he told the ladies that we were going to try to escape that night, and asked them to knock loose some weatherboards where the two rooms joined (our room was of logs and the other frame), which they did. That night we cut off the ends of three planks and made a hole large enough to crawl through. We had our signals, so that when we got out we could get together. We got out one at a time, and climbed down the log part of the house (they had us upstairs), and all got together about fifty yards from the house. Dismukes commanded the squad, and I was the guide. We took to the mountain. It was about twelve o'clock, very dark, and all the boys but two had left their shoes in the house. We went over bluffs and hills, through briars and thickets. Sometimes I would fall twenty or thirty feet down a bluff; the others would hear me, and be more careful. So we traveled on, and at daylight we were at the foot of the mountain. We saw four cavalymen moving in our direction. We hid from them and waited until they passed, when we went back to the top of the mountain, where we put out pickets and stayed all day, some asleep. We started on again about sundown, and got to the foot of the mountain a

little before dark. As we got to the edge of the road we saw a man through a field and hid behind trees until he passed. We intended to kill him if he saw us, but he went on singing, never knowing how near death he was. We went on through fields and woods for five or six miles until we struck the railroad; then followed it until we came to the river, where we expected to find a canoe in which to cross. I went to a little cabin occupied by an Irish woman, Mrs. Condon, whom I knew very well. I asked her about the canoe, and she said that it was on the other side. I then told her that we had had nothing to eat for two days, and were very hungry. She said: "Bless your soul, honey! I have a big pone of light bread. Bring the boys, and I will divide it with ye." So I called the boys, and she gave each of us a slice of bread and ham. It was the best eating that I ever had. We could not swim the river there, it being too swift, so we went down about a mile to Mrs. Chestnut's. I knew that they were strong Union people, so I knocked at the door and told them that we were Federal soldiers and had lost our horses, and wanted to get across the river and get some horses on that side. She said that the canoe was on the other side, so I had at last to swim the river. We got over just at daylight. I went home, and the others went to Rogersville.

I have never seen any of the boys since. Would like to hear from any who may see this. I walked back to Bristol, picked up one of my company, and took him with me back to the command. I did not want to take up any more deserters.

RETURN OF A VALUED SWORD.

In the course of the second day's desperate fighting at Seven Pines, in 1862, Capt. William W. Tayleure, of the Twelfth Virginia Confederate Regiment, Mahone's Division, accidentally dropped a valuable sword, presented to him at Petersburg, Va., where the regiment was chiefly recruited, and upon the blade of which his name and those of the donors were inscribed. The loss of the weapon, though equally afflicting to the soldierly pride and sentimental remembrances of Capt. Tayleure, soon became an accepted fact. Greatly to his surprise the Captain some time since received from a gallant officer of the Second Delaware Regiment, now residing at Alexandria, Va., a communication to the effect that the missing sword had been found by the colonel of a Virginia Confederate regiment upon the field at Seven Pines, and had been bravely wielded by him until the memorable battle of Antietam, when, being desperately cornered, he had, after gallant resistance, surrendered it to the writer of the communication. The correspondence resulted in the offer of the Union colonel to return the weapon, and soon afterwards it was delivered to the original owner.

Capt. Tayleure's record is one of exceptional interest. Enlisting in the service of his native South at the very outbreak of the struggle, he served through the entire war. He never missed a roll-call, took part in every battle in which Lee's Army of Northern Virginia was engaged, from Bull Run to Appomattox, and had the rare good fortune to escape with only two wounds. It chanced that the last roll-call made in Lee's army was by Capt. Tayleure himself, after the final surrender,

when, of the one hundred and two men who had enlisted in Company E, Twelfth Virginia Regiment, at Petersburg, in April, 1861, only nine responded at Appomattox in April, 1865. The rest had died of disease or were killed. At the close of the war Capt. Tayleure



W. W. TAYLEURE.

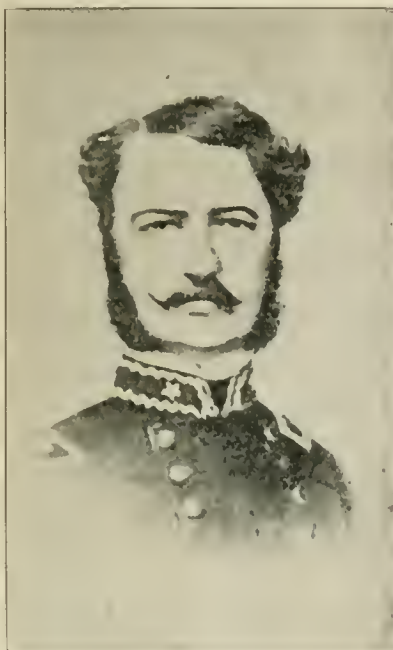
removed to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he married, and now resides. His devotion to the principles for which he fought and to his comrades, together with his splendid career in the army, makes him an esteemed member of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.

D. R. Miller, Morristown, Tenn.: "Does any member of the Eighth Texas Rangers know relatives or friends of N. L. Allen, who was killed about two miles east of Mossy Creek, Tenn., in December, 1863? He was buried on the farm of Mrs. E. J. Daniel, and the grave cared for till now. The W. B. Tate Camp will perhaps remove the remains to Jarnigan burying-ground unless we can hear from some of his friends."

T. G. Harris, Westmoreland, Tenn.: "It does me good to get the VETERAN and read something about my regiment, the Twentieth Tennessee. I was with it most of the time from June 9, 1861. I was wounded on the 19th of September, 1863, at the battle of Chickamauga, and was sent to Atlanta; stayed in the hospital until May 11, 1865, and was paroled at Covington, Ga. I have no daring deeds to write of. I only tried to do my duty as a private; am still on crutches at times on account of my wounded leg. . . . I can not tell how long I can hold out, for sometimes everything looks dark and gloomy, and I almost wish that I could hear the 'last roll' called and 'pass over the river' to 'rest under the shade.'"

MONUMENT TO GEN. J. B. MAGRUDER.

B. G. Wood, of Cincinnati, a Union veteran of the great war, is taking an active part in rearing a monument to Gen. John Bankhead Magruder. Later on the VETERAN hopes to give a sketch and history of events that led to the movement. Gen. Dabney H. Maury furnished this data:



GEN. J. B. MAGRUDER.

Gen. Magruder died in the Hutchins House, Texas. The Texans, who had great admiration for his skill and daring, buried him with military honors in the Houston Cemetery. His military conduct on many occasions in the Mexican war was conspicuous. His defense of the peninsula with eleven thousand Confederates against McClellan's army of one hundred and nine thousand, was daring and skillful, while his capture of Galveston and the Federal fleet, with his Texans on river steamers, was one of the most original, daring, and successful operations of the war between the states.

Magruder was so brilliant and gallant in social life that his remarkable talents were not appreciated. He received less credit for his remarkable genius for war than he deserved. I wish I could do justice to a man so brilliant, so brave, and so devoted to Virginia.

C. H. Lee, Jr., Adjutant Camp 682, United Confederate Veterans, Falmouth, Ky.: "In August or September, 1862, a company of Confederate cavalry came to Falmouth for the purpose of burning the K. C. railroad bridge, and while here engaged in a fight with a company of Federal soldiers. In the fight several of the Confederates were killed and wounded. Among them was the orderly sergeant of the company, Dr. Jennings, who was wounded, and died in a few days at the residence of Mrs. L. E. Rule, the mother of the commander of our camp. Capt. Ratcliffe's company belonged to the command of Gen. E. Kirby-Smith, who was at that time in Kentucky threatening Cincinnati. It is not likely that the family of Dr. Jennings ever knew when and where he was killed. He was cared for while he lived by Miss Annie L. Rule (who has been dead a number of years), and to her he gave a ring, with the expressed wish that it be the means of making known his fate to his friends. There is engraved in the ring the initials 'J. K. C. to S. S. J.' Mrs. Flora Seaman, a sister of Miss Rule, living here, says that Dr. Jennings's name was Samuel, and that the ring was

given to him by his wife before their marriage. Moreover, that Dr. Jennings said that his home was in Mobile, Ala. Capt. Ratcliffe's company was made up principally of the crew of a gunboat, either the 'Merrimac' or 'Virginia,' and was an independent company, and at some time may have been Gen. Heth's bodyguard. I wrote some time ago to the commander of a camp at Mobile, asking his assistance in the matter, to which he promptly assented. I have not heard from him since, and conclude that he failed to find any trace of Dr. Jennings's friends, and I know of no better way now to proceed than to ask the cooperation of the VETERAN in the matter. Will you kindly insert a short notice in the next issue, stating so much of these facts as will enable any friends of Dr. Jennings, should they see it, to recognize the subject of this sketch? The ring has been deposited with our camp. If any of his relatives or friends should see the notice, I would be much pleased to hear from them, and will be glad to give them any additional facts in reference to the Doctor's death and burial-place that I can. Dr. Jennings was first buried here; but after the war his remains were removed to Cynthiana, Ky., and buried in 'Battle Grove Cemetery' with other Confederate dead."

Tennessee comrades are making pleasing progress in their preparations to attend the great reunion. Regiments are being organized at Waverly, fifty miles west, and at Columbia, nearly as far south, to enter the city on horseback.

James R. Sartain writes from Tracy City, Tenn.: "We organized a camp here March 10, 1897, and christened it in the name of S. L. Freeman, who gave up his life near Franklin, Tenn., in 1863. Freeman's Battery was well known throughout the Army of Tennessee. We start with twenty members; expect to add thirty odd more in time to attend the grand reunion at Nashville."

An exchange states: "Joseph E. Johnston Bivouac No. 25 met in the court-house in Alamo Monday, March 2, 1897, pursuant to a call of the President, Capt. F. J. Wood, with a good attendance of the members. Capt. Wood explained that the object of the meeting was to 'get in shape' to attend the general reunion at Nashville. He also gave us a very interesting account of the VETERAN, a magazine published at Nashville by S. A. Cunningham, and said, among other things, that whenever an ex-Confederate got hold of the VETERAN he never laid it aside until he had read it through, and asked all present to subscribe for it at once. The next business was the reading of Gen. Gordon's address, which was heartily received. All members of the bivouac were elected as delegates to attend the reunion as a body, and it was agreed that all should wear a uniform or suit of gray. We had quite a revival in our ranks—thirteen elected members."

J. W. McConnell, of 12 Hazel Street, Nashville, Tenn., has a war relic, found on Mill Creek, five miles from this city, on which is engraved "J. H. Jackson, Company A, First M. T. R." He would gladly restore it to the owner.

EXPERIENCES OF COL. R. H. LINDSAY ABOUT FLORENCE, ALA.

A few days after the capture of Florence, as reported in the December *VETERAN*, Gen. Gibson asked me to go out toward Shoal Creek and see what the enemy was doing (our cavalry had not yet crossed the river). Taking with me my friend Capt. Sam Haden (who was mounted on a mule captured from the enemy) and two of my men, we went out the Coffeerville road five or six miles; then turned south to get on the Nashville road near Mr. Wilson's farm—the "Jackson road," on which "Old Hickory" marched his army in the long ago. When in sight of the house I found the gauntlet of a Federal officer on the road, and concluded that the enemy was near by. Riding up to Mr. Wilson's house, I asked him if any Yankees were about, and he replied: "I may be talking to one now." I opened my overcoat (one similar to those worn by the Federals) and disclosed a suit of gray. That, with a note handed him from a friend in Florence, placed us at once in the good graces of the family. We were informed that the Federals had just gone up the road and that a large number were encamped near Shoal Creek, six miles from there.

Before we left Mr. Wilson invited the party to dine with him about 2 P.M., which we promised to do. We then moved forward about a mile, when we heard the tramp of cavalry. We quietly withdrew toward Mr. Wilson's, where we had a view of a squadron of cavalry moving toward Florence, evidently to learn something of Hood's movements. Sending the two men back to camp, we watched the troop coming down a very steep hill fully a half to three-quarters of a mile from the Wilson house. While they came on we told Mr. Wilson that we would dine with him, but he replied: "No, Colonel; they will catch you. Let me bring dinner out to the horse-block." This we declined to have him do. So I went in and ate dinner alone, Capt. Haden on guard.

At the foot of the steep hill there was a great depression in the road, so that the enemy was completely hid from view. Three or four did ascend to the top of the near hill, but returned. After Capt. Haden had dined we rode toward the place where the enemy had disappeared, but, to our great dismay, not a Federal was in sight. Returning to Mr. Wilson's, he said that they had all gone round the lower end of his farm, and would come out on the big road about half a mile from there. Believing that we were flanked, we kept eyes and ears open, and sure enough we had scarcely gone a quarter of a mile when we saw the whole batch of them on our left and front, in a trot for the big road we were on. Having a small pencil map of the roads leading from Florence toward Shoal Creek, as well as the roads that led into each other, and finding that it was impossible to go by them, we consulted the map and found a road leading into the Coffeerville road. With an exultant shout we left the pike, and through the woods we went, one on Yankee stock. Coming to a creek, whose waters turned a corn-mill wheel, my horse took the water freely and passed over, but Capt. Haden's mule would not go into the water. Here was a dilemma. We could hear the Yankees coming through the woods, and I thought in my heart that we

would be captured. Becoming desperate, I recrossed the creek and aided Haden to get the mule into the water, and over we went. Then it was a ride for life, but as we drew near to Florence they gave up the chase, fearing that they might be led into a trap, for which we were profoundly thankful. On our return to camp we learned that the two men had arrived about an hour previous and reported Haden and myself captured, as they saw the enemy cross the road after us, while they were hid in an old sedge-grass field.

Reporting to Gen. Gibson what we saw, it was proposed that I take a force out there and find out the enemy's movements without bringing on a fight, if possible. Next morning I moved out the Nashville pike with one hundred and fifty men—fifty each of the Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama Brigades—with twenty-four hours' rations. When near the Wilson house I had the battalion to make a detour in the rear of the house and come out on the big road where the Yankees left it the day before, and I rode with some officers up to Mr. Wilson's to find out what they had heard about the chase. Mr. Wilson and his grandson, Willie, were delighted to see us, and said that the Yankees were badly put out by not charging on us when we were at the house, but they said: "We will catch that fellow yet." Willie said to them: "No, you won't; that is the man that drove you all out of Florence." They asked his name, but Willie had forgotten it.

We soon moved toward Shoal Creek, and lay on our arms all night, allowing no fires. Next morning the Louisiana squad was posted opposite the foot of the big hill, and about fifty to seventy-five feet to the right, in a dense undergrowth, completely hid from view. The other squads went with me toward Bailey Springs. When near there a young lady told me that the Yankees were barbecuing meat in a lot close by. I dismounted, and, with one man, crept as close to the lot as we could, and fired at, but missed, a picket. The report of the Enfield was enough, and away went pickets and cooks, leaving us in full possession of nice, sweet, barbecued mutton, pork, and beef, and we made requisition on all that we could carry away. Soon after this we heard considerable firing in the direction of the big road. Away we went at a double-quick, and, on reaching the Louisiana squad, learned that a company of cavalry came down the road, just as on the day before, anticipating no danger, laughing and talking as they rode into the jaws of death. When in good range the infantry that lay in ambush opened a deadly fire on them, causing many to bite the dust, while their horses were taken possession of by the boys who were fortunate enough to capture them. Those who escaped went back to their camp and reported "the woods full of Rebels."

The shades of evening were drawing near, and, having had enough fun for one day, we started back to camp with a better supply of horses than we usually had and with more barbecued meat than generally falls to a soldier's lot.

ERROR IN COL. LINDSAY'S FORMER ARTICLE.

J. A. Wheeler, who served in the Twenty-third Tennessee Regiment, writes from Salado, Tex.:

In the December *VETERAN*, page 423, concerning

the capture of Florence, Ala., Col. Lindsay says: "That night about ten o'clock our pickets on the Huntsville road were surprised by a challenge from Gen. Bushrod Johnson's men. They had crossed the river above to take Florence from the rear, and were surprised to find us there."

I think the records will show that Bushrod Johnson was not there. After the battle of Chickamauga Bushrod Johnson's Brigade was sent with Longstreet to Knoxville, and was in the fight there. It went with Longstreet to Virginia, and fought Butler at Port Walthall Junction. I recall that at the Howlet House Johnson's adjutant-general, Capt. Blakemore, got his leg cut off by a section of shell from the enemy's mortar-boats on James River. The same missile killed Capt. Blakemore's white mare. Bushrod Johnson led his brigade in the charge at Drewry's Bluff on the 16th of June, 1864, and was promoted to major-general from that date, and was at Appomattox. I shook hands with him there as he was taking leave of his old brigade. His last words to us were: "I hope to meet you all in Tennessee soon. Be as good citizens as you have been soldiers." That was the last time that I ever saw Gen. Bushrod Johnson. I was in his brigade from the time he took command of it—in August, 1862, near Chattanooga, Tenn., before Bragg's movement into Kentucky—until the surrender at Appomattox.

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Barksdale's Mississippians and Kershaw's South Carolinians at Its Surrender, September 13, 1862.

BY C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

One important aim of the VETERAN is to bring out in detail what history can only record in gross. Historians only have time to say that in the first Maryland campaign one of the greatest achievements under Stonewall Jackson was the surrender of eleven thousand Federals and great piles of munitions of war at Harper's Ferry. Have the VETERAN state more in detail: That the Ferry, situated at the junction of the two historic rivers of the Old Dominion, the Potomac and the Susquehanna (daughter of the stars), was guarded by three prominent heights—Loudon and Bolivar Heights on the Virginia side, and Maryland Heights on the Maryland side, which last was the key to the situation, because higher and commanding all the rest. Jackson selected Bolivar Heights to capture under his immediate eye, because the most dangerous and hardest to strike as a strategic point. Walker's division gained Loudon Heights early in the struggle and opened up on the Ferry below. Jackson lay at the foot of Bolivar Heights, ready to charge up a steep, rugged incline with all sorts of abatis obstructions and earthworks looming up before them, awaiting the issue of the last chance: the taking of Maryland Heights by the two brigades above mentioned.

All Saturday night we wrestled with rugged rocks and boulders, dragging our artillery up on the backbone of the ridge, which seemed so high and dry among the ancient stones that one of the boys, next morning, thought that it must be Mount Ararat, and began to inquire if the descendants of old man Noah

didn't "live fur about here." He was answered by a wag in turn: "No; it is so dry of water and so barren with the rocks that I don't believe there is 'ary rat' here." So we laughed and jested and marched on the ridge, about wide enough to hold the line of one brigade, till we got within sight of their fort on the bluff overlooking the Ferry. A court-martial after the surrender, carried on by the Federals and published in detail by the War Records, shows that Gen. Miles, in command, considered this the key to the Ferry, and that the number holding it more than doubled our forces, these two brigades. In sight of the fort the singing of the Minie balls soon changed our raillery to serious thoughts of the work before us. The lips of the boys that cracked jokes a moment before moved in silent prayer to the great Unseen for mercy and "one more showing for our white alley," as one of the boys was in the habit of framing his petition to the throne of grace.

The disposition of the charge on the fort was quickly made under a raking fire, at which our boys began to fall like leaves in autumn. Kershaw was to charge on the ridge in front of the fort over the bristling abatis—trees felled with the sharpened ends of the branches toward the advancing column—while the Mississippians, under the lead of Barksdale, were to move by the enemy's right flank—in other words, were to flank the enemy. It was the loneliest piece of flanking business that we had ever, up to that time, undertaken, and, withal, the least encouraging. We turned square down the mountain side to our left, over rocks piled so that it seemed like the classic Ossa on Pelion, and so great were they in area that it was hard for us to distinguish Ossa from Pelion. Mountain-ivy and straggling pines relieved the landscape, but you may be sure that botany was the last thought to engage us at this juncture. The problem was: How were we to climb over these great boulders and get up to the fort on the ridge without receiving a dose of the sugar of lead? Some of us boys were slow in moving up, but the most of us soon discovered that the safest place was next to the enemy. In firing down at us, almost perpendicularly, they overshot the aim, which was at those nearest, and those farthest down the mountain-side caught most of the stray bullets. When in some three hundred feet of the top we halted to reform and make one last lunge in conjunction with Kershaw and his men, and it was then that we could peer over the crest and see Kershaw emerging from the sharpened sticks, safe and sound as to this little game-cock, but he left many more of his rice-birds there in this tangled wild-wood than we Mississippians did among the rocks. What we thought the toughest job turned out to be the easiest. The rocks and the overshooting saved us, but Kershaw and his men were fully exposed to the fire. As we reached the edge of the fort the Rebel yell skeddaddled the Ohioans and New Yorkers immediately in front of us, and soon it was our turn to chase them down the mountainside into the Ferry with as lively a fire as they did us in climbing up there. I climbed the tallest pine that I could find on the bluff, and saw the white flag go up in the Ferry below; and about that instant Miles was relieved of the disgrace of an adverse finding in the court-martial by a friendly shell, which sent him across the river, to rest till we all

join him "over there." And before many days we will all mingle, the blue and the gray, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

BY COL. E. C. M'DOWELL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The surrender of Port Hudson took place on the 9th of July, 1863. Owing to the stirring events of that particular period, and especially as attention was then directed to the siege of Vicksburg, Port Hudson and its gallant defense failed of merited consideration. However, there was not made so truly brave a defense of any fortified place during the war.

The little army at Port Hudson was surrounded and besieged for forty-nine days, and during the last ten days subsisted on rice, molasses, and mule meat. The mules were regularly butchered, and the meat issued as rations. This siege was a full test of all the soldierly qualities: personal courage, endurance, and real fortitude. Here the highest qualities of the soldier were tested. There was no need of generalship. Our commander, Gen. Frank Gardner, had to exercise only his stubborn courage. There was no occasion for strategy. The besieged army was composed of Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Alabama troops. They were generally familiar from boyhood with firearms. This was a fight in which the individual pluck and cunning of the private soldier told. He was largely thrown on his own resources, had to protect himself as best he could, and with deadly aim shoot as rapidly as possible. Commands were rarely necessary.

The works at Port Hudson were constructed to be defended by twenty thousand men, and we had there, before the siege, nearly that number; but the necessities about Vicksburg required the moving of Maxey's and Gregg's brigades and other troops that went to join Joe Johnston at Jackson, leaving their sick at Port Hudson. When the siege began we had for duty only about thirty-two hundred infantry and about four hundred and fifty artillerymen to defend four miles of earthworks—simply earthworks, and in no sense a fort. These works started from the river, encircled the place, and extended back to the river some miles below.

On the 22d of May Gen. Banks, with an army of fifty thousand men, appeared before Port Hudson. He placed his troops so as to completely environ us. All the timber had been cut for a half mile outside the works, so that an attacking force had to march over an open field, impeded by the fallen timber. A few days after Gen. Banks had placed his troops and reconnoitered, he decided to attack at a point about one mile from the lower point of our works. He charged in column with a regiment front. Our whole defending force was brought to the point of attack. The column of the enemy came gallantly from the woods where they had formed, but before they got within two hundred yards of our works they were broken and scattered in utter confusion. They retreated to the cover of the timber. The charging column fired not a gun, but charged with fixed bayonets. We were only endangered by the enemy's artillery and their sharpshooters, who had crept to cover behind felled timber near our breastworks. The slaughter of the enemy in this

charge was terrific. A stand of grape or canister would literally make a lane through them.

Some days afterward Gen. Banks made a similar attack, with like result. This time he charged near the middle of our works. About a week later he made another assault at the upper point of our works, where they touched the river above. This was to his army even more disastrous than either of the other attacks. He made no more assaults, but sat down to a regular siege. He kept up almost a continual fire with one hundred and twenty-five pieces of artillery. His sharpshooters, from the felled timber, watched every chance to pick off our men. We had few wounded; nearly all were killed outright, either by cannon-balls and shells or by Minie balls through the head. The Federal fleet, commanded by Admiral Farragut, lay in the river below us. Attached to this fleet were a number of mortar-boats, which kept up a fire night and day. Gen. Banks approached by parallel; and when we finally surrendered he had reached our works at several places and had mined our batteries.

Vicksburg surrendered on the 4th of July and Port Hudson on the 9th. After the surrender of Vicksburg it was useless to longer defend Port Hudson. The Mississippi River was held at Vicksburg and at Port Hudson to maintain navigation between those points, thereby keeping open Red River, down which we procured cattle and corn to feed our army.

The siege of Port Hudson was not more creditable to the Confederates than it was discreditable to the Federals. We had not men enough to make a good skirmish-line around our four miles of works. At the time of any one of the assaults made by the Federals, when the Confederates were centered at the point attacked, the thousands of Federal soldiers not engaged could have put their hands in their pockets and leisurely walked over the greater part of the ground embraced within our works.

We surrendered on terms. Our private soldiers were all paroled and our officers allowed to retain their swords. We surrendered about sixteen hundred infantry and two hundred and forty artillerymen—a loss of fifty per cent. This did not include men in hospital.

During the siege Banks's army was depleted from killed, wounded, and by sickness twelve thousand men.

Charles H. Price, who served in the Fourteenth Michigan Infantry, writes from Adrian, Mich.: "In sending in my subscription, I will say that I was a Union soldier, was stationed in your beautiful city in the winter of 1863, and still have pleasant recollections of many kind acts of the citizens while there. I would like very much to visit your town and see your reunion in June next."

JAMES P. CAMPBELL A "BRIGADIER."—John F. Westmoreland, Athens, Ala., tells this story: "At the fall of Donelson Company A, Fifty-third Tennessee, were all captured save one, James P. Campbell, known as 'Brigadier.' After the exchange he rejoined us at Tullahoma, Tenn., when Jim got on a spree. Capt. Richardson attempted to arrest him, which he resented, saying that the idea of a common captain arresting a brigadier-general was absurd; and to this day he is called 'Brigadier.'"

GEN. GRANT ON STONEWALL JACKSON.

Gen. Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," in the February *Century*, relates this occurrence:

While our people were putting up the tents and making preparations for supper, Gen. Grant strolled over to a house near by, owned by a Mr. Chandler, and sat down on the porch. I accompanied him. In a few minutes a lady came to the door, and was surprised to find that the visitor was the general-in-chief. He was always particularly civil to ladies, and he rose to his feet at once, took off his hat, and made a courteous bow. She was ladylike and polite in her behavior, and she and the General soon became engaged in a pleasant talk. Her conversation was exceedingly entertaining. She said, among other things: "This house has witnessed some sad scenes. One of our greatest generals died here just a year ago: Gen. Jackson, Stonewall Jackson, of blessed memory."

"Indeed?" remarked Gen. Grant. "He and I were at West Point together for a year, and we served in the same army in Mexico."

"Then you must have known how good and great he was," said the lady.

"O yes," replied the General. "He was a sterling, manly cadet, and enjoyed the respect of every one who knew him." He was always of a religious turn of mind and a plodding, hard-working student. His standing was at first very low in his class, but by his indomitable energy he managed to graduate quite high. He was a gallant soldier and a Christian gentleman, and I can understand fully the admiration your people have for him."

BREAD ON THE WATER.

The *Epworth Herald* contains this pleasant story:

In 1864 several wounded soldiers, Union and Confederate, lay in a farmhouse in the Shenandoah Valley. Mrs. B—, the mother of a Confederate, rode ten miles every day to see her boy, taking such little comforts as she could. Her house was burned and her plantation in ruins, trampled down by the Union army. One day she carried him some beef tea.

As she sat watching her boy sip the savory broth, her eye caught the eager, hungry look of a Yankee on the next cot. She was an ardent secessionist, but a noble-hearted Christian woman. Her eye stole back to the pale, sunken face, and she remembered the words of the Master: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink." After a moment's pause she filled a bowl with the broth and put it to his lips. Then she brought fresh water and bathed his face and hands as gently as if he too had been her son. The next day when she returned he was gone, having been exchanged to the North.

Last winter the son of a Senator from a Northern state brought home with him during the Christmas vacation a young engineer from Virginia. He was the only living son of Mrs. B—, the boy whom she had nursed having been killed later in the war. She had struggled for years to educate this boy as a civil engineer, but he could not obtain a position, and was supporting himself by copying.

The Senator inquired into his qualifications, and, finding them good, secured his appointment on the

staff of engineers employed to construct an important railway. With the appointment he inclosed a letter to Mrs. B—, reminding her of the farmhouse on the Shenandoah, and adding: "I was the wounded man to whom you gave that bowl of broth."

CARING FOR CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Messrs. J. C. Clark, T. M. Emerson, and R. W. Greene report from Manchester, Tenn., concerning Confederate dead in that vicinity. They had a decoration service June 20, 1896, and were addressed by Prof. Terrill, of Terrill College, at Decherd, J. W. Travis, and Elder Adams, of Tullahoma.

They learn that the dead they so honored belonged principally to Ben Hardin Helm's Kentucky Brigade, that one of them was a nephew of John C. Breckinridge, and that the General visited him the day before his death.

Other burial spots are named by them. Near by Guest's Hollow, twelve miles from Manchester and close by the railroad leading to McMinnville, there are twelve graves of Confederates killed August 12, 1862, in an engagement by Forrest with the Eighteenth Ohio and Ninth Michigan Regiments. Perhaps all of these belonged to Terry's Texas Rangers, although there were engaged a part of Bacot's Alabama Cavalry and some Kentuckians under Maj. Smith.

On the 3d of last September these comrades went to those sacred graves, fixed them as well as they could, and built a fence around them. These faithful comrades are resolved upon annual decorations of all these graves in the spring time. They are anxious to learn what survivors may know of the engagements wherein these hero-patriots lost their lives.

A subscriber asks if any Confederate veteran can give the name of six brothers that belonged to a Mississippi regiment and that were killed at the battle of Franklin, or any other late engagement fought in Tennessee. The *VETERAN* would like to have any information regarding them. The information is sought by the correspondent for historical purposes.

W. A. Washburn, of Rockdale, Tex., who was a member of Company H, First Arkansas Regiment, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, says that he would like to see something in the *VETERAN* about Gens. D. C. Govan and L. E. Polk. He says: "My company was on the skirmish-line from Dalton to Atlanta, and we lost as many killed and wounded as we had when leaving Dalton—thirty-three. How I would like to see those who escaped and still survive!"

The ex-Confederates of Denton County, Tex., recently met at Denton and reorganized Sul Ross Camp No. 129. W. J. Lacy was elected Commander and R. B. Anderson Adjutant. It was decided by the camp to meet the first Saturday in each month. They also decided to hold a reunion at Denton in August especially in honor of the Eleventh Texas Cavalry, which meets at the same time. All daughters and sons of ex-Confederates are asked to come to our reunion. A special program will consist of stories of personal incidents during the great war.



A CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

A gleaming cross, on broken staff
The stars and bars reclining;
A gallant sword, broken in half,
Fond vines the base entwining.

Thus o'er the mold, in outlines bold,
Hath some poetic master
Written in stone, in solemn tone,
A story of disaster.

And scattered round in many a mound,
Where sacred dust is sleeping;
While stony guard, all battle-scarred,
His silent watch is keeping.

Here sleep the dead whose lives ran red,
And Southern fields made gory;
With gallant stride they clasped the bride
Whose nuptial veil is glory.

O may they rest among the blest
In yonder fields Elysian,
Where, hand in hand with foeman band,
They sanction might's decision!

—M. A. Cassidy.

Pathetic tribute was paid at the funeral of Dan A. Sullivan, in Houston, Tex., who died in South America September 16, 1896. Comrade Sullivan was a private and then sergeant in different commands, after which he was ordinance officer in the Fourth Arizona Brigade, and finally captain of Company E, in E. D. Terry's Regiment, Maxey's Brigade. After the war he was first laborer, then promoted until he became General Baggage Agent of the Southern Pacific Railway Company.

Rev. Mr. Storey delivered the memorial address. The speaker having been a Federal soldier during the war his eloquence was the more impressive, and there were few dry eyes among his hearers as he dwelt upon the many noble qualities of head and heart of the lamented dead. Of Comrade Sullivan he said:

. . . He was a warrior. He had convictions assuming the dignity of principles; they lived; he acted under their impelling power. When the hour for action came he took his side with what to him was right. . . . Death has closed the door behind, and all is hidden. I listen, and all is hushed. I inquire, Where is he? Gone beyond the seed time; gone beyond the battle-field; gone where the problems are solved, the questions all answered. Approach, ye who would emulate his virtues, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering. Those eyes, so pregnant with expression, are closed. Those lips, so filled with counsel and comfort and kindness, are pale and silent. That hand that used to guide these boys, that arm that furnished protection to this companion, is gathered to his bosom. At once

you ask, "Is this all that now remains of him?" Then we seek for something abiding, to find it only in heaven.

He was a kind father, an indulgent husband, a faithful citizen. To his family let me say: To his sons—Take mother on your heart; this stroke falls most heavily on her. Let this younger son be the Benjamin of your family. He has many contests before him. Be kind to Benjamin. Let mother and him come into your heart life, and live for them. And to you, his comrades in arms, let me say, as I see your silvered heads, your faltering steps, Live for principles higher than those that prompt a man to battle. As you fought for what to your thought was true, now contend for that which lies above the noise and strife of battle. As you enrolled for war here, enroll for life there. Be men whose guide is God, whose home is heaven, and whose reward is eternal life.

Closing his address, Rev. Mr. Storey called upon Col. Will Lambert, adjutant of Dick Dowling Camp, to speak for that body. He told of the early enlistment in March, 1861, of Capt. Sullivan, and of his services throughout the war, the peroration being a beautiful tribute to the many virtues of his close friend and army comrade. At the close of Col. Lambert's remarks the members of the camp stepped to the catafalque and deposited their offerings of flowers and evergreens, the adjutant reverently laying a camp badge upon the funeral pile.

Mrs. F. J. Ebdon arose from her seat and read the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted by the entire congregation:

The Ladies' Society of the Hardy Street Presbyterian Church tender their heartfelt sympathy through these resolutions to Mrs. D. A. Sullivan and family.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his divine wisdom to remove from our midst the husband of our beloved sister, Mrs. D. A. Sullivan, we realize that the family has lost a loving father and devoted husband. Therefore be it

Resolved, That while we submit to his divine power, "for he doeth all things well," we, the ladies of the Hardy Street Presbyterian Church, tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mrs. A. M. Hilliard was of the committee with Mrs. Ebdon.

The Secretary of Camp J. J. Whitney No. 22, U. C. V., at Fayette, Miss., reports the death of two comrades prominent among them. Of Capt. W. L. Stephen, Commander of J. J. Whitney Camp, he writes:

Capt. Stephen, one of the truest among the citizens of this place, and among the bravest that ever drew sword in defense of his views, died February 3, 1897, after a decline of several months' duration. He was unflinching in war, gentle in peace, pure in life, but with strong purpose he lived and died the embodiment of all that was noble in man. Born in Ohio, he came to Jefferson County, Miss., when quite a youth, and was among the first to enlist in Company D, Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment. Never discouraged, never tardy, never fatigued, however great the hardships of his

soldier life, he rose rapidly, until his ability was rewarded with the straps of second lieutenant. His command's glorious honor-roll, established on many a field of fiercest battle, holds no name to which fame owns truer tribute than to W. L. Stephen. A soldier and patriot, his sword gleamed in the sanguinary glow of battle, to be sheathed only when his country's cause was lost. He was agent and patron of the VETERAN, Commander, as well as Chief Organizer, of Camp No. 22, and a man who was loved and respected as husband, father, citizen, and soldier. We miss him and mourn him in our camp, and offer such consolation to family and friends as men can give.

Capt. J. J. Whitney, who was first lieutenant of our camp, and for whom it was named, in recognition of his eminent public and private virtues as soldier and citizen, also recently passed away. When the storm cloud of war hung thickest over his sunny home he organized and commanded a company of cavalry, and served with distinction until the close. He was a brave soldier, prompt and faithful in the discharge of every duty assigned him, ready at all times and under all circumstances to meet danger. With the same fidelity with which he served the community in which he lived he served the state, as well on the field of battle as in the legislative halls. Such a man, soldier, and citizen was our comrade. "Hearts, not books, bear the records of such lives."

A memorial tribute to Comrade William Neal Johns, member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, who died January 19, 1897, read by Maj. W. F. Foster, contained much that would entertain the general public.

Comrade Johns was born in 1835 on what is now the celebrated Belle Meade Farm, a few miles from Nashville. His father sold the property to Gen. W. G. Harding in 1846, and bought and improved a farm on the Granny White turnpike, upon part of which the great and terrible battle of Nashville was fought.

When the cry "To arms!" rang through the land to all its borders, William N. Johns was one of the first to answer, and his company, C, Rock City Guards, of the First Tennessee Infantry Regiment, was mustered into service May 1, 1861. And then for four weary years, four glorious years, four years of sad but precious memories, four years that tried men's souls, when the dross was consumed by the fiery trial and disappeared in discouragement and desertion, leaving only the pure gold of genuine manhood unfaltering and faithful to the end, four years whose splendid history shall never fade while time shall last, and of which every faithful survivor will be forever proud—four such years the record of our comrade is clear and untarnished. Until disabled by a wound it is said that he was always at his post and ready for duty. Truly a splendid record for any man to leave behind him! In camp or on the march, in skirmish, in battle or in bivouac, on picket line or on dress parade, Private William N. Johns never failed or faltered.

The shot that disabled him was received at Kenne-

saw Mountain, and the scene is so graphically described by a comrade that we give it in his own words:

He and I were messmates and bunked together. We were sleeping under the same blanket just before he received the wound that disqualified him from further active field service. Our command, which had occupied the "Dead Angle" on the 27th of June, 1864, and repelled the desperate charges of the enemy, had been withdrawn to rest on the night of the 29th. We had stacked arms, and slept behind our guns, a few hundred feet in rear of the "Angle," protected by the hill. . . . We were awakened by a most terrific rattle of musketry and roar of artillery, and sprang to our arms. The scene was grand. The lines were illuminated by the incessant flames from the engines of death; our position was made as light as day by the reflected light from the works and the flashes of artillery. . . . Just as Bill Johns, who was at my right, took his gun



WILLIAM NEAL JOHNS.

from the stack he fell at my feet. I felt the wound in his head and believed that he whom I loved so well had received his fatal shot, and was rejoiced afterwards to learn that the cruel ball had not entered the brain.

The character of our comrade was an interesting study, and a casual observer might say that it was full of contradictions. He was warm hearted, gentle, affectionate, and generous. One of his messmates says: "He was one of nature's noblemen, kind and brave, true to his convictions, and earnest in his devotions." And yet there were times when he seemed to be irritable, quick tempered, and in hot haste to take offense; but when the lightning had flashed and the thunder had rattled the sunshine of his genial smile was all the more beautiful and the warm clasp of his hand told that no malice was treasured in his heart.

In camp he seemed to be the embodiment of indolence. We all remember the custom to divide the duties of cooking, making fires, bringing water, etc., among the members of each mess; but it was said by a

messmate that it was impossible to get Bill Johns to do anything. And yet he was a gallant soldier, bore every hardship with heroism, and exhibited a courage that rendered him conspicuous, even among the bravest. An officer that knew him well says: "He was always ready to go anywhere that duty demanded: on picket, into battle, or other peril." Doubtless both statements are true and entirely consistent. It required the strong incentive of perilous duty to arouse the latent energy and sterling manhood of our comrade, to whom the drudgery of camp-life was irksome and detestable when unattended by danger. But, altogether, it is the unanimous testimony of every comrade that there was never a braver, more faithful, more noble, and more lovable soldier than our departed comrade, William Neal Johns.

Comrades, one by one they are passing away. Each day we place the fatal asterisk at some familiar name. "Dead on the field of battle" will soon be the record of us all.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

Soon the last of us will go, and of all who wore the gray in those eventful years it will be said:

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Two deaths are reported from Dallas, Tex.:

Thomas B. Fisher was born in Kentucky in 1833. His father, John Fisher, was a farmer and his mother (nee Barbour) a native of Kentucky. He went from Kentucky to Polk County, Mo., in 1844, and became a farmer. In 1851-52 he crossed the plains to New Mexico; in 1854 he went to California, and in 1856 he returned to Missouri. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Capt. Morris Mitchell's Company, Parson's Brigade, Confederate army. His service was chiefly in Arkansas and Southern Missouri. In 1863 he was elected first lieutenant of Company A, in Jackman's Regiment. Jackman also commanded the brigade. W. H. Lemmon, of Dallas, was troop captain. Comrade Fisher was in the last raid into Missouri from Arkansas; was wounded in the engagements at Pilot Knob and Glasgow; was engaged also at Prairie Grove, Little Rock, and Helena, Ark. After the surrender of Lee his command was disbanded at Corsicana.

Mr. Fisher was married in Missouri, in 1857, to Mary E., daughter of Russell Murray. Six children was the result of this union, five of whom are still living. Mr. Fisher's wife moved to Arkansas during the war, and in 1864, in company with Mrs. O. P. Bowser, of Dallas, left Carroll County, Ark., by wagon, en route to Texas. When they arrived at the Arkansas River they abandoned their wagon and rode on horseback from that point to Hempstead County, Ark., where Mr. Fisher joined them.

At a special meeting of Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., resolutions of respect to deceased Comrade Dr. John C. Storey were adopted. Dr. John C. Storey, son of Dr. John C. Storey, was one of the pioneers of Alabama. He was graduated M.D. from the Atlanta Medical College in 1857. He soon thereafter settled in Louisiana, pursuing the practice or his profession there. Upon the breaking out of the Confederate war he enlisted as a private soldier in the Nineteenth Louisiana Regiment, but was soon promoted from the ranks and commissioned assistant surgeon, which position he held to the end of the war. He served in the hospitals of the Department of East



DR. JOHN C. STOREY.

Tennessee, directed by Surgeon Frank A. Ramsey, who always spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of his skill, zeal, activity, and efficiency.

Dr. S. H. Stout paid tribute to Dr. Storey's untiring industry, skill, and humanity in the care of the wounded after the battle of Chickamauga, in which the killed, wounded, and missing on the Confederate side summed up more than eighteen thousand soldiers. Never perhaps in the history of civilized warfare were the energies and skill of the medical staff of any army so severely taxed as after that memorable conflict, and that, too, for at least fifteen days of almost continuous labor. Young Storey was ardently conspicuous among his brother officers in that arduous work.

Dr. Storey married Miss Wiley, daughter of Rev. E. Wiley, of Emory, Va. Mrs. Storey died June 27, 1891, and the doctor remained a widower until his death, devoting his energies to the care and training of his children—two sons and two daughters—who survive him. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church for more than thirty years. Dr. Storey's active benevolence was acknowledged by all who knew him. He never failed to interest himself in behalf of the surviving Confederate soldiers, their wives, widows, children, and orphans. He was among the earlier members of the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., and was at one time its commander. At the time of his death he was inspector on the staff of Lieut.-Gen. W. L. Cabell, commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. His remains were followed to his grave in Greenwood Cemetery, Dallas, on Saturday, March 20, 1897, by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, Camp Sterling Price attending in a body and performing the interment according to the ritual adopted by the camp.

The resolutions were signed by Dr. Stout, B. M. Melton, and George R. Fearn.

Capt. B. B. Mullins, a charter member of the camp at Falmouth, Ky., died on the 23d of March. He recruited and commanded Company C, Third Kentucky Battalion of Cavalry or mounted riflemen, Col. E. F. Caly's Battalion. Enlisting in the fall of 1862, he served with his command until shortly after Chickamauga, when he was captured at McMinnville, Tenn., and taken to Johnson's Island, where he remained until June, 1865. The camp adopted suitable resolutions in honor of this brave and true comrade.

J. T. Camp, commander, reports the following members of the camp at Breckinridge, Tex., that have died during the past year: B. W. Lauderdale, Surgeon of the Thirty-fourth Mississippi Infantry, a true and faithful servant for many years in the pulpit of the Christian Church, and a true man in every respect. B. B. Meadors, First Lieutenant of Company F, Thirty-first Texas Infantry, an old and tried frontiersman of West Texas, and first sheriff of Stephens County, where he died.

Hon. Simeon Ashley died recently at his home in Manchester, Tenn. Born March 8, 1830; he enlisted in the Confederate service, Company E, Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment, in 1861, and participated in the following engagements, among others Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. His wife and four children survive him.

Gen. W. R. Terry, who commanded his brigade on Cemetery Ridge, in the famous charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg, who had served as Superintendent of the Virginia Penitentiary and as Senator in the Legislature of that state, died recently near Richmond. Gen. Terry was stricken with paralysis about ten years ago, and he had not recovered.

Capt. W. H. Summerville, of Bethany, Ala., died suddenly of heart failure March 29, 1897. This noble comrade—a captain of cavalry, C. S. A.—and faithful Christian had lived two-thirds of a century, and left a record the memory of which will be of benefit to those who had the pleasure of knowing him personally.

L. G. Blackburn, of Goldwaite, Tex., reports that Camp 117 has lost one of its best members by death, W. H. Thompson, who served in Company K, Second South Carolina Cavalry.

SOLDIERS' HOMES IN MISSOURI.

Hon. C. H. Vandiver, Bourland, Mo., April 5, 1897:

Our Confederate Home was the subject of legislation during the recent session of the State Assembly. The Home, located near Higginsville, in Lafayette County, contains three hundred and sixty acres of fertile, well-improved land, a commodious main building, hospital, residence for the Superintendent, a number of cottages, and numerous out buildings. For six years it has been maintained by benevolent contributions, but with the number to be cared for and repeated calls, subscriptions became inadequate for support, and it was reluctantly decided by the board to appeal to the Leg-

islature. The ladies of the U. D. C., with whom our Home has been an object of tender care and perpetual consideration, were loth to give it up, and some of them protested to the last. However, an emergency seemed to have arisen in its history, and we resolved to seek a more substantial source of revenue. The writer was a member of the Senate and an agency in procuring the appropriation made by the General Assembly and passage of the act declares it one of the eleemosynary institutions of the state.

Under the provisions of this act the property and appurtenances are all conveyed to the state in consideration of its maintenance and support for the term of twenty years. Twenty-four thousand dollars were appropriated for two years' support and twenty-four hundred dollars for necessary repairs. In the act a Board of Management, composed of nine members, is provided for, to be appointed by the Governor from the ex-Confederate Association. So it will remain in the hands of its friends. We are all happy in the thought of having our aged and decrepit veterans, their widows and children, permanently provided for in this comfortable abiding-place. It should also be stated that Missouri has the credit of being the first state to adopt a home for ex-Confederates and one for feeble and homeless Union soldiers. There is a pathetic beauty and touching appropriateness in the fact, too, that the two acts—one to establish the Union Soldiers' Home at St. James, Mo., and the other the Confederate Home at Higginsville—were companion bills; and while both Houses were Democratic, politics had nothing to do with the measures. Missouri had many soldiers in both armies, and her representatives were generous enough to provide a shelter and home for the old veterans of both armies.

The scenes and incidents, attending consideration, addresses, and passage of the home bills will long be remembered as deeply impressive and in some respects dramatic. Old soldiers, members of opposite armies, clasped hands, and many a moist eye witnessed the spectacle. It was like laying a joint tribute on the altar of forgetfulness and forgiveness. One Republican in his speech said that the fraternal feeling engendered and charitable spirit made manifest were worth more than the entire appropriation.

The *St. Louis Republic* gave an interesting account of the proceedings in the Senate. It tells that Senator Vandiver, with his empty right sleeve swinging idly by his side, without any attempt at oratory, made what was probably the most impressive speech of the occasion, adding that when he had finished his hearers divided their time in looking for handkerchiefs and applauding.

Senator Vandiver began by saying:

There can be but one higher claim upon man than the claim of humanity. The feeble, the aged, and the helpless are subjects for our care and support. The bill provides for a home for the aged who have no home. Home is the sweetest word in the catalogue. It is the child's solace, the wanderer's beacon-light, and the mariner's harbor on life's tempestuous sea.

Mr. President, I have been in open conflict with those who carried the other flag. I have met them in open battle, traded tobacco and coffee, and on the outposts

exchanged compliments. We were not mad at each other, simply engaged in a civil war.

He then told of several instances of ex-Union soldiers giving money for the aid of the Confederate Home, amounting to about \$10,000. In conclusion he said:

I may never appear in this hall again after this present term, but I want to say now as one who was a Confederate soldier, who followed Lee from Manassas to Gettysburg, from the Wilderness to Petersburg, was thrice wounded with his face to the foe, and left an arm to moulder in the Old Dominion, that I cast my vote for this bill.

I hope to meet many old comrades at the Nashville reunion.

OFFICIAL CONCERNING REUNION.

Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant-General, New Orleans, April 15, 1897:

Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commanding United Confederate Veterans, requests the press of the whole country to aid the patriotic and benevolent objects of the United Confederate Veterans by publishing reunion date, etc.

It will be the largest and most important U. C. V. reunion ever held. The personnel of the Nashville Reunion Committee, under the leadership of its Chairman, Col. J. B. O'Bryan, is a guarantee that everything will be done for the comfort and convenience of the old veterans and all visitors which is in the power of man; it is a splendid body of very able and distinguished comrades, who are fully alive to the magnitude of the work entrusted to them in entertaining and caring for their old comrades, and it will be their pride to make it the most memorable reunion upon record; and the citizens of Nashville are aglow with enthusiasm and patriotism at the prospect of dispensing their far-famed hospitality to the surviving heroes of the lost cause.

Also to urge ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors everywhere to form local associations and send applications to these headquarters for papers to organize camps immediately, so as to be in time to participate in the great reunion at Nashville, and thus unite with their comrades in carrying out the laudable and philanthropic objects of the organization, as only veterans who belong to organized U. C. V. camps can participate in the business meeting at Nashville.

Business of the greatest importance to the survivors of the Southern army will demand careful consideration during the session of the seventh annual convention at Nashville, Tenn., such as the best methods of securing impartial history, and to enlist each state in the compilation and preservation of the history of her citizen soldiery; the benevolent care, through state aid or otherwise, of disabled, destitute, or aged veterans and the widows and orphans of our fallen brothers in arms; to consult as to the feasibility of the formation of a U. C. V. Benevolent Aid Association; the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Warren, Camps Morton, Chase, Douglas, Oakwood Cemetery at Chicago, Johnson's Island, Cairo—everywhere; to see that they are annually decorated, the headstones preserved and protected, and complete lists of the names of our dead heroes, with the location of their last resting-places, furnished to their

friends and relatives through the medium of our camps, thus rescuing their names from oblivion and handing them down in history; the consideration of the different movements, plans, and means to erect a monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, also to aid in building monuments to other great leaders, soldiers, and sailors of the South; also to assist in the promotion and completion of the proposed Confederate Memorial Institute or "Battle Abbey;" to vote upon the proposed change of the name of the association from U. C. V. to C. S. A.; and to change the present badge or button, which is not patentable, for the new one proposed, which is; and to make such changes in the constitution and by-laws as experience may suggest, and other matters of general interest.

Gen. Moorman gives the total number of camps now admitted as 900, with applications in for about 150 more. Following is the number of camps by states: Northeast Texas Division, 81; West Texas Division, 55; Southwest Texas Division, 33; Southeast Texas Division, 31; Northwest Texas Division, 17—total Texas, 217. Alabama, 89; South Carolina, 81; Missouri, 71; Mississippi, 63; Arkansas, 59; Georgia, 58; Louisiana, 51; Kentucky, 39; Tennessee, 34; Virginia, 34; Florida, 30; North Carolina, 29; Indian Territory, 12; West Virginia, 11; Oklahoma, 6; Maryland, 6; New Mexico, 3; Illinois, 2; Montana, 2; Indiana, 1; District of Columbia, 1; California, 1.

RAILROAD RATES TO THE REUNION.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 20, 1897.

The Executive Committee of the seventh annual U. C. V. reunion have for some months been busily engaged making arrangements for the comfort and convenience of our visitors, June 22-24, next. We have been delayed by unavoidable circumstances in getting out our circular of information, which will be issued in about ten days and sent to the various state headquarters and newspapers.

The general railroad passenger agents have agreed that the rate west of the Mississippi River to the reunion shall be, for a *round-trip* ticket, eighty per cent of *one rate* to any point on the Mississippi River. By way of explanation, as follows: The regular rate from Dallas, Tex., to Memphis is \$13; eighty per cent of that amount is \$10.40, which would be the *round-trip* rate from *Dallas to Memphis*. The distance from Memphis to Nashville is 232 miles, which, at one cent a mile *each way* (which is the rate east of the Mississippi River), makes \$4.64 for round trip from Memphis to Nashville; which, added to \$10.40, makes \$15.04, round trip from Dallas to Nashville. The same rule can be applied to any point west of the Mississippi River.

The distances are: From New Orleans to Nashville, 625 miles; from St. Louis to Nashville, 320 miles. You will from these figures be able to calculate railroad fare from any point to Nashville.

Liberal stopover privileges have been granted for those who do not wish to return at once. Every effort will be made to have all expenses reduced to the lowest possible point, as we fully appreciate its importance.

In the next issue of the VETERAN we will give any other items of interest that develop.

J. B. O'BRYAN, *Chairman Reunion Committee.*



TWO VIEWS OF A HEROIC PORTRAIT BUST OF SAM DAVIS BY SCULPTOR GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY. PHOTO BY THUSS.

HEROIC BUST OF SAM DAVIS.

A gentleman called at the VETERAN office last month (March) and presented a letter of introduction from Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis, in which she requested "utmost attention to Mr. George Julian Zolnay, a sculptor of renown, a gentleman of various accomplishments besides his artistic attainments." In a postscript she adds: "Mr. Zolnay has made one of the most wonderful combinations of plastic material with lasting stone ever known to mankind."

Prompt attention was given to the gentleman, of course. A bust of Beethoven, made of the "plastic material" mentioned, which appears as carved marble, ornaments at present this office.

Imagine in this connection the gratitude for the "tangible" proof as set forth by the engravings and the following letter:

My Dear Mr. Cunningham: When, upon the kind encouragement of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, I came to visit the South, I had a vague presentiment that this journey would be of some consequence to me, but I never thought that it would open a new chapter in my life.

Through you I have learned to better understand the Southern people and your "great cause," with its uncounted events of heroism and self-sacrifice, and of which one in particular has left an ineffaceable impression on my heart. I refer to the heroic death of Sam Davis, a character which in its magnitude raises hu-

manity to the level where God intended it to be. When you told me, with tears in your eyes, of this pathetic event, it was a revelation to me. The revolution by the Southern people brought before my mind the lives of my own ancestors, who espoused a similar cause, and I went home with the spiritual image of Davis. I said to myself that if I could ever repay to a small extent all the kindness shown to me by you and all the people I have had the good fortune to meet during my short stay in your beautiful country, it would be to express my gratitude in a tangible way by creating the image of your cherished hero. I set to work, and to-day I have the satisfaction, perhaps the greatest in my life, to see my attempt develop into success, and it is a real joy to me to be able—as you have unearthed this most elevating spirit of manliness through your endeavors in your CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and have aroused the enthusiasm of not only every Southerner, but of every man, woman, and child in the land—to present this product of my own enthusiasm to you as my contribution toward the fund for the erection of this great hero's monument, which I hope will, in its grandeur, show to posterity how much the people loved and admired the divine spark which raised Sam Davis to immortality.

I also wish to thank Mr. John C. Kennedy, the last man who saw Davis's body, and whose experiences in bringing it from Pulaski to his family, near Nashville, furnished one of the most pathetic chapters in the wonderful story, for his assistance and counsel; and I am gratified to have his sincere commendation in the resemblance of the portrait to the original. Yours, etc.,

Nashville, April 6, 1897. GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY.

Mr. Zolnay was born in Hungary, July 4, 1863, during our great war, and in the same year that Sam Davis gave up his life. Belonging to one of the oldest patrician families of Hungary, he is a true descendant of "rebel stock," as most of his ancestors have a military record in the history of Hungary's struggle for liberty.

Mr. Zolnay's college education was made in Roumania. He studied art in Paris under Bouguereau and Falguere. Finally he went to Vienna, where he graduated with highest honors from the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. In 1891 he made the acquaintance of the United States Consul-General, who urged him to come to this country and participate in the sculpture work at the Chicago World's Fair. Contrary to his original intention, after finishing the work in Chicago he decided to remain in this "land of liberty," and in 1894 he established himself in New York City, which has been his adopted home ever since.

FEDERAL ACCOUNT OF SAM DAVIS' SACRIFICE.

Mrs. Amanda Brown, daughter of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, furnished the VETERAN the following, from an old scrap-book filled with clippings in war times:

EXECUTION OF A REBEL SPY AT PULASKI, TENN.

The following account of the execution of a Rebel spy is taken from the *Pulaski Chanticleer* of December 1, a paper edited by C. W. Hildreth, and devoted to the interest of the left wing of the Sixteenth Army Corps:

"Last Friday the citizens and soldiers of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which makes war so terrible; and, though sanctioned by the usages of war, is no more than men in the service of their country expose themselves to every day. Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, having been found within the enemy's lines with dispatches and mails destined for the enemy, was tried on the charge of being a spy; and, being found guilty, was condemned to be hanged between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. on Friday, November 27, 1863. The prisoner was apprised of his sentence by Capt. Armstrong, local provost-marshal, and, though somewhat surprised at the sentence of death, did not manifest any outward sign of agitation.

"Chaplain James Young, of the Eighty-first Ohio Infantry, visited the prisoner and administered spiritual consolation. The prisoner seemed resigned to his fate, and calmly prepared to die. He exhibited a firmness unusual for one of his age, and up to the last showed a lively interest in the news of the day, expressing regret when told of the defeat of Gen. Bragg.

"The scaffold for the execution was built upon the ridge east of town, near the seminary, a position which could be seen from any part of town.

"At precisely ten o'clock the prisoner was taken from his cell, his hands tied behind him, and, accompanied by the chaplain, placed in a wagon, seated upon his coffin, and conveyed to the scaffold. Provost-Marshal Armstrong conducted the proceedings. At precisely five minutes past ten o'clock the wagon containing the prisoner and the guards entered the hollow square

formed by the troops, in the center of which was the scaffold. The prisoner then stepped from the wagon and seated himself upon a bench at the foot of the scaffold. He displayed great firmness, glancing casually at his coffin as it was taken from the wagon. Turning to Capt. Armstrong, he inquired how long he had to live, and was told that he had just fifteen minutes. He then remarked: 'The boys will have to fight the rest of the battles without me.'

"Capt. Armstrong said: 'I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty.'

"The prisoner replied with a smile: 'It does not hurt me, Captain. I am innocent and I am prepared to die; so do not think hard of it.'

"Capt. Chickasaw then asked the prisoner if it would



GEORGE JULIAN ZOLNAY.

not have been better for him to have accepted the offer of life upon the disclosure of facts in his possession, when the prisoner answered with much indignation: 'Do you suppose that I would betray a friend? No, sir; I would die a thousand times first!'

"He was then questioned upon other matters, but refused to give any information which could be of service. The prisoner then stepped upon the scaffold, accompanied by Chaplain Young, whom he requested to pray with him at his execution. . . .

"So fell one whom the fate of war cut down in early youth, and who exhibited traits of character which under other circumstances might have made him a valuable friend and member of society."

THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

The following subscriptions to the Sam Davis Monument have been received since the last report. The last item (\$5, by W. P. Rutland, Nashville, Tenn.) is the aggregate of dime collections solicited by him from daily associates. How easy to make little grow in the aggregate!

Oxford, A. C., Birmingham, Ala.	1 00
Humphreys, D. G., Port Gibson, Miss.	1 00
Kendall, R. A., Baird, Tex.	1 00
Eaton, John, Tullahoma, Tenn.	3 00
Sims, M. B., Tullahoma, Tenn.	3 00
Matlock, P. M., Mason Hall, Tenn.	1 00
Scott, Dr. Z. J., Crystal Springs, Miss.	1 00
Banks, Col. J. O., Columbus, Miss.	1 00
Lemonds, J. L., Paris, Tenn.	1 00
Moon, G. B., Bellbuckle, Tenn.	1 00
Robbins, S. D., Vicksburg, Miss.	2 00
Davis, Dr. I. W., Smyrna, Tenn.	1 00
Boon, Capt. H. G., Cleveland, O.	1 00
Green, C., Leon Junction, Tex.	1 00
Campbell, W. A., Columbus, Miss.	1 00
Walker, Mrs. D. C., Franklin, Ky.	1 00
Adger, Miss J. A., Charleston, S. C.	1 00
Whitfield, Dr. George, Old Spring Hill, Ala.	1 00
Smith, Frank O., La Crosse, Wis.	1 00
Blake, A. J., Ellis Mills, Tenn.	1 00
Blake, Mrs. M. A., Ellis Mills, Tenn.	1 00
Blake, Rodney, Ellis Mills, Tenn.	1 00
Du Buisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.	3 60
Fowler, Mrs. J. W., Stovall, Miss.	1 00
Stovall, W. H., Stovall, Miss.	1 00
Moran, J. W., Dresden, Tenn.	1 00
Lackey, H. L., Alpine, Tex.	1 00
Meux, J. S., Stanton, Tenn.	1 00
Schley, John, Gatesville, Tex.	1 00
Timberlake, T. W., Milldale, Va.	1 00
Morrison, Dr. R. P., Allensville, Ky.	1 00
Teague, Capt. B. H., Aiken, S. C.	2 00
"F. A. S.," Asheville, N. C.	5 00
Montgomery, Victor, Santa Ana, Cal.	1 00
Rutland, W. P., et al, Nashville.	5 00

The aggregate is nearly \$1,000.

Fifty-cent subscriptions: M. D. Vance, Springdale, Ark.; T. D., Northcutt, Grangeville, Mo.

Twenty-five-cent subscription: Miss Sue Monroe, Wellington, Va.

FAIR WOMEN AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The "Old Dominion" will be represented by the fair women in the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the Revolution, and the Daughters of the Confederacy, and, too, the Alumnae Association of the Mary Baldwin Seminary. It will hold its reunion with the Tennessee Alumnae, as queens of the occasion.

The Augusta Female Seminary, in Staunton, Va., was chartered in 1842. Miss Baldwin assumed charge in 1863, and four thousand girls have been blessed by her example and training. Great was the rejoicing when the dear

alma mater was named the "Mary Baldwin Seminary," in her honor. The officers of the Association are: President, Bettie Guy (Mrs. Winston); Treasurer, Miss Janet K. Woods; Recording Secretary, Miss Augusta Bumgardner; Corresponding Secretary, Nellie Hotchkiss (Mrs. S. T. McCullough), all of Staunton, Va. Each State has one or more Vice Presidents. The Tennessee Vice Presidents are: Max Overton (Mrs. J. M. Dickinson), of Nashville; Tempie Swoope (Mrs. George W. Darrow), of Murfreesboro; Mrs. Reba Metcalf McNeil, of Memphis; assisted by Clara May Erwin (Mrs. Walter G. Coleman), Vice President at large. These ladies serve as Chairmen of the Nashville Committee.

On June 15 a special car will leave Washington, D. C., over the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, collecting passengers along the route and passing the famed battlefields of 1861-65; Monticello and the University of Virginia; Staunton, the well-known home of schools; the famous White Sulphur Springs and other summer resorts, down through the beautiful New River Canyon, and the rich Kenawa Meadow, the blue grass region of Kentucky, arriving at Nashville June 16. The Cedar Room in the Woman's Building will be headquarters for all Seminary girls, but the reception on June 17 will be in the assembly room of the Woman's Building. There the further programme will be announced. Every former pupil is asked to attend all the meetings to help make the reunion a success. All who wish to take the special car will notify Mrs. Walter G. Coleman at Staunton, Va., before June 1. Special rates have been given the party: while the day coach will have every comfort, there is no extra charge for it, and a sleeper will be from \$1.50 to \$2 extra. Those who expect to attend the reunion will please notify Mrs. J. M. Dickinson at Nashville. The Maxwell House will be the central point, but private board at reasonable rates can be secured in Nashville. There will be another meeting in October. A special car will leave Norfolk over the Norfolk and Western railroad on October 4, taking passengers at the junctions of Petersburg, Lynchburg, Roanoke, Knoxville, and Chattanooga. The grand mountains and rich pastures of Southwestern Virginia, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge will be enjoyed en route.

October 7 and 8 will again see the Alumnae Association in session in the Assembly Room. The social pleasures promise to be many, but are such personal affairs that they will only be announced to those present at the meetings.

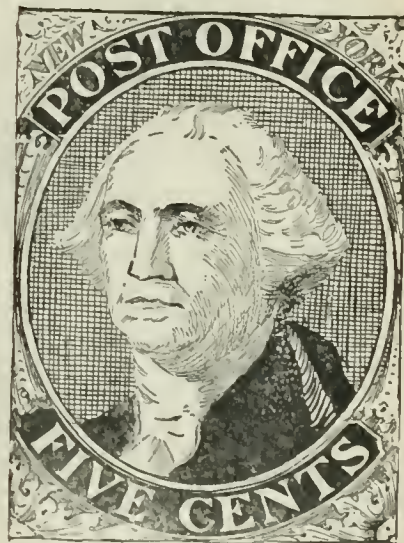
These lines carry a greeting to all old "Seminary girls," with the hope that those who are not already members will write to Mrs. Walter G. Coleman, 346 East Beverley Street, Staunton, Va.

ICE CREAM.—The leading ice cream dealer of Nashville is C. H. A. Gerding, 417 Union Street. Caters to weddings, banquets, and occasions of all kinds. Country orders solicited.

INTERESTING PERFORMANCE.

Patrons of the theatre have a treat in store for them at the Vendome Theatre. The Messrs. Williams & Fealy Hypnotic Co., begin a five-night's engagement with matinee, beginning Monday, April 26. These gentlemen come highly recommended, and give a purely scientific show. One of the features of the performance is the "Dance of the Lunatics." This, in itself, is worth the price of admission. Profs. Williams and Fealy stand high in their profession. Prof. W. M. Watkins, of Dayton, O., has this to say of them:

Messrs. Williams & Fealy are in the front rank of their profession. I take pleasure in stating that Prof. Fealy is one of the most thorough psychological students and demonstrators that I have ever met.



Fifty Years Ago.

This is the stamp that the letter bore which carried the story far and wide, Of certain cure for the loathsome sore That bubbled up from the tainted tide Of the blood below. And 'twas Ayer's name And his sarsaparilla, that all now, know, That was just beginning its fight of fame With its cures of 50 years ago.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is the original sarsaparilla. It has behind it a record for cures unequalled by any blood purifying compound. It is the only sarsaparilla honored by a medal at the World's Fair of 1893. Others imitate the remedy; they can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures.

The VETERAN announces with pride that a genius before an audience, a young gentleman of excellent family and fine reputation, has proposed to make a series of engagements in the interest of the Sam Davis Monument Fund. Without having arranged for a tour, the VETERAN suggests correspondence from friends who would like to cooperate in advancing this noble cause. Mr. Luther Blake is herein cordially introduced. Comment by prominent people and press notices are copied as stronger proof of his high merit:

Hon. A. S. Colyar, who was a member of the Confederate States Congress, a lawyer and a man of letters, says: "Indeed, in all the phases of elocution embraced in humor and mimicry, and in the true conception of character, I regard Mr. Blake as the most promising man I know. If he goes on the platform as a humorist and delineator of character and does not make a star of the first magnitude, his friends will be disappointed greatly. His conception of character is wonderful; and

dience rapt for an hour and a half to two hours, and does it easily and regularly, he is a genius. He makes one laugh until the sides ache, and withal invests his work with an intellectuality that makes him a pleasure to the most cultured. Mr. Blake was entertaining ev-



ery moment of his remarkable performance. From the beginning he had the entire sympathy of his audience, while the program that he had arranged furnished a fine opportunity for the display of his very varied and versatile talents. The rapid change from one character to another in the presentation of the scenes from the "Rivals" was truly wonderful. He also showed himself master of German dialect, and gave as fine a display of negro humor and negro dialect as one would wish to hear. Those who have heard James Whitcomb Riley recite his quaint and homely verses are assured that Mr. Blake must have closely studied that artist; he gave a perfect imitation of the voice, tone, and emphasis of the Hoosier poet."

The *Alabama Christian Advocate* states: "His rendition of his selections showed that he had studied and entered into the conceptions of his authors. There was an absence of the tragic manner, the mouthing, the superlative action so often affected by public readers, and that are so wearying to an audience. His manner was simply what the characters that he represented would be. Mr. Blake is quite refreshing after so many years of the ultratheatrical. His burlesque of that style was very fine."

The *Birmingham State-Herald*: "In his selection from the 'Rivals' Mr. Blake appeared at his best. His rapid change of character was wonderful. His acting of the schoolboy making his first speech amused the audience very much. His personation of the young



orator who laid too much stress on elocution was as good as James Whitcomb Riley's prim school commencement."

The *Nashville Banner* states: "He has never been excelled by an elocutionist in this city."



if his delineation is not perfect, it will require an expert to discover the error."

Our own Polk Miller testifies that: "I have heard Leland T. Powers, Edward P. Elliott, James Whitcomb Riley, and others, and it is my opinion that in the rendition of Riley's poems Mr. Blake equals, if not surpasses, any of these."

Prof. J. D. Blanton, President of Ward Seminary, Nashville, Tenn., says: "I have heard Mr. Blake on several occasions with the greatest pleasure, and I do not hesitate to say that he possesses, to a remarkable extent, the power to hold an audience. The platform, in my opinion, has great things in store for him."

Dr. G. W. F. Price, President Nashville College for Young Ladies: "He has great quickness of perception, remarkable insight into character, much flexibility of voice, striking control of facial expression, and a vivid sense of humorous delineation."

Birmingham (Ala.) News: "When a man holds an au-

OUR VETERANS.

They are passing from our midst,
Crossing o'er the river,
Underneath the trees to rest
In the shade forever.

O they were a gallant band,
Boys who wore the gray!
When the storm of battle raged,
Who so brave as they?

Who so true to face the worst
When the strife was o'er,
And the flag they loved so well
Furled for evermore?

Brothers all in heart are we
Who once wore the gray;
When a gray-haired veteran dies—
"One of us," we say.

And our ranks are thinning fast—
Vacant places meet us
When we gather where of old
Comrades used to greet us.

As the brave and noble die,
Dies the veteran gray;
Comrades from the other side
Beckon us away.

Soldiers of the Southern hosts—
Men who knew no fear,
Leaders in the Southern cause—
Call us—we are here!

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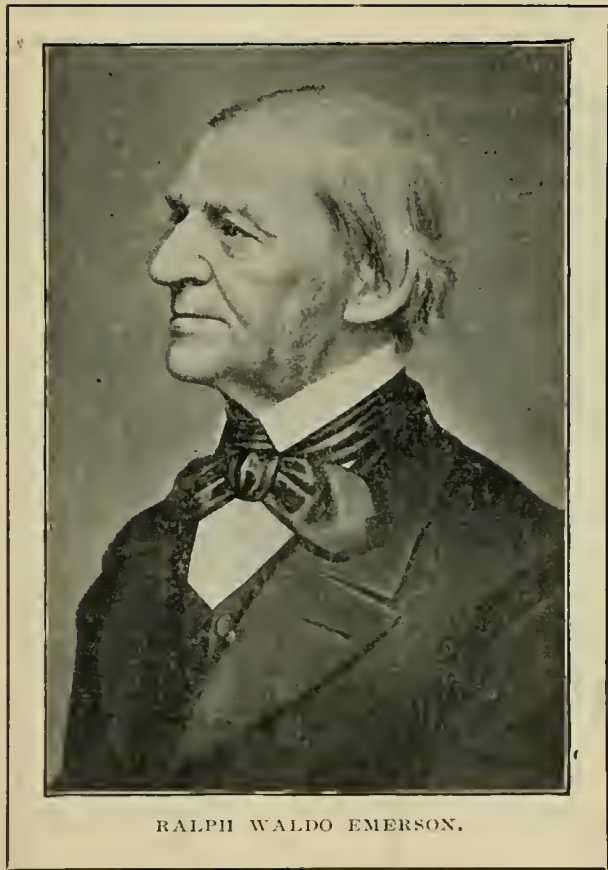
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In glancing through one of the early volumes of Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," we met, in the Emerson section, an extract from one of the sage's fine pages that ran in this wise: "Meantime the colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professor of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted."



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

It is doubtful if any phrase could so happily describe at once the function and the achievement of Mr. Warner in his new and great work. He himself is essentially a "professor of books," although the charm of his work has tended to make us forget his wide and varied learning. And knowing not only books but living writers and critics as well, Mr. Warner has gathered around him as advisers and aids other "professors of books," not men of the Dryasdust school, but those who possess the same salient charm and graphic power as himself.

The result of this remarkable literary movement has been to provide the great reading public, the busy public of ever scant leisure, with just what Emerson declared more than half a century ago we so much needed namely, a guide to the best reading.

Emerson indeed likens a library of miscellaneous books to a lottery wherein there are a hundred blanks to one prize, and finally exclaims that "some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books and alighting upon a few true ones, which made him happy and wise, would do a right act in naming those which have been bridges or ships to carry him safely over dark morasses and barren oceans into the heart of sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

This is precisely what Mr. Warner's new library does in the fine, critical articles which preface the master-works of the greatest writers.

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Although the first edition is the most desirable, because printed from the fresh, new plates, the publishers, instead of advancing the price, have actually reduced it nearly half, so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection.

The demand for the most desirable first edition is so active and the number of sets allotted to be distributed is so limited, it is safest for those who really covet this invaluable Library of Mr. Warner's to write at once to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, for sample pages and special prices to members of the Club now forming, and which will close the last day of the present month.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES OF THE Tennessee Centennial Prize March,

BY MAURICE BERNHARDT,

Have just been printed and are now ready for sale. The publishers of this piece offered a cash prize of \$100 for the best musical composition, to be known as the **Tennessee Centennial Prize March**, and this piece secured the prize in competition with nearly three hundred manuscripts, received from almost every State in the Union.

The title is a beautiful and artistic lithograph in four colors, showing a **BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION** and a **HANDSOME PORTRAIT OF MRS. VAN LEE KIRKMAN**, who is President of the Woman's Board, and to whom the piece is dedicated. Each page of music also has an ornamental heading of some one of the main buildings.

As a musical and artistic souvenir of Tennessee's great Exposition, it is unsurpassed by anything of the kind heretofore attempted. The retail price is 60 cents, but we want every lover of music to have a copy, and as we are going to devote this page to special low-price offers on popular copyright music we shall include it with the rest.

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*Tennessee Centennial Prize March.....Bernhardt	\$0 60
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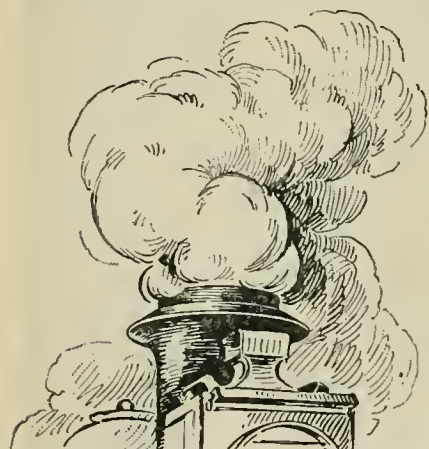
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J. A. Joel, of 88 Nassau Street, New York City, who advertises continually in the VETERAN, was himself a veteran of the Union Army. In a letter on March 4 he states: "To-day my old comrade of the Twenty-third Ohio, in which I served, is inaugurated President. This is the second President our regiment has furnished."

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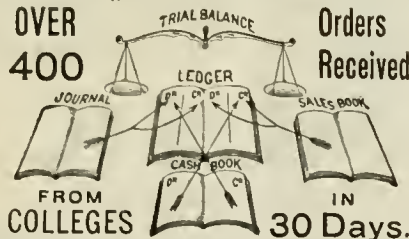
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Confederate Veteran.

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

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

Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" war will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

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United Confederate Veterans,
United Daughters of the Confederacy,
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1897.

No. 5. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.



NASHVILLE TABERNACLE, IN WHICH THE SEVENTH REUNION UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS IS TO BE HELD, JUNE 22-24, 1897.

ADDRESS OF REUNION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

To Ex-Confederate Veterans Everywhere, Greeting:

The Executive Committee send out to their comrades over the United States the following information as to the next annual reunion:

Transportation.—All railroad lines east of the Mississippi River have agreed on rates to the reunion of one cent per mile each way, calculated on shortest route. Lines west of the Mississippi have agreed on about that rate. These tickets will be sold with a limit of ten days, and a further extension of ten days additional on application to proper railroad official at Union Depot in Nashville. For full information see your railroad agent.

Board and Lodging.—Meals can be procured at prices

necessary information by writing to Capt. M. S. Cockrill, chairman of Committee on Horses and Carriages.

Sponsors and Maids of Honor.—Homes or quarters will be furnished free of charge to one Sponsor and her Chief Maid of Honor from each state, and the different state organizations will please send this committee at once the names and addresses of same. For specific or additional information apply to S. A. Cunningham, editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Excursions to battlefields and to Hermitage, etc. Cheap excursions will be run to the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, and to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, and to many battlefields. Full information later.

All Veterans are requested to organize themselves into bodies of twenty-five or less, with a chairman or commanding officer, who will, upon their arrival, be met by the Reception Committee at the Union Depot. We would suggest that you send a representative here some days beforehand to make all necessary arrangements.

All Uniformed Confederate companies will report to the committee as soon as possible the number of men expected to come and name of commanding officer.

As stated by the commanding general, this will be the largest and most important U. C. V. reunion ever held, and all Confederate veterans are cordially invited to attend.

At the grand parade on June 24 it is confidently expected that more Confederate veterans will be in line than will ever pass in review again.

All newspapers and periodicals friendly to the reunion are requested to publish this circular.

For additional information address

J. B. O'BRYAN, Chairman.

Hon. John A. Reagan, of Texas, accepts the invitation to deliver the oration at the seventh annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Nashville, June 22. Mr. Reagan is a native Tennessean, and the only surviving member of the Confederate States Cabinet. Tennesseans and the great gathering of heroes will rejoice in having this eminent and honored American speak for them on the great occasion.

TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

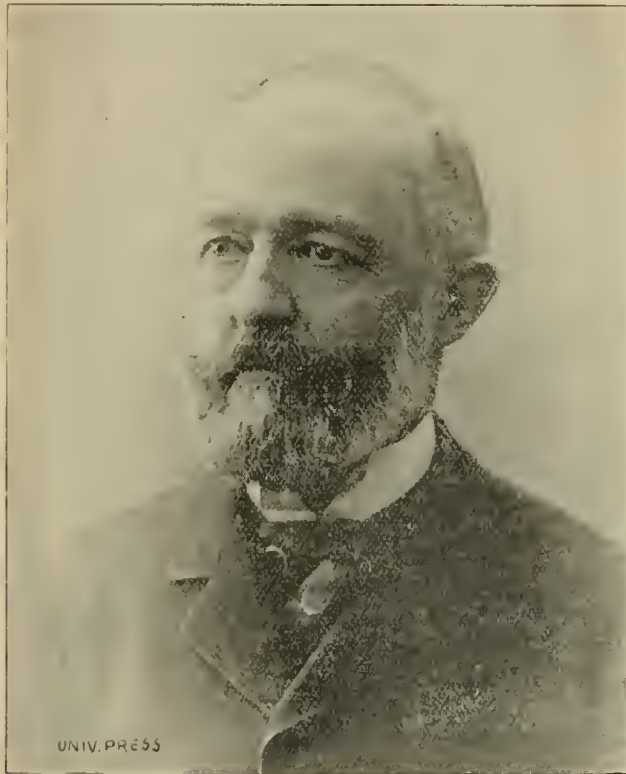
Sketch of the Famous Eighth Texas Cavalry.

ranging from twenty cents up, and sleeping accommodations can be had at from twenty-five cents per night up to first-class hotel rates. Full information and directions will be given by the Reception Committee on arrival. The Daughters of the Confederacy and the Veterans will do all in their power to provide entertainments for those unable to pay the rates mentioned above.

Camping Grounds.—Suitable arrangements have been made for desirable camping grounds convenient to railroad and street car lines. Camps or organizations owning or wanting tents and camp equipage, desiring to form encampments, will give notice to Maj. W. F. Foster, chairman of Camp Committee.

Horses and Carriages.—Arrangements have been made to have horses and carriages furnished at reasonable prices, and persons desiring same can procure all

Benjamin Frank Terry and Thomas Saultus Lubbock, both Texas pioneers, after the state had severed its connection with the Federal Union, went to Virginia at the commencement of hostilities and participated in the battle of Manassas as volunteer aids on Beauregard's staff, the general commanding. Their conspicuous daring and ability at once impressed the authorities, and they were given permission to raise in Texas a regiment of rangers for service in Virginia. This mission they performed in a short time, and so anxious were the Texans to go that many were refused membership. They were mustered into service in September, 1861, for the period of the war, and started for the tented fields of Old Virginia. While en route Gen. Albert



CHAIRMAN J. B. O'BRYAN.

Sidney Johnston, who was assigned to duty commanding the Western Army, made urgent appeals to the authorities to have the rangers assigned to duty under his command, and succeeded; and thus the rangers became a part of the Western Army.

At Bowling Green, Ky., in October, 1861, the companies held an election for regimental officers, and Benjamin F. Terry was elected colonel; Thomas S. Lubbock, lieutenant-colonel; Thomas Harrison, major; Benjamin A. Botts, A. Q. M.; R. H. Simmons, A. C. S.; John M. Weston, surgeon; R. E. Hill, assistant surgeon, and M. H. Royston, adjutant. They were immediately mounted on fine Kentucky horses and assigned to advance duty in and around Bowling Green, Glasgow, and Green River, Ky. The severe winter of 1861 and arduous scout duty caused many to succumb to sickness, and not a few were called hence.

The first fight of any moment was at Woodsonville, Ky., on Green River, December 17, 1861, where the gallant Terry was killed. Shortly thereafter Lubbock was elected colonel and John A. Wharton lieutenant-colonel. After that time on to the close of the war the regiment was engaged with the army actively up to the surrender at Greensboro, N. C., at which time thirty-seven men surrendered, and the balance started to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where it was believed that the struggle would be continued.

They were engaged in the last fight made by any portion of the Western Army, at Bentonville, N. C., where they held in check Mower's Division of Sherman's Army, being posted on the extreme left of Joe Johnston's Army. In this engagement the regiment was commanded by Capt. (Doc) J. F. Mathews, of Company K, a mere boy, the senior officers being absent on account of wounds. Here Gen. Hardee's son, a member of the Rangers, was killed, a boy barely in his teens.

The Rangers participated in the following battles: Shiloh, first and second Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Knoxville, with Longstreet in his East Tennessee campaign, Franklin, Atlanta, Rome, Dalton, Resaca, throughout Johnson's campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Johnsonville, Bentonville, and many others.

Regimental officers at the close: Gus Cook, colonel; S. P. Christian, lieutenant-colonel; W. R. Jarmon, major; A. L. Steele, A. Q. M.; John M. Claiborn, adjutant; R. E. Hill, surgeon.

Total membership, 1,276; killed, over 300; officers killed, 21; wounded, over 600; officers wounded, 42. Promotions from the command to other commands, more than 100. Not more than 112 now living who served six months or more.

Gen. Joe Wheeler's farewell address to the Rangers:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS,
Concord, N. C., April 28, 1865.

Gallant Comrades: You have fought your fight. During four years' struggle for liberty you have exhibited courage, fortitude, and devotion. You are victors of more than two hundred sternly contested fields; you have participated in more than a thousand conflicts of arms. You are heroes, veterans, patriots. The bones of your comrades mark the battlefields on the soil of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. You have done all that human exertion could accomplish.

In bidding you adieu I desire to tender my thanks for your gallantry in battle, your fortitude under suffering, and your devotion at all times to the holy cause you have done so much to maintain. I desire also to express my gratitude for the kind feeling you have seen fit to extend toward myself, and invoke upon you the blessings of our Heavenly Father, to whom we must always look in the hour of distress.

Brethren in the cause of freedom, comrades in arms, I bid you farewell.

Signed, JOSEPH WHEELER, *Major-general.*

Officially signed,

WILLIAM A. WAILES, *Acting Adjutant-general.*

Twenty-nine years ago the Rangers commenced the practice of meeting annually at some point in Texas, and we are now known as the "Terry Texas Rangers." Our main object is to build a monument on the capitol grounds at Austin, Tex., and we expect soon to realize this object by erecting thereon a structure to cost something over \$10,000—raised from our own membership.

ONE OF MOSBY'S BRAVEST MEN.

Coley Jordan, of Company D, was one of the youngest members of Mosby's famous Partisan Rangers, Forty-third Virginia Battalion Cavalry. Lieut. W. Ben Palmer, one of the bravest and most dashing young officers of that celebrated band of peerless Virginia cavaliers, thus speaks of Jordan: "I remember Coley Jordan when he first came to our command. He was then a mere boy; but it was not long before he made himself known. He was always eager for the fray, and as fearless and brave as the bravest. Col. Mosby soon saw what there was in



COLEY JORDAN.

Jordan, and whenever any special detail was made for dangerous or hazardous undertakings Coley was always selected to be one of the party. He followed Mosby till the last, and was one of the eight who heard Col. Mosby's last commands as that gallant and dashing Ranger gave up the fight and bade the few who yet remained with him farewell, and thus disbanded the Forty-third Virginia Battalion."

Richmond friends are requested to call on W. D. Selden, in the Chamber of Commerce, for copies of the *VETERAN* monthly.

CAMP CHASE CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Preparation for the Second Annual Decoration.

W. H. Knauss, Chairman, sends this circular:

At Camp Chase there are buried over 2,200 Confederate soldiers—from Virginia 337; Kentucky, 158; Tennessee, 337; Alabama, 431; Texas, 22; Georgia, 265; South Carolina, 85; North Carolina, 82; Arkansas, 25; Mississippi, 202; Florida, 62; Maryland, 9; Missouri, 8; Louisiana, 52; unknown, 125.

When ex-President Hayes was Governor he ordered a Mr. Briggs, who was a farmer in the neighborhood, to clean it up and take care of the ground, and he would pay him \$25 per year out of the contingent fund. That was done each year until Gov. Bishop (Democrat) was elected, when his Adjutant-general ordered it stopped, and would not allow it to be paid. The place then became a wild waste again, until J. B. Foraker (now United States Senator) became Governor. He caused his Adjutant-general to correspond with the United States Government and explain the condition and the disgrace it was, and urged that it be fixed up. This resulted in



an appropriation sufficient to build a substantial stone wall around the plat, and an iron fence around the Confederate burial ground at Sandusky. Since then nothing has been done with it.

Last spring William H. Knauss, a Union soldier, who was badly wounded at Fredericksburg, Va., associated with him Capt. W. B. Albright, who fought through the war in the Confederate army, and some few other friends, and had a large arch built in the cemetery, decorated the burial grounds with two thousand flags, and on the arch had inscribed, "Americans." A profusion of flowers in hanging baskets was attached to the arch, and appropriate addresses were made by Northern and Southern men.

Mr. Knauss placed restrictions upon the speakers against political or social references. There was not an adverse criticism from any one of the large number present, and the newspapers commented favorably upon the subject, giving much praise for the brotherly spirit manifested.

Mr. Knauss defrayed all the expenses. He has again called together a few gentlemen to prepare for another service there this spring, hoping that it will terminate in an association to perpetuate a kind feeling, and also that there will be sufficient funds raised to paint the walls which surround this graveyard; if not enough to repair all this year, then to do part this year and more next year. A committee has been appointed to ask the Confederate camps to donate what in their judgment they can, if it be but one dollar; or more, if convenient, without taking from those depending upon their charity. The committee will be pleased to receive remittances at an early day, so that they will know how to prepare for the occasion. The balance left from the decoration services will be spent in repairing the walls and grounds. They will report to Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant-general of the United Confederate Veterans, the proceedings, receipts, and disbursements, also to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville.

It would also be appreciated if the near-by camps or friends would send flowers, as you will bear in mind that the Union decoration drains the gardens and markets of flowers in the neighborhood. All those sending flowers please prepay express charges. Address William H. Knauss, 31 1-2 N. High Street, Columbus, O.

The committee is composed of the following: Col. William H. Knauss, Union veteran; Capt. William B. Albright, Confederate veteran; Gen. E. J. Pocock, Union veteran; Maj. A. J. Marlow, Confederate veteran; J. H. Nolan, Union citizen; Rev. Dr. T. J. Dickinson, son of a Confederate captain.

Gen. Moorman, in a letter to friend Knauss, states:

It will be a revelation to many, and will come in the nature of a surprise and a benediction, that while kindred and loved ones are scattering flowers over the graves of their dead on Southern soil, strangers—aye! our former foes—are decorating with spring's choicest flowers the graves of our known and unknown dead who sleep upon Northern soil so far away from home and kindred, but who, as you justly say, will always live in history as "Americans."

Moved by your patriotic and generous letter of last year, of which you will see that I made mention in my official report at the Richmond reunion, I deem it my duty to point out such measures as my correspondence and information received in the Adjutant-general's office suggest as important for you to know.

One is the urgent necessity for a Department of the North, to be officered by an active and influential major-general. It seems to me that the purpose so frequently stated in general orders from these headquarters should be sacredly carried out: the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Warren, Camps Morton, Chase, Douglas, Oakwood Cemetery (at Chicago), Johnson's Island, Cairo, and at all other points; to see that they are annually decorated and headstones preserved and protected, and complete lists of our dead heroes, with the location of their last resting place, furnished to their friends and relatives through the medium of our camps, thus

rescuing their names from oblivion and handing them down in history.

These thoughts are mainly inspired through the generous action of an ex-Northern soldier, who in a letter from Columbus, O., to these headquarters calls attention to the dilapidated and neglected condition of the inclosure around some Confederate graves near Columbus, and in a spirit of fraternity and comradeship which shows that a magnanimous and brave heart beats in his breast, offers to mow the grass, repair the fences, and dress the graves of his former foes into shapely mounds at his own expense, if only authorized to do so.

It is our sacred duty and the dictates of honor require that we, the living, shall keep fresh the memory and green the graves of those of our heroes whose arms are nerveless, many of whose families are helpless, and they sleeping so far away from homes and kindred; and I respectfully recommend that a Department of the North be created at once, a suitable commander be selected, and the grand work so ably and patriotically started by Gen. Underwood be actively continued.

This report was unanimously adopted at the Richmond reunion, but action was prevented on account of an obstruction in the constitution, not having complied with some formality in it.

You and your patriotic associates can depend upon the fullest assistance from these headquarters.

The VETERAN commends this movement sincerely. Let comrades everywhere who can afford to do anything send money or flowers. Expressions of gratitude from others would do good.

Circular letter No. 74 contains this:

It is to be hoped that this noble appeal will find a response from a sufficient number of our camps to enable Col. Knauss to decorate these Confederate graves upon Northern soil creditably and leave a sum sufficient to repair the walls and grounds. He writes that seven Southern families wrote him last year asking if certain relatives were buried there, and in each case he gave them the date of death, number of grave, company, and regiment. He hopes that there will be a response sufficient to permanently fix up the place.

Please place the matter before the camps and all comrades as soon as received. Contributions should be sent in immediately, and can be sent to these headquarters direct, for which receipt will be given; or sent to Col. William H. Knauss, 31 1-2 N. High Street, Columbus, O. Camps near Columbus will also please send flowers on June 3, 4, to Col. Knauss, express charges prepaid.

MR. ROUSS TO NEW ORLEANS LADIES.

His Reply to Severe Criticisms, and His Explanation.

For some months the VETERAN has delayed reproducing a letter from Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss in reply to some unfriendly comments concerning his proposed benefaction to a Confederate Memorial Institute:

I notice an article headed, "The Battle Abbey. Ladies careful. They decline to change their plans as often as Charles Broadway Rouss changes his offer, and will hold on to the money collected until the Confederate veterans meet in Nashville for the next reunion."

Then follow remarks about me and my actions in this connection that are upon your part unintentionally unjust, for I know that a committee of my countrywomen, among the fairest, sweetest, and best in our Southland, would not do a wrong knowingly to any one, and certainly not to a Confederate private soldier who has only their good at heart and who loves them because they are pure and good and because they and their dear mothers suffered in a cause that we all hold dear and sacred. No, my friends, you have been misinformed. I see the "trail of the serpent" within your midst. To crush its head is a woman's mission upon earth. I have never by word or deed changed my offer. I send you copies of Col. Dickinson's letter to me of June 1, 1896, and my letter in reply, read by him at the U. C. V. reunion at Richmond. I confirm every word of it.

My offer and my plans are fully set forth as to the offer of \$100,000, and for your information I quote from my letter to Col. Dickinson: "Your letter describes the situation exactly; the condensed history you have given of the proposed memorial hall and all that led up to it. My plans and agreements I find correctly stated; and, without going into detail, I authorize you to fulfill my promises by meeting the views and decisions of the convention that will be appointed at Richmond, and which will represent the wishes of the United Confederate Veterans as to the location of the building, etc. I sincerely trust that the matter will meet with no delay, but be definitely settled at the reunion. I am ready at any time to meet my engagements as to this work, and wherever it is decided to build the Battle Abbey I will be in accord with the United Confederate Veterans. . . . I know that you will join me in the hope that everything will be ready to proceed to definite and final arrangements provided. The 'temple' is to be located in one of the Southern states or territories."

Everything from the beginning has been left to the United Confederate Veterans in regard to my offer of \$100,000, and remains so now; and in confirmation of this statement I respectfully refer you to the inclosed circulars, issued by the Confederate Executive Committee of the Memorial Association December 17, which, of course, you have not seen, or you would not have sanctioned the article in the *Picayune*, for it is "the whole thing in a nutshell," and is intended to correct those very "errors and misapprehensions which have crept into the minds of some of our people." I here quote a part of this circular:

1. That this movement is under the auspices of the United Confederate Veterans, and will be so conducted.

3. That Comrade Rouss, notwithstanding his munificent donation, has in no way interfered with our work or sought in person or through his representative to dictate to the Board of Trustees, or to influence them in their action, etc.

4. That the selection of a city for the location of a memorial institute is absolutely under the control of the Board of Trustees, etc.

5. The ladies are in this article appealed to for aid, etc.

7. The Confederate Veterans stand pledged before the world that they will erect a memorial institute, edifice, etc.

Now, my dear friends, read carefully this circular and look over the names signed to it; they are among our bravest and best men. Would they lend themselves to anything that was not honest and true? Would they

subscribe to a falsehood? Who accuses them? I pity the wretch who has led you into this error. I am merely one of the Confederate Veterans, as stated in Article 7, who stand pledged before the world to erect a memorial institute edifice that will be a credit to the cause for which we fought so gallantly. And to you, my dear friends, because you have been unjustly dealt with, I will say, without going into particulars, that I will pledge you to cover at once with an equal amount all moneys that have been contributed by the ladies' committees or the United Confederate Veteran camps, which, I learn, is about \$16,000, and will deposit the same in any good bank. About \$5,000 more, I learn, has been raised by the present superintendent and manager. I will send a check to cover that also, making \$21,000 against the same amount from the United Confederate Veterans; and, as an earnest of my desire to give you the most perfect confidence in my unalterable intention to make good all my engagements, I will send, if it is agreeable to the Board of Trustees or their representatives (the Executive Committee), my check for \$10,000 additional, which will make my contribution \$31,000, which should be placed at interest. As soon as the board will inform me that they have placed on deposit \$10,000 to cover my last \$10,000, I will then forward my check for an additional \$10,000, and so continue until the whole \$200,000 has been subscribed. When the work is finished, and the question of locality comes up, I repeat what I have said, without change in any respect whatever, that the United Confederate Veterans can place the edifice wherever in their judgment they may deem advisable; and I repeat in language that is so plain that I am surprised it was misunderstood, that I will be in accord with the United Confederate Veterans. I will say for your information that my suggestion to locate this edifice in Washington on a grander scale carried nothing compulsory with it. The United Confederate Veterans and the ladies of the South were merely asked if they wished under certain conditions, which Col. Dickinson fully explained, to place the memorial building at the nation's capital. The United Confederate Veterans sent me a committee immediately after the reunion at Richmond, who said that the sense of the convention was opposed to Washington as the location, and I said at once, "Let us drop it," and it was dropped, except by a few mischief-makers, who, through envy, jealousy, and malice, have persistently misrepresented the facts for some devilish purpose, which I ask you ladies to discover and punish.

Now, my friends, do with your money as you think best. You need not invoke the law to prove to me that your actions need any such support. You will do what is right, and in advance you have my approval, whether it be to keep what you have so faithfully worked for, to be used for some other good purpose, or give it for the purpose for which it was originally intended—viz., to build a memorial institute according to accepted plans and designs, and named as your legalized Board of Trustees may please, for neither Col. Dickinson nor myself has ever suggested a name. And I will further agree that if the name suits my fair coworkers in this good cause, and the United Confederate Veterans, it will suit me. I will merely explain that the old Executive Committee could not continue in office. I assure you that I had nothing to do with the change in that direction. One of the old members, Maj. Garrett, a val-

uable and lovely man, retired from the board to give place to Gen. W. H. Jackson, who was elected chairman of the next Executive Committee. Col. McIntosh declined to serve any longer, as he could not spare the time; and the remaining member, who could hardly run it by himself, was requested to serve on the new board, and declined. And for this reason a new board was necessarily formed. Col. Dickinson was asked to serve on the new board, but declined, and made no suggestion as to who should be its members, and when requested to nominate he read from a slip of paper that was handed him the names that had been selected by the Board of Trustees. They were unanimously elected. So that is all that I had to do with it. I approve the selection, and do not believe that a better Executive Committee can be found in the South for any purpose. Their new superintendent was named by the Executive Committee without consultation with either Col. Dickinson or myself, some time after the meeting of the board at Lookout Inn, and so highly is he esteemed by the president (Gen. Chipley) that he informed me that he would not undertake to carry on this work with any other man in that place.

When I suggested the capital of our country as the location, provided it met with the approval of the United Confederate Veterans, there was behind this proposition a substantial backing. Washington has representation on our Board of Trustees, which gives it equal rights. That city had been requested to compete for the prize. Capt. Hickey has letters, which will be placed in your hands if you wish them, urging him to exertions upon the part of his camp and the citizens to raise a large sum of money and seek to secure for his city the memorial building. He worked faithfully, and did raise about \$600 for the common purse, and paid it in. He was then prepared to make a conditional offer to the committee upon the part of the wealthy citizens of Washington of the gift of a beautiful property upon which to place the edifice and \$200,000 in cash and all of the balance of \$300,000 that the South failed to contribute, thus making up, with my contribution, the sum of \$1,000,000 actually promised, and at least \$700,000 ready for immediate use. He offered in plain terms to the committee, in behalf of the people of Washington, all the money necessary for the work that had not been and might not be raised in the South. Upon this basis I felt it my duty to lay before you this new plan, but it was guardedly left alone to the United Confederate Veterans to accept or reject, and I was careful not to depart from my original proposition, to which I was then and am now faithfully pledged. A careful and unbiased study of the papers prepared and read by Col. Dickinson at the Richmond reunion will reveal that fact, and it cannot be contorted or twisted reasonably into anything else. Had the United Confederate Veterans selected Washington upon my conditions, for it depended alone upon them, I would have volunteered to begin the work at once, in my great anxiety to know that the edifice had been erected before I was called hence. If the United Confederate Veterans had said to me, "Let us accept the offer made from Washington and go on with the work and proceed at once to lay the corner stone for this grand edifice," I would have agreed to it and furnished my part of the means; and, once begun, I think I know myself well enough to say that I would have stood by it faithfully until it was com-

pleted. But the suggestion, although not officially considered, was not accepted, and that was, or should have been, the end of it. I do not wish to witness a failure upon the part of the Confederate Veterans, and I have done and am doing all that I can to prevent it. I am trying to induce my countrymen and countrywomen to accept this offer by doing their part in raising the sum of \$100,000.

Discussing me in committee meetings, under extraneous influences, will, my friends, accomplish but one purpose: it simply gives some few men an opportunity of venting ignoble anger upon others for grievances which have been self-inflicted.

I say to you, be true to yourselves, and I will help you raise your part of the money; and as to the location of the edifice, I have never tried to influence it, and never will. Settle that matter among yourselves. If I have forgotten anything that I ought to do in this matter, let me know. I will ask the Executive Committee to take up this matter where I have left off, and in future it will be their affair, and not mine.

THE BATTLES AROUND CORINTH, MISS.

T. B. Arnold, Shannon, Miss., April 28, 1897:

I read with intense interest "Thrilling Recollections of Fort Robinette," by J. A. McKinstry, of Company D, Forty-second Alabama Regiment, in the *VETERAN* of July, 1896. I was a private in Company F, Thirty-fifth Mississippi Regiment, Moore's Brigade, Maury's Division, and was in every engagement in and around Corinth during the memorable days of October 3, 1, 1862. While thrilled with the reports of comrades of those terrible days of carnage, I regret that many inaccuracies have been published.

The Second Texas occupied the position on the right of the brigade, and Companies F and K of the Thirty-fifth Mississippi Regiment—commanded by Capt. F. R. Gregory and R. H. Shotwell, the latter now living in St. Louis—were, by request of Col. Rogers, specially detailed and attached to his command to do service as skirmishers, etc., in this campaign. On the 3d of October we rested in bivouac with the Second Texas, Company F on its right and Company K on the left, and the nearest troops to the Memphis and Charleston Railroad resting on the road that led directly to the fort. The remainder of the brigade consisted of four regiments—two Arkansas, one Alabama, and one Mississippi—and one battery of artillery, Capt. Bledsoe's, in mid line on right center.

In the early morning hours of October 4 a furious cannonading was opened by our batteries all along the line, which was spiritedly responded to by Federal batteries; and during this duel the Second Texas, two Mississippi companies attached, deployed to the left, covering brigade front, advanced as skirmishers, and engaged the Federal pickets at close range until the grand "Forward!" When the regiment advanced from cover of the woods, an interminable abatis confronted the advance. Just at this time Col. Rogers rode to the right of his command, the only open way on the Raleigh public road, occupied and covered by Capt. Gregory's Company, and some of his own brave Texans led us but discovering that his command could not keep pace with the charge, on account of the fallen timber, Col. Rogers ordered the troops under Capt. Greg-

ory to halt and lie down. And this lull in the assault, I am sure, is where Gen. Rosecrans got his idea of the repulse which he embodies in his report of battle. Col. Rogers rode back, and, urging his boys to follow him, soon returned, his beautiful black steed seeming to imbibe the martial spirit of its rider. He led us into the storm, and, like Napoleon's iron-nerved marshal, McDonald, at the battle of Wagram, he rode among and in front of his men, the impersonation of courage and the spirit of chivalry. He urged his horse to the top of the fort between the silenced guns, and he there emptied his revolver with coolness and precision in the face of the foe.

Soldiers will remember that moments are as hours in such an ordeal, so it is impossible to reckon the time that Col. Rogers was on this crest, but certainly long enough to impress Gen. Rosecrans that his forces were beaten and to recognize the fact that the "key" to his "position" was lost. One thing I do know: we held it long enough for the writer to load and fire his Enfield three times through the embrasures at the artillerymen. Col. Rogers, who was directly above me, and who possibly with a saddened heart surveyed his few and fast-falling followers, and the rapid marshaling of fresh troops to be led against them, and for the sake of humanity contemplated surrendering, called to me to hand him a ramrod, and, tying his handkerchief to it, waved it to capitulate; but under the excitement of the moment or some unknown cause, the enemy failed to see or respect it. During this brief time I passed to the left of the fort and fired at some Federal infantry in trenches to the south of the fort and between it and the railroad. This was the last that I ever saw of Col. Rogers; and, seeing our men falling back, I soon joined in the retreat, and ran rapidly to the shelter of the timber. My company went into the charge with eighteen men, rank and file. Six were left dead in and near the fort, five were wounded so badly that they could not get away and were captured, while but seven got out and lived to fight in other battles, of whom are Lieut. W. B. Brock, of El Paso, Tex., and C. T. Mitchell, of Indianola, Miss., whom I gladly recall.

Comrade McKinstry says that Fort Robinette was directly in front of Moore's Brigade, which would have thrown the right of the command beyond and south of the railroad, and would have placed Col. Rogers's Regiment on the grounds to be covered by the left brigade of Gen. Loving's Division. How the gallant Rogers should have been in the charge "on foot," and yet be shot off his horse and his horse fall by him inside of the breastworks, appears to be an irreconcilable discrepancy. The wounded who fell near the Colonel say that he was on his horse when shot, and verify what I state: that Col. Rogers was on his horse from the beginning until he fell, pierced by eleven bullets, his faithful charger falling dead at the same fusillade. This statement is verified by comrades wounded on the spot, by photographs taken by a Federal artist the same evening, and by an old lady who yet lives in Corinth, but whose name I have forgotten, and who saw both horse and rider fall. For these discrepancies of Comrade McKinstry he alleges the proper solution: that there were "exciting times" along the suburbs of Corinth to the north and west; but we do want to elicit the truth of this most sanguinary battle of our civil war, that the

pages of our school history, from which our children and our children's children draw their inspiration of patriotism and ideals of courage, may be revised and corrected; and without any disparagement to the claims of the gallant troops from Missouri for incomparable valor on every field where the crescent floated; yet we do deny that they were in the direct charge and that they and the brave Texas boys took Fort Robinette, as history avers, but that it was the Texas and Mississippi boys whose intrepid courage bore the cross of St. Andrew to the fort and waxed pale before the splendid heroism of their valiant foemen.

Let history be corrected, that the troops from each state that wore the gray may have and enjoy their own meed of praise and triumphs, while we all share equally in the glories of the "lost cause."

BATTLES FOUGHT UNDER GEN. FORREST.

The following address of Gen. Forrest to his troops is copied from the *Metropolitan Record and New York Vindicator* of Saturday, April 1, 1865, date not given:

Soldiers, the old campaign is ended, and your commanding general deems this an appropriate occasion to speak of the steadiness and patriotism with which you have borne the hardships of the past year. The marches and labors you have performed during that period will find no parallel in the history of this war.

On the 24th of December, 1863, there were three thousand of you, unorganized and undisciplined, at Jackson, Tenn., only four hundred of whom were armed. You were surrounded by fifteen thousand of the enemy, who were congratulating themselves on your certain capture. You started out with your artillery, wagon trains, and a large number of cattle, which you succeeded in bringing through, since which time you have fought and won the following battles—battles which will enshrine your names in the hearts of your countrymen and live in history an imperishable monument to your prowess: Jacks Creek, Estinala, Somerville, Oakalone, Union City, Paducah, Fort Pillow, Bolivar, Tishomingo Creek, Harrisburg, Hurricane Creek, Memphis, Athens, Sulphur Springs, Pulaski, Carter's Creek, Columbia, and Jacksonville are the fields upon which you have won fadeless immortality. In the recent campaign in Middle Tennessee you sustained the reputation so nobly won. For twenty-six days from the time you left Florence, on the 21st of November to the 26th of December, you were constantly engaged with the enemy, and without a murmur endured the hunger, cold, and labor of the campaign. To sum up in brief your triumphs during the past year, you have fought fifty battles, killed and captured sixteen thousand of the enemy, captured two thousand horses and mules, sixty-seven pieces of artillery, four gun-boats, fourteen transports, twenty barges, three hundred wagons, fifty ambulances, ten thousand stand of small arms, and forty block-houses; and have destroyed thirty-six railroad bridges, two hundred miles of railroad, six engines, one hundred cars, and fifteen million dollars' worth of property. In the accomplishment of this great work you were occasionally sustained by other troops who joined you in the fight, but your regular number never exceeded five thousand, two

thousand of whom have been killed or wounded, while in prisoners you have lost about two hundred.

If your course has been marked by the graves of patriotic heroes who have fallen by your side, it has at the same time been more plainly marked by the blood of the invader. While you sympathize with the friends of the fallen, your sorrows should be appeased by the knowledge that they fell as brave men, battling for all that makes life worth living.

Soldiers, you now rest for a short time from your labors. During the respite prepare for action. Your commanding general is ready to lead you again to the defense of the common cause, and appeals to you by a remembrance of the past career, your desolated homes, your insulted women, and suffering children, and, above all, by the memory of your dead comrades, to yield obedience to discipline, and to buckle on your armor anew for the fight.

Bring with you the soldier's safest armor: a determination to fight while the enemy pollutes your soil, to fight as long as he denies your rights, to fight until independence shall have been achieved, to fight for home, children, liberty, and all you hold dear. Show to the world the superhuman and sublime spirit with which a people may be inspired when fighting for the inestimable boon of liberty. Be not allured by the siren song of peace, for there can be no peace save upon your separate, independent nationality. You can never again unite with those who have murdered your sons, outraged your helpless families, and with demoniac malice wantonly destroyed your property and now seek to make slaves of you. A proposition of reunion with a people who have avowed their purpose to appropriate the property and to subjugate and annihilate the freemen of the South would stamp with infamy the names of your gallant dead and the living heroes of this war. Be patient, obedient, and earnest, and the day is not far distant when you can return to your homes and live in the full fruition of freedom around the old family altar.

R. H. Rugeley, Bowie, Tex., May 9, 1897:

At the Wayside Home, in Memphis, Tenn., in 1865, while the Texas disbanded soldiers were stopping there on their way home, a lady took a silver star off the hat of one of them as a relic. At the time he regretted parting with it, but now is vastly more anxious to get it back. The star had stamped on it the initials "R. H. W., Company G, Third Texas." If any one knows of the whereabouts of the star, and will notify R. H. Woods, Bowie, Tex., it will be conferring a very great favor on an old soldier.

Referring to a criticism of no importance about a former letter, R. M. J. Arnette writes from Lee, Miss.:

In the fall of 1864, after I made my escape from Camp Douglas, Chicago, and was in Kentucky two or three weeks waiting for an opportunity to get back South, I met with "Sue Munday" and a squad of his men in Anderson County. He said that he was not going to leave Kentucky as long as he could find a good horse to ride, get plenty to eat, and find ammunition with which to kill Yankees.

Jeff Lee Camp No. 68, McAlester, Ind. T., at its meeting March 23 elected Capt. J. H. Reed as Commander.

SINKING OF THE "CINCINNATI" AT THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

F. W. Merrin writes from Plant City, Fla.:

During the first days of the siege of Vicksburg an event occurred which I have never yet seen fully explained: the sinking of the Federal gunboat "Cincinnati," on a beautiful morning and in full view of a considerable portion of both the besieged and besieging armies.

A few days after the fruitless efforts of Gen. Grant to carry the Confederate lines by heavy and successive charges, one beautiful morning about eight o'clock a considerable commotion was noticed from the position occupied by the writer, on the old Spanish Fort hill, the extreme northern point in the Confederate lines. It was on a high bluff. There was commotion, too, in the river at Milligan's Bend, above the city, the headquarters of Commodore Farragut, commanding at that point. In a very little while we plainly saw one of the largest gunboats of the fleet moving out and down the great river. Majestically and slowly she moved, keeping on the north side of the great Vicksburg Bend, and partially hidden by the intervening banks. While passing exposed places some shots from the river batteries were fired at her, including a few shots from the noted gun, "Whistling Dick;" but on came the war dog. With ports closed and a good head of steam on, she majestically swept around the big bend and into the main channel leading by our river line of batteries and the city of Vicksburg. After making the curve, and until she had passed the besieging line of the Federals, our river batteries had but little chance to fire, and the high bluff field batteries none at all. For the next twenty or thirty minutes thousands of spectators from the two outstretched battle lines and thousands of citizens crept from their hiding places to witness it.

On came the "Cincinnati." "Whistling Dick" managed to get in a shot or two at long range and at a sharp angle up the river. The river batteries could only await their time, and were on the alert. Just as the huge ironclad was passing the first battery the open port of the vessel was shown, and no sooner did the great beam sweep out of the way than a solid shot from one of the guns of this battery entered the opening, and, as the sequel proved, cut its way clear through the vessel, passing out below the water line on the opposite side. Those of us who witnessed this terrific scene from the higher bluff could see at once that great harm had been done the vessel. The port was closed at once; not a gun was fired from the vessel. We saw the water spout out for some distance beyond the boat. Her wheels were stopped, and the great warship seemed to drift with the current; but in a very little while her engines started up again, and her propelling power seemed to be as good as ever. She made a gentle curve from our batteries and turned back up the river. Our batteries improved the time, and the ironclad was doubtless hit a number of times, but we could discern no other damage to her. When the "Cincinnati" had passed above the Federal lines we were soon convinced of the terrible effect of the first shot. The monster ironclad was headed for the shore; her seamen and soldiers were seen taking to the water from all sides, with such drifting facilities as they could get hold of; and finally, when about the length of the vessel from the

shore, she quietly settled to the bottom of the Mississippi River. Such a shout went up from the Confederate lines as was never heard before. The "Yah! yah!" which came back from the other side was ludicrous.

Comrade Merrin is curious to this day to know what Gen. Grant's motive was. Evidently he designed to have the "Cincinnati" pass down the river as the "Hartford" passed by Port Hudson's batteries at the time the "Mississippi" was burned.

Maj. W. E. Brecse was one of the speakers at the memorial service at Asheville, N. C. The following extracts are made from his address:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Comrades: It is a layman's privilege to speak from notes whenever he trenches on the domain of a preacher, and it is a Confederate veteran's higher privilege to read his remarks and appropriate the testimony of others, for you know that veterans are supposed to be men of deeds, not words; and as there are no words known to Confederate veterans on the field that appeal more directly to them than the command, "Ready, aim, fire, fix bayonets, charge!" so there are no words off the field that they would rather teach their children than that sublime command: "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

THE SOUTH.

It is history that in the beginning North Carolina defied kings, lords, and commons, always self-reliant. Her troops were armed and sent to both Virginia and South Carolina and food sent to sufferers in Boston. In May, 1775, she was the first to declare her independence in the celebrated Mecklenburg Declaration. . . . And then came 1861; and, knowing her rights, she dared maintain them, and embarked her all.

Washington typified the essence of truth; Lee, integrity and duty; and Davis was the type of honor.

Washington came in simple guise, forest born and bred. His character was of his own fashioning, his accomplishments self-acquired. No college learning enriched his mind. He was left to his own resources for discipline and culture, fortitude, self-reliance, and endurance. In the vast, solitary depth of the wild-woods he drank in the spirit of independence, the inspirations of freedom, and learned from nature the lesson that obedience to law is the necessary condition of all wholesome growth and development.

Robert E. Lee's name will be monumental, and will be placed by the side of the great captains of history; and as long as the fame of the Southern struggle shall linger in tradition or in song will his memory be cherished by the descendants of the Southern race; while on the scroll of fame no name will shine with a purer, serener, or a more resplendent light than that of Robert E. Lee.

No braver sword led braver hand,
Nor braver bled for a better land;
Or better hand had cause so grand,
Or cause a chief like Lee.

Jefferson Davis lives in my memory as one who, dying without a nation or name, stands as grand a man as ever lived in the tide of times. Great in victory, but

greater in defeat; great as described through the red haze of war, but greater as contemplated through the clear air of peace; great as a general, but greater as a man—behold him! a character which, if not perfect, conceals its imperfections by the effulgence of its virtues, even as the sun conceals the spots upon his dazzling disk.

PRIVATE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

Take him in the Revolution, in the war of 1812, in the war with Mexico, in the war between the states, and, as has been aptly asked: "Who shall frame in fitting words the story of his career?" Courage on the battlefield is the common attribute of good soldiers everywhere, and if that constitutes his only claim to admiration he would be an ordinary figure on the page of history. But it is the moral aspect of his career that is sublime. It was his magnificent struggle against overwhelming odds for the preservation of constitutional liberty, for the right of self-government, for all, indeed, that was sacred in his heritage that has made him a hero and a martyr for all time. And this magnificent struggle was made not only against overwhelming forces and resources and equipments and a foe man worthy of his steel, but prolonged for four years, and that, too, in a country blockaded at every port, gradually stripped of the commonest means of subsistence, unable to pay him for his services, and finally reducing him to rags and starvation. Still, through it all, even to the last moment, he stood inflexible, patient, cheerful, self-sacrificing, brave, and true. Who can withhold from such virtues the tribute of praise and honor and respect, and who that hath the semblance of a man dare call their possessor a traitor?

Shall I recite the times and the places and the deeds? Ask me to condense a century into an hour, a volume into a word, a prolonged and thrilling tragedy into a brief sigh; go and listen to the Atlantic breeze that sings in the pine forests from the Virginia peninsula to the capes of Florida; go sit beside the waters of our great rivers, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; go stand upon the slippery heights of Cemetery Ridge or the green slopes of the Chattahoochee or the steep ascent of Lookout; go follow the turbid Mississippi, as from Memphis to Vicksburg and down to the gulf; go sail the ocean's trackless waste, and yet trace the Shenandoah, the Florida, and the Alabama; go replace the flag on the crumbling ramparts and enter the "death and hell" gorge of Battery Wagner; fly it again and again and again, as shot down from the parapet of the breached and sunken walls of imperious and invincible Sumter it found its Jasper—and to him that hath ears to hear, from breeze and stream and sea, and from the very heavens themselves, will come a tribute of praise and honor.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

And now, my Confederate comrades, I pause, and ask you reverently to rise while I speak to our dead comrades. How sacred the tie that binds you to their memory! Side by side you toiled with them on the weary march, night and day, in summer's heat and winter's snows; side by side you stood with them on the crimson field where battle raged and death gathered in his harvest of the brave. You are the witnesses of their constancy and valor, you are the sponsors for their good names. In obedience to a sentiment of honor

and the call of duty, and in pledge of their sincerity, they made the last human sacrifice: they laid down their lives.

Comrade Breese concludes with a happy tribute to the mothers who did so much for the cause of the South through its struggle.

THE FEDERAL CHAPLAIN ABOUT SAM DAVIS.

Rev. James Young writes from High Point, Mo., May 12, 1897:

Samuel Davis was executed as a spy in Pulaski, Tenn., November 27, 1863, the day after Gen. Bragg's defeat at Missionary Ridge. He was twenty-one years old, and a son of Lewis Davis, of Smyrna, Rutherford County, Tenn. He was a member of Company I, First Tennessee Infantry. He was captured November 19, about fifteen miles from Pulaski, on the Lamb's Ferry road. I was chaplain of the ——— Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and Gen. George M. Dodge was our commander.

I was with Davis in the county jail until nine or ten o'clock the evening before his execution. He requested me to stay all night with him and to pray for him at his execution, but my health was not good. I stayed with him as long as I could and was back to see him early the next morning. He said that he was not a spy, but was in our lines on other business. He had a sealed letter from Col. Coleman to Gen. Bragg, but did not know what was in it. Capt. Chickasaw, chief of the Union scouts, told him that Gen. Dodge would likely spare his life if he would tell where Col. Coleman was. He said that he would hang a hundred times before he would betray a friend. A few minutes before his execution he and I were sitting on a bench by the gallows, when Capt. Chickasaw said to him: "I told you, Mr. Davis, how you might have saved this."

Davis looked at him, and said in a short tone: "I told you, Captain, that I would hang a hundred times before I would betray a friend. You need not say anything more about that. I can hang."

Chickasaw replied that he would not say anything more about that, but continued: "Tell me now if you are not the man that we chased last Thursday on the Tennessee River."

Davis said that he had come through several close places, but Chickasaw said: "Tell me if you are not the man we chased so close that you struck at our horses with your hat to keep them back and to keep from being cut with our sabers?"

Davis looked surprised, and said: "How did you know that?"

Capt. Chickasaw said: "I know several things going on; tell me if you are not the man?"

Davis said: "Well, I give no information."

Mr. Davis was doubtless brave, manly, and trusty.

The prayer offered for him on the gallows was published about *verbatim*, with an account of the execution, in a little paper published in our brigade, but I have no copy of it now. By his request I wrote a letter to his mother, perhaps the day after the execution. He gave me his blank book, after tearing a few leaves out of it, to keep in remembrance of him, but I gave it to his brother when he went for the body, supposing that he wanted it more than I did.



COL. NATHANIEL RIVES CHAMBLISS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burgess Buford, of Clarksville, Tenn., a devoted niece, gives an interesting sketch, from which the following is taken:

Col. Chambliss was born in Greenville County, Va., March 31, 1834, and had lived a useful life. He was the youngest of eleven children, and with his parents, Anna Parham and Henry Chambliss, moved to Cornersville, Tenn., in his early childhood, where he was reared. Being left an orphan in his fourteenth year, his home was afterwards with his sister, Mrs. J. J. H. Burgess, who loved and cared for him as her own son. He attended a private school in Cornersville until he was sent to Giles College, Pulaski, Tenn., and there was under the training of Col. C. G. Rogers, a graduate of the U. S. Military Academy. Thence he went to Cumberland University, Lebanon, and was in his senior year, when, through the influence of his brother, Col. William Parham, of the U. S. Army, he was received at West Point. Gen. William J. Hardee then commanded the post. He graduated May 1, 1861, and was summoned to Washington City May 5, to drill recruits. After twenty days he sent in his resignation, bade good-bye to his brother William, who was then stationed in Washington with the Federal army, and, with the daughter of Senator Guinn, rode horseback to the Potomac River, and was ferried across in a canoe by Miss Guinn's old negro coachman. On reaching Tennessee, June 1, he reported immediately to Gov. Harris for duty. He was appointed captain in the Ordnance Department, and reported to Capt. Eldridge E. Wright, who placed him at Brennan's Foundry, Nashville, where he inspected the shot and shell manufactured. The field pieces were tested on a bluff of the Cumberland River.

He next reported to Gen. A. P. Stewart, at Fort Randolph, on the Mississippi River, where he drilled the troops and instructed the officers. He was next appointed ordnance officer on the staff of Gen. S. B. Buckner, at Bowling Green, where he directed the equipment of infantry, cavalry, and artillery until transferred to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston's Staff, where he was promoted to the rank of major. He was with Gen. Johnston at the evacuation of Nashville, where he was placed in charge of a battery and torpedoes upon the river to protect the city. He was engaged with Gen. Johnston at Corinth, issuing Enfield rifles on the fatal day of the General's death.

After this, by direction of Gen. Braxton Bragg, he reported to Gen. Josiah Gorgas, at Columbus, Miss., who made him Superintendent of the Mining Bureau at that place. Next Gen. Buckner, commanding Selma, Ala., created it a military post, and appointed Col. Chambliss commandant, with orders to fortify the place. Very soon, with a large negro force, he surrounded the town with a cordon of fortifications worthy of Vauban.

December 16, 1863, he was given command of the arsenal at Charleston, S. C., and promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Here he remained until the close of the great war, having survived a dreadful attack of yellow fever. Gen. Gorgas said of him: "Being unmarried and the youngest commander of an arsenal, he was sent to the post of danger, and he filled it gallantly."

The foregoing facts of Col. Chambliss's service to the Southern Confederacy are taken mainly from his own record of them, which he aptly closes by saying: "After the surrender the occupation of the Southern soldier was gone, and he had to create a new capacity for something else. Luckily for me, my lines have fallen in pleasant places, but if there was ever a class of men deserving pity, it was that of the Southern graduates of West Point at the close of the war."

Col. Chambliss returned to Selma, Ala., went into the cotton business, and on April 24, 1867, was married to Miss Anna, eldest daughter of Gen. Hardee, who, with their five children, survives him. In 1870 he entered the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, as professor of mathematics, and was highly esteemed as an instructor. Resigning his professorship after some years, he returned to the cotton business in Selma, at the same time running his "White Bluff" plantation, situated between the Alabama and Cahaba Rivers.

In 1882 Col. Chambliss returned to his pleasant country home, and spent the remainder of his fruitful life enjoying his library and the companionship of loved ones, who, knowing him best, loved him most. He was ever ably sustained by the clear head and sympathetic heart of his devoted wife, as with single aim they labored for the higher education and culture of their two sons and three daughters. His intellect was acute and searching, and with his integrity unswerving and his thirst for knowledge increasing, he became one of the most scholarly men of his times. Modest and refined as a woman, firm and true, he was a representative type of a Southern Christian gentleman.

His health had been failing some time, and he had gone with his family, who so tenderly ministered to him, to Baltimore, Md., for a season of rest and recreation, where, on that lovely Sabbath morn., March 7, 1897, his noble heart suddenly ceased its pulsations, and without a pain he peacefully closed his eyes upon earth to open them in heaven — "like one who draws the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." He was, with his wife and children, a member of the Episcopal Church in Selma, Ala., from which he was buried. Col. Chambliss traced his lineage back through his grandparents, Mary Green and Nathaniel Chambliss, to the Stibbe Riveses, Randolphs, and Greens, of colonial and revolutionary fame.

W. K. COOPER.

G. T. McGehee writes from Woodville, Miss.:

By the death of Comrade W. K. Cooper you have lost one of your most zealous friends and advocates and we have lost one of our best citizens and civil officers. He was the youngest of three sons of Gen. Douglas H. Cooper, who distinguished himself in the Mexican war as captain in Jeff Davis's First Mississippi Regiment, and was, under the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, agent for the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians.

When the Confederacy was formed Gen. Cooper organized a brigade of Indians and rendered valuable service to the Confederate cause in the West, his two older sons serving with him. This youngest son, born



W. K. COOPER.

in Wilkinson County, Miss., June 11, 1844, was eager to enlist at the first call, in 1861, but his father and brothers being in the service, he was detained to care for his mother and sisters at home until 1864, when he joined us at Petersburg, Va., and enlisted promptly. He was in a few skirmishes around Petersburg, where he bore himself like a veteran. At Cedar Creek, under Early, he acquitted himself with the bravery and coolness of a true knight, until he fell with a shattered thigh, and was captured. He laid in hospital at Winchester, Va., until able to be removed, when he was taken to Baltimore, and then sent to City Point for exchange.

For two years after the war he served in the office of Latrobe, Mix & Cooper (his father), in Washington, D. C., and there acquired the habits and experience which made him so efficient in his later positions. The unanimous sentiment of his fellow-citizens is that a truer man never lived. He had been continually kept in office for fifteen years, and could have stayed there fifty more if he had been spared so long.

LIEUT.-COL. I. G. M'KISSICK.

Lieut.-Col. I. G. McKissick died at his home in Union, S. C., June 8, 1896. Col. McKissick was generous, large hearted, and full of love for his neighbor, and a helpful friend in time of need. He also loved his state and his Church. Col. McKissick espoused the cause of secession with intense fervor. He made

speeches throughout the upper section of South Carolina, and until his dying day believed in states' rights.

During his term of office as clerk of the court of his native county, he was successively elected lieutenant-colonel and afterwards brigadier-general of state militia. When the war came on he forsook his bomb-proof office, which he could have easily held during the war, and organized a company, which was named "McKissick Rangers" in his honor. They were sent to Charleston and attached to the Holcombe Legion, under the command of Col. P. F. Stevens, now Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church. At Williamsburg, September 9, 1862, the McKissick Rangers, led by their fearless commander, achieved their greatest victory of the war. After this fight the McKissick Rangers were transferred to the Seventh South Carolina Cavalry, and Capt. McKissick was made lieutenant-colonel under Col. Alexander C. Haskell, that brilliant star of Southern chivalry.

In a fight at Old Church, near Cold Harbor, many gallant officers and men of the regiment lost their lives. Col. McKissick, while in advance of his command in a charge through the "wheat field" against a Federal line of infantry, was severely wounded in the thigh. From this wound he never fully recovered, yet he was at his post of duty, on crutches, with Lee's Army at Appomattox. Returning home, stricken in fortune, he entered the profession of law, which he practiced until his death. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1878



LIEUT.-COL. I. G. M'KISSICK.

at the head of the ticket, and was successively reelected until the "new order of things" came in South Carolina.

In November, 1895, Col. McKissick was unanimously elected Commander of the Second Brigade of the

South Carolina Division of United Confederate Veterans. In announcing his death, Gen. C. I. Walker, division commander, states: "It is with the deepest regret that the death of Brig.-Gen. I. G. McKissick, Second Brigade of this division, is announced. . . . His lifelong career has been so distinguished as a soldier, a citizen, and a statesman that every comrade of his brigade and of this division knew well his worth and appreciated the nobility of his character. Genial, humorous, kind, and generous, of splendid abilities, which for many years were devoted to the service of his state, he had won his way into the hearts of the people of South Carolina and had gained their warmest appreciation, full confidence, and esteem. His comrades of the U. C. V., who were also his fellow-citizens, appreciating his great worth, were delighted to honor so noble a veteran. As they united in honoring him, they join in mourning their loss. Let his memory long live in our hearts as that of one whom we esteemed most highly and whose virtues we should strive to emulate."

The order is signed officially by James G. Holmes, Adjutant-General, Chief of Staff.

CAPT. PHILIP T. YEATMAN.

The columns of the VETERAN have never contained a tribute to any man more worthy of remembrance than Capt. Philip T. Yeatman, of Alexandria, Va. A native of the fine old Tidewater County of Gloucester, and derived from an ancestry embalmed in traditions of the best social life in the best days of Virginia, he was a true representative of a race of men whose virtues have ever been the primal source of the Old Dominion's worth and weight. As a soldier, as a citizen, as a man of genuine honor, of unselfish nature, of liberality in thought and feeling, in word and in deed, Capt. Yeatman measured up to full height. Physically, he was an observable man. Tall and straight, with the light, agile step, and a face denoting courage and kindness, firmness and gentleness, he was of striking appearance and impressive presence.

With his frame of iron and his strength of will he served through the war, from beginning to end, in the Twenty-sixth Virginia Infantry, without a single leave of absence. He was devoted to his state and proud of his name. He was a loyal friend, an idolator in his household, high-hearted and heroic in all his walk through life. When such a man dies it is like the going out from our skies to reappear in the skies beyond.

THE LATE GEN. P. M. B. YOUNG.

The handsome face of Gen. P. M. B. Young, familiar to a multitude of people in the South, and even in other lands, is known more widely than is the fact of his death, although that occurred several months ago. Gen. Young was born in Spartanburg, S. C., November 15, 1839, and died in New York City July 6, 1896. His grandfather, Capt. William Young, fought under Washington. When Pierce, as he was familiarly known by early associates, was a mere lad, his father, Dr. R. M. Young, removed to Georgia and settled in Bartow County, near the Etowah River. When but thirteen years old Pierce entered the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, and at eighteen entered the National Academy, at West Point, N. Y. Ere he had fin-

ished at West Point he returned home to enlist under the stars and bars. In November, 1861, he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and on October 10, 1863, he "won his commission as brigadier-general" in the C. S. A. Gen. Young served under "Jeb" Stuart, and was popular with his men. In 1884 Gen. Gordon made him major-general in command of the Georgia Division, United Confederate Veterans.



GEN. P. M. B. YOUNG.

After the war, in 1870, he was elected to Congress and served four terms. He was delegate, as Democrat, to the national conventions in 1872, 1876, and 1880. In 1878 he was commissioner to the Paris Exposition. His membership was with the camp at Cartersville, Ga. He was consul-general to St. Petersburg, and afterwards minister to Guatemala and Honduras.

O. B. Laxson, of Athens, Ala., reports the death of William T. Brumley on the 17th of March, at his home, near Cluttsville, Ala., of pneumonia and heart failure, after a week's illness. Comrade Brumley was born in Virginia, July 24, 1839. He was indeed a true veteran, having served four years in the great civil war, a member of the Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiment. Just before he passed the picket lines and entered the last great encampment he called out clearly and distinctly, "William T. Brumley!" and then answered quickly and cheerfully, as he always did during the war, "Here! all right!" and the great Captain took him away from earth and mustered him into that service yonder where there is no defeat and where the victory is already won. Comrade Brumley was ever zealous for the principles as set forth in the VETERAN.

Camp Joe Johnston, at Childress, Tex., has lost since its last reunion four of its members: J. D. Custer, R. M. Howell, W. A. Anderson, and T. M. Egerton. A lengthy general tribute to their memory has been published. Special tribute is also paid to Comrade J. D. Custer by a committee composed of F. P. Collier, R. D. Bailey, and George R. Allen.

J. H. Bunnell writes from Jeff, Ala.: "J. O. Kelly passed from this life at his home in Jeff, Ala., March 8 1897, in his seventy-first year. Comrade Kelly was an old soldier, a true Confederate veteran. He enlisted under Gen. Forrest March 10, 1862, in Company K, Fourth Alabama, and remained to the end. He was a member of Egbert J. Jones Camp No. 357, U. C. V., Hoy, Ala. He attended all the reunions, going out to Houston, Tex., Richmond, Va., and expected to be at Nashville in June. He did all that he could to promote its extension, not only answering for himself, but for many others. Noble in war and pure in all the paths of life, he has 'fought the good fight,' and is now enjoying the Christian's rest. 'There is no death; what seems so is transition.'"

M. M. Davis, W. A. Feemster, and T. Clarke, Committee of the John M. Simonton Camp No. 602, U. C. V., Nettleton, Miss., present worthy resolutions of respect to the memory of Dr. A. O. Low, Assistant Surgeon of the camp. Comrade Low was an efficient, earnest, and respected member of the community and an humble Christian.

The death of Col. Peyton Wise, who was eloquent in matters Confederate, and a resident of Richmond, Va., is of the recent deaths. He was of a distinguished family, son of John Wise and nephew of Gov. Henry A. Wise, who was prominent in the conviction of John Brown, and was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army.

The survivors of McClung's and Rutledge's Batteries will hold their reunion on the 24th of June, and the place will be announced in the Nashville papers of that date. Signatures to the above are: W. H. McLemore, Adam Gross, W. H. Sloan, Committee.

The family of Samuel W. Kenney are anxious to learn who were the members of the court-martial which executed him at Tullahoma, Tenn., on February 13, 1863. Any information on the subject may be addressed to John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.

R. D. Ridgeley, captain of the "Bowie Pelhams," at Bowie, Tex., has printed a list of its members, giving the post office address of each and the state company and regiment in which they served. The list is alphabetical as to states. There are from Alabama 13; Arkansas, 12; Florida, 3; Georgia, 10; Louisiana, 2; Mississippi, 10; Missouri, 8; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 2; Tennessee, 11; Texas, 32; Virginia, 4; and then there is given a list of the "mixed" or simply Confederate commands.

This is an important record. The cost is but a trifle, and it will ever be a matter of interest to the succeeding generations.

THOSE WHO CANNOT RALLY.

Dr. J. E. Stinson, of Montague, Tex., sends this poem in answer to lines from that by Mrs. Timberlake in the VETERAN for March:

"Bugler, bugler, sound the rally,
Call our boys home to the valley."

I have sounded "boots and saddles," I have blown the "re-
veille,"
But they come not from the valleys nor the mountains nor the
sea.

How we loved them in young manhood, when in pride they
went away!
How we wept, yet how we gloried in the boys who wore the
gray!

I have sounded "boots and saddles," yet how hollow, ghostly,
dear,
Went the sound adown the sad winds! few there are now who
can hear:
For the years on years have faded, orphan children gray have
grown,
Since the father spilled his lifeblood on the battlefield alone.

I have sounded "boots and saddles" both on morn and eve,
and then
Many proudly round me rallied in their strength to strike like
men.

Straight they rode toward their foemen, rode like men to bat-
tle clash,
And above them in the sunlight might be seen the saber's flash.

Brave they were; and O how glorious was the cause they died
to save!

Shall the bugler try to call them from a doubly-honored
grave?

Shall we try to move the blood spots? Never! never! let them
stay!

For they prove how true the men were who once wore the
hallowed gray.

Let them rest—they did their duty; did their duty like men
true;

For they freely shed their lifeblood—that was all that they
could do;

And they left for us their glory, which they earned on many a
day

When the red blood flowed so freely from the men who wore
the gray.

I will sound now "boots and saddles," for there's still a rem-
nant here;

Doubly loved and doubly honored, they, too, fought for this
cause dear.

Old they are, but still the hot blood flows as wild as on the day
They with saber and with rifle made the world all love the
gray.

RESCUING GRAVES IN MARYLAND.

Abner Lunsford, Frostburg, Md.:

At Clarysville, Alleghany County, Md., are buried six Confederate soldiers whose graves are in a deplorable state of neglect. Clarysville is on the old National turnpike, built in the days of Henry Clay, and over which, before the introduction of railroads, all transportation between the East and West passed. It is three miles east of Frostburg and seven west of Cumberland, and was known during the great war as the "Hospital," the old tavern or road-house, together with many wards that were erected at the time, being filled with wounded and afflicted Federal soldiers. To this place were brought six wounded Confederates, all of whom died, and were buried in the soldiers' cemetery on the hillside near by. A short time after the war the Federal dead were removed to the National Cemetery at Sharpsburg,

Md. Ere long the pine plank marking the graves of the Confederates tumbled down, leaving nothing to designate where they were buried on a barren hillside, far from home and friends. For a long time their names were not known, but by diligent search and through the kindness of Mr. David Armstrong we have at last secured their names and the names of the companies to which they belonged: Joel R. Stowe, Company A, Eighth Tennessee Cavalry, died April 8, 1865; John A. Smith, Company E, Fifty-second Virginia, died August 11, 1864; Lieut. H. W. Feldenweider, Company E, Twenty-third North Carolina, died July 29, 1864; Allen Brown, Company C, Thirty-seventh North Carolina, died October 11, 1864; Serg. Nichola A. Gilbert, Company F, Thirty-eighth or Fifty-eighth Virginia, died August 9, 1864; Watson M. Ramsey, Company F, Twenty-third Virginia, died August 7, 1864.

A movement has been started by William B. Coynier, Company F, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, and Abner Lunsford, son of a veteran, by which they hope to raise a fund sufficient to erect a suitable inclosure and make such other improvements as may be deemed necessary. There are not many of us residing in this section, and still fewer who are men of means, but we have started this movement, and by Decoration Day we hope to have their graves looking at least as if the hand of civilization had touched them. Any subscription, however small, will be gratefully received, and further information concerning the dead or their place of burial will be cheerfully given.

HOME FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

Such a Movement Is Started in Richmond—the George E. Pickett Auxiliary Makes a Start.

Miss Alice V. Lochr, Secretary, sends a circular from the Ladies' Auxiliary to George E. Pickett Camp at Richmond, Va. It is addressed to Virginians:

If there is anything in which the Southern people have shown high character since the war, it is in their loyal response to every appeal and every obligation growing out of that immortal struggle.

You have provided generously for the disabled survivors of our heroic Confederate soldiery in their declining years; you have built proud monuments to the deathless dead who died for us, and have decked their graves with flowers; yet to-day, in sight of the beautiful "Home" you have thrown open to the living, and under the shadows of the lofty pillars and pyramids you have erected to the dead, those dearer to the living and the dead than life itself are shivering in cold and almost nakedness, starving for lack of proper food, dying for lack of proper care.

Here in Richmond, and, as we are informed and believe, throughout the commonwealth, widows, sisters, and daughters of dead and disabled Confederate soldiers are in dire distress, through age, sickness, and poverty, lacking adequate and suitable shelter, food, fuel, clothing, medicines.

Our relief work as members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Pickett Camp has wrought vivid realization of the humiliating story: the garret, the hovel, the potter's field. As our funds are expended the utter inadequacy of our means is more and more painfully apparent. We must do something, and at once.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

There seems to be a real and urgent need for a home for aged, feeble, dependent women—the widows, sisters, and daughters of Confederate soldiers of Virginia.

We appeal to you, the people of the commonwealth, especially to members and officers of the Confederate camps, as to what extent in your respective communities and neighborhoods such need does exist.

We shall test the heart and practical interest of Richmond in this matter by holding in our regimental armory, May 19-29, a Confederate festival, with evening entertainments of varied and interesting character in Sanger Hall, adjoining.

The work is yours. We earnestly bespeak your careful and patient reading of this circular and your candid response to it, and your hearty coöperation with us in this holy undertaking.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of George E. Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans: Mrs. R. N. Northern, President of the Auxiliary. The Committee on Confederate Festival are: Mrs. M. A. Burgess, Chairman; Mrs. E. F. Chesley, Mrs. C. J. Johnson, Mrs. Charles Fellows, Mrs. George Schleiser, Mrs. L. L. Lynch, Mrs. L. F. Fleming, Miss Mary V. Pitt, Miss Lora K. Burgess, and Miss F. L. Dalton.

The movement is indorsed by the Pickett and R. E. Lee Camps, by the Sons, by Gov. Charles T. O'Ferrall, by Rev. Drs. Moses D. Hoge, J. C. Hiden, W. G. Starr, L. R. Mason, Rabbi Calish, Bishop A. Vande Vyver, by Frank W. Cunningham, Polk Miller, and many business men. The merit of Virginia in this important matter is suggestive.

T. N. Theus, Savannah, Ga.: "Memorial Day was observed here on April 26, with more than usual interest. Our two camps were escorted by the First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers. We had a most beautiful address by Walter C. Hartridge, Esq., whose father, the late Julian Hartridge, was a member of the Confederate States Congress from this district. After the address the veterans handed their laurel wreaths to the school-children, who were also in the line. The children placed the wreaths about the base of the soldiers' monument, the regiment fired the usual salute, and taps were sounded from the bugle. Thus ended another one of our sad anniversaries. In a few years all of us will be gone. Will the young men keep it up? That is a question."

Gen. C. I. Walker, Commander South Carolina Division U. C. V., writes from Charleston, S. C., April 27, 1897: "Please publish in the VETERAN—to Capt. Garrity or any survivors of Garrity's Battery, Hindman's (afterwards Johnson's) Division—that I desire to know if on July 22, 1864, in the battle of Atlanta, Manigault's Brigade captured four brass twelve-pound Napoleons. I think these guns were turned over to Garrity's Battery, and I would like to know if my recollection is correct. If they were not turned over to Garrity's Battery, what battery received them? This inquiry is to gain some historical information that I am tracing."

J. M. Osborne, of Petway, Tenn., desires the name of any Tennessean who was in prison at Point Lookout at the close of the war.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Willeox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

This is the first issue of the VETERAN in which the best articles have been held over for a subsequent number. The June issue, to be one hundred pages, and the best paper of its kind ever published, will contain some of the finest tributes to Confederate valor ever recorded. Let friends of the VETERAN do their part toward its success.

To the multitude who defer attention to subscriptions to the VETERAN the mention is made that the cost of the June issue will be about as follows:

Cost of paper.....	\$ 428
Setting and adjusting type.....	175
Engravings, about.....	200
Presswork.....	118
Binding and mailing.....	100
Postage, second-class matter.....	100
Total.....	\$1,121

These are cash figures, and do not include any office expenses, which, of course, must be \$300 more. The item of letter postage alone sometimes exceeds \$50 per month. The publication of the VETERAN is a serious responsibility, and every patriot should be diligent to do his part. It would cost \$1,000 to send notice to each subscriber concerning that which may be seen by a moment's reference to the mail list and the remittance for renewal.

How easy, when going to buy a post-office order, express order, or making a bank check, to see a friend who ought to be a subscriber and secure an additional dollar! Do let us all "work while it is day."

Sketches of two magnificent Confederate monuments recently dedicated at Sherman and at Dallas, Tex., are to appear in the June (reunion) VETERAN.

Through its commander, Col. A. G. Dickinson, the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York sends out invitations to the dedication of its monument at Mount Hope Cemetery, Saturday afternoon, May 22, 1897, and to a reception to Comrade Charles Broadway Rouss, "donor of the monument," at the Lenox Lyceum, at 8 P.M. of the same day.

"Free tickets to the reunion," as advertised on the back cover page, should attract general attention. In many localities worthy comrades want to come, and friends "chip in" to help them. Instead of making direct donations, it would seem suitable in every way to secure the subscriptions indicated. Daughters of the Confederacy could help certain worthy veterans in this

way easily and secure the gratitude of appreciative readers in asking them to take the VETERAN. Early notice is desired from all who will undertake this plan.

The *Semi-Weekly American* (see page advertisement) clubs with the VETERAN—the two for \$1.50, and with no other publication in its liberal premium offer. All persons interested in Tennessee, and especially during the Exposition, and those who desire elaborate reports of the reunion, would certainly be pleased with the *Semi-Weekly American*. Remittances may be made to the *American* or to the VETERAN. The \$1.50 will entitle the sender to all the advantages that may accrue, and renewals to either or both will be counted the same as to new subscribers.

Under the heading of "History to Order," the New York *World* criticizes Prof. McMaster for writing a history that panders to the most ultra sentiment of Grand Army partisans. It quotes from the author:

I want it understood beyond doubt that in this history the great Southern generals in the civil war are not condoned. Gen. Lee, for example, was a man of education, and came from West Point. This military school is established to make soldiers who will stand by the government. If Gen. Lee wished to destroy the government, he had no business in West Point.

The *World* replies:

The assumption that Gen. Lee contemplated the rebellion at the time of his cadetship is positively humorous; but the graver matter is that the children of the country on either side are to be deliberately schooled in this spirit—a spirit not shared by the people or by the intelligent exponents of thought on either side.

This is in good spirit by the *World*, but it is ungracious enough to quote from a "cheerful idiot" in North Carolina who put into an arithmetic—during the war, but as if recently printed—such as the following:

If 11 Confederates could whip 27 Yankees, how many Confederates were necessary to whip 187 Yankees?

Then, in pandering to the vilest sectional as well as partisan spirit, it adds:

When some rabid partisan in the mountains of North Carolina constructs a schoolbook upon such lines, we charitably forgive him, in consideration of his narrow-minded provincialism; but what are we to think when a man like Prof. McMaster, who professes to be a historian, and who lives in touch with the country's thought, lends himself for hire to a similar perversion of the historian's function?

The foregoing is not copied in vindictive spirit, but to illustrate how a metropolitan journal will pander to the "rail on top" in contrasting the Southern with the Northern section of the country. This comment must appear queer to readers who do not forget the part the South had in the administration of the government so long as their constitutional rights as citizens were respected.

CONFEDERATES IN KENTUCKY.

Order of Gen. Boyd—Active Camp in Louisville.

Gen. John Boyd, Lexington, Ky., sends a circular:

As the commander of this division, it is my duty and privilege to call your attention to the approaching meeting of the United Confederate Veterans at Nashville, and urge you and all other Confederate soldiers in the state to attend. I hope that the various camp commanders will interest themselves in bringing the meeting prominently before the Confederates of their county, so that this division will in no way suffer by comparison in numbers with any other. The railroads promise unusual liberality in rates, and Nashville will do all in her power to care for all in a way commensurate with her known hospitality. Commanders will please take the matter promptly in hand and report without delay the number who will attend. Reports can be made direct to these headquarters or to either of the department commanders, who will give prompt attention. The committee in charge at Nashville will be notified, and comfortable quarters provided at smallest possible cost.

Kentucky department commanders are: J. M. Arnold, Eastern, Newport, Ky.; J. B. Briggs, Western, Russellville, Ky.; John H. Leathers, George B. Eastin Camp No. 803, Louisville, Ky.

At the ninth annual meeting of the Confederate Association of Kentucky, now Camp George B. Eastin, No. 803, U. C. V., held April 13, at Smith and Nixon's Hall, Louisville, there was a very large attendance, many ladies being present, and John H. Leathers in the chair. "Tenting on the Old Camp-ground" was delightfully rendered by the Confederate choir.

PRESIDENT LEATHERS' ADDRESS.

The present organization of ex-Confederate soldiers was formed on the evening of April 2, 1888, under the name of the Confederate Association of Kentucky, and therefore this is its ninth annual meeting.

The purposes of the Association are set forth in the following article of our constitution: "The object of this Association shall be the cultivation of social relations among those who were honorably engaged in the service of the Confederate States of America: to preserve the fraternal ties of comradeship; to aid and assist those of its members who, from disease, misfortune, or the infirmities of age, may become incapable of supporting themselves or families; to pay a decent respect to the remains and to the memory of those who die, and to see that no worthy Confederate shall ever become an object of public charity."

The Association has been true to its mission. Its best efforts have been used to care for our sick and distressed; we have ministered to the dying and have buried our dead comrades; we have looked after their loved ones left behind, and in times of trouble have never turned a deaf ear to their cry of distress.

The present membership of our Association is two hundred and eighty-three. There have died since the organization of the present Association fifty-one of our members. Of this number, eleven have been buried in

our Confederate lot, among whom was the gifted and distinguished soldier and statesman, Gen. Alpheus Baker. Through the kindness of the Secretary of the Cave Hill Cemetery Company I am able to furnish for the benefit of the Association the following information: There are buried altogether in the Confederate lots two hundred and forty-eight—two hundred and forty-seven of them were Confederate soldiers, and one a noble Southern woman who devoted her life to hospital work, and her last words were: "When I die, bury me with the boys." The lots are beautifully kept, and every grave has a plain but substantial headstone. Year by year, on the last Saturday in May, our friends gather around these graves, and with a few simple ceremonies strew flowers over them in commemoration of their courage and their sacrifices, made in a cause which was dear to them and is dear to us. The following are the names of the eleven the present Association has buried in our lot: Gen. Alpheus Baker, Frank H. Griffin, William B. Russell, John W. Ball, William H. Ross, Albert S. Smith, Alex. H. Lloyd, Dr. William L. Clay, Mathew Lewis, Philip Uhrig, and John D. McQuown. We are indebted also to the Secretary of the Cemetery Company for a diagram showing the location of our lots. We have space remaining in our present grounds to lay to rest thirty-three additional members of our Association. As we all grow older our death rate increases rapidly, and in but a few years at best the last one will have passed away and their deeds pass into history. Through the kindness of Mr. Boyd, Secretary of the Cave Hill Cemetery Company, we will have on file in the Secretary's office of our Association a complete list of the names, and the command to which they belonged, of the two hundred and forty-seven Confederate soldiers who lie buried in our Confederate lot.

The net receipts from all sources since the organization of our Association up to our last quarterly meeting, January, 1897, amounted to \$7,416.14. This money has been expended as follows:

Cost of badges for members, books, postage, printing, approximately.....	\$1,000
Work on lot in Cave Hill, cost of headstones to graves, decorations, etc., approximately.....	400
General expenses.....	425
Relief of members.....	4,250
Funeral expenses of members.....	1,275
Total	\$7,350

This leaves but little in the treasury. The report of the Treasurer at this meeting will give the condition of our treasury. I call attention to the remarkable fact that during the nine years of our existence the expenses of our Association have been less than five hundred dollars for the whole term and that nearly the entire amount of our receipts have been expended for the relief of our members, for burying our dead, and for caring for their graves in Cave Hill. Probably no other association in the South can show an equal record in the small amount of expense it has required to carry on such work.

Since the last meeting the Executive Committee, acting under the authority of this Association, has completed its admission into the United Confederate Veterans. We have reported to that association two hundred and fifty-one members, which will make us one of the largest camps in the U. C. V.

We adopted the name of George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., in honor of our late beloved comrade, and I felt greatly honored by being reelected President of this Association to succeed our former well-beloved President, Maj. George B. Eastin, who had served for eight years. A few months after my election that noble and well-beloved comrade died in a foreign land, and was brought to his home and laid to rest in our beautiful cemetery, followed by a large concourse of his sorrowing comrades.

The officers of Camp George B. Eastin are: John H. Leathers (President), as Commander; Samuel Murrell (Treasurer), as Quartermaster; and Thomas D. Osborne (Secretary), as Adjutant. An Executive Committee was appointed as follows: Maj. J. B. Pirtle, Gen. B. W. Duke, Maj. W. J. Davis, Hon. R. H. Thompson, and Capt. S. H. Buchanan. Chairman John H. Weller, of the General Reunion Committee, has arranged other committees as follows: Gen. Basil W. Duke, on transportation; C. C. Cantrell, on quarters; N. G. Gray, on finance; Capt. W. M. Marriner, on membership roster; Tom Hall, on press; Alex Smythe, on music. These will report to a called meeting to be held in June.

Responding to the request made at the January meeting, the following comrades related "the most heroic acts of any individual" witnessed by each: John C. Lewis, Col. James Bowles ("Fighting Jim"), Tom Hall, Charles Wilson, Maj. W. J. Davis, Col. Bennett H. Young, and Capt. John H. Weller. This proved a sure enough feature, and each narrator was roundly applauded. Several new names were added to the roll.

HEROISM OF WILLIAM GILMORE.

Manuscript of Comrade Tom Hall's tribute to the gallantry of William Gilmore has been furnished the VETERAN. He said:

The bravest act I can recall was performed by a



WILLIAM GILMORE.

Louisville man while on detached duty in the Confederate navy. William Gilmore was a pilot of the famous ram "Arkansas" when she ran the gantlet of the Yan-

kee fleet en route from Yazoo River to Vicksburg, on the 22d of June, 1862. When just above the city Gilmore lost his bearings in the blinding smoke from the big guns, which were in full play on the enemy. The smoke stayed down on the water's surface, and he could see nothing from the little steel crib called "pilot house." He held the wheel as long as possible, but fearing he might take her to the bank, rang the stop bells, and instantly the vessel was almost at a standstill. He then went into the gun room, and while the forward gun at the starboard side was withdrawn to be recharged, he asked the chief gunner to wait a moment so that he could recover his bearings. Then the brave pilot leaped into the port hole to see the situation. Poor fellow! Just as he started to return to his wheel a shell from the enemy struck him in the middle of the head, completely carrying away the upper part of his body, and the lower limbs dropped back into the gun room limp. The shell crossed inside the vessel, striking point foremost on the breech of the forward gun on the larboard side, and, exploding, killed and maimed twenty-one other brave and true men. I was on the detail that buried the dead, and saw the "Arkansas" from the time she turned the point above. It was afterwards said that over one hundred thousand rounds were fired by the Yankees at the "Arkansas" and city of Vicksburg, and thirty-two thousand of them were sent inside of two hours. Old "Whistling Dick" got in some of his finest work that day, and the long line of water batteries we had above town never did better service.

THE BATTLE AT COLUMBUS, KY. — A telegram by Gen. Gideon J. Pillow to his wife, from Columbus, Ky., dated November 8, 1861 (from the original of which this is copied), states: "Our struggle yesterday was a terrible one, but glorious in the result. Two thousand men fought seven thousand infantry and four hundred and fifty cavalry, with ten pieces of artillery, four hours, charging and driving the enemy back three times, and at last, when reenforced, triumphing. . . . Two officers of my staff, I fear, mortally wounded, and every one, including my orderly — seven in all — had his horse killed. My gallant friend, Capt. Jackson, shot through the body, but I hope will live. He was on my staff." The message is on white paper, printed heading, "Southwestern Telegraph Company," with "N. Green, President, Louisville, Ky."

PRIMITIVE METHODS IN 1861. — Headquarters Huger's Division, May 31, 1862 — Order for the battle: Our men will be recognized by a white card on the hat. When within hailing distance, watchword, "Our Homes;" answer, "Our Firesides." Gen. Hill's Division is in advance on Williamsburg road, Gen. Longstreet (commanding the whole) in reserve on Williamsburg road. Gen. Huger is on Charles City road.

For Brig.-Gen. Blanchard, commanding brigade.

BENJ. HUGER, Major-General.

Will F. Nail, of Pratt City, Ala., writes that he has in his possession a half-dollar from the San Francisco mint, coined in 1861, and inscribed "A. A. to W. H. W., 1863." It bears but little trace of circulation, and he thinks that it may have belonged to some one who prized it as a war relic.

WHERE OUR DEAD LIE BURIED.

The following is a list of Confederate soldiers buried at Mount Jackson, Shenandoah County, Va.:

VIRGINIANS.

J. D. Brooks, Co. E, 9th Regiment; A. D. Pasley, Co. D, 30th; J. H. White, Co. F, 24th; J. A. Woods, Co. A, 8th; A. J. Calven, Co. E, 24th; Robert McFarland, Co. K, 53d; E. M. Evans, Co. C, 34th Bal.; Wesley Fletcher, Co. B, 8th; Isaac Mills, Jr., Co. K, 13th; T. B. Hall, Co. B, 14th; J. W. Dalton, Co. F, 51st; Charles Spencer, Co. E, 15th; J. Baldwin, Co. D, 36th; Charles Thompson, Co. I, 19th; H. Divers, Co. D, 60th; S. C. Utterbach, Co. G, 13th; B. T. Heatwold, Co. F, 13th; Thomas F. Scott, Co. G, 52d; John Vaughn, Co. D, 14th; J. C. Perry, Co. G, 11th; Joseph B. Gaines, Co. L, 53d; R. Steele, Co. G, 60th; W. H. Home, Co. C, 14th; J. H. Austin, Co. D, 5th; H. H. Propst, Co. F, 62d; John Rolison, Co. K, 22d; J. W. Kessucker, Co. E, 2d; Jesse Moss, Co. G, 51st; G. Richardson, Co. E, 4th; G. W. Massie, Co. D, 45th; W. D. Battle, Co. I, 6th Cavalry; R. Lawson, 14th; C. C. Brown, 16th; Addison Whitesel, Co. H, 7th; J. W. Woods, Co. E, 37th Battalion; Charles B. Glascock, Co. B, 20th; Lieut. R. P. Heffner, Co. G, 26th; F. Belton, Co. F, 23d; Lewis Hammock, Jackson's Horse Artillery; William Barton, Braxton's Artillery; Capt. W. L. Hardee, C. J. Vacas, J. W. Walton, Fry's Battery.

NORTH CAROLINIANS.

R. T. Cruise, Co. E, 26th Regiment; N. C. Havis, Co. C, 23d; Harry Amas, Co. L, 21st; Alfred Brown, Co. G, 30th; Wesley Brown, Co. G, 30th; John Bowers, Co. F, 5th; J. L. Hardister, Co. I, 5th; J. F. Page, Co. E, 37th; Moses Ellen, Co. D, 23d; J. A. Hollen, Co. E, 2d; Lieut. D—C—, Co. D, 16th; F. O. White, Co. A, 20th; George Maston, 27th; W. H. Midgett, Co. F, 33d; W. H. Hollifield, Co. F, 18th; J. O. J. Douglas, Co. K, 37th; W. G. Oliver, Co. E, 23d; F. Hensley, Co. K, 5th; J. Costner, Co. H, 37th; A. J. Brant, Co. D, 13th; John Raper, Co. I, 2d; A. G. Snipes, Co. E, 5th; Preston Floyd, Co. E, 4th; Edward Hewitt, Co. G, 20th; J. D. Smith, Co. I, 35th; James Johnson, Co. E, 4th; Eli W. Moore, Co. K, 6th; Daniel Masais, Co. E, 7th; Samuel Jackson, Co. D, 40th; Thomas Marron, Co. K, 16th; J. W. Eidson, Co. C, 48th; G. W. Scarlett, Co. G, 14th; E. Girdman, Co. C, 2d; E. E. Harris, Co. E, 4th; W. G. Moire, Co. B, 5th; W. H. Holder, Co. C, 4th; J. D. Stevenson, Co. G, 1st; W. C. Proffit, Co. G, 18th; David Serge, Co. C, 5th; E. W. Burrough, Co. A, 5th; G. W. M., Co. H, 37th; L. D. Matheson, Co. D, 25th; Hese-kiah Credle, Co. F, 23d; John Dun, Co. D, 5th; B. Brown, Co. E, 28th; D. Pendergrass, Co. E, 7th; David Copeland, 6th; T. Cresau, Co. C, 21st; T. J. Albert, Co. D, 45th; Joseph Farmer, Co. K, 2d; W. I. Jones, Co. A, 35th; T. U. Clarkson, Co. A, 30th; H. D. Miller, Co. I, 5th; J. F. Cox, Co. H, 14th; Wiley Suggs, Co. F, 14th; James Snow, Co. I, 18th; James Gough, Co. C, 2d; R. Doughtry, Co. F, 2d; J. C. Rogers, Co. D, 7th; William Dunlap, Co. A, 41st; Enos Britt, Co. I, 23d; H. F. Roberts, Co. H, 5th; B. F. Joiner, Co. H, 12th; V. Carlk, Co. F, 57th; William G—B—, Co. A, 3d; I. I. Bryant, Co. G, 5th; R. Venerable, Co. F, 23d; L. Smith, Co. C, 2d; Daniel Pavne, Co. A, 7th; D. R. Cadgett, Co. E, 18th; J. M. Helly, 57th; H. C. Greeson, Co. A, 13th; J.

R. Jones, Co. G, 14th; G. B. Little, Co. H, 1st; J. Sheffner, Co. K, 57th; Solomon Hunt, Co. K, 6th; L. Lechman, Co. F, 4th; W. A. Vaughn, Co. F, 53d; I. Dunn, Co. D, 1st; G. Ramsey, 54th; V. Carle, 57th; B. G. Hatcher, Lathen's Artillery.

ALABAMIANS.

H. H. Saxin, Co. E, 10th Regiment; W. M. Hall, Co. B, 15th; Benjamin Rice, Co. I, 40th; B. Bush, Co. E, 3d; P. M. Robertson, Co. K, 48th; I. S. Howard, Co. H, 48th; Jackson Hix, Co. A, 15th; Thadeus Harper, Co. B, 15th; W. T. Crow, Co. I, 9th; W. H. Weaver, Co. F, 15th; C. C. Johnston, Co. L, 15th; Nathan T. Duke, Co. I, 15th; W. H. Perryman, Co. G, 47th; A. B. Blindly, Co. E, 12th; J. R. Harden, Co. F, 15th; T. H. Walden, Co. H, 15th; T. F. Luther, Co. C, 9th; S. M. Wiggins, Co. H, 15th; John Radgers, Co. B, 61st; I. M. Porter, Co. K, 61st; Robert McIntosh, Co. K, 12th; J. B. Vial, Co. E, 5th; James Spencer, Co. A, Fifth; A. J. Kehelv, Co. C, 5th; T. G. Leslie, Co. K, 10th; B. R. Morgan, Co. A, 10th; J. J. Riley, Co. C, 5th; William Mines, Co. F, 12th; John Porter, 12th; William Carraker, 15th; J. W. Bridges, 13th; T. S. Bryan, 13th; A. J. Gibson, 6th.

GEORGIANS.

John Hackett, Co. E, 60th Regiment; T. J. Wroten, Co. K, 21st; Martin McNain, Co. I, 12th; H. M. Thompson, Co. F, 53d; J. M. Figgins, Co. G, 23d; H. H. Reeves, Co. G, 31st; A. Gramble, Co. K, 60th; J. B. W. Aligood, Co. C, 26th; G. W. Crawford, Co. H, 17th; H. E. Hunter, Co. E, 42d; J. J. Ryals, Co. D, 61st; Jesse Vaughn, Co. H, 20th; R. P. Prichett, Co. K, 53d; Benjamin Pendley, Co. E, 27th; J. M. Carper, Co. C, 7th; J. C. Moore, Co. H, 17th; Jasper TAYON, 48th; M. T. Cason, Co. B, 50th; William Terry, Co. B, 15th; William Scarbor, Co. K, 28th; Green Brantly, Co. A, 28th; E. M. Smith, Co. I, 4th; W. T. Parker, Co. B, 18th; W. B. Oglesby, Co. D, 60th; G. R. Clayton, Co. K, 4th; W. D. T. Dennis, Co. A, 12th; J. M. Burkett, Co. E, 60th; James Gordon, Co. D, 51st; J. J. Castly, Co. F, 48th; Lieut. J. M. Robertson, Co. C, 27th; J. A. Smith, Co. H, 30th; M. Churl, Co. C, 38th; T. J. Stewart, Co. G, 38th; E. E. Godard, Co. E, 44th; J. D. Caldwell, Co. G, 40th; E. Lenard, Co. B, 40th; John Ridley, Co. G, 14th; R. D. Tompkin, Co. E, 9th; J. Whaley, Co. F, 13th; T. D. Camerson, Co. G, 6th; Francis Mobley, Co. H, 13th; A. B. Scotts, Co. B, 13th; W. R. Patterson, Co. K, 60th; S. J. Strickland, Co. E, 61st; F. Balls, Co. K, 10th; Sergt. J. R. Johns, Co. D, 21st; G. R. Clayton, Co. K, 4th; W. D. Watley, 21st.

SOUTH CAROLINIANS.

J. A. Burnett, Co. A, 22d Regiment; Jackson Robin, Co. E, 13th; A. Randolph, Co. A, 14th; James Dunbar, Co. E, 6th; G. C. Stillard, Co. G, 3d; Daniel Burnett, Co. E, 27th; J. W. Adams, 2d; Charles Bramlett, Co. G, 3d; George Ford, Co. F, 23d; Benjamin Freeman, 13th; H. D. Hodell, Co. C, —; G. W. Ford, Co. F, 23d; F. J. Hancock, Co. A, 20th; A. B. Bigger, Co. H, 1st; J. T. Crout, Co. K, 20th; Mathew Jones, Co. D, 2d; J. W. Frank, Co. E, 3d; Samuel Grodneuy, Co. E, 15th; J. G. Haltewanger, Co. C, 20th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. W. Snider, Texas; J. N. Martain, Louisiana; William Vicker, Maryland; J. Smith, Maryland; P. M.

Koonce, Tennessee; T. P. Grey, Rockbridge Artillery; Moses Jenkins, Co. B, 8th; Godfrey Estlow, Co. K, 6th; D. O. Rawlin, 8th Louisiana; J. L. Moise, Co. H, 17th; L. M. Atkins, Co. H, 5th; W. C. Braddock, Co. I, 8th; C. Boatner, Phillips' Legion.

There are 112 graves unknown.

In connection with the list of names, Comrade P. D. Stephenson, ex-Commander of U. C. V. Camp No. 80, writes from Woodstock, Va.:

"Soldiers' Cemetery" is about one-quarter of a mile north of Mount Jackson, which is in the Shenandoah Valley, made famous by the campaigns of Stonewall Jackson and Early ("Old Jube"). The valley was a scene of conflict, of advances, retreats, battles, and skirmishes throughout the entire war. The people here suffered, therefore, as few in the South did, and at the close were left stripped of almost everything. When peace came the people had more than they could fully bear in the proper and permanent care of their own heroic dead. The Federal authorities soon gathered their dead in a beautiful cemetery in Winchester, where every year suitable honors are paid them. Our valley people have done what they could in gathering our boys from where they fell and bringing them together in inclosures, re-burying them, placing head and footboards to their graves, and preserving their names in a list which serves as a guide to identify them. But there are too many of them to be taken care of permanently and properly by us alone. The Mount Jackson Cemetery is only one of many.

I write this letter and send this list in the hope that you can publish it, and that friends of these long-buried "boys" may find out where their loved ones rest, and that those who are able to do so may help us in putting the graves and graveyard in a more permanent state of preservation. Each valley town has a soldiers' cemetery to take care of, and each is striving to erect a monument; but Mount Jackson, one of the smallest of the towns, has more than its share of labor and expense.

FORREST'S RAID ON PADUCAH.

BY J. V. GREIF.

It had long been the desire of the Third, Seventh, and Eighth Kentucky Regiments of Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division, to be horse soldiers, and various attempts had been made for a transfer, but not until March, 1864, did success crown our efforts. After retreating across the State of Mississippi to Demopolis, Ala., orders were received for those three regiments to report to Gen. N. B. Forrest.

We left Demopolis and marched to Gainesville, where orders were received from Gen. Forrest to halt and wait for horses. As soon as horses were provided we moved to Tibbe Station and joined the command. W. W. Faulkner's Regiment and Jesse Forrest's Battalion were brigaded with us, under command of Col. A. P. Thompson. We were here joined by Gen. Abe Buford, who was unwilling to separate from the Kentucky regiments, and had, at his request, been transferred to Forrest, and was given a division composed of the brigades of Thompson and Tyree Bell.

The march to Kentucky was begun as soon as the division was organized. Our horses were all old hacks, and so weak that for many days we walked fifteen min-

utes of every hour to give them a rest. When we reached Tennessee, where we could get rough forage, our horses improved so rapidly that we were enabled to make longer marches and ride all of the time. On the night of March 24 we camped eight miles from Mayfield, Ky., and on the morning of the 25th, after inspection, we moved on to Mayfield.

At Mayfield ten men of Company D, Third Kentucky, were detailed, under command of Lieut. Jarrett, to go in advance with Col. A. P. Thompson. Nothing of importance occurred until within three miles of Paducah, when Sergt. Rosencranz, who was two hundred yards in advance, beckoned us from the top of a hill to come on, firing his pistol at the same time at a squad of Federal cavalry coming up the other side of the hill. When we reached the top of the hill the Federals were out of sight. We followed on to the fair grounds, where we halted and waited for the command. Gen. Buford coming up with the division, we moved into the town, capturing pickets as we advanced. A considerable squad was taken where we crossed Broadway. Thompson's Brigade was found between Broadway and Trimble Street, about one-half mile from the fort, where we sat on our horses and waited for the enemy, who we could see marching on the streets to get into the fort. The men clamored to be led against them while outside, but as the object of the raid was for medical supplies, and not for fight or prisoners, no movement was permitted until they were safely housed, when the Kentucky Brigade dismounted and moved on the fort, driving in and killing skirmishers as we advanced. While we moved on the fort and kept the enemy employed, Gen. Buell was ransacking the town for medical supplies and surgical instruments.

We moved in line of battle across the commons until the houses were reached, when the different regiments moved in column down the streets—the Third Kentucky on the south side of Trimble Street to the west side of the fort, the Seventh and Eighth Kentucky on our left to the north side, and Faulkner's Regiment and Forrest's Battalion on our right to the south side of the fort. Col. Thompson remained with the Third Kentucky, and when in about three hundred feet of the fort the head of the column was turned into an alley between Fifth and Sixth Streets, in the rear of Robert Crow's house. Col. Thompson had halted, and his horse stood across the street, his head to the south and his front feet in the street gutter. The Colonel held his cap in his right hand above his head when he was struck by a shell, which exploded as it struck him, literally tearing him to pieces and the saddle off his horse. Col. Thompson's flesh and blood fell on the men near him. I was within ten feet of him when he was struck, and my old gray Confederate hat was covered with his blood; a large piece of flesh fell on the shoulder of my file leader, John Stockdale. Although Col. Thompson was surrounded by his staff and couriers, only he was hit.

As soon as we got in position in the alley we opened with a volley. The top of the works was black with heads; our first volley cleared them. At the crack of our guns a cloud of dust arose from the top of the works. After the first volley we fired at will.

Col. Ed Crossland, of the Seventh Kentucky, upon whom the command of the brigade devolved after the death of Col. Thompson, came into the alley on foot,

and had just ordered us to fall back behind Long's tobacco factory, one hundred and fifty yards distant, when he was struck in the right thigh by a rifle-ball. After we had fallen back Gen. Forrest sent in a demand for the surrender of the fort. On the enemy declining to surrender, we were ordered to advance in squads as sharpshooters and silence the guns. Lieut. Jarrett, with nine men, took a position protected by a frame cottage, and we held our corner down. Our gun was never loaded after we got in position until the enemy succeeded in bringing to bear on us a gun from some other part of the fort. The ball came through the house and I was knocked down. As I fell I heard Lieut. Jarrett order the squad to get out. I don't know how long I was down, but when I got up all were gone. I followed, and, finding a good position behind a coal pile, I lay down beside Capt. Crit Edwards, telling him that I was hurt. He examined me, and said: "You are not shot." It was a great relief to me to have the assurance that I was not hurt, for I was struck on the left jaw, and thought my jaw all gone. We did not again advance on the fort, but lay where we were until ordered to our horses.

Some of the men who were not satisfied took such positions as were most favorable for sharpshooting, to pick off the men in the fort. A number were in the second story of Long's brick stemmery. This building was being used by the Federals as a hospital, and many sick were in the main part of the building. Our men were all in the L. The Federals shelled the building, killing some of their own men. One of our men, Ed Moss, Company D, Third Kentucky, was killed, and his remains were burned in the building on the morning of the 26th, when the Federals burned that end of the town. About sundown we fell back to our horses, and remained there in line until after nightfall. Company D, Third Kentucky, was from Paducah, and after the fighting was over we visited our homes. I found my father, mother, and children, with a number of the neighbors, in the cellar at home, where they were amply protected from shot and shell.

We bivouacked on the night of the 25th six miles from Paducah on the Mayfield road, and on the morning of the 26th the Kentucky Brigade was disbanded, to enable them to visit their homes, with orders to assemble at Mayfield April 1.

In accounts published in Northern papers it was said: "The Confederates charged the fort, and were repulsed with heavy loss." The facts are that we did not approach nearer than one square (about one hundred yards), and there never was an order or an intimation of an intention to charge the fort. The official report of Thompson's Brigade showed our loss to be thirteen killed and wounded, four of them from Company D, Third Kentucky. We had a battery of four mountain Howitzers, which was placed on the river bank and popped away at the gun-boats. It is doubtful if the balls reached halfway; but they made a noise, and it looked like fighting. One artilleryman was killed on Broadway while cutting down a telegraph pole. It was never our intention to attempt the capture of the fort; we accomplished all we aimed. We had entire possession of the town, and held it as long as suited us.

I have just learned of the death of one of our squad: T. T. Ewell, at Granbury, Tex.

THEY SMOKED WITH EACH OTHER.

Judge D. C. Thomas, Lampasas, Tex.:

In the March number of the *VETERAN* I see the name of C. J. Jackson, of Salado, Tex., which reminds me of prison life in Fort Delaware. During the winter of 1863-64, in company with many others, I was transferred from the old penitentiary at Alton, Ill., to Fort Delaware. This change caused my Southern friends to lose my address, and I was soon without money. I suffered for want of something to eat and also from want of tobacco. Then it was almost a penal offense to ask for a chew or for a pipeful of the filthy weed, and for several days I suffered, but in silence. I had observed a little, dried-up, frisky old fellow walking about the prison, almost incessantly smoking a huge pipe. He seemed friendly with everyone, so at length I determined to ask him for the loan of a pipe of tobacco. I made my wants known, when, in broad Virginia dialect, he said: "Of coas you can git a pipe of my 'bacca; go to my bunk yonder and tell my podner to let you have some, and help yourself." I climbed upon the bunk and found a youth with blue eyes and light hair, sitting there all alone and gazing into vacancy. When I delivered the old gentleman's message he drew out from under a blanket a good-sized sack of tobacco, and told me to help myself.

I filled and lit my pipe, and soon felt as if I loved everybody on Delaware Island, *except the Yankees*. I asked the young man where he was from, and he replied: "Bell County, Tex." When I informed him that I was from Burleson County, he remarked that he too once lived in Burleson, and gave his name as C. J. Jackson, commonly called "Lum" Jackson, a son of Peter Jackson and a nephew of R. Y. King. I said: "Why, you little scamp, I knew you when you were only four years old. How came you here?" He informed me that he came to Virginia with the boys and that the Yankees brought him there to spend the winter.

Several weeks afterwards I received twenty dollars, sent to me by a Tennessee friend. Soon after this old man Hare's tobacco was exhausted, and I had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the blue smoke of my tobacco curl from his huge pipe. Of course we were ever after true friends.

McLAW'S OLD SQUADRON TO MEET.

John Shields, Samuel B. Kirkpatrick, H. B. Mitchell, and Berry H. Leake write at Nashville, Tenn., April 16:

We would like for all the surviving members of McCann's old Squadron, Col. Ward's Regiment, and the Kirkpatrick Battalion to register their names with us during the three days of the meeting of United Confederate Veterans. Our object is to reorganize the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, the only Tennessee regiment that invaded Indiana and Ohio, under their daring leader, John H. Morgan, who, with a few Kentucky regiments, crossed the Ohio River in the spring of 1863. All the surviving members will please report their names with the comrades, and give all the aid they can in reorganizing the regiment.

At the meeting on March 9, Camp No. 20, Natchez, Miss., elected F. J. V. LeCand as Commander and J. B. O'Brien Adjutant.

MORE ABOUT THE CAPTURE OF FLORENCE, ALA.

Lieut. John A. Dicks, of Company E, Fourth Louisiana Infantry:

I dare say that but few readers from the ranks of the old Confederate veterans realize the many advantages of the VETERAN. I refer to the channel it affords us to find out the existence and whereabouts of the brave comrades who went shoulder to shoulder with us into the great war. How many of them have we lost sight of since that eventful day when we laid down our arms! Some were then in Northern prisons, others in hospitals, and all trace of them was gone. Through the VETERAN many of the long lost are being found. This fact was impressed upon my mind by the December VETERAN, upon seeing an article from the gallant Col. R. H. Lindsay, of the Sixteenth Louisiana Infantry. I had lost all trace of that brave officer, and am rejoiced to know that he still lives.

Col. Lindsay will pardon me for correcting his failing memory, in justice to the many other veterans who took an active part in the capture of Florence, other than the Sixteenth Louisiana. I was at the time a lieutenant in Company E, Fourth Louisiana Battalion, Col. John McEwing, under the command of our senior captain, T. A. Bisland. All our field officers were then in hospitals, from wounds received in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign.

I was in the third or fourth pontoon boat launched into the Tennessee River in that memorable affair. The attachment of troops engaged in the capture of Florence consisted of a detail from several if not all the regiments of the beloved Gen. R. L. Gibson's Louisiana Brigade. I believe that Col. Lindsay had command of the detachment, and the balance of his detailed account is vividly correct. I read it with much pleasure. Florence was garrisoned by a part of the Tenth Federal Cavalry, and they were totally ignorant of the whereabouts of Hood's Army. Our division (Clayton's) had been a day or so in the vicinity of Florence, but across the river. The crossing of our troops under the fire of our artillery was a grand sight to those looking on, as Col. Lindsay graphically describes it. We had, however, more than four pontoon boats. In each boat there were nineteen men, two being sharpshooters, and in the bow, firing as skirmishers. Our propelling power consisted of paddles made hurriedly from fence pickets and boards from houses near by. A section of Cobb's Battery and some other Napoleon guns formed our artillery, and were masked on the bluffs near the piers of the destroyed railroad bridge. The Yankee garrison occupied an old brick warehouse near the river bank. Some of our men had strolled up and engaged the enemy in conversation, and deceived them as to the whereabouts of Hood's Army; and they were well fooled, for they seemed ignorant of all danger, leisurely lolling about the old house, some in shirt sleeves, others sitting quietly on the river bank, talking with the "Johnny Rebs." At a given signal our masked battery opened fire. The pontoons were launched, and were soon in line of battle like a genuine fleet of naval vessels. Every shell fired seemed to go direct to its mark with fuse properly cut, bursting in or close about the warehouse. Like bees from a hive, the Yankees went running in all directions. They thought not of firing at us.

When we landed a line of battle was formed with skirmish line in front, and up Todd's Hill (as Col. Lindsay calls it) we went, and in less than one hour the Yankees were miles in the rear of Florence, except such as we captured; and the town, with all its pretty women, etc., was ours. I was commanding one of the picket posts, when, about dark, up came a Dutchman in blue, who had evidently been foraging, for on the pommel of his saddle were the forequarters of a fat mutton. In his broken English he inquired: "Wat droops are dem on dem picket line?" When answered, "Company E, Fourth Louisiana Battalion," he wheeled his horse to run, but was soon pierced in the back by four or five bullets and came to the ground. His horse ran a short distance and stopped to graze by the roadside. We soon had horse, mutton, etc. I ate some of "dose mutton" with keen relish. Our only casualty in the capture of Florence was in the death of one of Austin's Battalion of sharpshooters, killed by one of our own shells bursting short of the intended range. A piece struck the poor fellow in the back.

MAJ. HENRY MCGREGOR'S GALLANTRY.

James Macgill, Pulaski, Va.:

I would like to know if Maj. Henry McGregor, of Alabama, who commanded a part of Stuart's Horse Artillery, A. N. V., is still living, and where. I was with his battery on April 8, 1865, and we were ordered to Appomattox Station to hold the left of the Federal forces in check, so we could get provisions for our army, that would be sent to that point from Lynchburg. It was late in the evening, and as we left the road running from the courthouse to Lynchburg, which was about one and one-half miles from the station, we found the land on both sides of the road lined with timber and undergrowth. Not far from the Lynchburg road we came upon the Federal sharpshooters, and firing began on both sides, increasing very rapidly, and finally the fighting became very heavy. Both lines held their positions until late in the night. I suppose it was ten o'clock when Sheridan massed his men and forced through our line between the courthouse and the road that leads to Appomattox Station. This cut us off from Lee's Army, and to save being captured we fell back to Lynchburg, reaching the outer line of works early on the morning of the 9th of April. Later in the morning we heard that Gen. Lee had surrendered. Maj. McGregor then started South in the hope of being able to reach Gen. J. E. Johnston.

In the fight at Appomattox Station that night "Alex.," Maj. McGregor's black cook, asked for a musket, and I never saw any one do better fighting than he during the three or four hours we were engaged.

At the recent annual election in Camp No. 229, Arcadia, La., Capt. Will Miller was elected as Commander and John A. Oden Adjutant. Capt. Miller, J. D. Anderson, M. S. Marsh, and John W. Robertson are delegates to the U. C. V. reunion in Nashville.

W. M. Wagner, Newport, Tex.: "I was a private in Company G, First Confederate Cavalry—colonel, John T. Cox; captain, J. W. Irvin. Would like to know if Col. Cox is living, and his address."

ESCAPES FROM PRISON.

Joe D. Martin, Nashville, gives his experience:

More than thirty-three years since, I was sent to Tennessee on a furlough for clothing for my company, with very little hope of getting out with it. I persuaded a cobbler in Mississippi to half-sole my boots with a portion of my saddle skirts, borrowed some patches from my lower pants (the portion I wore in my boots) to patch the knees and other parts, and on November 28, 1863, started for Tennessee. I crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., and was feeling quite secure going down Buffalo Creek in Harris County with Capt. W. N. Montgomery, when (on Sunday evening) in a short turn of the road we unexpectedly met a company of Federal soldiers, Maj. Murphy's Command. There was no way of escape, so we surrendered. We were taken to headquarters and introduced to Maj. Murphy, and placed under guard. They had as prisoner a young man who had been home and secured three new pairs of gray jeans pants. We were put in an old storehouse for the night, and my new friend lay between Capt. Montgomery and myself. While we slept he made his escape without waking either of us, but left his sack of clothes for us. I have forgotten his name. Who was he?

November 30 we marched down Buffalo Creek to Waynesboro, and there were put in jail on a cold dirt floor. We had no dinner, but some of the good people kindly sent us a nice supper. The Federals had captured a number of soldiers and citizens during the day. Among the soldiers were James Dale and Ed Frierson, of Columbia; among the citizens, William Martin and ex-Sheriff Dick Monroe, of Maury County; Leroy Napier, of Lewis County; and others. After lying in jail ten days, we were sent in wagons to Pulaski, and Gen. Dodge allowed the citizens to take the oath and go home. In a few days Dale, Frierson, and myself were sent to Nashville and locked up in the old penitentiary. We fared very roughly here until the morning of December 24, 1863. Early in the forenoon of that Christmas eve day we were marched to the depot and placed in a box car, crowded in like hogs. We had to sit on the floor, and were without food. I was looking for a chance to escape, but no opportunity presented itself until near Salt River, about eighteen miles this side of Louisville. There the trains stopped for wood, and I could see that the high bank of the creek would be a good place to attempt escape. As soon as the train stopped I told the guard that I was very thirsty, and asked permission to fill my canteen with water from the creek. He kindly consented, and quite a number of my comrades asked me to fill theirs. Before I was half through the bell rang, and the guard called me and said: "Hurry up!" I replied, "All right! I'll be there;" but as the bank was between us, I kept myself concealed and let the train move on. When it was about one hundred and fifty yards away I came from my hiding place, took off my old hat, and made three very polite bows to the guard, and he returned my salutation. I then walked out to a large oak tree, deposited my canteens near it, and turning my face toward the west, gazed for a few minutes at the beautiful sunset. It never looked so grand and beautiful. I then turned my face toward heaven and thanked God that I was again free. I started due south and traveled by moonlight

until two o'clock, passing many Christmas parties enjoying the merry dance. I was thoroughly exhausted, it taking me an hour to travel the last mile. I stopped at a house three miles from Bardstown, and was admitted by a Mr. Walsh; but after asking me a number of questions, and my answers being rather evasive, he decided that it was not safe for him to allow me to remain over night, and told me that the times were dangerous and that I must not stay. I felt the horrors of death staring me in the face, and replied with trembling voice that I was exhausted and could go no farther, and that if he turned me from his house he would be my murderer. Just as I finished speaking a lady called Mr. Walsh to her and whispered that she believed I was a Confederate soldier, and that touched his heart. Turning to me he said that I could stay, and walked into the dining room and brought me a plate of "half-moon" pies stacked a foot high. I enjoyed those pies as all soldiers would after starving all day and walking so much. After I had rested I could hear Mr. Walsh gathering his bridles and saddle and locking them up for safe keeping; but it did not disturb me in the least.

The next morning (Christmas) Mr. Walsh brought out some old Bourbon, and asked me if I would have sugar in it, remarking that it was four years old. Of course I was too polite to refuse him, as he had saved my life; but before we had finished stirring the sugar he addressed me as "stranger," saying: "My old lady told me last night that she believed you were a Confederate soldier," and added that the only boy she had was with John Morgan. Of course I felt then that I was with friends; and when I was ready to start I asked him to direct me to a Southern man to stay with that night. While he was giving the directions Mrs. Walsh gave me some money, and in a mother's tender, pathetic tone said she prayed that God in his infinite love might put it into the hearts of others to help her darling boy. Mr. Walsh directed me to cross Rolling Fork River at Mr. Gardiner's mill, saying that Mr. Gardiner would direct me to Brock Johnson's, near the Lebanon railroad. I crossed the river in a canoe, and stopped at Mr. Gardiner's. They had a splendid Christmas dinner. Having taken the oath, and fearing that I was a spy in disguise, he directed me to his brother-in-law, Col. R. G. Hays, who lived off the public road. They were very kind to me, and gave me a new pair of socks, of which I was in great need. Col. Hays could not advise me to whom to go for the next night, but saddled two horses and went with me ten miles on the way. We started early, and with great difficulty forded one branch of the Rolling Fork River, and when he was ready to bid me good-bye he gave his pocketbook, and told me to take all the money that I wanted. I was so overwhelmed with gratitude that I could not speak for some time; but on recovering, I told him that I could get through without his money, and that I could not think of taking it; but he urged me so earnestly that I finally took four dollars. I had the pleasure of meeting him in Louisville in 1874-75 and of returning the money. He was in the grocery business with Hays & Bell, and I bought my supplies from him.

I conceived the idea of hailing from East Tennessee and of being a Union citizen. I selected Tazewell, Claiborne County, on Clinch River, as my home. Sure enough, before I reached Tennessee I was in need of these new conditions. I passed through Hodgenville,

and after resting there over Sunday proceeded on my way, passing a number of Federal soldiers, but they did not notice me. On the morning of the 30th the ground was covered with a very deep snow, and it was bitterly cold. I stopped at Mr. Ellis's, on the pike to Glasgow, to warm and thaw the large icicles from my mustache, and stayed to dinner. He told me of the unfortunate death of Hezekiah Solomon, one of my own company, who was passing the wagon team when Bragg was returning from Kentucky, and becoming entangled with the harness, his gun was discharged, mortally wounding him. By Mr. Ellis's counsel I flanked the pickets at Glasgow and stopped at John Franklin's. The next morning Mr. Franklin put me over Barren River in a canoe, and I traveled in the direction of Scottsville and stopped at Mr. Cook's, where there was a sick Federal soldier. Thinking it safer to move on, I asked if they could direct me to a good place to stop, and they suggested Squire Bradley's, on Long Creek, about eight miles from Scottsville. Just as I had finished supper three "blue coats" stepped in, and, pointing their guns at me, asked me to surrender. I very coolly told them that I was all right, and that I was a better Union man than any of them, and treated them with the most perfect indifference. They insisted that I was John Morgan, who had escaped from prison in Ohio. I persuaded them that Morgan was much taller than myself and had less whiskers. Well, they had me, and I had to tell a straight yarn to keep out of jail at Scottsville. I rode eight miles to Scottsville behind one of them the next morning, and found there sixteen Rebels in jail, among them Capt. Emmerson, now of Texas, and Spank Wright. Claiming to be a Union citizen who had been run in by the guerrillas, I was taken before the provost-marshal, Capt. Johnson. He asked me where I was from. I looked him square in the face and told him that my home was in East Tennessee, near Tazewell, in Claiborne County, on Clinch River; that my name was David Lafayette Johnson, that I had been a refugee in Kentucky several months, and had remained in Kentucky because I had the rheumatism. He looked at me kindly, and replied that I had an honest face, adding: "I have no doubt of the truth of your statement, but you have been imprudent in not having a pass." I replied promptly that it seemed strange that a loyal American citizen had to have a pass in his own country. After partaking of a good dinner with him, I was furnished nice quarters in the hotel, with a polite guard, and a bed on the floor. At night I lay down with my boots and all my clothes on, but not to sleep. I had learned that Gen. Payne had gone up the Cumberland River to try to capture Champ Ferguson and his gallant band of guerrillas, and that Capt. Walsh and May and their companies were with them, and the whole outfit was expected in Scottsville the next day. Capt. May being my first cousin and knowing me well, it would ruin my prospects for him to meet me. From dark till three o'clock I was first so very hot that I could scarcely bear it; then for half an hour I would have the cold rigors from one extreme to the other. In my great misery I looked up at the guard and discovered that he was fast asleep. I touched him and asked him to go with me to get relief. He ordered me to go in front of him down the stairs, and on looking over my shoulder I saw that he was still almost asleep, and decided that this was my only chance to escape. I went double-

quick down the steps and jumped out the back door, ran around behind an old house near the hotel, and was soon out of sight of the guard. I ran until exhausted. The snow being so deep, it was with great difficulty that I could tell which way to go; in fact, I had to trust to Providence to guide me. I was a stranger, and, the fences all being burned, the blinding snow made it impossible for me to know which way to start; but, guessing at the position of some of the houses, I walked three miles and came to a house with a light in the window, near where the Franklin road leaves the Gallatin and Scottsville pike. I concluded that I must be on the right road and continued to the left. About eight miles from Scottsville I came to the old Foster stage stand. Having passed there once before, I recognized the place. It was just daylight, and I concluded that it would be safest to leave the road and take the bushes on the ridge, believing that I would be pursued as soon as light enough. I had left the road only a short time when ten or fifteen Federals came galloping up. I quietly moved on in the direction of old Jeremiah Brown's place, where I remained through the night.

The next day, January 6, 1864, I started in the direction of Old Dry Fork Church and stopped at James I. Guthrie's, near the church. Mr. Guthrie was not at home, and not being recognized by Mrs. Guthrie, I concluded to go over the hills to Jim Campbell's for the night. When about leaving, Jeff Pearson called there and asked if I was Joe Martin, saying that Rans House—a negro I had known for years, and who was in the yard as I passed in—had said so. I answered that the negro was mistaken.

It was very cold, and it being unsafe to try to pass through the lines, I waited there until warm weather, then bought a fine mare from Judge J. C. Vertrees, and joined J. W. Malone's recruits in Southern Kentucky, but only remained a few days with them, as they seemed to be recruiting horses more than soldiers. I started from camp alone and crossed the Cumberland River in a canoe, swimming my horse. I went as far as Charlotte and stayed there all night and the next day. About fifteen miles from Waverly, late in the evening, I met a number of Federal soldiers. They had been on a scout for guerrillas, who had killed a negro soldier and burned a lot of cord wood. It was the same battalion that had captured me in November before, and a number of them remembered me. One of them reported me as a major in Forrest's Cavalry, and Maj. Murphy sent for me and asked as to this. I promptly told him that I was a private. Next day Dr. William Moody and I were put to work digging stumps. It was awful hot work. I told the guard that I was a soldier and had always been kind to prisoners and could not understand how a brave man could be so unkind. He seemed to appreciate the appeal, and told me to work just as easy as I wished, and not try to dig with any force. I played off all day, but Dr. Moody worked like "killing snakes," and looked tired and exhausted. I was sorry for him, but he was afraid not to work. The next morning we were ordered out on the same digging foolishness, but I played sick with a terrible case of neuralgia, and had my quinine with me as proof of the fact.

I was a prisoner three weeks, and left for Forrest at the time he captured Athens; but before I reached the Tennessee River Col. Biffel met Maj. Murphy near Centerville and had a hard fight, defeating Murphy,

killing ten men, and capturing twenty prisoners. As I rode up with the rear guard one of the prisoners, Serg. William Haggard, recognized me as the prisoner he had insulted while he was sergeant of the guard, and he feared that I might retaliate. I did not recognize him at first, but when he raised his old slouch hat I knew him, and asked him what had become of his new hat, new boots, and new suit. He said that the boys had swapped with him and got the best of the trade. Haggard began apologizing for his meanness, and was very sorry for what he had said, and hoped that I would forgive him. I replied that I had been taught to "return good for evil," and that I freely forgave him and would do all in my power to make his stay with us pleasant. Haggard was a deserter, and when we crossed the Tennessee River Gen. Forrest sent for me to know if it was true, as he had heard that Haggard was a deserter. I could only tell the truth, and felt that he would be shot; but Haggard cried piteously, and promised that if he would just send him to his old regiment he would make the best soldier in Joe Johnston's Army. So Forrest relented, and kindly allowed him to go to his old company; but in the first fight he deserted again, and went back to the Federals.

I volunteered in 1861, with eight in my mess; and at Gainesville, Ala., I alone was at roll call. John Franklin was killed at Shiloh, James N. Henley died in prison, and the rest were discharged or missing. I was paroled at Gainesville, and heard Gen. Forrest make the most patriotic speech of the war. Among other things, I recall one sentence: "Soldiers, when you return home, make as worthy citizens as you have brave soldiers."

POLLEY OFF ON FURLOUGH.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 23, 1864.

Charming Nellie: Comfortably reclining within the ample depths of a cane-bottom armchair before a cozy little fire, a mahogany table and writing materials within easy reach, a carpet under my feet, wearing neatly blacked shoes lately imported from England and a stiffly starched calico shirt that cost, exclusive of the laundry bill, all of a ten-dollar Confederate bill, conscience clear, mind untroubled, digestion excellent, and full justice recently done to a first-rate dinner—I feel myself every inch a gentleman. Over my head a neatly papered ceiling, around me walls with bookcases filled with elegantly bound literature, looking admonishingly down upon me from their rosewood frames the portraits of half a dozen ladies and gentlemen long since dead, a couple of windows opening into the street, through which I catch glimpses of well-dressed people as they pass and repass, on business and pleasure intent, and a sweet, well-trained voice in an adjoining room singing to the accompaniment of a piano, "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming"—I have to pinch myself to be sure that I am really the same fellow who a month ago wrote you from East Tennessee. Then, ragged, dirty, and unkempt, I sat on the ground, had no shelter but the blue sky, wrote on a board held in my lap, warmed by a fire that filled my eyes with smoke, looked only upon men as wretchedly garbed as myself, and heard only their harsh voices and the martial blare, clang, and beat of Collins' Band.

While encamped on Mossy Creek, down in East Ten-

nessee, the members of the Texas Brigade were invited to enlist "for an' indurin' of the war." In sober and unvarnished truth, it was enlist or be conscripted, and not the generous and considerate offer Henry V. made when—according to the well-thumbed volume of Shakespeare, which, in the absence of other literature, I have occasionally borrowed, and from which I have excerpted the poetic gems with which I have ornamented my letters—he proclaimed:

He which hath no stomach for this fight,
Let him depart: his passport shall be made.

Had it been, it is doubtful whether a single one of the furloughs—one to every tenth man—offered as rewards to those reenlisting, would have found a taker; but, under the peculiar circumstances—the adroit mingling of moral suasion with an implied threat of compulsion—every mother's son of us stepped patriotically into line and swore to serve our beloved country, Providence permitting, for the balance of the war, last as long as it may. Conscription, you know, is not a reputable method of earning the privilege of fighting for one's home and fireside.

Then came the drawing of lots for the furloughs, in which I was unlucky, for of the two going to my company I drew neither; but scheming and a modicum of filthy lucre accomplished what chance refused. One of the fortunate comrades found all of his comfort, happiness, and delight in the fascinating game of poker, and in consideration of the wherewithal to enable him to follow his bent, he readily transferred his right to a furlough to me. When, after a long time, the papers finally reached us, the important question of where to go arose, for I had no citizen friends east of the Mississippi outside of the Federal lines, except in Virginia, and, judging from past experiences there, it was not likely that I could find a place far enough away from the seat of war to be thoroughly pleasant. I remained in a quandary but a short while, for Aleck Wilson, of Company D, proved himself "a friend indeed" by being "a friend in need," and invited me to come with him to this place, where he has numerous wealthy relatives. Thus it happens that to-day I am an honored guest in the house of Judge Wilson, an occupant for the time being of his library, and an eager and charmed listener to the delicious vocal and instrumental music of his lovely daughter, whom to her face and to others I call "Miss Annie," but in the gratitude of my heart for her unvarying sympathetic kindness think of only as "Gentle Annie." To her humanizing influence, more than to aught else, I am indebted for the larger part of my self-respect and respectability.

Accustomed all our lives to the simple usages and habits of Western Texas people, Aleck and I find it rather difficult to keep ourselves up to the full standard of these North Carolina gentlefolks. There are "F. Fs." of North Carolina just as there are of Virginia. Determined to have all the fun and frolic possible to be enjoyed in our thirty-days' leave of absence, and yet unwilling to cut entirely loose from the exclusive circles of the literary and polished people among whom the relationship of one and the good fortune of the other have thrown us, we lead double lives: one day minding our p's and q's, eating with our forks, punctiliously careful to observe all the proprieties and requirements of the most refined and cultured society—in short, whether

walking, dancing, talking, or silent, behaving ourselves absolutely and faultlessly on regle; the next day con-sorting with plain, old-fashioned people, eating with our knives, unmindful of phraseology, romping, dancing, and flirting with the prettiest girls, and as forgetful of prim, mirth-restraining etiquette as a couple of school-boys. Ample opportunity for the doubleness is afforded, since two other members of the Fourth Texas are here, and their folks, fortunately for us, belong to the great unwashed middle class of people who take life as they find it. Our indulgence of democratic proclivities meets with no direct rebuke, so far as I am individually concerned. Hitherto wholly unknown, I am not likely hereafter to be specially remembered and grieved over as a lost sheep; but Aleck, poor fellow, catches it on all sides from his half-dozen or more handsome lady cousins, each of whom deems it her special duty and privilege to rake him over the coals for every one of his social transgressions. "Where were you last night, Aleck?" one of them will suddenly inquire, looking at him meanwhile with a cousinly tenderness which forbids the least approach to deceit, and drags the truth from him *volens*; and then the sweet creatures pitch into him at a lively rate, and, although pretending to make their remarks entirely confidential, give me the full benefit of them, in spite of the fact that on hearing the first question I make it a point of engaging the Judge in an argument, from which I invariably emerge outrageously worsted.

When my furlough came to me in East Tennessee I looked forward to the many and great pleasures anticipated with the keen longing of one to whom for nearly three years social enjoyments have been almost wholly lacking, and the thirty days given seemed to stretch out interminably. Now, looking back at the twenty odd already a part of the past, they seem only so many short and fleeting hours. Only a mere taste of pleasure has come to me, just enough to teach me its flavor and to whet a sharp edge on an always craving and apparently insatiable appetite. Seven days are all that remain of the thirty, and within them I must compress fun and frolic enough to last until the end of the war, however distant and uncertain that may be. I will hardly have the luck to receive a "parlor wound." The Yankees began shooting at my head, and will likely keep on pegging away at it until it ceases to be of any use to me.

Counting up the days of my stay at Charlotte, and making each give an account of itself, it is no difficult matter to determine where I have been careless and improvident and failed to extract all the pleasure possible from opportunities and surroundings. Retrospection, however, does no good; time will not "turn backward in its flight," do what I may in the way of praying and grieving. This writing without facts is very much like going into battle without ammunition. My present life is too peaceable and homelike to mar it in the least by thought of the war, and I cannot recount experiences without reviving memories and sensations that were better forgotten and best never known or felt. Writing from camp, I might have plenty of jokes to relate, but the little happenings and incidents which occur among strangers to you would be pointless and uninteresting. Whatever my hopes and intentions of adding a little variety to life by engaging in one or more of the flirtations for which the scarcity of gentlemen offers such unrivaled opportunities, they were ruthlessly

nipped in the bud by the indiscretion of my friend Aleck. Making himself solid with an inamorata, he unhappily revealed the fact that I corresponded with a lady, and then, when cross-examined, denied the fact that I corresponded with two ladies. This, I suppose, rendered the conclusion irresistible that I am engaged; and as a consequence, while the girls with whom I am thrown listen to me in the kindest way, they absolutely refuse to believe me seriously sentimental. Discussing with Aleck the difficulties of the situation, he suggested that I should show your last letter, and thus put an end to all doubt; but that would not do, you know, for it was the first letter in which you acted the part of a true "friend at court," and told me the exact standing with our mutual friend —. Do not be as communicative to her though in regard to the contents of this epistle: she might detect disloyalty. By the way, I wish that you would send me a likeness of yourself. The first thing anybody knows the Yankees will force me to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and before that event occurs I should like to look one time at the face of my charming correspondent. I wish to show it to my friend, Lieut. —, to whom I have often read extracts from your letters, and who has been mightily charmed thereby. He swears that if he survives "this cruel war" he will become a rival of that gallant captain in Bragg's Army, whom I suspect of having a choice place in your heart.

Speaking of economy, reminds me of Bill Calhoun's last *bonmot*. When Hood was promoted to be brigadier-general the Texas Brigade raised a large amount of money, and, investing it in the finest horse to be found in the state, presented the animal to him. Then, when he lost his leg at Chickamauga, the brigade again raised money and purchased for him the best artificial limb to be procured. When Bill was called upon for his mite he fished it slowly out of the depths of his pocket, then removed a quid of tobacco from his mouth, drew a long, solemn breath, and remarked: "I ain't got a stingy bone in my body, an' you fellers all know it; but twined around every fiber of my mental caliber is a never-dying sperrit of rigid and uncompromising economy, and I want old Hood to know that hereafter he must curb his impetuosity and stay further in the rear. He order know he can't do any good close to the Yankees; and if he keeps on like he's been er doin', it'll bust this old brigade er buyin' horses and legs for him."

G. W. Bynum, Corinth, Miss., April 7:

Thirty-five years ago to-day was a sad one to our town. The Confederate wounded were brought in from the bloody field of Shiloh and the dead body of Gen. A. S. Johnston lay in state at the residence now owned and occupied by Mrs. Johns. I was not in the Shiloh battle, although it was near my home. My father, who opposed secession, had seven sons, all of whom served in the Southern army throughout the war. Brothers Turner, William, Mark, Joseph, and Nat and I were in the Second Mississippi Regiment in Virginia. All of the boys were wounded, except Turner, who was captured at Gettysburg, and spent the remainder of the war at Fort Delaware.

J. B. Polley, of Texas, was a classmate of mine. I could write page after page of incidents connected with the war, but the trouble is that the makers of history find it difficult to abbreviate. Success to the VETERAN.

THE STORY OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

BY JUDGE HENRY HOWE COOK, FRANKLIN, TENN.

In the midst of my feverish dreams the stories I had heard, when a child, from my grandmother, Elizabeth Howe, came back to my mind. The old fort was full of the spirits of the brave departed and I could see the misty shades of the Revolutionary sires upon the shores of South Carolina and Georgia. Did my childish mind comprehend and remember correctly the stories she told of the capture of Savannah by the British and the brave resistance of the colonial forces and the heroic deeds of Robert Howe and Sam Davis? How Gen. Nathanael Greene had sent his nephew, William Cook, as a messenger from South Carolina to Georgia, and the circumstances under which she had married William Cook and Sam Davis had married Cook's sister Jane? I remembered these facts, and the place and circumstances brought them vividly to my mind. We were not very far from the scenes of the heroic deeds of Capt. Sam Davis, the father of Jefferson Davis.

I could but remember the story that was told and believed in the family, as to how Mrs. Nathanael Greene had conceived the idea of the cotton gin; and this fact appeared to be mixed up in some way as one of the circumstances leading up to our then sad condition.

When I was in Marietta Mr. Leavy showed me the silver watch that Serg. Jasper had on when he was killed, a large, round silver watch. Mr. Leavy was a descendant of the great hero, and for the information of those who do not believe that the Jews are heroes and patriots, I will here state that Serg. Jasper was a son of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He was killed not far from Fort Pulaski. On this subject I would further state that Col. Meyers, a venerable Jew of Savannah, Ga., had seven sons in the Confederate army, and every one of them a hero.

I shall doubtless be criticized for these digressions from my favorite topic, but I will here state that Henry Meigs, a brother of Quartermaster-Gen. Meigs, was a kinsman of Stonewall Jackson. Thomas Jonathan Jackson descended from the Meigs family, as one might know from his name, for no one but a member of this remarkable family would name a son Thomas Jonathan Jackson.

Col. Samuel Alexander Atkinson married Mary McDonald, a daughter of Gov. McDonald, of Georgia, and his son, Spencer R. Atkinson, is now one of the supreme judges of Georgia. I knew him as a bright, noble boy. As I am a crank on these subjects, I here add—having heard it from my father, who received it direct from his cousin, Mrs. Slipwith, a daughter of Gen. Nathanael Greene—that the General was not buried on Cumberland Island, but at Savannah. It appears to be a shame that the grave of this, the second greatest general of the Revolution, should be unknown. Gen. Henry Lee ("Lighthorse Harry"), as you know, was buried on Cumberland Island, at the old Green homestead. But I will return to my story, and make no apologies for this digression.

Gen. Millineux may have been a brave man, but he was small and appeared to be nervous and timid; and his timidity, more perhaps than any other cause, rendered our condition disagreeable. Soon after he took charge it was determined by many of the prisoners to

make a desperate effort to escape. Not more than one-fourth of our number were able to consider the plan, much less to actively join in the effort. The plan was to make our way to the commissary casemate through the holes we had made in the walls in our attempt to invade the commissary, then lower ourselves into the moat, swim to the bank, make our way to the boat landing, and secure boats capable of holding about fifty men each, there being at the landing two such boats.

This plan failed by reason of the fact that some five or six prisoners, before it could be put into execution, made their escape, and guards were then placed over the boats. Notwithstanding this, nine or ten more made the attempt to escape, but were captured.

The next morning all of us who were able to walk were ordered from the casemates and formed in line upon the parade ground. The garrison was drawn up in line about forty yards in front of us. Two brass field pieces were placed in position and manned. The garrison was ordered to load, which it did in the usual way. We had seen several deserters shot, which was done in about this manner, and we had read of the slaughter of the Mamelukes—but what did all this mean? I must confess that I was without fear; I did not care what it meant. Suffering had left us without fear. We were soon ordered back to the casemates. The General only intended to intimidate us and show us the danger there might be in an effort to escape. About the first of March we heard that we were to be exchanged, and were directed to be in readiness to leave at any time. We were satisfied that the orders had been received, as the officers and men came among us and offered the oath of allegiance to those who wished to remain in the United States until the close of the war. I heard that five or six accepted the offer, but I do not know this to be a fact; none of my personal friends did it. I think it was on the morning of March 4, 1865, that Gen. Millineux entered the prison and informed us that orders had been received to send us to the James River to be exchanged. We made ready to leave the fort, but were almost unwilling to leave, notwithstanding the fact that it had been to us the scene of so much sorrow and affliction. About it lay the remains of those who were dear to us, who had died from starvation. How altered the appearance of the prison! When we entered we were too much crowded; now, upon the eve of leaving, the passageways were almost deserted.

Upon the hard benches lay the helpless forms of many of our comrades in the last stages of that most horrible disease, scurvy. We embarked upon the vessel "Ashland," and were crowded into the hold of the ship and lay down upon the floor. The helpless were brought down upon stretchers and placed upon the floor. We were very much crowded. More than half of our number were unable to help themselves, and all soon became seasick. As I looked upon the scene, the densely packed mass of suffering humanity, I wondered if a Massachusetts slaver had ever presented a scene so horrible. In this condition we reached Hilton Head, where we were to take on board the two hundred sent there from Fort Pulaski. The "Ashland" having been ascertained to be incapable of transporting us to our destination, we were transferred to a larger ship, called, as I now remember, the "Illinois of New York." Our friends from Hilton Head were then brought aboard.

We left quite a number at Pulaski and Hilton Head,

who were expected to die. Being thought past all hope of recovery, they were left behind. I learned from Capt. Perkins that they had received about the same treatment as ourselves, and their appearance indicated the truth of his statement. He related to me that he had made his escape and had been recaptured and placed in a box or cage just large enough for him to lie down in, but not high enough to allow him to sit upright, and kept there for more than a week.

We reached Fortress Monroe in about four days from the time we left Fort Pulaski. One of the officers died before we reached Fortress Monroe, and his remains were taken on deck, sewed up in his blanket, a heavy weight attached to sink the body, and after prayer the body was consigned to the sea. Two others died before we reached Fort Delaware.

On the 8th of March a large steamer, crowded with prisoners from Fort Delaware, passed us, bound for Richmond. They passed close enough for us to recognize each other, and many were the joyful greetings. But we did not move up the James River; hour after hour we lay at anchor. In the evening a number of medical officers came on board and went through the ship. They gave each prisoner a careful examination, and then left. We did not know the object of their visit at the time, but soon learned that we were not to be exchanged, but sent to Fort Delaware, as the medical officers had reported that our condition was so horrible that we ought not to be sent to Richmond. The ship proceeded to Norfolk to take on coal, from which place we were taken to Fort Delaware.

I have written this short story hoping that it might induce some one of our number to write a full history. A list of the names of the "Six Hundred" can be found in a book written by Rev. Handy, of Norfolk, Va., on "Prison Life at Fort Delaware." I saw this book once, and think the above description correct. It would be interesting to read this list. Quite a number of the "Six Hundred" became distinguished men: Manning, of Mississippi; Speaker Crisp, of Georgia; Latrobe, Mayor of Baltimore, and others.

I have doubtless made mistakes, for it has been a long time since these occurrences. Alfonso Allen, of my company, informs me that Bantam Hill was not shot, but was wounded by a bayonet, which passed in at his mouth and came out at the back of his head.

The "Swamp Angel" was situated at the southwest of our position on Morris Island. This great gun was not fired oftener than once or twice a day.

I suggest that the survivors of the "Six Hundred" have a special reunion at the June meeting at Nashville. I can be found at the Cole Building, fourth floor, from eight to nine o'clock, June 22-24.

(To be continued.)

"BLOW YOUR HORN, JAKE."

G. A. Williams, who was in A. A. G. Liddell's Brigade, Army of Tennessee, writes from New Orleans:

On the morning of December 31, 1863, at Murfreesboro, Hardee's Corps had assaulted the Federal right at daylight, and forced it backward beyond the Wilkinson pike, Cleburne, in the second line, having taken up the attack begun by McCown. Liddell's and Johnson's Brigades had routed their opponents from several

successive positions, killing Gen. Sill, and driving them through the large body of timber and across the fields intervening before the Nashville pike. Liddell had halted in the edge of the timber, having in his front fallow lands, upgrown with weeds higher than a man's head; and, needing ammunition, had dispatched Lieut. J. M. Dulin, Sixth Arkansas Regiment, inspector-general, to bring up the wagons before resuming his advance on the enemy, now formed in the Nashville road.

As Dulin spurred away on his errand, Liddell, finding a body of Federals remaining in what we knew as the "neck of woods" on his left front, moved by that flank and dislodged them, thereby unmasking his former front. Meanwhile Dulin found and came forward with two four-horse ordnance wagons, hurrying to replenish cartridge boxes and join in the pursuit.

Not finding the brigade where he had left it, and supposing that it had continued to advance, he called to the drivers to "come on," and plunged into the field.

The rush of the teams, the crashing and cracking of the dry stalks, spread terror among the rabbits crouching under cover, as well as in the breasts of a line of blue-clad skirmishers lying *perdu*, every man of whom broke cover and scampered away as fast as legs could carry. They evidently thought it no safe place for them where a Rebel ordnance train could venture without a gun as escort, and vacated accordingly. No one was more astonished than Dulin, who, as modest as gallant, was never known to claim any distinction as being the only officer on record to charge a skirmish line with two ordnance wagons.

Of the seven men who rode with Gen. Liddell that day, four were wounded. Willie Liddell, aide-de-camp, got a painful wound in the leg. Young, ordnance officer, was wounded in the back. I saw him, holding the bridle with his left arm, and waving that aloft with the good one. Poor Kibler, assistant surgeon, detailed to look after the General and staff, himself became a patient for his colleagues of the tourniquet and saw; while Jake Schlosser, the bugler, was wounded through his flask, which, reposing in the pocket of his "warmus," against his groin, contained a liquid designed to refresh his wind and spirits after his repeated calls of "Forward! Forward! Blow your horn, Jake!"

Mr. J. E. Dromgoole wrote the VETERAN from Murfreesboro, Tenn., October 4, 1896: "In the year 1864 I received a letter from a Confederate prisoner at Fort Delaware, saying: 'I am short of means, and a fellow-prisoner informs me that if I would write to you I would likely get some assistance.' I wrote immediately and sent some relief, such as I could afford. After more than thirty years, when all recollection of the transaction had faded from my memory, in February, 1896, a letter was received by the postmaster at Murfreesboro, making inquiry for 'a Mr. Dromgoole.' The letter was forwarded to me at Dresden, Tenn. A correspondence followed, and in a short time I received a draft on New York covering the amount sent, with interest compounded, a grateful acknowledgment of the small favor done him. The address of this thoughtful and generous Confederate is J. D. Turner, Monticello, Fla. The venerable gentleman concludes: 'Being badly paralyzed, I fear that you will not be able to decipher this scrawl, but it is the best that I can do. I am nearly ninety-one years old.'

THE GREAT REUNION AT RICHMOND.

FRANKLIN H. MACKEY, CAMP 171 U. C. V., WASHINGTON, D. C.

O you should have been at Richmond, my dear fellow!
Yes, you should have been at Richmond and have seen
The scarred and rusty veterans, sere and yellow,
Going on as if they only were eighteen,
And you should have seen their smiles with tears between.

And you should have seen their bearded, happy faces
As they came across old comrades in the street,
And you should have seen their greetings and embraces—
How they looked each other o'er from head to feet,
Then went hunting, with hooked arms, the nearest seat.

And you should have seen that grandest of processions,
Heard the bands a playing "Dixie" and "Lang Syne;"
Heard the shouting of the crowds, and the expressions
From the women as they waved their kerchiefs fine
To the men who walked so proudly in the line.

And you should have seen the faces of the people,
Of two hundred thousand people in the town,
Every porch, every window, every steeple—
They were crowded with those faces looking down,
And on not a single one was there a frown.

And the men who bore their hardships as a trifle
In those cruel days that now are days of old;
Who had stanch'd their bleeding wounds, yet could not stifle
The warm fears, that were never bought nor sold,
Which adown their cheeks involuntary rolled.

No, you never should have missed it, my dear fellow:
'Twas a jubilee to channel through your heart,
And flush it till its fibers all grew mellow
With the memories of which you were a part,
And as faithful at the end as at the start.

Never monarch of his scepter could be prouder,
Never lover giving kisses to his bride,
Than old Richmond, with her plaudits, loud and louder,
As she greeted those who came from far and wide—
The old soldiers who had laid their swords aside.

Did you ever see a wild tornado tearing
Through the forest, bending trees upon its way?
So our battle-flags were swayed with every cheering,
With the never-ceasing cheering of that day,
With the soul-impassioned cheering of the gray!

What a thrilling, fervid swelling of each bosom!
What an animated, stimulated crowd!
What a frantic, wild, and raving paroxysm
Rose, full-throated, as those tattered flags were bowed,
All forgetting how each one was but a shroud!

And to whom belonged those voices there uprising?
To what ancestry is traced the blood of these?
Were they Huns and Goths and Vandals exorcising
The red demons of their tribes upon their knees
While a southern sun was shining through the trees?

Were they of the hordes of those who had invaded
And had spat upon our loved land in the past,
When old England thought her manhood not degraded
By her Hessians that she blushed for at the last,
Yet in later days our kinsmen brought so fast?

Brought from Europe when an anger did embroil us,
Brought from Europe with their jargon—gave them guns,
Waved the stars and stripes, and told them to despoil us;
Gave them bounties for the killing of our sons;
Gave this hired herd of foreign myrmidons?

No; these heart-o'erflowing thousands have descended
From the fathers! 'Twas *their* blood was boiling o'er;
They were children of the men who had defended
Their country, and—as their fathers were before—
Sons of the soil that their faithful feet upbore.

Yes, Americans, full-blooded, all untainted,
Loving country, loving home, and loving God;
Swinging censers to the memory of the sainted
Sons of Liberty, when Freedom felt the rod,
Ere she build'd here her temple on their sod.

Siring men whom all history presages,
When America shall need her *men*, will be
Her true patriots, her statesmen, and her sages,
Taught of Washington and Jackson and by Lee,
And inspired by their noble pedigree.

"Rebel vells?" Brothers of the North, when your fathers
Stood with ours, as they battled for one cause,
So they shouted—hear the echo as it gathers
In these voices—hear the echo, and then pause,
For their spirits now are shouting this applause

THE GRAND REUNION AT NASHVILLE.

B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.:

The reunion of Confederates to be held in Nashville in June is an assured success. Our war-worn veterans, whose visages will tell to each other of many a bloody campaign, will be there in force. Tennesseans will lift their hats to salute them and in unbosomed hospitality welcome them. Generations of sons and daughters of the battle-scarred sires will come to us, and in profound reverence will look upon our gray-haired monuments of military valor. We are flattered with a promise, too, the realization of which will imprint recollections never to be erased from the memories of those who witness it: the presence of living female celebrities of the slumbering cause. They are especially invited to be the guests of the city, and they will accept; they cannot stay away. The dream of the old soldiers who fought for them and for their cherished cause, to see them again before they die, will be realized.

Mrs. President Davis (our mother) and her daughters, Mrs. Hayes and Miss Winnie Davis, will be there. Mrs. Braxton Bragg, Gen. R. E. Lee's daughters, Mesdames Stonewall Jackson, Ben Hardin Helm, Holmes, Longstreet, Buckner, J. E. B. Stuart, A. P. Stewart, Picket, Gordon, A. P. Hill, Heth, S. D. Lee, Fitzhugh Lee (President of the United Daughters), Basil Duke, Newton Brown (whose husband commanded the famous Arkansas ram), the daughter of Admiral Semmes (of Alabama fame), and others distinguished in the great conflict are expected to be present.

The happiest visit of my life was to the Richmond reunion. My feelings on entering the city that the world tried for four years to take were inexpressible. The names of R. E. Lee, Beauregard, Joe Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, grew upon me as I contemplated their military prowess, and also those of their lieutenant subordinates: Early, Ewell, Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Gordon, Hampton, Ashby, Stuart, and others. How must our enemies have felt on entering Richmond, when it cost them so much life, treasure, and blood?

When you visit Nashville, while you will not be so impressed, yet when you contemplate the military struggles in her vicinage, notable of which are Fort Donelson, Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge, Franklin, Nashville, and hundreds of minor battles, seeing still lines of breastworks and frowning fortresses dotting the state, you will find it consecrated also as a fixed western outpost in the stupendous military drama.

Every living general on the Confederate side who can come will be at Nashville. Its central location will bring them from the East, South, North, and West, and hallowed reminiscences that cluster around her will induce many to come at inconvenience. Recollections of Albert Sidney Johnston, Bragg, Hardee, Buckner, Breckenridges, Polks, Stewart, Bushrod Johnson, Pillow, Harris, S. D. Lee, Cheatham, Cleburne, Stevenson, Withers, McCown, Bate, Walthall, Loring, Clayton, French, Hanson, Helm, Gist, Adams, Rains, Zollicoffer, Kirby-Smith, Brown, Hills, Pettus, Ector, Govan, Strahl, Granberry, Cockrell, Reynolds, Palmer, Maaney, Carter, Quarles, Sears, Vaughn, McNair, Gregg, Featherston, the Smiths, Gordon, Chalmers, Buford, Harrison, Bell, Morgan, Forrest, Wheeler, Jacksons, Dobbrell, Wharton, Lyon, Duke, and other braves will be recalled by the great occasion. Followers also of Price, Pemberton, Magruder, Dick Taylor, McCullough, Tom Green, Thompson, and Joe Shelby will be partakers in Tennessee's greeting. In fact, Federal soldiers have also become enlisted in our annual "house warnings," and many of them are expected to be witnesses to our eternal devotion.

The Centennial will be in full blast, and the outpouring will be phenomenal. No extortion in prices need be looked for, and every facility for your comfort, comrades, is promised. And now a little secret touching the reception to you. It shall be credited to where it belongs: to our women. They are busy in the background, busy for your entertainment, and you know it will be thorough. While the citizens, the Centennial Committee, and the bivouacs are in the forefront, they are but the tools of the Daughters of the Confederacy and of the Old Revolution, and of the ladies of Tennessee. So, veterans, it won't cost you much. Let's get together a little while and live in the glory of conviction, if not in triumph; let's leave business and line up for a few days under the spirit-stirring and soul-inspiring strains of "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Maryland," "Happy Land of Canaan," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

In encountering the surging masses upon our streets, tip your hats freely, for fear you will pass an unknown heroine, and don't forget a pleasant greeting to every old fellow you meet, for fear of overlooking an old comrade who shot with you.

The keys of the city will be given you. If you strike "mountain dew" or "old Robertson," sin it; or "old Lincoln," laugh and linger while the game goes on. If a Tennessee damsel makes you feel at home, just kill yourself to please her; if a Kentucky thoroughbred smiles on you, don't forget your raising; or if any Southern belle gets ardent in her devotion and vehemence in expression over pleasing you, bow to her if mental apoplexy attacks you. Recollect that you are in the hotbed of Southern sentiment and among brethren and sisters who swore in their wrath, and confirmed it in their deliberation, that they would seal their faith with their blood before they would do an act or cherish a thought prejudicial to Southern rights. Don't fail to meet some of our ladies whom you met when the death shot rattled: Mesdames Overton, Nicholson, Goodlett, Williams, Hume, Gaut, Clare, Johns, Battle, Polk, Gale, Cahal, Guild, McMurray, Hickman, Nichol, Rains, Brown, Childress, Ewing, Fall, Thompson, Pilcher, McCalister, Morgan, Berry, Cockrell, Ewing, Allen,

Armistead, Foster, Syton, O'Bryan, Porter, Misses Jane Thomas, Sallie Brown, Cahal, and, indeed, all, not only of the organized Daughters, but the ladies of Nashville; and not only these, but of the whole State of Tennessee and of the Sunny South, for they will be there looking for you to sweeten your bread with arrack and your milk with honey, and are determined to make this reunion a climactic triumph over all reunions ever held or that may be expected.

Veterans of the blue even might come down and shake hands with us over the memories. It will be our feast, and in the Christian spirit Confederates would bid you welcome—not as if forced, like Themistocles to court favor with the Persian king; or Napoleon, to sit down to the table of the English people, but through a desire to cement our bonds of American citizenship.

One of our Southern songsters, A. S. Morton, St. Paul, Minn., has invoked the muses over my prosing. The divine afflatus through his facile pen is drawn out in the following beautiful epic:

NASHVILLE'S INVITATION.

Come, you hoary-headed "gray-backs," though with feeble, halting gait—

Come and warm your age-iced blood at eternal mem'ry's fire,

Swap a lie and crack a joke with any olden-time messmate,
Share our grub, and drain 'our canteens if a "nip" you should desire;

For the portals of our city open wide to let you pass.

And the latchstrings of the houses dangle outside in the air;
While, upon the threshold smiling, matrons staid and rosy lass
Stand with open arms, inviting you to halt and enter there.

Widows, mothers, sisters, daughters, cheer us with your presence rare.

Let the unforgotten glories of the South's undying past
Temper grief, and for the moment smooth away the lines of care.

Since for many you shall smile at this parade will be the last.
Shades of Jackson, Lee, and Johnston, Stuart, Forrest, Morgan, too,

Come and mingle with our spirits, lead once more your dwindling hosts;

Let us feel again inspiring, magic force of hearts so true:

Make of glories past conception something more than shivering ghosts.

Chickamauga, Appomattox, roll your battle clouds away;

Gettysburg and Lookout Mountain, halt before this history page;

Ribs of sunken "Alabama," from your bed in Cherbourg's Bay,

Wraiths of war, "eyes front," beholding greatest wonder of this age.

From the Southland's farthest corners come the men who wore the gray—

Come to write again their story on the leaf of history.

Come to mingle precious mem'ries with the sorrows of to-day,
And triumphant, though defeated, chant the magic name of "Lee."

Here's a welcome for you "blue-coats"—you who faced us in the field;

Come, and in fraternal greetings bury passions of that strife.
Hearts and hands are open to you—don't refuse us: simply yield.

Such impulses as this greeting give and feed a nation's life.

We will welcome you as warmly as we did in sixty-one;

But, instead of whistling bullets and destruction-dealing shell.

We will spread the festal table underneath our Southern sun.

Come and hear once more the music of that curdling "Rebel yell."

Come then, "Rebels," "Johnnies," "Gray-backs," "Yanks," and "Blue-coats," come along.

Tears for noble dead and cheering for the heroes with us yet.

Hearty grips from former foemen, wealth of beauty, bursts of song—
 All combined will make a picture that the coldest can't forget.
 And the sun will shine the brighter, and the rose, in proud array,
 Will give forth a richer fragrance; while the violets in their dells
 Joyous lift their lowly heads upon that memorable day
 When the Tennessean heavens ring once more with "Rebel yells."

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS IN VIRGINIA.

Relations of the Grand Division and United Daughters Considered.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia, held in Alexandria, April 22, the question was brought up of joining the United Society of Daughters of the Confederacy. In the resolutions passed by the Nashville convention it was agreed that the Grand Division of Virginia, in joining the United Society, should preserve its organization intact, charter its chapters free of cost (they having already been chartered by the Grand Division), and, by amending the one point of difference in their constitution, become a part of the United Society. At the meeting of the Grand Division held in Alexandria the following paper, in the interest of union, was read by Mrs. W. A. Smoot, chairman of the committee appointed by the U. D. C. to negotiate in the matter.

MRS. SMOOT'S ADDRESS.

Mrs. President: You have courteously given me leave to say something to the ladies of your Division in regard to the subject now before you: the union of the Grand Division of Virginia with the United Daughters of the Confederacy. After consultation with the ladies of our committee and other prominent members of the United Society, I will avail myself of that privilege. I will first explain the position of the United Daughters of the Confederacy as set forth in their late convention.

When the delegates from Virginia arrived in Nashville nothing could exceed the friendliness and cordiality with which they were received by their sisters of the South. Many times were heard expressions of the highest regard, I may say enthusiasm, for our good old state and all that concerns her. We were told on our arrival in Nashville that Virginia must have the next president, and that it would rest with the Virginia delegates to name her. This was done, and by a good majority; but there was one thing which rather tended to cast a shadow over this enthusiasm: At a caucus held prior to the convention the prevailing questions asked on all sides were these: "What is the trouble in Virginia?" "Why is she not with us?" "Is she divided against herself too, or is it that she is indifferent and cares nothing for the United Society?" We tried to assure them that things were not as they supposed, and that at all events we were going to rectify matters in Virginia, and that all would be well.

On the second day of the convention the president announced that the business next in order would be a proposal from the Grand Division of Virginia to join the United Daughters of the Confederacy. As there were some, perhaps many, in the audience from other

states who were totally ignorant of the circumstances which gave rise to this proposal, the president, at the request of the convention, proceeded to explain these circumstances and to make it understood why such a proposal should be necessary. Her remarks brought on a discussion of the subject, and the president was proceeding to read some papers bearing upon it, when a motion was made that the whole matter be turned over to a committee composed of persons posted on Virginia affairs, who would put it in such shape that the convention might better consider and act upon it. This committee was appointed, and then retired for consultation. The papers handed them were copies of the Constitution and By-laws of the Grand Division of Virginia and of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. If the committee had received a copy of the actual proposal of the Grand Division, it would have changed the nature of their deliberations, and the resolutions placed before the meeting later would perhaps have been of a different sort; but it was doubtless an oversight that they were not handed them. I am certain that there was not the slightest intention to suppress anything that might bring about a speedy union. Both the president and secretary seemed wholly in favor of such union. Indeed, I should do injustice to the ladies who composed that convention if I did not say that they were all desirous that the Grand Division of Virginia should join the United Daughters of the Confederacy. As soon as the matter was placed before them they seemed inclined to make all possible concessions. The resolutions passed by that convention have since been objected to on the ground that they are not constitutional; but after due consideration it was decided that rules applying to the admission of our infant chapters, before they have gotten fairly on their feet, do not apply to a body of women long since organized, fully equipped, and in splendid working order. Who could ask them to disband and merge themselves into the Virginia Division, when they outnumber that Division so largely? Why ask them to pay for charters, when they have already paid for them and the proceeds gone to Confederate work? No; the ladies of that convention did not think that they were setting aside their constitution. They regarded this as an exceptional case, requiring exceptional rules; and far be it from any one within our state to take a less broad-minded view of it or to cast any needless obstacles in the way of union!

But, notwithstanding their willingness to do all that is reasonable, I do not think that the convention at Nashville was prepared to accept the terms of the Grand Division unconditionally, had they been made fully acquainted with them. There are some points contained in them which I do not believe would have met their approval. It is a question, indeed, whether they could have been expected to do so. Had they not reason to suppose that the Grand Division of Virginia, in joining the United Daughters of the Confederacy, would make some concessions to them? Is it for any body of women in proposing to join some other body to dictate wholly the terms of that union? Must there not be mutual concessions in such cases? The United Daughters of the Confederacy were prepared to make these concessions, and in the most loving spirit. If the Grand Division of Virginia adheres to its proposal to join the United Daughters of the Confederacy—some

as separate chapters, and some under the head of the Division—their proposal will doubtless receive all due consideration; but our committee is not, of course, empowered to take any action further than to consider it and lay it before the next convention.

As for the terms proposed, being identical with those of the Grand Camp of Virginia in joining the United Confederate Veterans, there is this difference: The only qualification needful in joining a veteran association is to be a veteran. Not so with the Daughters of the Confederacy; they have found it necessary to hedge themselves about with closer restrictions, if this association is to be strictly Southern and Confederate, and is to carry on its high aim of becoming hereditary. It is essential, therefore, that the laws governing those chapters which belong to the United Daughters of the Confederacy should not conflict on this point. The qualifications for membership in the Grand Division, as set forth in Art. III., Sec. 1, of their constitution, differ from those of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. While this, perhaps, could make no difference in the state, if the United Society once broke this rule it would doubtless subject them to much inconvenience in other states. These are the points of difference in the two constitutions which would need to be reconciled.

I would, therefore, recommend to the ladies of the Grand Division that they amend their constitution in this particular and charter their chapters, free of cost, as provided in the resolutions. By making these small concessions they become members of the United Society without further negotiation.

As for their badge, it may be retained as a state division badge, which it now is, and their organization remain unaltered, unless at some future time the two divisions in Virginia should merge themselves into one.

The advantages to be derived from union are great. It is much to feel that we have the sympathy and co-operation of our sisters in other states and to be brought into touch with representative women throughout the South who are engaged in this noble work. It encourages and stimulates to exertion and it adds strength and dignity to the work.

Let us not in Virginia have room to suspect that there is a want of harmony because there is a lack of unity. Let it not be said that the women of the South cannot work together in this cause. By all means let us unite, as there is no surer way to convince the world of our sincerity of purpose and disinterestedness in the cause that will ever be so near and so dear to our hearts.

The question being put to a vote, the Grand Division decided to adhere to a proposal made by them to enter the United Society as a division only, with their rights and privileges retained in full. A majority of the delegates had been instructed to this effect. A committee was appointed to confer with the committee from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The majority of the ladies expressed themselves as decidedly in favor of union, and it is hoped that the joint committee will construct a platform which, in any event, will meet with the acceptance of the United Society. If such could be the case, it would simplify matters, as there is now some confusion, owing to the separate organizations.

Judge C. B. Kilgore writes from Ardmore, Ind. T.:

In the March VETERAN there is a brief notice by Thomas W. Timberlake of the daring deeds of Capt. Burke, of Texas, who is designated as "one of the greatest scouts in the Confederacy." I knew Capt. Burke before the war and afterwards. About 1853, when I was a schoolboy, Burke was working as a mechanic in Henderson, Tex., and was using all his means and energies to acquire an education and to fit himself for the law. My recollection is that he was admitted to practice just before the war began. After the war he returned to Texas, located at Marshall, and began the practice of law, and achieved considerable success. In 1866, at the election held in accordance with President Johnson's plan of reconstruction, Burke was chosen District Attorney for the district in which he lived, and Gen. Ector was elected Judge of that district.

Burke was a very fearless, efficient, and aggressive officer. During his service as District Attorney he became embroiled in a difficulty with a prominent family of Marshall, and in an altercation with one of them his opponent was slain. He thereupon resigned his office, and on a trial of the case was acquitted.

He continued in the practice at Marshall till he died, a few years thereafter, from pulmonary trouble, I think, brought on by injuries received during the war.

The wonderful story of his adventures as a spy and a scout in the service of the Army of Northern Virginia will probably never be told. He had in his possession when I knew him after the war many orders and letters from Gen. Lee and other distinguished general officers of that army in relation to his services as a scout, many of them detailing the accounts of his work and describing the perils which he had encountered, and complimenting him highly upon his daring achievements and valuable services to the cause of the Confederacy. If these documents have been preserved, and he has left a record of his services, they would make one of the most interesting and thrilling stories of the war.

Burke was rather backward about telling the story of his exploits, except to very intimate friends, and then only when he had the orders or communications from his commanding officers or when persons with whom he served or came in contact were present to verify the accuracy of his statements.

Comrade Kilgore, in a personal letter, writes:

It is my purpose to attend the reunion at Nashville in June, and I would like to meet a number of messmates from Nashville, with whom I sojourned at Camp Morton and in Fort Delaware in 1864. While at Indianapolis I occupied, with a number of other Confederates, the sutler's shop in Camp Morton in January, 1864. Their names and addresses are as follows: J. Thomas Brown, T. W. Weller, W. W. Pritchard, J. H. Carson, H. V. Hooper, First Tennessee Regiment; Ben McCann, Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment—all of Nashville; John Brand, Helena, Ark.; John T. Holt and J. Quigley Proflet, Natchez, Miss.; I. C. Bartlett, Covington, Ky. At Fort Delaware, in 1864, I was associated with John W. Thomas, Duncan Cooper, Capt. Webster, Capt. Perkins, and Capt. Polk, all from Tennessee, and, I think, from Nashville. I naturally assume that many of those named above have long since answered to the final roll-call, but it would afford me great pleasure to meet at Nashville in June such of them as still survive.

ON TO NASHVILLE.

June 22-24, the dates set apart for the seventh annual U. C. V. reunion, Nashville, promise to be record breakers in way of attendance. To the many veterans and friends who will attend from Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, special attention is invited to a very important feature—i. e., comfortable and safe journey to and from Nashville. The old reliable *Iron Mountain Route*, with its elegant train equipment, Pullman Buffet Sleepers, and Reclining Chair Cars (seats free), insures the veterans from Missouri and Arkansas the speediest and most direct route *via* Memphis to Nashville.

The Texas and Pacific Railway is known Texas over for its superb equipment, reliability, and splendid roadbed. Direct connections are made by all trains of this line at Texarkana (the gateway of Texas) with the Iron Mountain service to Memphis. New sleeper service has been inaugurated by the Texas and Pacific, Iron Mountain Route, and Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway, by which through Pullman Buffet Sleepers will be operated daily between Fort Worth, Tex., and Nashville, without change. Sleeper will leave Fort Worth daily at 4:50 P.M., going *via* Dallas, Terrell, Longview, Marshall, Texarkana, Little Rock, and Memphis, arriving at Nashville the following evening about 10:30 P.M. (new schedule now in printer's hands). Returning from Nashville, sleeper will leave daily about 8 A.M., arriving at Fort Worth the following evening at the super hour. Arrangements are now on foot to operate Free Reclining Chair Cars between the points and over lines mentioned. This equipment makes the most complete and satisfactory of all other lines from Texas and Arkansas to Nashville (the Centennial City) and points to the southeast. All I. & G. N. trains will make direct connection at Longview with Texas and Pacific through trains east and west bound. The new service will be advantageous and appreciated not only by Confederate veterans, but travel in general to the Tennessee Centennial, as the new through service is to be operated daily until the close of the Nashville Exposition, October 31, 1897. Special reduced round-trip rates for the U. C. V. reunion will be in effect from all Texas, Arkansas, and Missouri points to Nashville, providing liberal limits, etc. It will be to the veterans' advantage to correspond with any of the following named officials in relation to rates and time schedules to Nashville, and any of the named traveling representatives will take pleasure in calling on you personally and arrange details for your trip to the reunion *via* the T. & P., I. & G. N. and Iron Mountain Route through Memphis to Nashville. Communications addressed to any of the following named gentlemen will receive prompt attention: H. C. Townsend, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.; John C. Lewis, Traveling Passenger Agent, Iron Mountain Route, Austin, Tex.; E. P. Turner, G. P. and T. A., W. A. Dashiell, Travel-

ing Passenger Agent, Texas and Pacific Railway, Dallas, Tex.; D. J. Price, A. G. P. Agent, I. & G. N. Railway, Palestine, Tex.

The many pleasant features arranged for the reception of veterans at Nashville, the attractions of the only competitor to the World's Fair, Tennessee Centennial, should make the seventh annual reunion the largest in its history. Don't miss it, and don't forget to "start right" by purchasing tickets *via* the Texas and Pacific—Iron Mountain Route.

THE VIRGINIA FEMALE INSTITUTE.

The VETERAN is ever pleased to make a fitting reference to the Virginia Female Institute, of which Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart is the Principal. This institution, besides being of high merit, has sentimental claims upon the Southern people, and to this pride is taken in calling attention. Twenty-one years ago Mrs. Stuart undertook this laudable work to provide means for educating her children. She was left a widow at an early age, and has made a diligent struggle for independence and the proper rearing of her family. She ever looks hopefully for patronage to those who knew and loved her noble husband, and it seems opportune at this time, when there is such vivid interest in the great events in which he was so conspicuous, that those give attention to what is of so much consequence to her. The capacity of the school is limited, therefore the more attention may be at all times expected for the pupils.

REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY TO SUMMER SCHOOL, YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

For the occasion of the meeting of the Summer School of the Young Women's Christian Association at Asheville, N. C., June 15-25, 1897, the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Asheville, N. C., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip; tickets will be sold June 13-15, good to return until June 27, 1897. Call on any agent of the Southern Railway for further information.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Many delightful summer resorts are situated on and reached via the Southern Railway. Whether one desires the seaside or the mountains, the fashionable hotels or quiet country homes, they can be reached via this magnificent highway of travel.

Asheville, N. C., Roan Mountain, Tenn., and the mountain resorts of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina—the "Land of the Sky"—Tate Springs, Tenn., Oliver Springs, Tenn., Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Lithia Springs, Ga., the various Virginia springs, also the seashore resorts are reached by the Southern Railway on convenient schedules and at very low rates.

The Southern Railway has issued a handsome folder entitled "Summer Homes and Resorts," descriptive of

nearly one thousand summer resort hotels and boarding houses, including information regarding rates for board at the different places and railroad rates to reach them.

Write to C. A. Benscoter, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder.

THE CONFEDERATE MAIL-CARRIER.

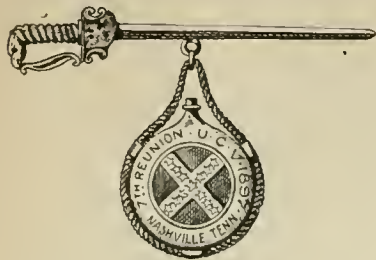
Advertised by G. N. Ratliff, Huntsville, Mo. 300 pp. Price, \$1.

This book should be read by every one that wishes to be fully informed as to the active part which the Missouri Confederates took in the war. This book is well written from extensive notes kept by the author, James Bradley, during his service in the Confederate army. A thrilling romance of Capt. Ab Grimes and fair Miss Ella Herbert, who carried the mail from the Tennessee army to Missouri and back by the underground route, runs through the book. The book is printed on good paper, well bound in cloth, illustrated, is well gotten up, and is well worth the price, \$1.

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That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold by Dr. J. C. Ayer 50 years ago. In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—50 years of cures. Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the same old plant that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. It has not been bettered. And since we make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the same old sarsaparilla because it works the same old cures. It's the sovereign blood purifier, and—it's Ayer's.

REUNION OFFICIAL BADGE.



This design has been approved as a Souvenir Badge by the Reunion Executive Committee. It is put on the market by the B. H. Stief Jewelry Co., Nashville, Tenn. Price, 50 cents.

REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY TO SOUTHEASTERN TARIFF ASSOCIATION, OLD POINT COMFORT VA.

For the occasion of the meeting of the Southeastern Tariff Association at Old Point Comfort, Va., May 19, 1897, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its lines to Old Point Comfort, Va., and return at rate of one first-class limited fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold on May 15, 16, 17, and 18, good to return fifteen days from date of sale.

Call on any agent of the Southern Railway Company for further information.

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GORMAN & BOONE'S WILD ANIMAL ARENA

At the Centennial Exposition—a Short Sketch of the Lion King, Col. E. Daniel Boone.

The morning *Herald* of January 26, 1897, states that he was born in McCracken County, Ky., fifty-eight years ago, and that he is a grand-nephew of the original Daniel Boone. At an early age his parents removed to Louisiana. He entered the late war as a private in the Confederate army, and came out as a lieutenant-colonel. After the war, or in 1867, Col. Boone went to Cuba with the ill-fated Jordan Expedition, in which Crittenden and his comrades lost their lives. He was given a separate command upon their arrival there, and thus escaped the sad fate of his comrades. He was made a brigadier-general in this war, but frankly says that his command consisted of only sixty men, and that his cook was his captain. Returning from Cuba, he went to Peru, where he was made military instructor of the Peruvian Army,



COL. E. DANIEL BOONE.

which position he retained from 1871 to 1873. He then went to Oran, Africa, and becoming connected with the French Army, fought through the Algerian war, and was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Severing his connection with the French Army, he drifted into the trained animal business, and while giving performances in Constantinople was "commanded" by the present Sultan to give him a private performance. The Sultan was highly pleased with the exhibition, and, learning his history, made him a member of the Order of Medajie and a colonel in the Turkish Army, which commission he still retains.

Since then Col. Boone has led a more or less varied life, and is now in the Exposition with the largest collec-

tion of trained animals ever exhibited at one time on earth, and gives five daily performances of the most startling nature ever witnessed. He is a man of commanding presence, and would attract attention in any crowd. He speaks the languages of the countries in which he has been, and is a most entertaining talker, but bears himself with modesty. He is a Mason, an Odd Fellow, Knight of Pythias, and an Elk, besides belonging to many other orders. His home is Lynchburg, Va. The Colonel says that the order nearest his heart is his record of being a Confederate veteran, and hopes to see many of his old comrades at the reunion.

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Gain in Interest Receipts	140,061 54
Gain in Surplus	429,918 30
Gain in Membership	2,839
Gain in Assets	1,974,572 14
Gain in Amount of Insurance	9,647,937 00
Gain in Amount of New Business	3,509,806 00
Total Assets	16,529,860 77
Total Liabilities	14,229,680 35
Surplus 4 per cent Standard	2,300,180 42

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VETERANS, ATTENTION!!

Most of you who expect to attend the reunion in Nashville, June 22-24, can make your expenses in an easy way. Look over your old letters, and if you find any with Confederate stamps on bring them with you and I will buy them. There are some issued by postmasters with the name of the town printed in the stamp. These are worth several dollars each. I buy any kind of Confederate stamps, and prefer them on the whole envelope. P. H. HILL, of Hill's Millinery Bazaar, 408 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

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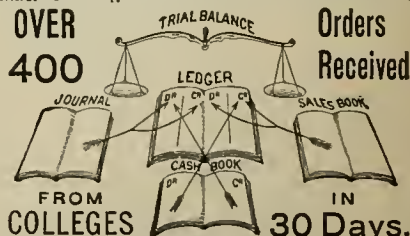
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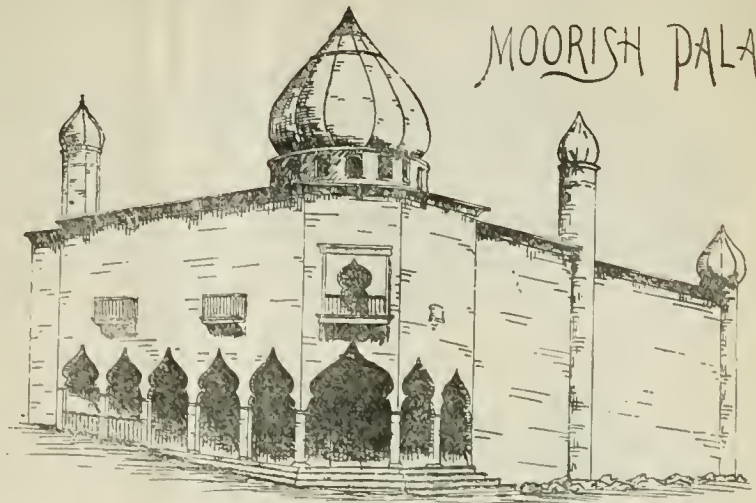
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Horrors, Turkish Harem, Spirit of '76; the Drunkard's Home, and the moral, the Home of the Temperant; Death of Custer; Faith, Hope, and Charity; Devil's Cave; Origin of the Harp; Hell, etc., as well as prominent people of the last five decades—all true to life, being expensive productions of a superior class of art not usually found in wax work, artistically and effectively arranged, so as to make it not only one of the most instructive, but entertaining exhibits on the grounds.

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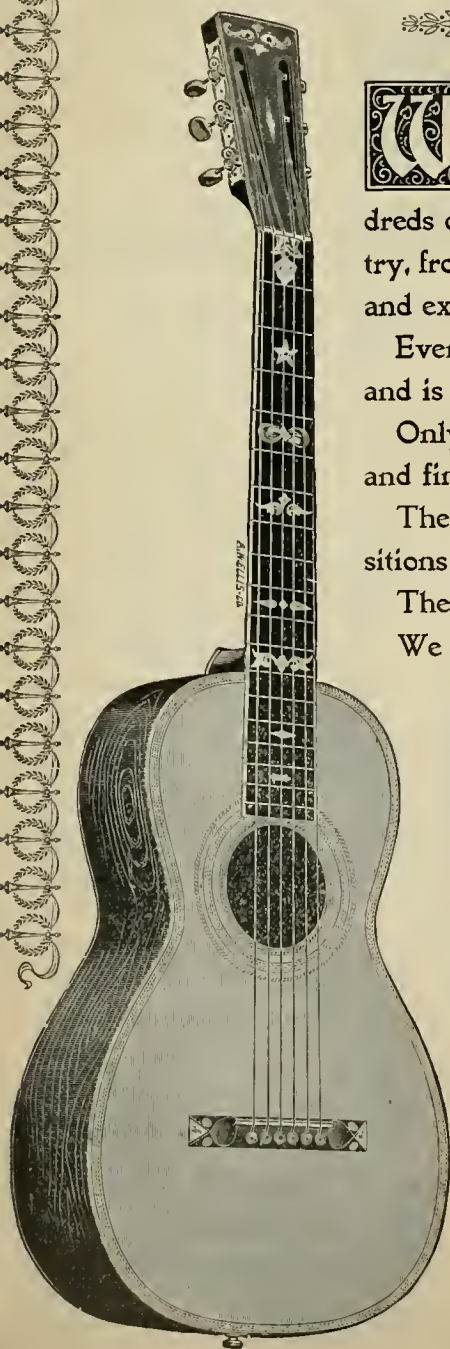
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Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition.

REUNION OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS ASSOCIATION.

See that your ticket reads over the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars are run to Nashville *via* this historic and scenic route from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington City, Lynchburg, Asheville, Knoxville, Jacksonville, Macon, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Memphis, Little Rock, Texarkana, Dallas, and Fort Worth. Palace Day Coaches on all trains. Very low excursion rates have been made to Nashville. After the reunion take a trip to Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Chickamauga National Military Park, passing through the battlefield of Stone River.

A volume would be required to give the details of the battles fought on the line of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway; but the fields of glory and valor that lie on this railway will stir the blood and animate



SCENES QUITE SIMILAR AT SHILOH AND CHICKAMAUGA.

the soul and awaken the patriotism of American citizens through many centuries to come. Some of the most desperate battles of the war were fought on the line between Nashville and Chattanooga.

For information in regard to routes, rates, time of trains, etc., call on or write to any of the following passenger agents, who will take pleasure in answering questions:

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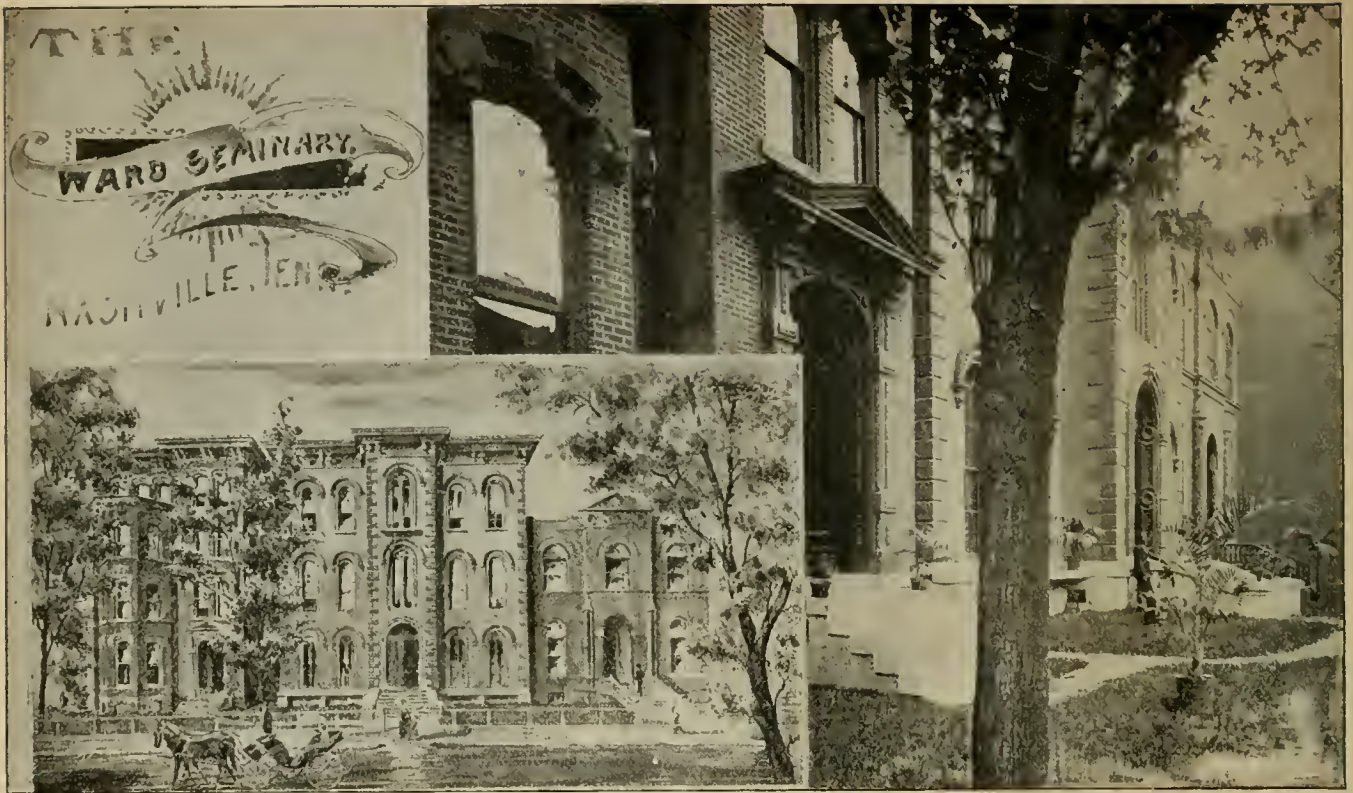
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It is a perfect fur hat, with a 6-inch crown and 3-inch

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DISMUKES-NILES HAT CO.,
Wholesale Cut-Price Hatters,
NASHVILLE, TENN.



Confederate Veterans

who contemplate attending the Reunion at Nashville, June 22d, should communicate with the undersigned at once relative to the rates and arrangements *via* the **Cotton Belt Route**. This line is the shortest and quickest line to Nashville, and offers the best train service. It makes good connections, avoiding long and tiresome layovers.

VERY LOW RATES

have been made by the COTTON BELT, and with the Centennial attractions at Nashville every Veteran should arrange to attend. For full particulars write any Cotton Belt agent or

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G. P. A., Tyler, Tex.

A. A. Glisson,
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Every man, woman, and child whose keen eyes will scan the pages of these reunion editions of the *Confederate Veteran*, or who, in their daily walks of life, see one of the three hundred thousand wagons which roll the highways of this great nation or foreign lands bearing the talismanic name of "Studebaker," to know that the same firm so justly celebrated for the manufacture of these sturdy vehicles is not less pre-eminent for the production of all classes of carriages for use or pleasure. Every class is provided for, every purse is considerably gauged,



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And not less surely may those find satisfaction whose needs make simpler and less expensive demands upon the arts of the carriage builder.

Know ye, accordingly, one and all, that your vehicle makers are

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Have erected nine-tenths of the Confederate Monuments in the United States. These monuments cost from five to thirty thousand dollars. The following is a partial list of monuments they have erected. To see these monuments is to appreciate them.

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Now have contracts for monuments to be erected at
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When needing first-class, plain or artistic work, made from the finest quality of material, write them for designs and prices.



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Readers of the Veteran will recall the splendid articles from the New York Evangelist in the December issue. Then in seeing the extraordinary offer as copied below it would seem wise and fair to give it a trial. The regular price is \$3 a year.

Only 25 Cents for 13 Weeks.

As a trial subscription, we will send *The Evangelist* thirteen weeks for 25 cents to the address of any new subscriber. This offer will give our readers an opportunity to widen the influence of *The Evangelist* by introducing it to thousands of new readers.



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Old Clothes Made New.

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The coolest amusement resort in Nashville.
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During Confederate Veteran Reunion "Belle
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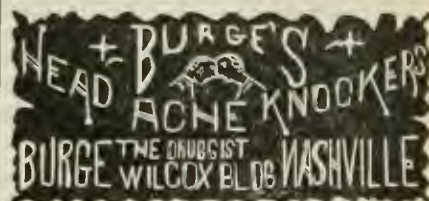
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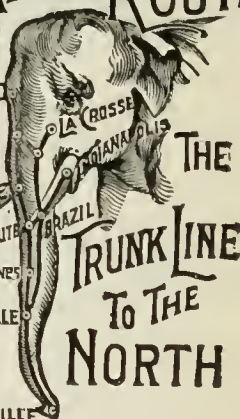
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Open for Guests

JUNE 20 to SEPTEMBER 10, '97,

VANDERBILT CAMPUS,
IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE
CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.

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A discount of 25 per cent from above rates for

CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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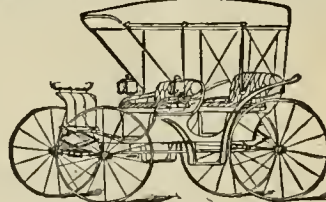
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\$1,200 To Subscribers!

\$400 in Cash and \$800 in Valuable Prizes!

JUNE 24 has been designated by the Centennial management as Confederate day. On this day the annual reunion of Confederate soldiers will take place in Nashville. Thousands of old Confederates will assemble here from all over the United States to celebrate their five years' struggle for the "Lost Cause;" to commemorate the death of their heroes in mighty battles; to talk of brothers and comrades who fell in the fire of the enemy, and to pay tribute to Tennessee in her celebration of her one hundredth anniversary as a State.

"The Semi-Weekly American" proposes to give to the subscriber guessing the correct number, or the nearest to the correct number, of the total ticket admissions (official count) to the Tennessee Centennial Exposition on Confederate Day, June 24, Four Hundred Dollars (\$400) in gold or in silver.

The one guessing the second to nearest correct number will have the choice of a magnificent Diamond Ring valued at \$85 or a Diamond Stud Button of the same value. Should this person be a lady, she may have the choice of the Diamond Ring or a set of Diamond Earrings of the same value.

The one guessing the third nearest cor-

rect number will be given a magnificent Chicago Cottage Organ, worth \$75.

The one guessing the fourth nearest correct number will receive an elegant Parlor Suit of six pieces, valued at \$55.

The guesser of the fifth nearest correct number will receive an elegant Bed-Room Set of four pieces, worth \$50. This valuable prize is furnished by that ever reliable furniture dealer, A. J. Warren, Nashville, Tenn.

The person guessing the sixth nearest correct number will be fortunate enough to draw for his prize the Jones Drive-Chain Mower, the most perfect machine on earth, worth \$45. Sold by the Tennessee Implement Company, Nashville, Tenn.

The seventh secures the Challenge Garland Stove, worth \$25.

The next twenty persons guessing the next nearest correct numbers will each receive an elegant Suit of Spring Clothes, worth \$20 apiece.

The twenty-eighth prize is an elegant 14-karat Hunting Case Watch, worth \$17.50.

The twenty-ninth prize is a refrigerator, valued at \$15, known as the "Challenge Iceberg Refrigerator."

The thirtieth prize is a Family Clock, black enameled iron case, with bronze ornaments, worth \$12.50.

The thirty-first and last prize is an elegant Dinner Set of 100 pieces, valued at \$10.

FORM OF LETTER.

.....1897.

Please place me on your list for one year as a subscriber to the SEMI-WEEKLY AMERICAN. My guess on number of ticket admissions to the Tennessee Centennial on Confederate Day, June 24, is

Name.....

Town.....State.....

 You must subscribe or renew in order to be entitled to a guess. If you are already a subscriber, send another dollar to "The American" and have your time extended another year. Each guess must be accompanied by \$1.00 and must be in the same envelope with the subscription. NO GUESS WILL BE REGISTERED UNLESS ACCOMPANIED BY \$1.00. Address "Semi-Weekly American," Nashville, Tenn.

SPECIAL: The above is our general advertisement. The American, seeking the patronage of all who will attend the great reunion, and others who cannot come but wish more elaborate reports of it and of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition than can be published in the VETERAN, makes a club rate with the VETERAN, putting the two at \$1.50. Order through either publication.

Special Low Rates for the Veterans.



The Nashville Hotel Company Gets a Prize.



One of the most notable events in this live city is the arrangement to use the Nashville College for Young Ladies as a hotel during the Centennial Exposition, which includes the Confederate reunion period.

The Nashville Hotel Company is chartered under the laws of Tennessee, and composed of men of energy, experience, and responsibility. They will assume entire charge of the arrangements for lodging and feeding visitors during the Exposition. Dr. Price assumes no responsibility whatever for the details of the management. They will furnish all necessary information as to rates, terms, and accommodations. It is the purpose of the company to conduct the business in first-class style, and to guarantee satisfaction to all who register upon their books.

The arrangements are not intended to interrupt the usual exercises of the college, and will not interfere in any respect with the management and conduct of the institution as a seat of learning. It is hoped that the present and former patrons and pupils of the college who visit the Centennial will make it convenient to find lodging in the college buildings.

This great college hotel is located within one minute of the Custom House, in which is the post-office, and about the same distance from the offices of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway. It is within ten minutes' walk of ten of the leading churches of the city, including the Gospel Tabernacle, the most elegant auditorium in the South, and where the Confederate veterans will hold their reunion, and where will be numerous other important meetings during the Centennial.

The college has ample water facilities, and the drinking water is furnished either from the mountain streams of the Cumberland River, double-filtered, or from large cisterns on the premises. There are fire-escapes on the buildings, and the property itself is located within half a minute of the central fire station of the city. All the heating arrangements are so located as to reduce the danger of fire to the lowest point. It is situated in one of the most central and conspicuous spots in the city, and offers the most commodious view of the great thoroughfare to the Exposition. Breezes in hot weather are hardly more noted from the State Capitol, elevated as it is. All desirable facilities for a first-class hotel are supplied. Broad stairways and elevator by the magnificent rotunda give ease with beauty. Take Walnut Street south one block to Broad, thence east a half-block to Hotel.

The Masonic Restaurant.

The Nashville Hotel Company, under an experienced management, converted the large rooms on the first floor of the Masonic Building not occupied by the fraternity into a restaurant with the largest capacity ever yet given to a like enterprise in this city.



Gold, \$2, \$3; Enameled
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VISIT THE ART ROOMS OF THE

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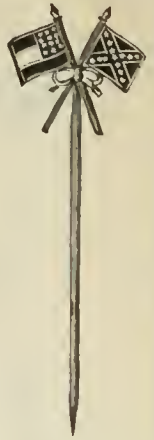
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Headquarters for Confederate Buttons, Scarf Pins, Souvenir Spoons, and
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business at 305½ North Cherry Street,
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Also remember that fine 12-room
Spruce Street brick mansion at \$10,000
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BEST SETS, \$6.

WARRANTED NO BETTER
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GOLD ALLOY, FILLED, 50 CTS,

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New Hardware Store.

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Hardware,
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212 North College Street

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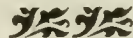
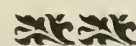
Art Teachers Wanted all Through the South.

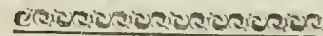
The Monteagle Summer Art School



Will open at Monteagle, Tenn., June 1, under the direction of
Prof. and Mrs. John Bradshaw Longman. Classes in out-of-
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....THE....

GREAT HIGHWAY OF TRAVEL,

Reaching the principal cities of the
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OFFERS TO THE TRAVELER

Unexcelled Train Service,
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Short Line Between the East, the North,
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Are two of the factors which should be considered in purchasing musical instruments. If you consider price alone, you'll probably not buy of us, because we don't sell cheap goods. But if you are willing to pay a reasonable price for a fine instrument we will sell you anything from a piano to a jew's-harp.

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Are sold exclusively by our house and are justly celebrated for their beautiful tone and artistic finish. They are as good as the best, and better than many for which double the price is asked. A written guarantee accompanies every Lynnwood. Write for catalogue and full information as to prices.

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We Sell Everything in Sheet Music, Music-Books, etc. We Will Send by Mail, Post-paid, Any of These Pieces for Half the Price Named.

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R. DORMAN & CO., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran.

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

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

Advertising Rates: \$1.50 per inch one time, or \$15 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, \$35. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is below the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,
United Daughters of the Confederacy,
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

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

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

PRICE \$1.00 PER YEAR. { VOL. V.
SINGLE COPY 10 CENTS. {

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1897.

No. 6. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR. }



REGISTRATION QUARTERS, NASHVILLE, FOR UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The above view is from the corner of Spruce and Broad Streets, and near the post office. To the right are Fogg and Hume School buildings, general registration quarters for all the States at the U. C. V. Reunion. The remote building on the right is Tulane Hotel, formerly the Nicholson Ward Seminary, general headquarters for all Confederates during the summer, is in the block on the left. Gen. Moorman's headquarters will be there.

The VETERAN OFFICE is there also, where all comrades and patrons are invited to call during the Reunion.

From the view illustrated above turn to the right and you face the Cumberland River, six squares distant; going half-way and a little to the left, you reach the Tabernacle, where the conventions will be held.

A surprising overflow of articles intended for this number, and unavoidably deferred, gives promise for a finer issue than this to follow the reunion.

Review of Samuel Davis' unexcelled career,

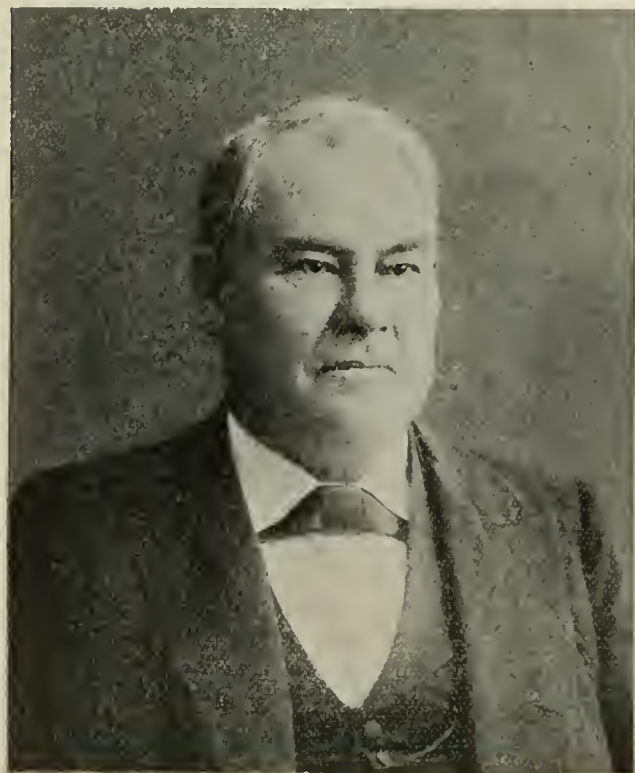
the publication in full of subscriptions to his monument, pictures of all the Sponsors and their chief Maids of Honor, with a complete list of over 1,000 camps, indicate some of its leading features.

This reunion VETERAN goes out to its many thousands of patrons bearing sentiments of gratitude which mellow the heart. Its preparation was so hurried that it lacks order in arrangement and also that condensation which might have improved the value and appearance, but, with the multitude of unavoidable detractions, the best possible, under the circumstances, has been done. The stinginess in illustrating the May number, that this one might shine the brighter, was so great a mistake that a score of pictures are necessarily held over for the July number.

The feature which has been expected as the greatest attraction in this issue is that of the Sponsors and their Chief Maids of Honor, and at the twenty-third hour it is determined to defer it to the July issue. Prints will be ready, however, for complimentary distribution at the reunion to subscribers.

Friends who have kindly sent contributions which have been deferred are assured of sincerest appreciation and much regret in the delay with the promise to have all, or the substance at least, appear as soon as it will be possible.

We Confederates of Nashville are diligent in arranging to give the greatest possible comfort to our coming guests, and pressing cares in this respect have compelled postponement of correspondence until painful dread of suspected indifference causes this reference. Every letter received has attention, and, in a general way, effort is being made to comply with requests.

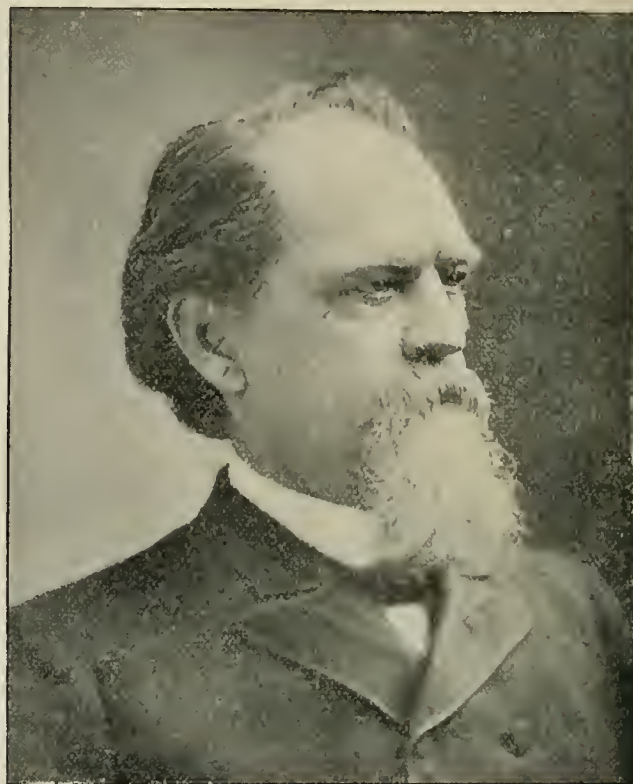


HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

When this publication is mailed much relief will be felt and better opportunities be improved for compliance with requests from patrons and personal friends.

Impressions prevail with a few that we are so pleased to have the reunion in Nashville that general free en-

tertainment is to be given. It is true that the citizens of Nashville would sooner entertain Confederate Veterans than any other class of people on earth, and they are unstinted in every sense. Many are giving as nearly all their time as possible, and freely, too, of their



GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

means to make the reunion a success in all respects, but the undertaking is prodigious. In the aggregate the people of Nashville, and just such friends to Confederates in Middle Tennessee, will have given not less than twenty thousand dollars, and yet free entertainment is not proposed to any who can pay a reasonable sum for board. Because of the magnificent Exposition in progress here, and as many people in humble circumstances have incurred unusual expense in arranging for summer boarders, there will not be as many free homes in proportion as there would under other circumstances, yet the committees in charge are securing every advantage for veterans that they would undertake for members of their own families. If indeed "all Texas is coming," and the many thousands that are expected from all the other Southern States arrive, it will be evident that much of forbearance should be exercised.

Favors are for veterans specially, and the distribution of badges will have to be done with closest vigilance. Comrades in charge of delegations must help, and if they will make a list of the names and commands in the war of those to be supplied with badges, so that list of names can be handed in officially signed, with the exact number of badges merited, it will greatly facilitate this most important matter. The badges referred to are for Confederates generally. Delegates' badges will be given out at the Division Headquarters, located as shown on title page.

The mess hall in Haymarket Square is being arranged to feed over fifteen hundred veterans every forty minutes, and comrades who may be guests and expect to take their luncheon at the mess hall should give notice before starting out for the day.

The parade is being arranged with much concern. This VETERAN pleads for as little fatigue as practicable in the march, and the editor has secured from Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt University, permission to make the review stand in the university campus, and dismiss the thousands there where they may drink cold water, pull off their coats, and rest on the grass under the shade of the trees.

The plan for a jubilee in the Auditorium of the Centennial Exposition is commended. It is proposed to have such a gathering there after the parade in which a representative speaker for each state will be heard for five minutes. The VETERAN commends the Exposition to comrades and hopes that that day will be the red-letter date of the six months. Nothing in all the proceedings for the reunion has been done as a scheme to help the Exposition, and this suggestion is gratuitous—the writer is not under obligations by advertisement contracts, and always pays his way as an outsider, but the Exposition is a credit not only to the South, but to the entire country. The government has made a magnificent exhibit, and the President of the United States has visited it. During the reunion days one-third of the net receipts go to the Confederate Memorial Institute fund regardless of where it may be located.

OFFICIAL INFORMATION ABOUT THE REUNION.

The Executive Committee for the reception and entertainment of the United Confederate Veterans at the Seventh Annual Reunion, at Nashville, Tenn., June 22-24, 1897, has issued through Chairman J. B. O'Bryan, the following circular of additional information.

All trains arrive at the Union Depot.

Headquarters of the Executive Committee are located in the chapel of Ward's Seminary, two blocks from the Union Depot.

Each properly accredited Confederate soldier will be furnished with a badge, free of cost, which will entitle him to all the courtesies due Veterans.

Commanders of organizations or chairmen of squads are requested to see that each badge goes to a Confederate soldier in good standing. Any person wearing a badge who is not entitled to it should be branded as a fraud.

Delegates' badges will be delivered to the United Confederate Veteran authorities, who will distribute them.

State Headquarters.—A room for each state will be furnished in Fogg School building for their respective Division Headquarters. This is one block south of Ward Seminary.

The Gospel Tabernacle, accommodating seven thousand persons, will be used for all United Confederate Veteran meetings. This is three and one-half blocks from Fogg School building.

The mess hall will be located on Haymarket Square, two blocks from the Tabernacle. We will be prepared to accommodate fifteen hundred at one sitting—free to all Confederates not otherwise provided for.

Reception Committee will wear badges all the time of the reunion, and will give any information desired to visitors. Call on them.

Members of this committee will meet every railway train at the Union Depot.

Street Cars.—Our system of electric cars is such that every portion of the city, to its utmost limits, is in connection with all places of our meetings and headquarters, at one fare for five cents.



GEN. GEORGE MOORMAN.

From present indications the city will provide accommodations, at reasonable cost, for all who attend.

We will, as far as we find ourselves able, provide free lodging and meals for all Confederate soldiers who cannot pay for them themselves.

Organizations of any size can secure rooms and cots or mattresses on reasonable terms. We would urge you to send a representative here, some time ahead, to get your quarters ready by the time you arrive. This is very important.

Would suggest that each person who expects to go into camp or sleep on a cot bring a blanket and towel.

In the grand parade on June 24 each state is expected to furnish its own music and flags.

Nashville, June 5, 1897.

The office of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is located in the chapel of Ward Seminary, as accessible a place as there is in Nashville. Earnest effort will be put forth to see every patron who comes to the reunion and will call at the office. Efficient help will be there, and it is expected that large additions will be made to the subscription list.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN NEW YORK.

The New York *Herald* gives the following account of the dedication ceremonies of the magnificent monument recently dedicated in Mount Hope Cemetery, near the Greater New York:

There was no sound of discord at the dedication at Mount Hope Cemetery yesterday afternoon of the



CHARLES B. ROUSS.

beautiful monument to the memory of the dead soldiers of the South, which was presented to the Confederate Veteran Camp by Charles Broadway Rouss. Neither was there any sign of enmity at the reception in the evening at Lenox Lyceum. The Union and Confederate veterans dwelt together in unity, and in this city the friendship between the old soldiers of the South and the Grand Army men was welded in speech and prayer.

The dedication ceremonies began at the cemetery at two o'clock. The Confederate Veteran Camp had issued invitations to several Grand Army posts, which had invited its members to camp fires, to attend the dedication. Members of the U. S. Grant and Alexander Hamilton posts, the Farragut Association of Naval Veterans, the Elizabeth (N. J.) Veteran Zouaves, and the Judson Kilpatrick Post, and the Old Guard were present at the cemetery in a body. The monument is on a beautiful site of the cemetery, and the dedication was witnessed by a large gathering, which included many members of Southern families.

William S. Keiley, in behalf of Mr. Rouss, presented the monument to the Confederate Veteran Camp. Commander A. G. Dickinson accepted the memorial in behalf of the camp. There was a beautiful musical programme rendered at the cemetery. A boy choir sang several selections and the Twenty-second Regi-

ment Band played. The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Granberry delivered the prayer.

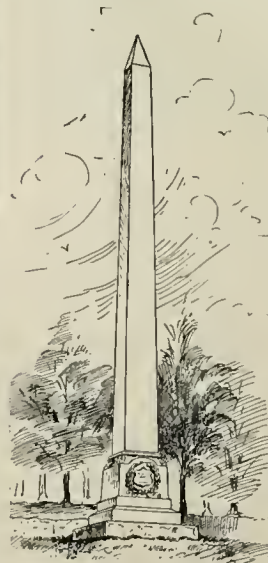
The reception at the Lenox Lyceum was the main feature of the occasion. There was an elaborate display of American flags in the audience hall. Around the galleries were bunched the standards of the nation and the coat of arms of every state. Over the platform was the shield of the United States, suspended between American flags. There were roses, hydrangeas, and palms on the platform.

Mr. Rouss and a party of friends occupied one of the boxes. The seating capacity of the hall was taxed by the large number of spectators. At the call of the bugle members of the Alexander Hamilton Post, Farragut Association of Naval Veterans, the Judson Kilpatrick Post, the Old Guard and the Monitor Association, of Brooklyn, advanced to a position in front of the platform. Members of the Confederate Veteran Camp, the Southern and Charleston societies, lined up at right angle to the Union veterans. There was some little rivalry between the Union and Confederate veterans in this preliminary exhibition, which rather amused the spectators, both receiving an equal amount of applause.

Col. A. G. Dickinson, commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp, then welcomed the Union soldiers in a brief speech, and invited the commanders of the posts and associations to come upon the platform and make addresses. The scene that followed brought tears to many eyes in the hall. There were references to the old battles and the recounting of brave deeds.

Com. B. S. Osborne, of the National Association of Naval Veterans, in his address said: "I was asked to-day why I wear a Confederate badge alongside of the Grand Army medal. I replied that as I once fought for the preservation of the Union, I am now fighting for the Confederate heroes. There must be no more enmities. The Southern and the Northern hearts are linked forever in a common destiny."

Capt. W. C. Reddy spoke in behalf of the Alexander Hamilton Post; Capt. P. L. Flynn, in behalf of the Farragut Association of Naval Veterans; Robert Muir, in behalf of the Judson Kilpatrick Post, and Capt. Stanley, in behalf of the Monitor Association of Brooklyn.



THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, NEW YORK.

After the speeches the Union and Confederate veterans shook hands with Mr. Rouss, and a banquet followed.

The monument which Mr. Rouss gave to the camp cost \$5,000. Mr. Rouss volunteered to pay for the memorial when he was first informed of the intention of the camp to erect such a tribute to the memory of the Confederate dead. The Confederate Camp now owns sufficient ground to bury its members and their families, and has also a mortuary fund to meet expenses. The cemetery company placed a beautiful site at the disposal of the camp.

MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Some interesting and very valuable correspondence has been sent to the VETERAN by "An Enthusiast," looking to the proper recognition of our women in the war by a lady who withholds her name for the present. Suffice it, however, that she has perhaps done more for the cause of the proposed great Confederate Memorial Institute than any other woman or any other person after the Confederate's first benefactor, Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss. She has secured letters from leading Southern women in many sections of the South, which are to be herein published.

The VETERAN will cheerfully aid this most worthy cause in every practicable way. The appeal, it will be seen, suggests that subscriptions be sent to this office; and, while the paper is published just as written, it is deemed advisable that friends withhold remittances for the present, although the offer to send—when wanted, amounts to be named with such offer—is deemed appropriate. Fine letters from noble women and gallant men, already received, contain hearty commendation:

WOMAN IN WAR.

It has long been my cherished desire to see a worthy memorial erected by the men of our nation to the women of the Confederacy, who displayed, from first to last, in every sphere—in the home, in the hospital, and on the tented field—an unflinching, because untiring, devotion to their loved soldiers, a devotion which amounted to heroism of the highest type.

Let us place within the portals of that noble struc-

ture which is to be erected to the heroes of the Confederacy a beautiful group in finest marble, costing not less than \$50,000, to represent our women as welcoming the visitor to the hallowed hall, as she did the tattered soldier to her heart.

Heroes, will you aid me in accomplishing this cherished desire? I do not expect woman to thus honor herself; but I would give each man—North, South, East, West; yes, even across the "pond"—the opportunity to aid in commemorating in lasting form this typical devotion on the part of woman, which appeals to every manly heart and awakens a thrill of admiration and gratitude for the sex. Let us have a memorial, heroes, that will speak eloquently to coming generations of the women you honor.

Subscriptions for the purpose may be sent to the editor of the VETERAN, who will forward receipts. Should any one subscribe for the VETERAN especially to aid the woman's fund, a statement of that fact should accompany the order, that due credit may be given. A permanent register of names of subscribers will be kept, and cards of admission to the unveiling of the statuery be forwarded in due time.

Dear readers, I have now endeavored briefly to explain my desire and anticipation, and I feel assured that those to whom I have applied will respond.

"HE'LL SEE IT WHEN HE WAKES."

For the benefit of Dr. Henri Blakemore, of Saltillo, Tenn., Gen. R. B. Coleman, of McAlester, Ind. T., sends the following poem, taken from *Bugle Echoes*, and composed by Frank Lee. The young soldier was a Mississippian and was killed in Virginia. Other poems of merit have been submitted, but lack of space forbids their publication at present.

Amid the clouds of battle smoke
The sun had died away,
And where the storm of battle broke
A thousand warriors lay.
A band of friends upon the field
Stood round a youthful form,
Who, when the war cloud's thunder pealed,
Had perished in the storm.
Upon his forehead, on his hair,
The coming moonlight breaks,
And each dear brother standing there
A tender farewell takes.

But ere they laid him in his home
There came a comrade near,
And gave a token that had come
From her the dead held dear.
A moment's doubt upon them pressed,
Then one the letter takes
And lays it low upon his breast—
"He'll see it when he wakes."
O thou who dost in sorrow wait,
Whose heart in anguish breaks,
Though thy dear message came too late,
"He'll see it when he wakes."

No more amid the fiery storm
Shall his strong arm be seen,
No more his young and manly form
Tread Mississippi's green;
And e'en thy tender words of love—
The words affection speaks—
Came all too late; but O thy love
Will "see them when he wakes!"
No jars disturb his gentle rest,
No noise his slumber breaks;
But thy words sleep upon his breast—
"He'll see them when he wakes."



THE LADY WHO NURSED "LITTLE GIFFEN OF TENNESSEE."

BUTTONS MADE IN THE CONFEDERACY.

BY DR. S. H. STOUT, MEDICAL DIRECTOR OF HOSPITALS.

S. B. Brown, Winchester, Ky., in the *VETERAN* of April last, says: "I am interested in buttons worn on the coats of soldiers of the Confederate States of America."

My position as medical director of the hospital of the Army and Department of Tennessee gave me ample opportunities to see the operations of the various plants engaged in gathering and manufacturing supplies of every kind needed for the Confederate army and navy. While on an inspecting tour in Columbus, Ga., in the winter of 1862-63, I was informed that wooden, horn, and bone buttons were being manufactured there, and I visited the plant. The factory was owned by a former lieutenant of the Confederate army, who had lost an arm in one of the early battles. I regret that I cannot recall his name. He was the son of a wealthy planter in that vicinity. The motive power of his factory was an engine of moderate horse power that had been used to run a printing press. So complete were the saws, borers, and drying kilns that in the final process of their manufacture the completed buttons dropped into the hoppers with as much rapidity as nails from a nail-making machine. I asked the Lieutenant where he learned the trade of button making, and he replied that he had never seen a button made by any machinery before he made them himself. Having been disabled, he determined to still do something in aid of the Confederate cause. The need of buttons suggested this enterprise and aroused his native ingenuity to a practical purpose. His plant, I was told, supplied the Confederate soldiers with wooden, horn, and bone buttons for more than two years of the war.

In the beginning of the war many of the gilt buttons worn by the officers were made in the shops of the Northern States; many were made in Europe, and found their way into the Confederacy through the



HYDE & GOODRICH, New Orleans. HALFMANN & TAYLOR, Montgomery. HYDE & GOODRICH, New Orleans.

blockade runners. I do not think that they were ever manufactured in any considerable number within the territory of the Confederacy. A set of gilt buttons was made to serve the purpose of ornamenting successive uniforms worn by an officer. Gilt buttons, with letters and devices appropriate to the rank and arm of the service of the wearers, were prescribed by law.

W. F. Claughton, Montgomery, Ala.:

I see in the April *VETERAN* that Dr. M. S. Brown, of Winchester, Ky., wants to know about the buttons and letters worn by the Confederate soldiers and the different branches of the service represented. We had no buttons, but wore letters on our hats or caps. Our letters were "J. D. M. A.," for Jeff Davis Mounted Artillery. Well, I do remember that when I was wounded



The recent death of Gen. Ira P. Jones—the military title not of war achievement, but in honor for his many noble qualities established through the devotion of those who knew him best and loved him—was not unexpected, for his health had been declining for years. Yet the sorrow and the desolation for such loss is hardly less poignant.

Gen. Jones was the Nestor of the Tennessee Press Association, and has been continued at the head of its Executive Committee on and on, though rarely active. Junior members, known as "the boys," were in the habit of going to him for counsel on all important Association matters. The funeral was largely attended at the family residence on Sunday, June 6.

Rev. Dr. James I. Vance led in the service with prayer. Miss Omagh Armstrong sang "Some Sweet Day." Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald made the address, giving an account of the life work of the deceased from his birth in Abbeville, S. C., February 2, 1829.

Pertinent for record here is the following: "He was in the truest sense a patriot. He was an ardent party man, though it was not in his nature to become a bitter partisan. He was ready to give his life for his principles. He was a Confederate soldier—one of the sort who were fearless while the fight was going on, but not factious after the war flags were furled. He will not meet with his old comrades at the reunion of the veterans of the Southern Confederacy soon to take place in Nashville. He will be missed when the gray-haired men who wore the gray assemble here. The ranks are thinning here, and filling up on the other side. Sacred be the memories of those that have crossed over! A benediction on those that remain with us still!"

and came home I would cut gourds into round pieces about the size of a silver half-dollar, and my sisters would cover them with black cloth and sew them on their dresses, and they looked nice. I have seen many cut out of thick leather. "Where there is a will there is a way."

Dr. C. S. Reeves, Lone Grove, Tex.:

Dr. M. S. Browne, of Winchester, Ky., desires to know about the manufacture of buttons in the Confederacy. I know not where they were made, but we certainly had them by the million, all sorts and sizes. Some had the likenesses of Jefferson Davis, Gen. J. E. Johnston, Braxton Bragg, Sterling Price, and nearly all



E. M. LEWIS & CO., WATERBURY BUTTON CO.
RICHMOND, VA.

had the letters C. S. A. They were generally worn on the cap, with the letter or letters showing to what branch of the service the wearer belonged.

During the war with Mexico the likeness of Gen. Taylor was on the buttons. They were called "rough and ready" buttons, made of tin or other metal, and bore a striking likeness of "Old Zach."

With the Confederate buttons "hangs a tale" that will bear perpetuating in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.



MISS JANE THOMAS, NASHVILLE, TENN. (See page 255.)

During the awful days of reconstruction and negro rule in the South one, Col. William Betts, well known to me from his boyhood, continued to wear the gray, buttons, etc., despite the peremptory order of the military despot that they must all be taken off and put out of sight. Every railroad car, steamboat, or stage had a Yankee guard, with bristling bayonet, and a captain, to see that this order was executed. Col. Betts, as brave and fearless a little man as ever drew a sword, was on the cars, going from his home at West Point, Ga., to Montgomery, Ala., clad in his Confederate gray.

"You must take off those buttons, sir," said the Yankee captain.

"You had better take them off yourself," said Col. Betts.

After a short parley the officer cut off a button. Instantly Col. Betts thrust a bowie-knife into his heart, jumped out of the window, the train running at full speed, and made his escape across the Chattahoochee River into Florida. He changed his dress from that time, and engaged in business with a firm in Quincy, Fla. A large reward was offered for him, and after several months he was captured, after stabbing two men to death, and carried to a military prison at Lagrange, Ga., where he was kept in "durance vile" for nearly a year. He was tried first by court-martial and sentenced to be hanged, but obtained a new trial before a civil tribunal, and was finally cleared by Ben Hill and Vice-president Alex Stephens. The defense cost his father-in-law, Dr. William H. H. Griffin, several thousand dollars. If any old veteran knows what finally became of Col. Betts, I would like to hear of him.

In a postscript Dr. Reeves states:

Very soon I shall be on the "eternal camping ground," but I hope to be able to write for the next number of the VETERAN a description of the hanging, by order of Gen. Cheatham, of Capt. King, his two sons, and fifteen other bushwhackers, on the retreat from Crab Orchard, Ky. This Capt. King was a deserter from the Federal army, who made a lady with whom he boarded, at Corinth, Miss., buckle on his spurs, holding a drawn sword over her head. She told him that he would be hanged. He and his men met their just fate on the Southern bank of the Kentucky River at the hands of Capt. — (name forgotten), of Palo Alto, Miss.

CAPT. WILEY HUNTER GRIFFIN.

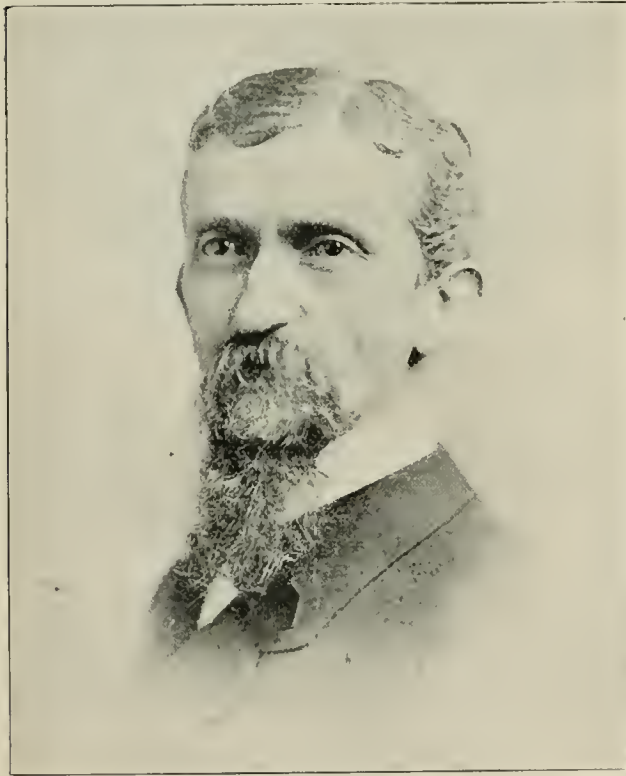
Capt. Wiley Hunter Griffin was born in Southampton County, Va., in 1836. At the age of eighteen he left home to battle with the world. He went to Norfolk, Va., and then to Baltimore, where he opened a wholesale grocery. He had a prosperous business when the trumpet of war sounded. Although out of the line and not called upon, he organized a company known as the Baltimore Light Artillery; and, although urged to take command, he declined, preferring a young Brokenborough, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, who was chosen captain. After the battle of Sharpsburg Griffin was promoted to captain, which position he occupied until taken prisoner in the battle at Yellow Tavern. He was taken to Morris Island, and then to Fort Pulaski, where he was placed in a dungeon and fed on bread and water for an entire year. From the effects of that prolonged starvation

he never recovered. He was many times tried in battle. Three times his horse was shot under him, and he was twice wounded.

Capt. Griffin was twice married; first, to Miss Matilda Dennison, of Baltimore, who lived only a few years. His second wife was Miss Aggie Davie, of Galveston, by whom he had one son, Frank Davie Griffin, who is now attending the Virginia Military Institute in Lexington.

His death occurred in Galveston, Tex., on the 23d of November, 1896. Surely Maryland should be proud of her "young line" in the Confederate States Army, as she was of her "old" in the days of the Revolution!

Capt. Griffin's career as a soldier is a record unique in its honored associations. In a history of the Maryland Line, published in 1869, the author, Maj. W. W. Goldsborough, mentions him as the "brave-hearted and



CAPT. WILEY HUNTER GRIFFIN.

noble Griffin," who together with him "passed through the horrors of the retaliatory dens of Morris Island and Fort Pulaski."

At Fisher's Hill "a section of this battery was surrounded and cut off, when the gallant fellow drove his pieces through the ranks of the enemy and reached the main body in safety." As a reward for the gallantry displayed in that fight, Gen. Dick Taylor presented the battery with two captured Napoleon guns, captured the next day at Port Republic, saying: "I want you to have them for what I saw of you yesterday." Griffin should be honored along with the gallant Pelham, not only for dauntless courage, but for his wonderful execution in every engagement with his brave Marylanders. His career, however, was cut short by his capture in the battle of Yellow Tavern.

TRIBUTE TO A FEDERAL OFFICER.

William Haines Lytle was of a distinguished family that settled in Ohio from Pennsylvania about eighty years ago. His mother was Miss Elizabeth Haines, from New Jersey. He was an only son. His father, Gen. Robert Todd Lytle, died in New Orleans at the age of thirty-five.

W. H. Lytle studied law and served in the Mexican war. After that he entered politics, serving two terms in the Ohio Legislature. In 1857 he was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of that state.

Gov. Chase had made him major-general of militia, and the next day after Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops he was ordered to establish a camp at Cincinnati. The Cincinnati bar presented him with a sword. He went to the war as colonel of the Tenth



GEN. WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE.

Ohio Regiment. He was wounded in the first battle of his regiment at Carnifex Ferry, Va. Soon after that he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, November 29, 1862.

Gen. Lytle rapidly became popular with the commands to which he was assigned, and his death at Chickamauga was a calamity to the Federals, and much deplored by his many friends. The government has erected a monument to his memory similar to that of Gen. Ben Hardin Helm and others at Chickamauga.

His last written order contained the following: ". . . We do not war against women or noncombatants. . . . If it becomes necessary to levy on the country for supplies, let it be done by your commissaries and your quartermaster. . . . If necessary, set an example for the division and the army."

He was gifted in literature. His poem beginning,

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life tide fast,

is popular wherever the language is spoken.

Gen. Lytle had an extensive relationship in Rutherford County, Tenn. Investigation of these kinships brings out a singular story about how Murfreesboro, Tenn., was located and named. Archibald Lytle and Col. Murfree lived in that vicinity, and when the subject of changing the county seat from Jefferson (now "Old Jefferson") was being considered, they jointly agreed to give the site. (The settlement of the question about removal was determined by a fist fight.) In the meantime Col. Murfree died, and hence his agreement could not be carried out; but Mr. Lytle gave all the land, and had the town named in honor of his friend.

The VETERAN cannot fail to acknowledge special indebtedness to the wife of Maj. E. C. Lewis, director-general of the Centennial Exposition, now in successful progress, for interesting data. Gen. Lytle was her kinsman through her grandmother, Mrs. William Nichol, who was a Miss Lytle. He called at her residence in Nashville a few weeks before he was killed, but she was absent on a visit to her sons, Dr. W. L. and Elijah Nichol, who were in the Confederate army. This branch of the Lytle family came to Tennessee from North Carolina.

In a sketch of Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, soon to be published in the VETERAN, the author, Maj. W. T. Blakemore, of New Orleans, writes concerning Gen. Lytle in the battle of Perryville, Ky.:

"In this engagement Johnson's Brigade came in contact with that of Gen. William Lytle, of Ohio (and right here let me say that a more gallant, chivalrous soldier never commanded a braver set of men than found in the Tenth Ohio), whose line of battle was well defined by their dead and wounded, and their color-bearers piled five and six high around their standard, each man having been shot down as he rescued them. The last one, when shot, in his desperate extreme, stuck the staff in the ground, which, however, was shot away in a few minutes. Gen. Lytle was wounded and made prisoner.

"In connection with this capture a bit of unwritten history might well be recorded, and may result in the location and return to the widow of the gallant Gen. Lytle of his sword, then surrendered. Gen. Lytle was seated on a rock, a ragged tear in his cheek marking the bullet course, and, riding up to him, I said: 'My friend, you seem to be hurt? Can I do anything for you?' He replied that those on the field needed more immediate attention, tendering me his sword, the most exquisitely handsome one I have ever seen, with its diamond-studded hilt and flashing, gold scabbard, presented by his ardent admirers in Cincinnati. Recognizing in Gen. Lytle the superior instinct of a soldier and a gentleman, I courteously refused the sword, saying that one who could command such men (whom he characterized as 'the flower of the Union army') should never suffer such indignity; and during the brief enactment of this war episode his apostrophe to the Confederate forces—their matchless bravery, undaunted courage, and unfaltering devotion to principle—was the

most eloquent and beautiful I have ever heard. His expression was absolutely sublime.

"We proceeded to the rear, directing our way toward Dr. Gentry's hospital, but, meeting Dan Perkins (an *attaché* of our headquarters, whose instinct was too keen to miss a fight, even though his duty was to look after our records), I turned Gen. Lytle over to him, with instructions to hand all valuables to Dr. Gentry, our brigade surgeon, for safe keeping. I turned back to our troops, and thought no more of the matter, a midnight march leaving little time for minor concerns. A few days later Perkins came to me and said that K—, of Gen. Hardee's Staff, had accosted and demanded of



TYPICAL MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA. THE SAME KIND USED FOR LYTLE, HELM, AND OTHER FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE OFFICERS IN THE NATIONAL MILITARY PARK.

Gen. Lytle his sword, and that remonstrance had proved unavailing. I reported this to Gen. Johnson, who proposed a court-martial; but before it could be instituted K—, to escape the consequences, left the command. About a year later, while in Virginia on crutches, he had the audacity to approach me, whereupon I denounced him in virulent terms, and declared that only the return of the sword to Gen. Lytle's family could entitle him to recognition among gentlemen—a distinction not yet earned, as far as I can learn."

Capt. B. W. Roberts, of Tyler, Tex., desires to hear from any of the graduating class of 1861 of the Kentucky Military Institute; also of the boys of Montgomery's Battalion of Artillery, organized at Griffin, Ga.



J. L. KNOX.

DR. N. C. KNOX.

W. H. KNOX.

I. P. KNOX.

S. Y. T. KNOX.

R. M. KNOX.

SIX BROTHERS KNOX.

The above engraving is an extraordinary exhibition of six brothers. They are sons of Absalom and Sarah Higgins Knox.

John L. Knox is a native of Gibson County, Tenn., and was born April 22, 1834. In his fifteenth year he went to Panola County, Miss., where he now resides. Although a "states' rights" Democrat, he was opposed to secession and also to coercion. As a member of the Panola Guards, he left for Pensacola, Fla., March 27, 1861, the day after enlisting. At the close of a year, the time of his enlistment, he was discharged. He then helped to organize "Yates's Battery," and was chosen first lieutenant. He did hard service with the battery, but resigned at Vicksburg in 1863. Joining W. G. Middleton, who became captain of a cavalry company, he was given the same second position that he had in the battery. The company became a part of the Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry and served under Forrest. Middleton was killed July 15, 1864, and Lieut. Knox succeeded him. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., late in May, 1865, having served four years and two months in actual service. He was never wounded, never a prisoner, never missed a roll call without a lawful reason, nor a battle in which his company was engaged.

William H. Knox, the second son, was born February 13, 1836, and removed with his parents to Panola County, Miss., in 1848. He left his wife and one child to assist in organizing the First Mississippi Cavalry, and was elected third lieutenant of Company C in 1861. They served in Armstrong's Brigade, Jackson's Division, taking an active part in the battle of Shiloh, April, 1862. In June following he assisted in

raising another company of cavalry, was elected second lieutenant, and was again promoted to the first lieutenant of Jarnigan's Company, Ballentine's Regiment. He was severely wounded in May, 1864, before Atlanta, but returned from the hospital to his command in the following summer. Was with Hood at Nashville and Franklin, closing with the battle of Selma.

R. M. Knox was born in March, 1838, and was the third son. He was ten years old when the family moved. When twenty years old he returned to Milan, Tenn., obtained a situation in the first dry goods store opened there, and remained until January, 1861. Going back to Mississippi, he clerked in a store at Batesville until June, when he enlisted with his brother in the First Mississippi Cavalry. He served under Van Dorn and Forrest and was in all the battles in which his command was engaged, including Shiloh, Holly Springs, and Corinth; was at Atlanta, Franklin, and Nashville, and helped to cover Hood's retreat. At Selma, Ala., three-fourths of his command was captured, but he made his escape. He had two horses shot from under him, but was never wounded nor taken prisoner.

At the close of the war he made a corn crop on a piece of land bought during the war with Confederate money. After finishing his crop he went to Memphis, secured employment as salesman in a wholesale dry goods house, and remained there until July, 1871, having saved enough money to go into business for himself. He went west to Pine Bluff, Ark., engaging in a general merchandise business, and has ever been successful. He has always taken great interest in the reunions of veterans, and was at Birmingham, Houston.

and Richmond. His daughter, Miss Sue, was chosen maid of honor for her state at the latter reunion.

He is one of the founders of the Confederate Home in Little Rock. In the beginning he, Col. J. B. Trulock, and the late Capt. John P. Murphy spent a week at the state capitol, urging the Legislature to make an appropriation, and finally got them to levy one-fourth of a mill for pensioning indigent soldiers and the building of a Home, each of them contributing one hundred dollars personally. While commander of the J. Ed Murry Camp at Pine Bluff, he is also brigadier-general of the Second Arkansas Division, U. C. V. Having been a private during the entire war, he selects his staff from those who served as privates.

Nicholas C. Knox enlisted as a private in the Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Col. W. S. Featherstone, Barksdale's Brigade—all Mississippians—McLaw's Division. Blessed with a good constitution, he took part in all of the great battles in the Army of Virginia in which his command was engaged. He lost his right arm on the second day of the battle of

River. They were captured at Vicksburg and paroled. He remained a few weeks at home, and then went to parole camp at Enterprise, Miss., where he was soon exchanged and assigned to Gen. Forrest. He was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., and now lives at Houston, Tex.

Five of them were in the war from the beginning to the end, no two of them in the same regiment. W. H., the second, was wounded near Atlanta; Dr. N. C. lost his right arm at Gettysburg, but neither of the others was ever wounded, and all are yet living.

Mr. S. Y. T. Knox, the last one in the group, was too young to be in the service. He has been with his brother R. M. at Pine Bluff twenty-five years, and is now secretary and treasurer of the R. M. Knox Co.

Three years ago they had their first reunion at Pine Bluff since 1861, and it is their intention to meet again in Nashville at the general reunion, U. C. V.

T. J. Young, Austin, Ark.: "In the April VETERAN I notice that Mrs. M. B. Carter, of Stephens City, Va., in speaking of the fight at Fairfield, Pa., says that on the evening of the retreat of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry from Gettysburg, they met the Sixth United States Regular Cavalry at the village of Fairfield, and after a desperate fight killed and captured all of the Federals but about thirty. I desire to correct this by stating that I was a sergeant in Company G, Seventh Virginia Cavalry, Ashby's old regiment, and I am sure that the Seventh Regiment participated in this fight, and neither we nor the Sixth were retreating at the time, as it was on the 3d of July, in the afternoon, while the battle was raging on the heights of Gettysburg, that this battle took place. The Sixth and Seventh Regiments of Virginia Cavalry, of W. E. Jones's Brigade, were guarding the wagon train, which was two or three miles in the rear of Lee's Army, when suddenly a forage master, who had gone outside the pickets with a wagon or two to get some forage, came running into camp and said that the Federals were after him. The Sixth and Seventh Regiments both had orders to mount, and almost in an instant started in the direction from which the forage master came. We had gone but a short distance when we met a squad of about thirty mounted Federal cavalymen, who turned and ran through a lane with post and rail fence on each side. After we had gone down this lane some distance the Federals began to fire rapidly into us from a wheat field on the left side of the road. We had orders to dismount and tear down the fence, and as soon as this was done we charged into the wheat field and captured all of the Sixth United Regular Cavalry, who were dismounted before they could reach their horses. The thirty who escaped were the squad we first met in the lane, who drew us into the ambush. I remember this fight well. Just as we entered the wheat field where the dismounted Federals were a bullet struck me a little below the right corner of my mouth and penetrated deep enough to knock out two of my teeth and break my jawbone, which impression I have carried with me ever since."

R. F. Cotton and Thomas M. Joplin, members of Bragg's Secret Scouts, request all of their associates to meet in rooms of Cheatham Bivouac at ten o'clock, June 23.



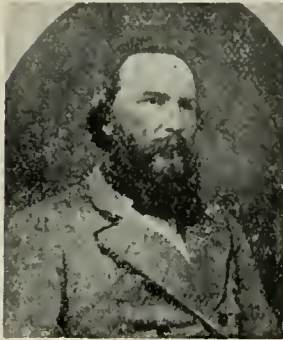
MISS SUE KNOX.

Gettysburg, was captured, and confined as a prisoner on — Island, off the city of New York, for several months before being paroled and sent into the Confederate lines. He was never at home after his enlistment until he was discharged. He returned to Mississippi, taught school, read medicine, getting a diploma from a medical college at Nashville, Tenn. He has represented his county in the Legislature, and is now a practitioner of medicine.

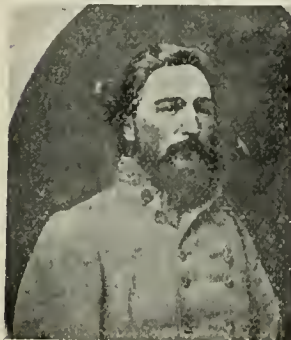
J. P. Knox, the fifth son, was just eighteen years old when the war broke out. His company, Pettis's Flying Artillery, was mustered into service in May, 1861, at Eureka, Miss., and on June 28 they went to Memphis, thence to New Madrid, Mo., and soon afterwards were put in Bowen's Brigade, under Gen. Price. His captain, Hudson, was killed at Shiloh. The battery was known as Hudson's Battery, and later as Walton's. At Port Gibson, Miss., this battery fired the first gun on Gen. Grant's Army after crossing the Mississippi



GEN. JOHN B. HOOD.



GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.



GEN. COLQUITT.

MISS LONG, PARIS, TEX.
DAUGHTER OF J. M. LONG.

TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS.

The thirtieth annual reunion of Terry's Texas Rangers occurs in Nashville, Tenn., June 21, 1897, the day preceding the United Confederate Veteran reunion. This invitation is to all members and their friends. The invitation is signed by Baxter Smith, chairman; J.



FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ERECTED IN TEXAS, AT SHERMAN (SKETCH DEFERRED).

K. P. Blackburn, J. B. Allen, George B. Guild, Frank Anderson, W. G. Lillard.

J. M. Clairborne, president Survivors' Association:
Terry's Texas Rangers are frequently spoken of by the United States troops as "centaurs," "mamelukes,"

and "devils." In the Confederate archives the command is numbered Eighth Texas Cavalry.

Ben Franklin Terry, a Texas sugar and cotton planter, and Thomas S. Lubbock, a gentleman of wealth and high social position, left Texas in April, 1861, for the seat of war at Richmond, Va., to offer their services to the Confederacy. These gentlemen participated in the Bull Run and first Manassas battles, and exhibited so great ability that they sought and obtained the privilege of returning to Texas with authority to raise an independent command of one thousand and four men, rank and file. On the 5th day of August, 1861, a call was made for the men through a newspaper published in the city of Houston, and in thirty days eleven hundred and ninety-three men, armed and equipped, responded. From these one thousand and four were selected and sworn into the Confederate service for the war. Subsequent recruits added to the roll made a total of thirteen hundred and five. Of these, 193 were killed on the field; 305 were wounded; 31 were transferred to other branches of service as drill masters, engineers, special secret service, etc.; 196 were discharged on account of wounds and diseases; 203 died from these causes, and 38 were promoted out of the regiment to other armies, leaving at the close of the war 339 men present or accounted for. There are today 114 survivors, a majority of whom will be at their special annual reunion at Nashville, June 21, 22. They will be joined by Col. Baxter Smith's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, the Second Georgia, Eleventh Texas, and Third Arkansas Cavalry, with whom they were brigaded under Brig.-Gen. Thomas Harrison the last year of the war.

After being sworn into service they took up the line of march overland. Reaching New Orleans, they were informed that they were not to go to Virginia. They were disappointed in this, because the First, Fourth, and Fifth Infantry had preceded them a few days. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had asked for and obtained them for the army he was then organizing at Bowling Green, Ky., Johnston being himself a Texan. Reaching Nashville, Tenn., they camped for a week, making friends of her citizens, as was fully tested in time of the great distress that followed. This kindness they never forgot, and at no time during the war, had volunteers been called to go into the city of Nashville, would a single man have failed to loyally respond. From Nashville they went to the front, picketing, skirmishing, scouting, and watching the advance of the enemy along Baron and Green Rivers, in Kentucky, until the 17th day of December, 1861, when they were engaged in their first pitched battle at Woodsonville, or Rowlett's Station, Ky. The battle was one of those charges that they made so often during the war, always carrying with them death and consternation to the enemy. From sickness and detached duty, only one hundred and eighty-one went into the fight, opposing Willich's German Brigade of three thousand men, behind straw ricks, forage stacks, and railway embankments. The impetuosity and the impudence of the charge threw the Federal Germans into consternation. The loss in four minutes was seven killed and fifteen wounded. The Federal loss was one hundred and sixty-three killed and two hundred and eighteen wounded. In the fight the gallant, chivalrous Southern gentleman, Col. Terry, was killed, and the death

of one hundred and sixty-three men, not even American citizens, would not cover the loss of any single one of the Rangers who fell that day. Col. Terry was killed while leading a squad of ninety-one men against an infantry hollow square at a kneel and parry by bayonet against cavalry.

Then began the retreat *via* Nashville, finally culminating in the battle of Shiloh, April 6-8, 1862. Gen. Johnston constituted the regiment "the eyes and ears" of the army. Thus it continued to the firing of the last gun under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina, in April, 1865.

The regiment always commanded the respect and esteem of the various commanders under whom it served: Sidney Johnston, J. E. Johnston, Joseph Wheeler, Gen. Hardee, Bedford Forrest, and Frank Armstrong. The latter knew the great majority of the



MRS. HATTIE RAGUET, TYLER, TEX.

file of the regiment by name. They always held the post of honor in camp, on the march, and in the field. Two general officers came from their ranks; and men who, as brigadiers, commanded them were promoted for results obtained, due to the sagacity and *esprit* of the Rangers. For three years they were not brigaded, but were attached to divisions for specific duty, principally to teach other cavalry how to ride and how to fight and "stay with 'em." No officer, from the general commanding down to the brigade commander, that handled them ever failed to give them high tribute. This commendation came from the enemy as well. Col. John McIntyre (a classmate of mine before the war), of the Fourth Ohio Regulars, who met the Rangers in more single combats than any other, said to me under flag of truce: "You fellows have killed over seven hundred men for me. I have recruited four

times." Gen. Stoneman, a distinguished Federal cavalry commander, being asked what troops he had been engaged with in front in the early morning, replied: "I don't know; either devils or Texas Rangers, from the way they rode and fought." Hundreds of tributes are of record by and from men like Bedford Forrest, John B. Hood, and Braxton Bragg.

Who were these men at home? The scions of the grandest and only pure aristocracy the world ever saw: the old-fashioned Southern gentlemen. They were of Harvard, Yale, Virginia, and Texas Military Institutes, Baylor University, and matriculates and graduates of the foremost colleges of the country. They were lawyers, doctors, preachers, merchants, planters, surveyors. Many of them had fought Indians and Mexicans, and nearly all of them had been enlisted in the state's service from the passage of the ordinance of secession until the call made by Terry for the war in Virginia.

Of those who returned, we find them carrying their names high in fame's niches: some on the Federal bench, some on the higher state judicial benches, some members of Congress, bankers, merchants, and planters. They have a history compiled, and will publish it when the monument is completed in the grounds of the State Capitol at the seat of government.

The organization of the survivors was formed at Houston December 17, 1867, and the meeting at Nashville will be the thirtieth annual reunion. At the last reunion citizens and some ladies of Nashville invited them to come to the city that they offered their lives to defend. They gladly accepted this invitation, and will be their guests on June 21 and 22.



COL. GUSTAVE COOK.

The following is the letter of Judge Gustave Cook, the last surviving comrade of the Rangers, to Capt. J. K. P. Blackburn, of Waco, Tenn.:

SAN MARCOS, TEX., May 25, 1897.

Dear Blackburn: You ask for a sketch of my life to go

with my picture. My dear friend, it could not possibly be of the slightest service or interest to the present or any future generation. The truth is, I never did or said anything worthy of record in either civil or military life. I have made an indifferent citizen and set no example worthy of imitation.

I was born in Alabama, but the state was not to blame. I had every means, facility, and opportunity to get an education, but failed utterly even to try. I came to Texas when a boy, without any business or any particular capacity to do anything. I worked for wages, studied a little by myself, and acquired what little smattering of education I have. Just before the war I flattered myself that I could succeed at the bar and began the study of law. I enlisted in our regiment and served out my time. By some fortuitous circumstances I became orderly sergeant, captain, and then, by the death and resignation of those above me, became regularly major, lieutenant-colonel, and finally colonel of the regiment. I could have picked out a hundred men in the ranks of our command better qualified in every respect to command the regiment, and any one of whom would have done better for the country and the men than I. I was wounded several times by the carelessness of the Yankees, for I am sure that I never failed in using every precaution and prudence to avoid getting hurt.

I came home after the war and went back to the law. By reason of personal partiality for me Gov. Coke appointed me to the district bench, which I occupied for fourteen years without having done anything worthy of note outside of the usual routine. I resigned my position a few years ago and moved from Houston, where I had lived, to San Marcos, on account of ill health, and have been starving along in pursuit of practice up to this time. I forgot to mention that I was sent from Harris and Montgomery Counties to the Thirteenth Legislature during reconstruction times, and drew my salary regularly during the session.

My picture flatters me very much now, for I am in very weak health, quite thin, and am getting very white. I have been confined to bed and room for nearly seven months. I hope to get well, but am prepared for the result, whatever it may be.

God bless my old comrades! Give them my love. I have four children and fifteen grandchildren. In this I have been moderately successful, and possibly have not lived entirely in vain.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

SKETCH BY GEN. JOHN BOYD, LEXINGTON, KY.

Mrs. Polly C. Graves celebrated her one hundredth birthday at her home in Lexington, Ky., on February 16, 1897. She was born in Fayette County, Ky., near Lexington, and has lived in and near that city all her long and honored life. From the picture, which was taken on her one hundredth anniversary, you will see that she is well and hearty and with her mental faculties vigorous and well preserved, bidding fair to be spared many years to those who love her. She is of good old Revolutionary stock. Her grandfather, Thomas Graves, was a major on the staff of Gen. Lafayette, and she gave two sons to the Confederate army. Col. James M. Graves, at whose home she resides, served through the war in Breckinridge's Division, and was

surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. The other son, Robert H. Graves, was a member of the celebrated Kentucky Orphan Brigade, and was awarded a medal of honor for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle, and gave up his young life at Murfreesboro.



Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. James M. Graves, has been for several years the worthy president of the Honorary Confederate Veteran Association of Kentucky, and is also the president of the Lexington Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The venerable Mrs. Graves is loved and honored by the best people of our city, and she was given a large ovation upon the occasion mentioned.

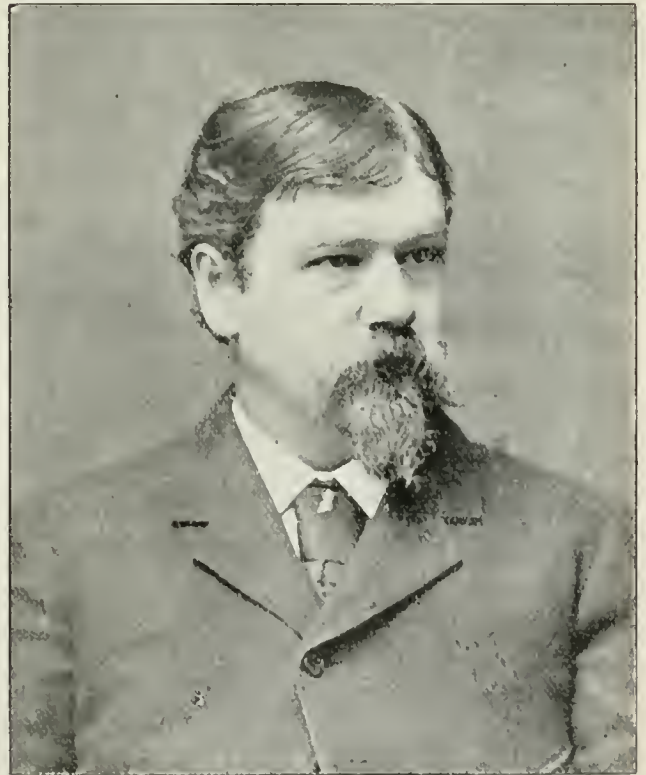
We gave a sketch of our most venerable lady, Miss Jane Thomas, in the *VETERAN*. Her zeal in hospital service in Tennessee and Virginia during the great war will be recalled by the few survivors who were favored with the blessings of her presence and her kindly ministrations. "Miss Jane," as she is generally known, anticipates the coming reunion with sincere pleasure, and she is to have a front seat in all places of distinction. The Tennessee Centennial Exposition management recently honored her in a fitting manner by the following resolution, unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That a complimentary pass without photograph be prepared and presented to Miss Jane Thomas, entitling her to free admission to this Exposition during its continuance in token of the very great esteem entertained by the Tennessee Centennial Company for that most venerable and honorable lady, and in recognition of the great honor and respect entertained for her by the people of Tennessee, and especially by the people of Nashville, in whose midst she has lived in honor and without reproach for nearly ninety-seven years."

MAJOR HENRY HEISS.

In the sacredness of much that is embodied in this home reunion number of the *VETERAN* sincere gratitude is felt in the opportunity to pay tribute to a comrade who was called from earth a dozen years ago. Maj. Henry Heiss entered the Confederate army as a private in cavalry, but ere long was promoted and commissioned as a staff officer. His duties were performed faithfully to the end. The parole given him May 3, 1865, as "Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, Humes' Division," was signed by H. M. Ashby, Colonel C. S. A. commanding, and a United States special commission, has been preserved. Maj. Heiss was born in Pennsylvania in 1838, and died at his home in Nashville where his parents moved in his infancy. In profession he followed his father in journalism. At the instance of President James K. Polk the Senior Heiss established an administration paper in Washington.

After the war Maj. Heiss engaged in journalism, serving on the Nashville and the St. Louis press, specially prominent as a managing editor, and it was known of him that he was critical of every article as if he sought the commendation of his devoted wife. Mrs. Heiss was Miss Mary Lusk, of Nashville. A conspicuous characteristic of Maj. Heiss was in his zeal for



poor and unfortunate men from whom he could never hope for return of favors.

It has been well said that "in all things to all men he was upright," and that "he knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong." With extreme modesty, Maj. Heiss was so intense in his convictions of right, that as "champion of our cause," at great personal danger, he exposed the miscreants in power under carpetbag rule, and began the aggressive agitation that eventually brought about restored suffrage to the white people of his state.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Willeox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

The publication of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will continue, as it has been from its first issue, loyal and zealous in recording the truth of history. After four and a half years of enthusiastic devotion to this principle, it feels justified in an appeal to every Confederate living on the earth to do what is practicable for its maintenance. Occasionally the word "refused" comes on a card from a postmaster, and it is taken for granted that the person who has so little regard for its mission was induced to subscribe from other than patriotic motives. Surely no Confederate would be so inconsiderate. The VETERAN merits consideration worthy a direct notice with some explanation. A man who received a statement recently wrote that his father, Capt. —, had been dead two years, and that he declined to pay the bill. He certainly is not grateful for the sacrifice made by the man whose honored name he bears. Will not friends to the great cause exercise diligence to make up for such losses?

There are camps of veterans in which no interest is manifested. This statement is humiliating, but candor has marked the course of the VETERAN and will so continue. A special appeal is made to all camps to keep the VETERAN in their quarters, and from now to January, 1900, the offer is made for \$2, including this number. This offer is also made to all who are in arrears: Pay what is due to date, adding \$2, and the VETERAN will be continued to 1900. This offer is made also to all who have paid to date or to any time during this year. Two dollars will pay to 1900!

Some Alabama comrades, the John Pelham Camp, at Anniston, have passed resolutions in opposition to inviting Grand Army of the Republic visitors to the U. C. V. reunion. This protest is emphasized for one important reason in the report: "because the organization persists in having published school histories which teach that the Southern soldiers were traitors, rebels, etc." The address says in addition: "We are opposed to invitations being extended to those who wore the blue when we wore the gray—not that we hate Northern men, for we recognize the fact that many splendid and heroic gentlemen wore the blue, but we base this protest upon the truth that there are times in the life of a Confederate soldier when he wants no one near but those who feel as he feels, and that time is the hour when he opens the tomb where lie buried dead hopes; where, wrapped in the ashes of the flag he followed and fought for, is carefully and tenderly laid away the saddest and tenderest affections of a patriot's heart; and as he unveils the sacred treasure to assure himself no

unfriendly vandal hand has violated the sanctity of the grave, he wants at his side only those who are as one with him, regretful of the lost cause. We are too old to be controlled by policy; we are too stiff in our joints to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning; all that we need will soon be given us by our own people—a shroud and a decent burial. Let's be honest, and let us not bring our organization into disrepute by indulging a false sentimentality. We send this address to our brethren, indulging the hope that we will not be misunderstood, and that our association will be saved at Nashville from a recurrence of the unfortunate incidents that have so often destroyed the pleasure that we should all enjoy at our annual reunions."

The Nashville Committee have not invited any Grand Army Veterans, as such, to the reunion. Comrades urged, for good reasons, too, such invitation to men who fought for the Union, and who have sought to establish fraternity on the highest ground, but after careful deliberation it was concluded to conform to the letter and spirit of the invitation to Confederate Veterans the world over, and that if Nashville entertains them half as royally as they deserve, she will be grateful and happy.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Henry H. Smith writes from Atlanta:

The veterans of this state are organizing and holding weekly meetings for the purpose of getting themselves in trim to attend the grand reunion of the United Confederate Association, June 22-24, and from the present outlook all the survivors of the lost cause in this state will be on hand.

TENNESSEANS.

Pioneers, Soldiers, Orators, and Statesmen.—A Historic Retrospect.

BY GEORGE E. PURVIS.

The men and women who founded the civilization of the state of Tennessee were a dominant race, encountering opposition only to overcome it triumphantly in the end. From the founding of the first home in



GEORGE E. PURVIS.

the eastern territory of the state, then called the Washington District, during the year 1769 to the year 1813, when Jackson led his volunteers to the defense of the southwest, subduing the Indians and repulsing the British invaders, it was one constant struggle for the preservation of their lives and homes. There was scarcely a day of peaceful security; no period of prolonged repose, during which they might cultivate the gentler arts of peace. To undergo this perpetual physical strain without faltering required great strength of purpose, unconquerable, unyielding, undying determination. If they were fierce in temper, cruel in battle, relentless and unforgiving, these qualities were inevitable from their conditions and surroundings, born of that stern and stormy time, and absolutely essential to their preservation.

It has been questioned whether they thought themselves other than commonplace people, actuated by commonplace motives. As to how this was, perhaps no man may know. One conclusion is inevitable: They never believed this fair land was intended for the occupation of mere savages, to be used simply as hunting grounds. They instinctively knew that there must be a diviner purpose concerning its uses, and made themselves the instruments for its reclamation and proper employment.

The strife with relentless, crafty, cruel Indians, ever on the alert for their lives; the encounters with wild beasts; exposure to floods and famine, and the numberless privations and dangers to which they were constantly subjected, was a severe school in which to rear their young and found the fortunes of a great state; but who can doubt, reviewing the list of heroic men and

women who emerged from these hard, cruel conditions, that they were indebted to them for the very elements of character which have made not only the glory of Tennessee, but other states and sections to which the descendants of these people later went forth? They builded better than they knew. So far as books may be regarded as factors to education, the early pioneers had little or none, and yet in numberless instances their lives were marked by a broad intelligence, a natural understanding of right and justice, and a love of liberty which became a blessed heritage for their children and descendants. Many of them were rarely endowed, and have left the impress of their sturdy, sterling qualities upon the civilization of many sections other than their native state. The sons of daring pioneers, they bore the spirit of their fathers, like a great light, into the gloom of almost impenetrable forests, "making them to blossom as the rose."

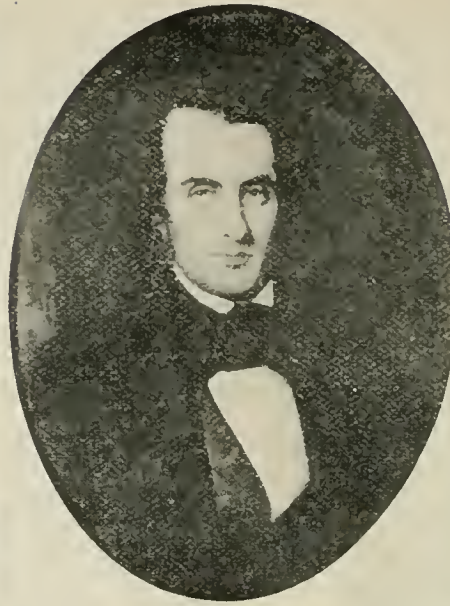
Many states of the American Union have been enriched by Tennessee blood, brawn, and brain. No single state of them all can present such a record. It is doubtful whether many Tennesseans themselves realize to what extent their people have been diffused over the South and West, and the prominence they have attained in state and national affairs, unless their attention has been especially directed to it. Inheriting the qualities of leadership from their pioneer sires,



MR. AND MRS. JOHN OVERTON.



JOHN BELL.



JAMES C. JONES.



BAILEY PEYTON.

who defied all perils and privations in founding Tennessee, they have gone forth panoplied in the same spirit, and dominated men in warfare and in the civil councils.

A heroic and historic instance is one who went from Tennessee and founded a sovereign empire on the Western domain, wrenching from the haughty and oppressive Mexican a broad, fair land; made it free and founded a civilization that has become the pride of our Western country. So intimately is the name of Sam Houston associated with Texas, during her early struggles and in her later triumphs up to the hour when her lone star was added to the brilliant constellation, that to mention one is to imply the other. His military achievements, statesmanship, and diplomacy have been themes of which poets have sung and which orators have extolled.

There are many others. There is scarcely space in an article of ordinary length to barely mention the most prominent. Peter H. Burnett, from Tennessee, was chosen the first Governor of California; William C. C. Claiborne, from Tennessee, was the first Governor of the state of Louisiana; James S. Conway, from Tennessee, was the first Governor of Arkansas; Isaac Shelby, from Tennessee, was the first Governor of Kentucky; and Sam Houston, from Tennessee, was chosen the first chief magistrate of Texas.

There were these who went from Tennessee and settled in Mississippi, becoming prominent in state and national affairs: Robert H. and Stephen Adams, ex-Gov. Matthews, Maj. Bradford, Amos R. Johnson, Gen. Williamson, William Barksdale, Alexander Barrow, Reuben Davis, the greatest criminal lawyer of his time, and a charming writer; the Yergers, distinguished also in the law; and Bishop Robert Paine, a Methodist divine noted for his scholarship, piety, and eloquence.

These went from Tennessee to Arkansas, and contributed much to upbuilding the fortunes of that great commonwealth: Edward Cross, William S. Fulton, A. H. Garland, W. K. Sebastian, Ambrose H. Sevier, Sterling R. Cockrell, Sr. and Jr., and Archibald Yell,

who was afterwards elected Governor, and who fell at the battle of Buena Vista.

To the state of Louisiana went Henry Johnson, Alexander Porter, William C. C. Claiborne, and Edward D. White, the last two of whom attained to the first honors within the gift of the people.

Tennessee gave to the great state of Missouri Thomas H. Benton and David Barton; to Kentucky, Harvey M. and Henry Watterson, Drs. L. P., Sr., L. P., Jr., and D. W. Yandell.

Alabama must thank Tennessee for Clement C. Clay, George H. Houston, Felix G. McDonnell, Alexander White, and Senator Morgan.

Texas was enriched by Davy Crockett, Sam Houston, John H. Reagan, Dr. S. H. Stout, George and Lucius Polk, and Dr. W. M. Yandell.

Daniel L. Barrington went to the old mother state, North Carolina; Judge Frank T. Reid, himself of historic lineage, to the state of Washington, where his splendid abilities have met with merited recognition.

Tennessee contributed E. E. Barnard, the eminent astronomer, to Illinois; John Tipton to Indiana; William M. Gwinn to Colorado; D. G. Farragut and Samuel P. Carter to the United States Navy, the one becoming admiral, the other rear admiral; and the eminent Matthew F. Maury, who first made the seas a safe highway for man and who has done more than all others to solve the mysteries of the deep, to the world.

The valor of Tennessee's soldiers has been attested on every field from King's Mountain to the last stand made by the armies of the Southern Confederacy. Wherever on this continent heroic deeds have been performed Tennessee has contributed representatives. At the Alamo—of which it was written, "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none"—Crockett, Washington, Harrison, Gilmore, Hayes, Wells, and Autry bared their breasts to the storm and died with their fellow-patriots, resisting tyranny and oppression, in the Lone Star State. Her soldiers have well settled and established the right of Tennessee to

her proud baptismal title of the Volunteer State, and have caused the luster of her escutcheon to grow brighter as the decades have filed past, illuminating the history of her imperishable renown.

One of the deservedly great names in the early annals of Tennessee was James Robertson, the founder of Nashville. Haywood, the historian, in speaking of him, says: "He is the same person who will appear hereafter by his actions to have merited all the eulogium, esteem, and affection which the most ardent of his countrymen have ever bestowed upon him. Like almost all those in America who have ascended to eminent celebrity, he had not a noble lineage to boast of nor the escutcheoned armorials of a splendid ancestry; but he had what was far more valuable: a sound mind, a healthy constitution, a robust frame, a love of virtue,



JAMES ROBERTSON, FOUNDER OF NASHVILLE.

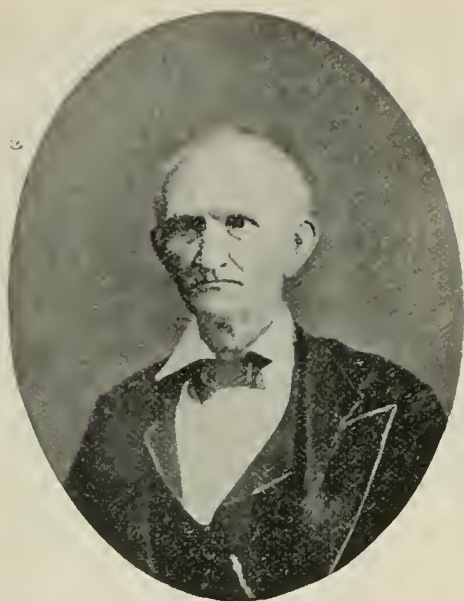
an intrepid soul, and an emulous desire for honest fame.

This is the man who has figured so deservedly as the greatest benefactor of the first settlers of this country. He early became distinguished for sobriety and love of order and for a firmness of character, which qualified him to face danger. He was equally distinguished for remarkable equanimity of manners, which rendered him acceptable to all who knew him." Before he came to Middle Tennessee he had distinguished himself by the defense of Fort Watauga. In speaking of this performance, Phelan, the historian, says: "The garrison of the fort was only forty men strong, but they were commanded by James Robertson, who was not less resolute, not less fertile in resources, not less cool in the presence of danger, than the Englishman who, three years later, gained immortality and an English peerage by the defense of Gibraltar against equally overwhelming odds. The achievements of one were viewed with wondering admiration by the civilization

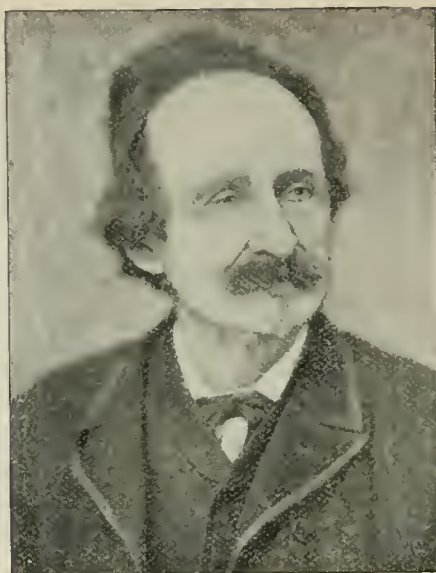
of the world. The achievements of the other, though not less worthy of all honor and renown, were performed under the shadows of a primitive forest, in a frontier fort, against unrecorded savages. James Robertson deserves for his memorable defense of the Watauga fort a place not less illustrious in the annals of Tennessee than that accorded Lord Heathfield in the annals of England. More than three hundred savages were held at bay by less than forty men for three weeks, and despite stratagems and all the arts and cunning of an Indian warfare, midnight attacks and daily onslaughts, were eventually compelled to raise the siege and retire. This defense is deserving of special mention in the history of Tennessee as the first display on Tennessee soil, and for the people of Tennessee, of that martial prowess to which a Tennessean may call attention with justifiable pride, and of which he may say, without any feeling of provincial exaggeration or gasconade, that it has, as a whole, never been surpassed by anything recorded in the histories of the world's warfares."

While there were no engagements with British troops on the soil of Tennessee during the revolutionary struggle, owing to our remote situation, it has ever been conceded by impartial historians that Sevier and Shelby and their brave followers at the battle of King's Mountain gained such a victory that it turned the tide in favor of the American forces and made the subsequent surrender of Cornwallis a necessity. It threw him back upon his base of supplies and compelled the evacuation of North Carolina. Time was gained for hope, for organization, for renewed resistance. Few of these brave men knew to what state, if any, they belonged. Insulated by mountain barriers, secluded from all outside associations, they had possessed a primitive independence. British taxation and aggression had not reached them. It was a gratuitous patriotism. They knew that the states were being invaded by a hostile power; that American liberty was imperiled, and this was sufficient. While America does not issue letters patent of nobility, these heroes stand crowned with undying glory in the memory of all patriots who love their country and reverence valor.

John Sevier and Andrew Jackson are names whose fame reached far beyond the limits of their states. Sevier, however, was purely a Tennessean. He fought for Tennessee, he defined its boundaries, he watched over and guarded it in its beginning, he helped to form it, and exercised great influence in its development. Jackson occupied a broader field and became a more prominent figure, both in history and among the people. He it was who sounded the call for volunteers, summoning an army of brave and sturdy Tennessee riflemen, and led them to the defense of the great Southwest—the battles of the Horseshoe, Talladega, Emuckfaw, Mobile, and New Orleans, and wherever there were foes of his country to be found; meeting and repulsing at New Orleans "the most powerful expedition ever sent out by the mistress of the seas," a defense which has been spoken of by historians as the "finest fighting for native land in all history, an almost impossible piece of work gloriously done, enabling the young republic to reinforce confidence in its own in-



NEILL S. BROWN.



J. H. SAVAGE.



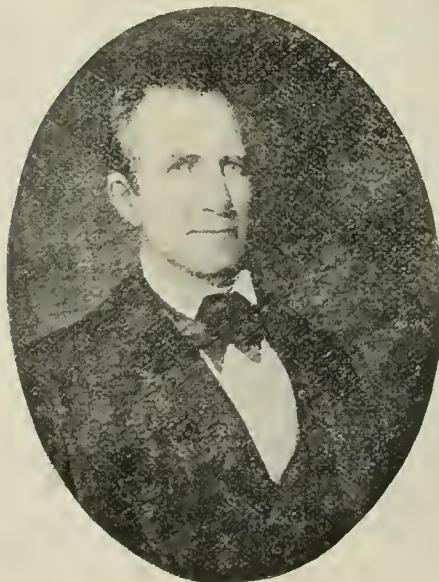
GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.



GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM.



AARON V. BROWN.



SAM HOUSTON.



GEN. JOHN C. BROWN.

vincibility, closing a war of disaster in a blaze of glory." His audaciously brilliant military career was itself eclipsed in the manner he later met the great civil issues, when for eight years he stood at the helm of State and steered his country free from debt, confounding and defeating her enemies at home and abroad, compelling for her the respect and admiration of the nations of the earth. "He was the key to his age, the answer to a long, difficult, and painful problem. His name stands for a country, a cause, and a heritage. Kingdom and lordship, power and principality, were only the colossal symbols of a man too great for any small niche of evanescent fame; a man so large that the eternal spaces claimed him as their own and wrote him down immortal."

The prominence of Tennessee has by no means been

confined to her men of military achievements. Her statesmen have filled large spaces in public attention and deservedly received much applause for their ability and brilliant oratory. In the two decades just preceding the beginning of the civil war this state was famous for her orators: Gentry, Henry, Haskell, Neill S. and Aaron V. Brown, House, Peyton, Johnson, Polk, Jones, the Ewings, Pickett, Stokes, Harris, Bell, Bright, Grundy, Houston, Atkins, Etheridge, Netherland, Haynes, Maynard, Jarnigan, Whitthorne, East, Colyar, Savage, White, and others—a brilliant array, with power to thrill the multitude, who would hang for hours with bated breath upon their glittering periods. A few of these eminent men yet live, but almost all have passed away. They were an honor to their state and country, and should be perpetuated in marble and bronze. They were men of lofty patriotism, and we

shall not see their like again. Their musical tongues, photographing their glowing fancies, filled all space and furnished an understanding of what St. Paul meant when he said: "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell." It was like melody and poetry, and flame and tempest, and love and hate, and memory and inspiration, all bearing away in a swift torrent the souls given up to its magical enchantment.

The VETERAN paid me a compliment highly appreciated in asking that I write "something commemorative of the past of Tennessee and her great men, including conflicts of the civil war germane to this commemoration of her one hundred years of statehood and the assembling of the United Confederate Veterans in the city of Nashville in June;" but I hesitate at the threshold of the civil war, feeling an utter inability to do justice to a subject so vast. Neither your space nor the patience of your readers would permit an essay in that direction. To allude in the briefest terms to the great men from Tennessee who figured in that trying period it would require that I have before me the entire muster rolls of the Tennessee troops who served in the Confederate army, living and dead, privates as well as officers; for, in my estimation, the private soldier deserves equal commemoration and applause with the general who commanded him, and should share to the full in the undying glory that enshrouds them all.

The older citizens of Nashville and throughout Tennessee doubtless recall with the distinctness of yesterday the intense feeling of foreboding which filled their minds in the winter and spring of 1860-61. The alarming conditions everywhere made men tremble for their country and its future.

It may be interesting now to take a glance backward and live over again for a moment the sensations and feelings of that time.

The veneration and love for "the Union," as men fondly spoke of it, very largely preponderated throughout the state. The political speakers for years before—especially after the Southern convention, which had assembled in Nashville in May, 1850—not only the Whigs, but the Democrats, attacked violently the dogmas of secession and nullification, and scarcely a politician or public man could be found who was an avowed secessionist or spoke of the Union other than in terms of affection.

Gov. Harris called an extra session of the Tennessee Legislature to meet at the Capitol early in January, 1861. The question was submitted to the people whether a state convention should be called to meet at Nashville to consider the critical condition of affairs. It was thought this "squinted" toward secession. The proposition was voted down overwhelmingly on the 9th of February following.

The electoral vote of Tennessee, as also of Virginia and Kentucky, had been cast for Bell and Everett in the Presidential election of 1860, whose platform or watchword was: "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws." The election of Lincoln was not regarded as sufficient cause for breaking up the government, except by a minority, and there was a general feeling of intense impatience at the action of

South Carolina and other Southern States in passing ordinances of secession. The attitudes of Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky were almost identical. The teachings of Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, John Bell, Neill S. Brown, Meredith P. Gentry, Baillie Peyton, Gustavus A. Henry, and scores of other great leaders and orators in these states could not be so soon forgotten; and up to the firing on Fort Sumter Tennessee remained steadfast in her loyalty and devotion to the Union. The call of President Lincoln for troops, in which this state was included, to put down the rebellion made an issue so sharp, so appalling, that even Union men shrank from it with horror. Ready to fight for their country, as they had ever shown themselves, when it came to imbruing their hands in the blood of their Southern brethren, it was too much to ask or expect. The anchors which had been holding their hearts with such steadfastness to the Union during all the years began to weaken and the cables to give way. Leaders temporized and talked of "armed neutrality," but it was soon felt and seen that they must take sides; so that when the vote was again submitted as to whether there should be "separation" (not secession, even then, for Tennessee did not like the word or the doctrine), "separation" carried by as large a majority as had defeated it a few months before.

During the interval from April to June the public mind was in a most inflammable condition. It was very much like Gen. Scott said of Washington City just after the firing on Sumter, as narrated by Gen. Stone, then recently appointed inspector-general of the District of Columbia. He cautioned Stone to be watchful and ready to suppress any attempt at violence, but to avoid, if possible, any shock; for, said Gen. Scott: "We are now in such a state that a dog fight might cause the gutters of the capital to run with blood."

The fate of Tennessee seemed to hang in the balance for weeks—now going up, now going down. But when the great Union leaders like John Bell declared for "separation" the die was cast, and the tide of feeling began to run in favor of making common cause with our Southern brethren, who were flying to arms to repel invasion.

From 1812 Tennesseans had demonstrated their readiness to fight. In 1846 there came a requisition from the general government for twenty-four hundred volunteers for the Mexican war. Thirty thousand offered their services. They now sprang forward with much the same impetuosity, and the state became a vast camp for military drill. Few men dared or cared to resist the tide now surging outward in every direction. Regiments hurried off to Virginia, where hostilities first began, not waiting for the formal action of the state as to "separation." Many were afraid it would "all be over" before they got there. Alas! *It was the first time Americans had ever fought Americans, and they didn't know each other.* They were to become better acquainted in the four fatal years that followed, and better understand and respect each other's courage.

Illustrative of this ignorance, a politician was addressing an audience of voters on the Southern boundary of the state in the spring of 1861, and, descanting upon the ease with which the South could whip the North, said: "Why, men, we can whip those fellows up there with squirt guns." At the end of four years he

again addressed an audience at the same place, when he was interrupted from the crowd with: "Weren't you here in 1861 and made a speech in which you said: 'We can whip those fellows with squirt guns?'" "Yes," he replied, "I did, but the rascals wouldn't fight us with squirt guns."

Tennessee—stretched across the continent like a great giant, head resting on the mountains in the east and feet in the great Father of Waters in the west—early became the theater on whose stage was enacted many a tragedy. Her territory formed a barrier which had to be crossed by Federal troops in order to reach the states south of her; and the history of the civil war, to be at all complete, must detail the numerous engagements, many of which, in the light of later gigantic contests, can be called mere skirmishes only; but they made the state a kind of "chopping block" up to the winter of 1864, when the failure of Gen. Hood to capture the city of Nashville and his retreat from the state practically ended operations in Tennessee.

The men who are reared and educated in military schools to be merely soldiers, who make the art of war a profession and the study of their lives, are taught and generally come to believe that success in battle is the inevitable result of the most men and the heaviest artillery. It was Napoleon's conclusion and became his creed, the epitome of the science of war as he believed and understood it, to "converge a superior force on the critical point at the critical time." Forrest, also, though most probably he had never read a book on military science in his life, expressed Napoleon's exact idea in different words: "To get there first with the most men." Stonewall Jackson evidently thought the same way, but he prayed all the time to "the God of battles," and when a victory was won he was for giving him all the glory. When he lay dying that night near Chancellorsville, and the note from Gen. Lee was read to him, in which Lee said, "I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy," Jackson turned his face away and said: "Gen. Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God." Here was a man who united the science of war with

prayer; but his prayers didn't prevent his own men from shooting him down in the dark.

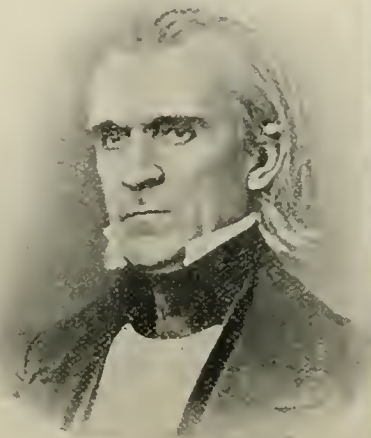
During all that long and bloody strife, Christian people—good men, women, and children—were praying in season and out of season, silently and audibly, in the public places and in their closets, all over the South, for the success of Southern arms; and when success failed to crown the most desperately heroic efforts, it came very near to bankrupting the faith of many in the justice of God. They had come to believe—no matter what they thought or felt at first—that the cause for which Southern men were pouring out their lives was right, and could not imagine that divine Justice would be so partial or blind as to permit defeat to come after so much valor and prayer.

The Northern people were doing much the same things as we in the South; praying, perhaps, with a little more confidence, born—it will not be deemed wrong to say—of superior numbers and resources. And when it was all over and the victors came marching home, many heard, like Talmage said he heard, in the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the successful hosts a confirmation of their hope and belief that the Lord was on their side.

The student, in reviewing some of the great battles of our civil war, which at the time, to Southern people, were deemed decisive of success, can scarcely resist becoming a fatalist. He will be impelled to the conviction that the dismemberment of the American Union was *just not to be*. The Southern soldiers—small, comparatively, in number, as they were, and badly fed, clothed, and equipped—won great victories on many fields. But there was always that "something" which prevented the reaping of the fruits of their victories—Gen Johnston's death at Shiloh, just when the field was won, on Sunday evening; the hesitation and fatal delay of Bragg at Chickamauga, after his soldiers had won the fight and the field; his stubborn refusal to permit Forrest and others, who saw what could surely and certainly be accomplished by pursuit, to go forward



FELIX GRUNDY.



PRESIDENT JAMES K. POLK.



A. S. COLYAR, C. S. CONGRESS.

while the Federal army was broken, demoralized, disorganized, is simply inexplicable except upon this hypothesis. There was ever that "something" to prevent decisive, ultimate success. . . . It may be that Dr. Holmes was right when, in the beginning of 1861, he wrote,

Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won;

and that

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die.

And if this be true, it must begin to dawn on even the average intelligence that this great country has scarcely yet completed its mission on the earth, but must have been preserved for some divine purpose to be revealed in the coming time. . . . The death of a million men and the seeming waste of hundreds of years count but little on the world's great balance sheet. People can only do their best with the lights before them; take one step at a time, falteringly, as they gain strength, and still reach forward in their efforts toward another, as they obtain knowledge from experience,



CAMPUS SCENE, VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY.

confidence from their hopes—and wait for the unfolding of this sublime purpose of the Great Ruler, who bides his time.

Many Southern people—old soldiers, as also younger men—have come to believe that in our defeat we met our greatest victory; that the freeing of the negro freed the white race also, in a larger sense; and as the ruin then seemed "never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow, horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvests in June. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. Women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made trousers for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work."

Henry Grady, of Georgia, just before he died, while addressing in Boston the New England Society of Puritans, used these words: "We have found out that in

the general summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school-house on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that four hundred million dollars annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, especially when the supplies that make it are home raised. We have learned that one Northern native immigrant is worth fifty foreigners, and have smoothed the path to Southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung our latchstring outside to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake, and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did 'before the war.' We have established thrift in city and



STATUE OF DANIEL BOONE, BY MISS ENID YANDELL, LOUISVILLE.

[Exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893; Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, 1897.]

country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab grass which sprang from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Southern Yankee, as he manufactures relics of battlefields in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down Easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have attained a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel on the field with their swords. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken.



MURFREESBORO, TENN.

BATTLEFIELD OF MURFREESBORO.

The Stone's River Battlefield and National Park Association was organized a little more than a year ago at Murfreesboro, Tenn. It was set on foot by a number of the ex-soldiers, Federal and Confederate, who took part in the battle, feeling not only a patriotic, but a personal, interest in perpetuating the history of the battle and in the field which was its theater. Their purpose is the purchase by the general government of the battlefield, that it may be preserved for historic uses through succeeding ages. Summed up briefly, the association has secured a charter from the state, dated April 28, 1896, and obtained options on the lands embraced in the battlefield, aggregating thirty-four hundred acres, which embraces substantially all the land that was the theater of military operations. The prices at which these options were put are quite reasonable. The association has placed upon the battlefield a large number of substantial wooden tablets, marking points of special interest and importance, such as headquarters of Federal and Confederate command-

ers, McFadden's ford on Stone's River, places where distinguished officers were slain, and many other important localities. This work is being continued at present. A bill has been introduced in Congress by Hon. James D. Richardson for an appropriation of \$125,000, providing for the purchase of the battlefield



STONE'S RIVER.—SCENE ON BATTLEFIELD.



MITCHELL HOUSE, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

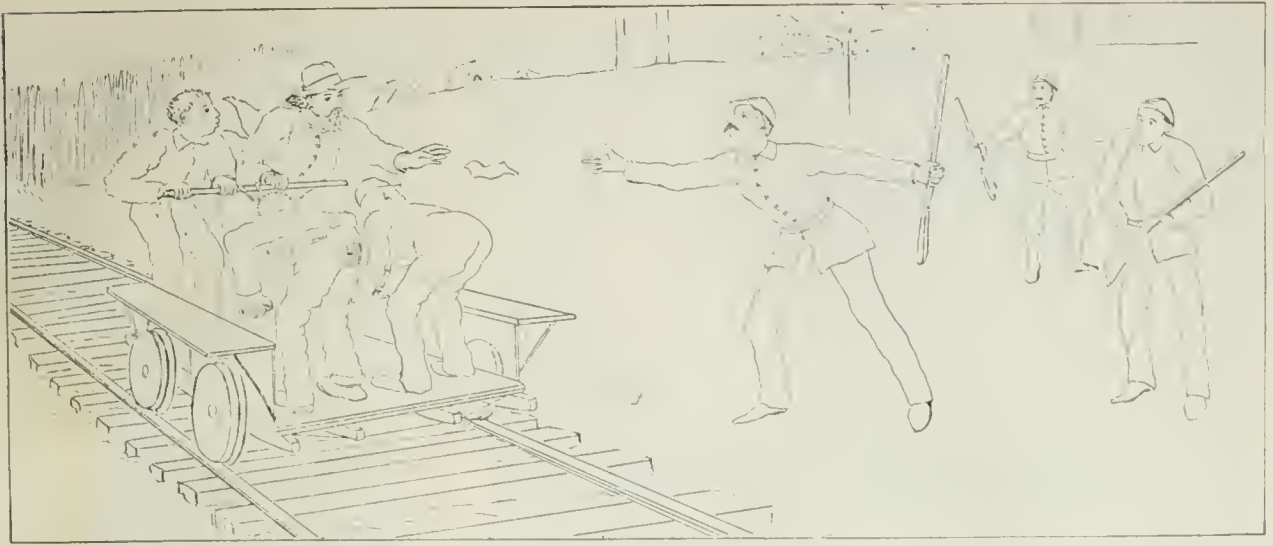
lands by the general government and the formation of a national military park thereon. The older soldiers, South and North, look forward with strong assurance to favorable action on the part of Congress and at an early day in regard to it.

The battle of Stone's River was one of the greatest conflicts of arms that ever took place on the American continent, and it is proper that the historic acres of the field should be rescued from common uses and forever set apart and consecrated to keep in memory patriotic valor and illustrious feats of arms.

D. D. Maney, the historian of the association, writes that "fitly to perpetuate these glories is the purpose of the association, and therefore we appeal to the survivors of the battle, to all other soldiers, and to the patriotic citizens of our common country to aid us in carrying forward to completion the sacred enterprise."

J. W. Sparks, Esq., is Secretary of the Association.

C. L. Thompson, of Huntington, W. Va., writes May 5: "On yesterday we organized our division. Robert White, of Wheeling, was made division commander, with S. S. Green, of Charleston, and David E. Johnson, of Bluefield, as brigade commanders."



THE "OLD GENERAL" AND THE "LITTLE PONY."

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

I recollect an incident in war times which impressed me with a conviction that has haunted me to this day. After Fort Donelson fell, in 1862, Albert Sidney Johnston retreated from Nashville *via* Murfreesboro, Shelbyville, and on to Corinth. The pursuing Federal army followed. Gen. Mitchell's Division marched by way of Old Jefferson, Tenn. His name was riveted on me, because I was told that he was the author of "Mitchell's Geography." As a sixteen-year-old boy then, I was fresh from it; and to meet the man, especially as a general in the army opposing my people, made the event peculiarly interesting. He took dinner that day at my home, as did also his son. As his division was passing a man dressed in citizen's clothes also came up and asked for dinner. The man's demure, taciturn manner attracted me, and his noncommittal action in the presence of Gen. Mitchell and son led me to believe that he was not a Federal, but one of our people traveling incog. In conversation with him he told me that his name was Andrews; that he was a Confederate, stealing stealthily along with the Yankee army, and to be particular while the Federals were there and not mention him. I whispered this to my mother, an ardent Southern sympathizer, who instinctively resorted to André, the British spy, but during the dinner hour he was royally treated by us and not a word spoken to or of him. He said that he was on his way South. A few weeks after this the news came that a desperate attempt had been made by five or six Yankees in citizens' dress to capture from the Confederates at Big Shanty, Ga., on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, a railroad engine; that the engine was steamed up, when they mounted it, threw open the throttle, and fairly flew over the road toward Chattanooga, but were intercepted near Dalton, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and executed. The leader's name was Andrews, and I have often recalled my mother's glancing suspicion and wondered if he was not the man who dined with Gen. Mitchell and son at my father's home and palmed himself off to us as a noncombatant "Johnnie Reb." The name of the engine was the "General." The railroad management keeps it in condition still,

and exhibited it at the Chicago Exposition, at the opening of the Chickamauga Park, and expect to have it at the Centennial, with its valves and wheels, rods, pistons, and cylinders, its brazen lungs and throat of fire, on which Andrews and his party of Yankee raiders took their seventy-five-mile journey to death in Dixie. History records the adventure as a most thrilling incident and one of the most reckless and daring events on record.

But I have a feat that for boldness and successful execution surpasses it, and it has but few parallels in the chapter of deeds. It took place on the Hood campaign into Tennessee, when Forrest enviroined Murfreesboro, in December, 1864. The Federal general Rousseau was shut up with ten thousand men in the town, when one day three of Forrest's Cavalry—F. A. (Dock) Turner, Alonzo McLean, James Smotherman, of Lytle's Company, Holman's Regiment—and one of Hood's Secret Scouts—Joe Malone—were captured in an attempt to tear up the railroad at Wartrace, and placed by Rousseau in a fort at Murfreesboro, together with about one hundred prisoners that were picked up after the battle of Franklin. It soon became noised that these men were to be shot as bushwhackers. Gen. Forrest informed Rousseau, by flag of truce, that those men were his regular soldiers, and that if he shot them



STONE'S RIVER.—SITE OF ROSECRANS' HEADQUARTERS.

it would be at his peril. The names of his soldiers were sent in, but Joe Malone and a negro, Bose Rouss (some called him Malungeon), who had killed a Federal detective, were not mentioned in the list. A pall of sorrow came over the prisoners in the fort when Gen. Rousseau, in withdrawing charges against Forrest's men, left out James Malone and Bose Rouss, who had no identity with any command, but who were known by the prisoners to be true and tried Southerners. A court-martial was ordered to try them. The Hon. Edmund Cooper was summoned to defend Malone and Hon. Charles Ready to espouse the cause of Bose Rouss. Although the first counsel was politically not in sympathy with the Southern cause, yet, on account of Malone's acquaintance, he appeared and did his duty. Malone and Bose were condemned to die—to be shot the next morning at ten o'clock. In the midst of the dense crowd of soldiers in the judge-advocate's room Cols. Cooper and Ready adroitly informed their clients that unless they could do something for themselves by the morrow at ten o'clock the die was cast. The victims were returned to the fort, where the hundred prisoners were.

It was a dark, cold, freezing night. The one hundred formed a circle and covered the center from the guards, when Malone and Bose Rouss went to work to cut out. The noise of the tramping circle drowned the din of the working victims, until Heaven smiled on their effort to escape about three o'clock in the morning. They struck across the railroad and passed the hand-car house. Bose Rouss had been a railroader, and he said: "Let's get the pony hand car, strike right down the railroad, and run through Rousseau's pickets. It is a desperate game to play, but we must take the risk." The idea was adopted. Rousseau's lines had been doubled in looking for Forrest, and there was no time for parley. They got the car out, when along came two railroad negroes dressed in blue. Those desperate men took them in, placed them at the lever, and told them to pull for dear life, and that if they gave warning by sign or action they would cut their throats from ear to ear. The hand car was started and the work to throw on muscle power enough for a lightning run was fearful. All parties pulled at that lever as no mortals ever pulled before. Elbow grease was the motor and desperate perseverance the driving wheel. Flying with electric speed, she approached the outpost pickets, who were stationed on a down grade. The singular maneuver as they passed attracted the base picket. Day was breaking, and the outposts, four in number, stood upon the road and halloed: "Halt!" Malone

waved to them a paper in his hand, and as he came near threw it to them, saying: "These are my orders. The 'Rebs' are about to get a broken-down caisson between the lines, and we are ordered not to stop." The guards picked it up. It worked like a charm. They turned for a moment, as if starting to the camp fire to read it. All at once they discovered the sell. Overcome in confusion, they fired in the distance random shots at the Pony's pilots, whose trucks were whizzing like a circular saw and flying like an arrow. They were quickly out of range. It beat a shell-road ride at a two-forty gait. The transit was unprecedented. Like Harper's "Ten Broeck," the Pony ran from "eend to eend," until in a few minutes the Yankee negroes put Malone and Bose Rouss in Forrest's domain, and the ride to death turned out a brilliant and crowning triumph.

In reading the history of the "Old General," as a Federal feat, don't forget the action of the little "Pony" as a Confederate triumph, for you can see her momentum increasing with the accelerated propulsion of muscle applied to the seesaw lever, her speed as rapid as a glance of the mind, her wheels almost hidden in the swiftness of the flight, her cargo borne off like a thing of life from certain death. In the desperate attempt they meet death, avoid it, and, the picket lines safely passed, they triumphantly land in the bosom of friends and the presence of Forrest and their comrades.

The Hon. C. A. Sheafe, now of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was the provost-marshal of Gen. Rousseau at the time, and, on having the adventure recalled to him, he added that the next morning when he reported the escape of Malone and Bose Rouss Gen. Rousseau was morbidly morose and fretful, threw down the report, and seemed to censure everybody until he found out that it was not the inattention of the officers, but the negligence of the guards, whose carelessness was palliated only on account of the frigid weather.

William Ambrose Smith died at Dixie, Ala., April 23. He was born in Green County, Ky., and enlisted in the Fourth Kentucky Regiment at Camp Burnett, Tenn. He was made second lieutenant of Company F, where he served until May, 1864, when he was promoted to the command of Company B, the same regiment, and served in that capacity until the surrender. He was twice wounded in the service. After the war he married and made his home in Alabama, serving eighteen years as Tax Collector. His wife and four children survive him.





A CONFEDERATE CANDLE.

DUPLICATE CONFEDERATE CANDLE.

Miss Alice T. Green, of Fauquier County, Va., favors the VETERAN with the candle engraved above. She writes:

It is exactly like the one that my mother made and used during the war. She had a stick left over from the war, by which the carpenter made this one. The original was not gilded, but in natural wood. The candle is made principally of beeswax in its natural color. It is forty-six yards in length, and wound about the stick in the old way. The wick is composed of seven or eight threads of coarse cotton. Throughout it is as near as can be an exact imitation of candles used in this section during Confederate nights.

Dr. L. Frazee, of Richmond, Ky., a private in Company A, Fourth Kentucky, Giltner's Brigade, Morgan's Command, C. S. A., writes of a boy's efforts to become a soldier:

I was one of the youngest members of John Morgan's Command. My father lived at Champaign, Ill., and in March, 1864, at the age of sixteen, I left home to help the Confederate cause. I went to Cincinnati by rail, then took a boat up the river to Maysville, Ky., went



MONUMENT TO GEN. U. S. GRANT, NEW YORK CITY.

out to Germantown, and after staying around among friends for about six months, I found three other boys who were willing to try to get to Dixie; and, by traveling by night and hiding in the woods by day, we managed to get out to Old Virginia in about eighteen days. Our company was in the Greenville fight in 1864, when Gen. Morgan was killed; also at the Saltville fight, where I fired forty-three rounds, and at Bull's Gap, in Tennessee, in the fall of 1864, where we captured about six hundred Yankees, seventy wagons, tents, and ten pieces of artillery. We were also in the fight at Marion, Va., December, 1864, where one thousand and five hundred of us fought five thousand of Stoneman's men for thirty-six hours, until our ammunition was entirely exhausted. We then flanked them, got more ammunition, and followed them on through the salt works, which they had captured. But they held it for only one day and night, then left for Kentucky with the Confederates after them, leaving men, guns, horses, and everything that could not move fast on their retreat. Five of us took back sixty-seven prisoners at one time. I soldiered fourteen months, and never drew a dollar in pay nor a suit of clothes, nor a horse, gun, or pistol, and but very little to eat, and did not surrender until the 18th of May, 1865, at Mt. Sterling, Ky., with nine others.

HEROES OF THE GREAT WAR.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler (member of Congress from Alabama), in the *Illustrated American*:



GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

The magnificent pageantry of the grand funeral cortege that recently escorted the body of Gen. Grant to the tomb erected by a grateful nation and prepared by loving hands for his final resting place will take a prominent place in history. How the old warrior would have rejoiced could he have seen the soldiers who had followed and those who had so bravely opposed him in that four years' conflict moving together with silent, reverent step to do homage to his memory—the blue and the gray, true soldiers, brave men!

Did not the martial music and the booming cannon carry back the memories of those veterans to the days of Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania, Petersburg, and Richmond?

Those who have never been soldiers in battle, who have never seen their opponents advance with their long lines dotted from flank to flank with waving standards, at first men dropping here and there, then, as they draw nearer, falling at every step, then the shout, the charge, the struggle, the carnage, sometimes victory, but sometimes also broken lines, repulse, and finally retreat, leaving a field strewn with wounded, dying, and dead—those who have never passed through such scenes cannot understand the feeling of brave men for those whose prowess they have felt and whose courage they have witnessed.

The armies which met in battle from 1861 to 1865 were mostly composed of the best people of our land. They offered their lives to their cause from the highest motives of patriotic devotion. The same spirit actuated them that moved their patriotic fathers in the Revolution of 1776.

Soldiers of such opposing armies are not enemies. The word enemy does not express the attitude such men hold toward each other. They met and fought with a courage and a determination without parallel in history, but it was not in a spirit of anger; it was in the fulfillment of duty. The courage, fortitude, and resolution of the combatants of both armies made it the most sanguinary and terrific war that had ever employed the arm of the soldier or engaged the pen of the historian; but as between the soldiers who fought each other so fiercely there was not, and never had been, and from the nature of things never could be, any of the despicable feeling known as hatred.

Such soldiers entertain no feelings of revenge or malice or bloodthirstiness. Their fathers had marched, fought, and triumphed under the same banner for more than a century. They had seen their country from one of the weakest become one of the most powerful on the face of the earth. They had seen our possessions and

population expand from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and whether duty called upon them to enlist under the stars and stripes of the Union or under the stars and bars of the Confederacy, they felt the same pride in the glorious progress of American development and civilization.

Such men go beyond this. Not only do they feel no enmity, but it gives them pleasure to attest their admiration for chivalry and virtue wherever found, and they delight to do honor to brave opponents who have offered life and fortune in a struggle for principle, honor, and liberty.

The published reports of the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, May 5-12, which might be properly classed as one battle, tell us that the Federal casualties were greater than the loss in killed and wounded in all the battles of our wars since our fore-



GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

fathers landed on these shores and laid the foundation upon which our government is based.

At Shiloh the Confederate killed and wounded were one-third of the army. At Murfreesboro the killed and wounded of Rosecrans were twenty-one per cent, and Bragg's killed and wounded were twenty-eight per cent. At Chickamauga Bragg's killed and wounded were thirty-four per cent of his entire army, and Rosecrans's killed and wounded were sixteen per cent.

When we seek for the causes of the great conflict of 1861-65 we must look beyond such incidents as the sympathy with the negro inflamed by "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" beyond the John Brown raid; beyond the Dred Scott Decision; beyond the Wilmot Proviso; beyond the Missouri Compromise; beyond the constitutional constructions and the questions of rights in the territories. We must look back to the differences, dissen-

sions, and controversies which existed between and divided our forefathers centuries ago.

The Puritans landed in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and other Northern colonies. The Huguenot, the Catholic, and the Cavalier settled in the colonies of the South. All brought with them their distinct views, passions, and prejudices, the outgrowth of dissimilar education and association. The colonies thus established were largely impressed with the characteristics of their founders. Two centuries did not obliterate the differences between these two classes of settlers, but in some localities only marked and intensified them. Antagonisms were softened by the trials of the seven years' struggle of the Revolution, again by the war of 1812, and still again by our triumphant campaign on the plains of Mexico; but the fruits of the Mexican conquest gradually generated conditions fertile in elements of discord and distrust that finally developed into a struggle for supremacy and power. Mistaken philanthropy and prejudice of the one against the institutions of the other, a sectional triumph in the national elections, bold threats of the infringement of constitutional rights, the conviction on the part of the Southern States that their only safety was in separation, and finally the organization of armies, both North and South, were events which transpired in such rapid succession that before the consequences could be realized the clash of arms was heard and men connected by the dearest social, marriage, and family ties were arrayed against one another in battle.

The leading actors in those stirring events have passed away. Grant, McClellan, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas Meade, Sedgwick, and Halleck of the one side, and Lee, Jackson, Bragg, the Johnstons, Beauregard, Hill, Anderson, and Ewell of the other, have crossed the dark river and await the coming of the war-worn veterans—their comrades.

May we not imagine that the brave heroes who rest under the shade of the trees greet each comrade as he joins the bivouac of the dead?

A. B. McMichael, Healdsburg, Cal.: "What has become of B. R. Johnson's Brigade? I never see anything in the VETERAN from them. I think they ought to organize a camp and name it for him.

THE SPY—HIS ADVENTURES IN KENTUCKY.

BY J. D. BARBEE.

Some think it is dishonorable to be a spy, when, in fact, it is heroic, and assignment to the secret service is a distinction. Every man in the army is a spy in the conscious purposes of his will, and there is not one of them who would not uncover the enemy, if possible, and learn his inmost thought. Therefore it displays a weakness to become offended at the suggestion that a soldier who has been apprehended in the secret service is a spy. He is a spy, and as honorably occupied as he would be in leading a charge. The secret service is a military necessity, and some of the most thrilling chapters in the history of war are records of the adventures of spies, which have often ended in tragedy. Who has not read of Maj. André, Capt. Nathan Hale, and Sam Davis? And the life of Belle Boyd, a successful spy in the Army of Northern Virginia, is familiar to all.

But there was one spy during the war between the states whose history has never been written, and yet some of his feats were marvelous, and his adventures exceeded romance. His eyes never looked on any man whom his heart feared, and he would have ridden with the six hundred at Balaklava or led a forlorn hope; and he was entitled to the distinction which Napoleon awarded to Marshal Ney: "the bravest of the brave." The reader will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that he was a member of Gen. John H. Morgan's military family, who had a high estimate of this staff of-



REV. G. W. WINN.



SCENE ON THE MURFREESBORO AND STONE'S RIVER BATTLEFIELD.

ficer, and always consulted him in planning a campaign or a battle.

At a critical period in the history of "the storm-cradled nation which finally fell" Gen. Bragg desired to have the reading of the newspapers which were being published within the Federal lines. He wanted to know what was being said on the other side and what foreign countries were saying; but how to get the information was the question. The papers containing it must be obtained surreptitiously if obtained at all. Therefore a subterranean mail route would have to be established, for which the Postmaster General of the United States could in no sense be held responsible. Was that practicable? and if so, what should be the method of procedure? The enterprise seemed feasible to Gen. Bragg, the only weak point in the plan being

posed adventure. If he should be suspected, all presumption and prejudice would be against him, and he could not hope to escape death. If his prudence should fail in any instance, he might reveal himself; or if a friend whom he had trusted should forget his prudence or prove traitor, all would be lost. In the most hopeful view which might be taken of the situation the possibilities, favorable and otherwise, were about evenly balanced. A man of feeble courage would have faltered; but our hero, with the dauntless spirit of those brave rebels of 1776, who stormed Stony Point at night and took it, was unmoved and immovable. It was night, and the thought of his noble wife and little daughters, far away in their humble home, heaved his breast with a sigh and a tear stole down his cheek, but he did not waver. He knew that true and faithful wife, who never



GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.



MRS. BRAXTON BRAGG.

the lack of a man qualified for it and willing to undertake it.

He sent for Gen. Morgan and laid the whole scheme before him, who approved it, and told the commanding general that he had the man in his command who would accomplish the perilous undertaking if it could be done at all. He described him as self-contained, full of personal resources, and calm amid alarms; a man whose wits never forsook him and whose courage never failed in any extremity. The representation pleased Gen. Bragg, who directed Morgan to take charge of the hazardous enterprise and arrange all details on his own discretion.

Gen. Morgan returned to his headquarters, and, having called the true and trusty staff officer into his presence, they held a long, whispered consultation. The subaltern saw at once the serious character of the pro-

posed adventure. If he should be suspected, all presumption and prejudice would be against him, and he could not hope to escape death. If his prudence should fail in any instance, he might reveal himself; or if a friend whom he had trusted should forget his prudence or prove traitor, all would be lost. In the most hopeful view which might be taken of the situation the possibilities, favorable and otherwise, were about evenly balanced. A man of feeble courage would have faltered; but our hero, with the dauntless spirit of those brave rebels of 1776, who stormed Stony Point at night and took it, was unmoved and immovable. It was night, and the thought of his noble wife and little daughters, far away in their humble home, heaved his breast with a sigh and a tear stole down his cheek, but he did not waver. He knew that true and faithful wife, who never

forgot to pray for him, was in her heart repeating the motto of the Greek mother in handing the battered shield of the deceased father to the son as he entered the service: "This, or upon this." The transformation from the appearance of an army officer into the guise of a well-dressed citizen was the work of a short time, and, taking affectionate leave of his commander, the brave staff officer mounted and rode away into the darkness. Rising a knoll a short distance beyond, he halted and turned for a final look upon the camp fires of the boys in gray, not certain but it would prove his farewell gaze upon receding hope.

transmitted by him through carriers traveling only at night. One man would take the bundle of papers at Elizabethtown, after darkness had set in, and convey the package to a designated point and deliver it to an accomplice, and return before day. The next night the mail would be carried to another stage and left; and thus it was conveyed from point to point to a place within convenient and easy reach of the Confederate army; and long before the manager of the scheme had returned to his command Gen. Bragg was daily reading the news of the world.

When the hero of this story arrived at Elizabethtown he boldly stopped at a leading hotel, and when he had had dinner and his horse fed, he ordered the latter to be saddled, and he mounted and rode out to the camps of a regiment of Federal cavalry just beyond the city limits. They were Kentuckians, and were on the point of revolt, because the emancipation proclamation had just been issued, saying they had enlisted to save the Union, not to abolish slavery. The colonel threatened to resign upon the spot, but his visitor expostulated with him, and urged him to continue in position, and exhorted the rest to stand by the old flag under any circumstances. His speech had a placating effect, and the presumption is that the spirit of mutiny died out and the regiment was contented.

Returning to the hotel, he sought the office of a leading lawyer of the city, to whom Gen. Morgan had commended him, and, being ushered into the barrister's private office, he revealed himself and his mission. The lawyer demanded his credentials or some visible evidence that he truly represented the brilliant Kentucky general, whom he knew well. The strange visitor, on a strange and peculiar mission, had wisely and prudently omitted to provide himself with credentials, trusting alone to his own personal resources to make good his claim to being the secret agent and true representative of Gen. Morgan. He invited a careful and thorough investigation, and at the end of one hour the lawyer announced that he was satisfied and was ready to coöperate in the scheme proposed. He also made many valuable suggestions, and introduced the stranger to other Southern sympathizers who could be trusted with his secret. Among the latter was a young lawyer who soon had an opportunity to render invaluable service to the secret agent. On entering that lawyer's office one day the stranger observed him break into a wild paroxysm of laughter, which was protracted to an embarrassing length. Finally regaining self-control, he explained that his wife's pastor had just left his office, announcing as he departed that the stranger would preach for him that evening. Said the lawyer: "Do you think you can do it? Could you preach a sermon?" In reply he was informed that his new-made acquaintance was a regularly ordained preacher and a member of an Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The lawyer, as soon as he could recover from the astonishment which this announcement caused, advised the preacher to leave town for the night, saying he would make it all right with the pastor, whom he knew to be an intense Unionist, and he feared that something might occur which would betray this visiting preacher.

A few miles distant, on one of the principal thoroughfares leading to the city of Elizabethtown, our hero stopped at a wayside inn and spent the night. Having

retired early, he was about to compose himself for sleep, when he heard a commotion in the office, near to which his apartments were located. A traveler had arrived who was manifestly intoxicated, and seeing our hero's name on the register, he demanded to be assigned to the same room, to which arrangement the spy was mentally assenting, for he had perceived that the new arrival was sufficiently disguised in liquor to be quite communicative. The proprietor finally consented, and the drunk man entered the room and promptly disclosed his identity and revealed all he knew, much of which proved valuable to his auditor, and was used by him in his movements in Kentucky afterwards.

On another occasion the hero of this narrative was riding along the highway, when suddenly at a curve in the road he was brought face to face with a squad of Federal cavalry moving in the opposite direction.



J. D. BARBEE, D.D.

Concealment was impossible and flight was hopeless, but his unfailing resources were at command. Turning toward a lot of negroes at work near by in a field on his right, he began in an authoritative tone to command them what to do when the present job should be finished. In the meantime the soldiers passed, with whom he exchanged salutations and renewed his journey, the perplexed negroes remarking to each other: "What sort of a man is dat? He's sho' crazy."

On the same day he had a test of his prudence which well-nigh upset him. He had stopped for dinner at one of those elegant old Kentucky homes, and at the table the landlady remarked that she had two sons in the Confederate army, to which her guest replied with affected surprise: "You do not mean to seriously state that your sons are fighting to break up this government?" She replied, her eye kindling with indignation and patriotic fire: "Yes; and if I had a dozen sons, they should all be there." Upon further inquiry he learned that the lady's

sons were with Gen. Morgan, and it was with difficulty he could refrain from telling that noble mother he knew her brave boys well and had seen them but a few days before that time. He kept silent, however, and having paid his bill, he mounted and rode off, leaving the family under the impression that an intense Unionist had enjoyed their hospitality that day.

When the business was finished on which he had originally gone into Kentucky he lingered for a time at Elizabethtown, making daily excursions into the country to gather what information he could from the rural people. Having returned to the town one day, he was walking along a principal street and met the lawyer to whose address the contraband literature was coming, who, without turning his head, remarked: "Look out for that postmaster; he suspects you." Instantly his resolution was formed, and he went directly to the post office, which was kept in the front end of a small retail store, and immediately began to make purchases of cutlery and other convenient articles, improving the opportunity to do much talking to please the proprietor. Having finished shopping, he left with the good opinion of that postmaster, who believed there was

made the most of the advantage thus afforded, and was thirty miles away. He was mounted on a Kentucky thoroughbred, and the noble brute seemed intelligently in sympathy with the sense of peril which fired his rider's heart, and rapidly picked up miles of "the dark and bloody ground" and threw them behind him. When the wings of the morning appeared that faithful, high-mettled animal seemed a very Pegasus, cleaving the air in his flight and touching the earth only at its high points. Finally the swollen Cumberland was reached, and the fleeing veteran rode into the ferry boat and crossed to the southern side and stood before Gen. Morgan to report. The General could scarcely credit the testimony of his own eyes, for he had heard that this true and faithful staff officer was a prisoner, and did not need to be told the rest. His return, therefore, seemed an apparition or a resurrection.

The war was not yet over, and many terrible battles were still to be fought. The hero of this story dropped back into his place on Gen. Morgan's staff, and, like Murat, his white plume could ever be seen waving in the thickest of the fight. He followed his gallant leader on that famous campaign into the Northwest, and was one of the few who swam their horses across the Ohio River and escaped when Gen. Morgan's Command was captured. The Federal cavalry were approaching in large numbers, reinforced by gunboats, which had already swung into position and opened fire. Morgan could have escaped, but he said to those with him at the front: "Save yourselves if you can; I must return and surrender with my men." Noble, unselfish, chivalrous knight! If thou couldst not have survived the sanguinary struggle, it is preferred thou shouldst have fallen in battle leading thy brave columns on the serried ranks of the enemy, and not that thou shouldst have been shot down like a dog.

When hostilities had ceased, the brave soldier whose career I have been attempting to describe resumed his place among his brethren of the Tennessee Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and for thirty years more preached the gospel of peace. He won numerous trophies for the Captain of the Lord's host, and "many will rise up in the judgment and call him blessed." He was a man of affairs and a great organizer and builder, the land being dotted all over with churches which he erected to God. His greatest work was his last, the establishing of the city missions of Nashville, Tenn. Going down into the slums and out into the purlieus, he "rescued the perishing and cared for the dying."

The end came at last, as come it will to all living. After more than threescore and ten years the venerable man of God laid his body down with his charge and ceased at once to work and live. In April, 1895, God said to the angels, as in the case of Elijah: "My old servant has had a long and toilsome pilgrimage, and he is weary; take the family carriage and go down and bring him home." When the dying saint saw them he shouted, "Mahanaim!" and George W. Winn ascended to heaven.



GEN. J. H. MORGAN AND WIFE.



MISS SALLIE C. PRESTON.

not a more loyal man in Kentucky than his customer.

The first signal of danger had now been displayed, and the adventurer thought it wis- to seek a safer locality. It was not deemed best to make a precipitate flight, but it was his judgment that there should be no unnecessary delay; therefore he began to arrange for an early departure. That evening he learned that one too many had been intrusted with his secret. Having gone to the home of a Southern sympathizer, with whom he had become quite intimate—intending to spend the night there—he was informed that that friend had acquainted another of his class with the mission of the stranger. He instantly remarked, "You have made a mistake; I shall be betrayed," and, mounting, he took hasty leave of Elizabethtown and was soon speeding southward. And he left none too soon, for within two hours afterwards a squad of cavalry appeared upon the scene and demanded the body of the stranger. They were too late; the bird had flown; and, having visited summary punishment upon the gentleman from whose house the escapade had but shortly before been made, they returned to camp and reported. The colonel in command ordered an officer to take ten men and give chase to the fugitive, and apprehend him if possible.

About five hours had elapsed before the troop of horse began the pursuit, and the daring Confederate



THE FIRST CANNON-SHOT OF THE WAR.

Louis Sherfesse, Rock Hill, S. C.:

In looking through an old VETERAN (July, 1896) I see that Comrade C. A. Doolittle, in his article on "Charleston Harbor," mentions the noted shot fired from the Iron Battery at Fort Sumter on the morning of March 8, 1861. That shot has a history. The Washington Artillery, of Charleston, of which Doolittle and I were then members, had charge of the Iron Battery on Morris Island, and its commander, the gallant Capt. George H. Walter, would regularly march the company from camp to the battery twice a day for drill, and in drilling we went through all of the movements required in artillery practice, even to firing blank cartridges. The guns of the battery were eight-inch Columbias, then the heaviest guns in service, and were trailed on Fort Sumter, thirteen hundred yards distant. This drilling and practicing was becoming monotonous; then, too, the boys were "spoiling" for a fight. As we marched back to camp on the evening of March 7, Canonier E. Lindsay Halsey said to a few of us: "I am tired of this nonsense, and intend to put a stop to it, and in such a way as to raise a commotion to-morrow morning." The next morning, March 8, during the exercises, when he gave the command, "Fire!" it was literally obeyed, the ball flying over the water and striking Fort Sumter. You can well imagine the excitement in the harbor and in Charleston. Maj. Anderson opened his port holes, and everything for awhile looked as if the judgment day had come. The following correspondence, from the records, will explain the result:

HEADQUARTERS PROV. ARMY,
CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA,
CHARLESTON, S. C., March 9, 1861.

Hon. L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, Montgomery, Ala.

Sir: I inclose you herewith the report of Col. M. Gregg, First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, commanding on Morris Island, reporting the accidental shooting of a loaded gun toward Fort Sumter on the 8th inst. It appears to have been entirely accidental; but I have ordered a thorough investigation of the affair to be made at once, and in order to prevent the recurrence of an event which might be attended with such disastrous consequences, I have ordered that hereafter no gun should be used for practice without first ascertaining whether it be loaded or not.

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *Brigadier-general Commanding.*

INCLOSURE.

HEADQUARTERS MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., March 8, 1861.

To the Chief of Staff of Brig. Gen. Beauregard.

Sir: I am informed by Maj. Stevens that a shot was accidentally fired from the iron battery this morning, which struck Fort Sumter. Maj. Stevens was practicing with blank cartridges, and does not know how a shot got in. He does not suspect that it was put in by any man intentionally. Maj. Stevens is about to go with a flag to Fort Sumter to explain the accident. I have to request that Gen. Beauregard will forward this note for the information of the commander-in-chief.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant.

MAXEY GREGG, *Col. First Reg. South Carolina Volunteers.*

THE CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

W. A. Johnson, second lieutenant of Company D, Second South Carolina Volunteers, writes to Judge Robert L. Rodgers, historian of Camp No. 159, U. C. V., Atlanta, Ga.:

I have noted that in all the histories I have read the credit of the capture of Harper's Ferry, in September, 1862, is given to Gen. Stonewall Jackson and his command. The truth is that Maryland Heights, on the

north bank of the Potomac River and opposite the town, were stormed and captured by Kershaw's Brigade of South Carolina troops, supported on its flanks by Barksdale's Brigade of Mississippians, both brigades belonging to McLaws' Division. Kershaw's Brigade did all the fighting in capturing the Heights, and lost heavily. Barksdale's Brigade lost, I think, only one man. The fight at Crampton's Gap occurred after the capture of the Heights and before the surrender of Harper's Ferry. Cobb's old brigade suffered most, and it was a part of McLaws' Division. The forces on the north side of the river were composed of Anderson's and McLaws' Divisions, with some cavalry, the whole force being under the command of Gen. LaFayette McLaws. The capture of the Heights gave the Confederate forces complete command of the ferry, as we hauled cannon up the mountain and opened a "plunging" fire on the town; and this artillery fire, coupled with Jackson's investment on the south side, compelled the Federals to surrender.

Kershaw's Brigade was composed of four regiments at that time: the Second, Third, Seventh, and Eighth South Carolina Regiments, commanded respectively by Cols. J. D. Kennedy, Nance, Aiken, and E. B. Cash.



GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.



GEN. LAFAYETTE McLAWS.

The brigade stormed and carried three successive lines of breastworks. The timber was dense, the grounds very rough and rocky, and the ascent steep. The position was held by three or four thousand Federals, and Kershaw's Brigade had about one thousand men under arms. After the brigade carried the positions the cannon were hauled up the mountain and placed so as to command the town completely.

I think that this fact should be incorporated in accounts of the capture of Harper's Ferry. You can get information more valuable than I can give from Gen. L. McLaws, Augusta, Ga.; Gen. J. D. Kennedy, Camden, S. C.; Col. D. Wyatt Aiken, —; Col. E. B. Cash, Cheraw, S. C.; Col. William Wallace, Columbia, S. C.

ANNUAL REUNION AT SHILOH.—Capt. J. W. Irwin, Savannah, Tenn.: "Notwithstanding the prevailing floods, we had a good time at the Shiloh reunion on the 6th and 7th of April, the anniversary of the great battle. The gray and the blue mingled, shook hands, and exchanged experiences, incidents, and jokes in real fraternity. The principal orators were Col. R. F. Looney, Memphis, who presided, being senior vice president; Capt. F. Y. Hedley, Bunker Hill, Ill.; Dr. W. A. Smith, Columbia, Tenn.; and last, and grandest, Rev. Dr. Joseph E. Martin, Jackson, Tenn. The Savannah cornet and Paducah string bands furnished the music. The weather was propitious, the sun shone brightly, and the atmosphere was genial."

CONFEDERATE DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

California's fiery heart was stirred to its depths in those wild Confederate days in the sixties. It all seems like a dream now, but it was very real to us then. There was a dark side to it all, as there always must be where the passions of fallen human nature have free play. But true chivalry blossomed in its richest beauty over there during that trying time, and among the women the calendar of saints was glorified with new names not a few. The women were from the start the intensest partisans on both sides. Their weapon was woman's own, and it was sharp indeed. They put their hearts into the conflict. The men, in many cases, put into it their opinions and political fortunes at the first.

Chivalry! Albert Sidney, its very incarnation, was

[Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald is a native of North Carolina, but spent much of his young manhood in Virginia and Georgia. From 1855 to 1878 he resided in California, where he had a host of friends. From 1878 to 1890 he edited the *Christian Advocate* in this city. Since this last date he has been one of the bishops of the



BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South. It is safe to say that no more kind-hearted gentleman ever lived in the South, nor one more universally loved. A brilliant writer, a charming talker, the best of editors, his chief distinction is the fact that he is an unselfish and serviceable man.]

in command of that military department, but, resigning his command, he came back and cast his fortune with the Confederacy. Many others of lesser note did likewise. California was represented on every field where valor bled during the war, from Bull Run to Appomattox. Johnston, who fell at Shiloh, and Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff, fought on opposite sides. California claims them both—the former the *beau ideal* of a hero, the latter an orator of marvelous power.

At first it seemed to be doubtful which side California would take. The Southern politicians had largely ruled the state, in virtue of the qualities which bring men to the front in such times. They were social, ready of speech, handy with firearms, and not lacking in the sort of patriotism which is ready to accept public office and the salary belonging thereto. They were good stump speakers too; and this was an accomplishment of special value among a mixed population, thrown together as that of California was from all parts of the world. That colossal old man, "Duke" Gwin, was in the Senate. "Charley" Scott, son of the old wheel horse of Virginia Democracy, Robert G. Scott, was in the Lower House of Congress, from California. Half the counties of the state had Southern men in their chief county offices.

But the Union sentiment was stronger; California did not go out. An ex-Californian, once known as Capt. U. S. Grant, and remembered to this day by old Californians, became the hero of the war on the Federal side. A hero he was—a man who was absolutely fearless in the fight, but who never made war against non-combatants nor fired a shot while the white flag of peace was up. When our Gordon laid a flower upon his grave at Riverside Park a few weeks ago he represented truly what was in every old Confederate's heart.

Circumstances gave me a sort of exceptional notoriety during those old Confederate days. I happened to be not only the pastor of the Southern Methodist Church in San Francisco at the time, but was also the editor and publisher of the only paper west of the Rocky Mountains with the word "South" on its front page. It was the *Pacific Methodist*, organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Union press made it warm for me. The suppression of the paper was demanded and my expatriation or imprisonment in Fort Alcatraz. Sure enough one morning from Provost-marshal Gen. Mason a summons came to me to report to Gen. Wright, commanding on the Pacific Coast. "It has come at last," I said, handing the order to the little woman who then sat by my side, and who sits by my side as I write these lines. At ten o'clock, according to order, I reported at the headquarters of Gen. Wright, and after a few minutes was taken into his presence. I shall never forget him as he looked that day—a man tall, straight, soldierly looking, with clear-cut features, skin as clear as a woman's, silver-gray hair, and a mien of mingled dignity and kindness wonderfully blended.

"Be seated, sir," said the General politely.

"No, sir; I prefer to stand," I answered stiffly.

"I have sent for you," said the General quietly, "to say two or three things to you. A lot of fools have for some time been urging me to put you under arrest, on the ground that you were publishing a disloyal newspaper here in San Francisco. Not wishing to do any injustice to a fellow-man, I have taken means for several weeks to possess myself of a copy of your paper every

issue; and now let me say two things: First, that no paper has ever come into my house that is such a favorite with every member of the family, especially Mrs. Wright; and, second, I want to say to you, go on in your present prudent, manly, Christian course, and you are as safe as I am while I am in command on the Pacific Coast."

There was the true soldier. I was conquered. All the stiffness was taken out of me, and I left the General's headquarters in a very different mood from that in which I had entered. A handsome marble monument marks the resting place of Gen. Wright at Sacramento City. (It will not detract from the honor due this knightly Union soldier to record the fact that his wife was a Southern lady.)

When President Lincoln was assassinated by Booth the mob went crazy in San Francisco. On Sunday morning the crowd made a rush for the Southern Methodist Church, on Minna Street, between Fourth and Fifth. A company of soldiers had spent all the previous night in the church, for its protection. I preached to just forty-three persons, mostly women, besides the soldiers. Going and coming back through the excited crowd, I heard many threats and considerable bad language, but somehow I could not feel any alarm. I was in the path of duty, where it is always safe for every one of us to be.

In 1863 the Democratic party of California was split into two factions: the Douglas and Breckinridge wings, respectively. I had the fortune, good or ill, to be nominated by the latter for the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and was perhaps then the worst beaten man ever voted for in a state election in California. Some of the interior counties gave me majorities; but in San Francisco, out of a vote of over 17,000, I only received 250, and of these only one was cast for me openly. The daring man who did this was Maj. Perrin L. Solomon, formerly of Sumner County, Tenn. He had been a brave soldier in the Mexican war, and had, as Sheriff of Tuolumne County and United States Marshal under Buchanan's administration, acquired a reputation for cool courage which stood him well in hand that day. Facing the angry crowd who proposed to lynch him, he stood with his back against the door of a warehouse until he was rescued by the police. In 1867, four years afterwards, I was again nominated for the same office by the reunited Democratic organization, and this time was elected, carrying the state and receiving a handsome majority in San Francisco. California's great, brave heart had reacted. The very men who swelled the ranks of the mob on that Sunday morning in 1863 swelled my vote in 1867. Note: It is not a mark of wisdom to be much depressed by popular minorities on the one hand or elated by popular majorities on the other.

The California heart expressed itself in 1867 in connection with the great drought and distress in the South. By a spontaneous movement among her people I sent, directly and indirectly, over \$91,000 to the sufferers, the collection and disbursement of which cost me not one cent. The express companies carried the coin and the banks gave exchange free of charge. An old Virginian living at Knight's Ferry, on the Stanislaus River, instructed me to send a package containing a few hundred dollars directly to Gen. R. E. Lee, then president of Washington and Lee University. In due course of

mail came the following answer—an answer characteristic of that matchless man:

Alexander, 11 June 1867

My dear Sir

I have just received your letter of the 4th inst. and am glad to hear of your success in your efforts to secure the relief of the suffering children of the South.

I hope you will permit me to express my individual thanks to you for the generous donors for the aid thus given to the suffering children of the South whose grateful prayers for you and your noble work will be ever remembered in Heaven.

*With great respect,
Yours respectfully,
R. E. Lee*

California! she is not all saintly, but among all the peoples of the earth, none have warmer hearts or more chivalrous impulses.

Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. J. N. Whitner, Secretary, writes that at the recent election of Martha M. Reid Chapter No. 19, U. D. C., of Jacksonville, Fla., the officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows: Mrs. W. D. Mathews, President; Mrs. C. W. Maxwell, Mrs. G. W. McNelly, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. J. N. Whitner, Recording Secretary; Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. F. P. Fleming, Treasurer; Mrs. C. J. Collock, Assistant Treasurer.

Miss Molly Kelly, of Pollard, Ala., writes in behalf of a friend who is anxious to learn the fate of an uncle, John or James Marshall, who is supposed to have been taken prisoner at Laurel Hill, Va., on the evening of May 8, 1864, or was killed at the time. He was a member of the Eighth Alabama Regiment, and if any other member of the regiment can give the information sought it will be appreciated.

J. Mace Thurman, Lynnville, Tenn.: "In the January VETERAN, page 24, Col. Power makes a mistake, or at least there is an important omission in naming the regiments under Gen. J. B. Palmer. He omits from Searcy's consolidated regiment the Forty-second, Forty-sixth, Forty-eighth, and Fifty-third Regiments. The survivors don't want to be left out when their rolls are called."

THE VAN DORNS, OF THE 11TH MISSISSIPPI.

T. M. Daniel, now of Forney, Tex.:

This is a stormy night in Texas. My wife has retired, but requests that I watch the clouds, as hardly a week passes but we have a terrific storm, which causes a constant feeling of dread among the people.

My mind naturally runs back to the war period, and I send to the VETERAN a sketch of Company I, the Van Dorns, of the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment. They were the sons of wealthy parents, educated, and many of them just from the law schools. The company was organized at Aberdeen before hostilities began. Large sums of money were spent in its equipment, and it was armed with improved Colt's revolving rifles, and wore costly dress uniform, which was discarded for the gray after reaching Virginia, in May, 1861. Every man



T. M. DANIEL.

had a purse of gold; besides, there was a general fund of several thousand dollars. Clay and "Steve" Moore, Marrabo Randle, Dave Meredith, and Gabe Buchanan, then sergeant-major—most of whom have passed over the river—had a "high old time" occasionally until strict discipline became established.

Many devices were planned to smuggle whisky into camp, though strictly against orders. We were in camp near Winchester; all guards and pickets were instructed to confiscate whisky and to arrest violators of the order. The evening before we formed our first line of battle I was approached by Dave Meredith and Gabe Buchanan with the proposition to furnish me a pass to town if I would bring them a quart of whisky, which they assured me that I could easily do if I obeyed instructions. Anxious to go to town, I agreed to the proposition. I was to buy a large watermelon, plug it nicely, take a large spoon and remove the pulp, then fill with whisky, replace the plug, take the watermelon under my arm, and boldly pass the pickets, which project was successful. Instead of a quart a full half-gallon was safely landed in camp. In meeting the problem about how to conceal the whisky, Dave Meredith's ingenuity was accepted. A deep hole was dug in the back end of the tent, a long wheat straw placed in the melon, the melon placed in the hole, and then nicely covered with straw. When the boys wanted a drink they would lie down and suck the straw. Only two swallows were allowed, then the fellow would be choked off. All went nicely at first, but some of the boys sucked the straw too often. An Englishman in the mess, named Booth, was a prominent

speaker. He became eloquent on behalf of the Confederacy, being recognized by "England," while others sang "Dixie," and one enthusiast could "easily whip five Yankees before breakfast." It was evident that a provost-guard would soon be sent to our tent. Fortunately the long roll began to beat. Some of Jackson's Cavalry had passed at full speed with hats off. The Federal general, Pattison, had crossed the river. "Fall in! form company!" was the order. The whisky was divided and put into canteens.

The regiment formed and marched near old Bunker Hill, where the first line of battle was formed to meet the enemy, who failed to advance, only making a feint, to hold us from going to the relief of Beauregard at Manassas. All night we stood in line in a wheat field. A cold rain had set in, and our blankets had been left in camp. Col. Moore came down the line, shivering with cold. When near Company I he called out: "Boys, who has any whisky?" In the darkness several canteens were presented. With many thanks he returned to the head of the regiment, fully stimulated. We marched back to camp, only to prepare for that rapid march to Manassas.

C. C. Cummings, of Fort Worth, Tex., regards that Bishop Mallalieu, as published in the April VETERAN, is appropriately named, being derived from "in the place of evil." "His name will go down in the VETERAN in a manner that, were it me, I would prefer any other notoriety than such. If he knew the spirit of veterans on either side, he would repent in sackcloth and ashes that he was ever so foolish as to think that any man who ever heard a bullet whistle or a shell scream could at this day and time approve such feelings. If he knew anything of the history of our common country or the compact of the old constitution over which and its true construction we battled because of differences that only could be settled by wage of war, he would not so betray himself."

In Mr. Cummings's article in the April VETERAN, page 173, an error was overlooked in stating that Harper's Ferry was situated at the junction of the Susquehanna and Potomac Rivers, when the Shenandoah should have been used instead of Susquehanna.

The Waynesboro (Ga.) *True Citizen* quotes from the April VETERAN the tribute to Miss Tillie Russell, heroine of the battle near Winchester, Va., who sat all night holding a wounded soldier in a particular way, lest he bleed to death. The *True Citizen* quotes the inquiry from the VETERAN as to who the soldier was, and replies: "We can answer the question. He is Capt. Randolph Ridgeley, living here in Burke County, the son of that Col. Randolph Ridgeley, a cavalry Bayard of the Mexican war. Capt. Ridgeley limps to-day from that terrible wound received at Winchester."

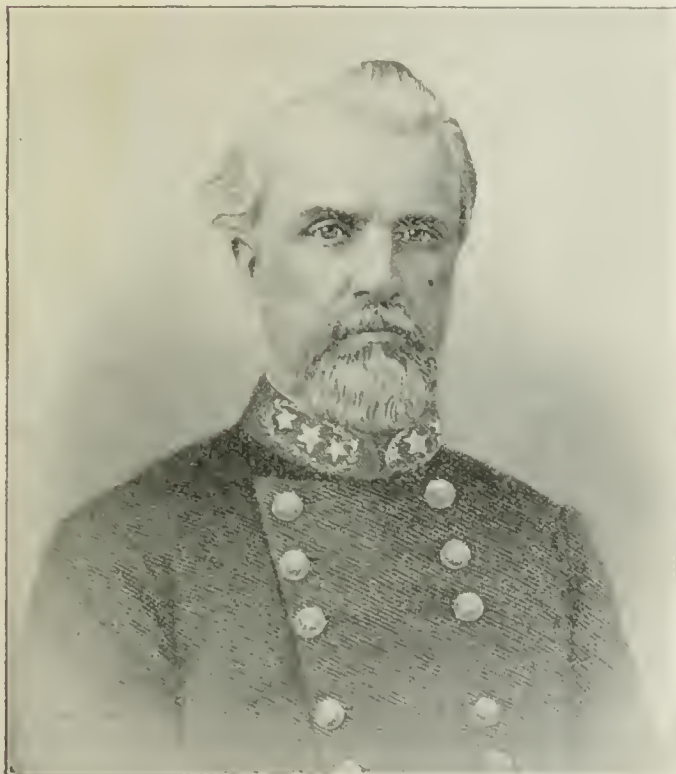
Through the coöperation of Confederate camps much may be contributed to Confederate history. When the survivors of the Confederate army consider the status of their career they are impelled to action for the maintenance of the honor due to the memory of those who died in battle and in camp. Their sacred duties to the families of these dead comrades, to their own reputation, and to that of their children demand perpetual zeal in securing correct history.

GEN. NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST.

BY J. P. YOUNG, MEMPHIS, TENN.

If one should examine current history and biography to obtain a correct estimate of Gen. Forrest's life and character, only the bitterest disappointment would result. A central figure in the great martial drama of the war between the states, as can be plainly seen in the multitude of reports and dispatches penned during the contest by the leading commanders of both armies, he has been neglected in a marvelous degree since its close by the busy so-called historians and biographers, in accordance with their own peculiar views.

In some of these volumes he is dismissed with slight mention; in others, as, for instance, a certain encyclopedia of American biography, he is pictured as an "illiterate cutthroat and butcher." And even in a leading



GEN. N. B. FORREST.

school history, printed in the South and used in most of the educational institutions in this community, we find in the whole book only this historical tribute to the man whom Gen. Sheridan pronounced one of the most remarkable produced by the war on either side: "N. B. Forrest and John Morgan—famous for their raids in the West." And this the man whom Lord Wolseley, the commander of the British Army, thought worthy the careful study of great soldiers, and to whose military career and skill he paid, in a long analytical article, a glowing tribute.

Only in a little volume entitled, "Campaigns of Forrest and Forrest's Cavalry," published in 1867, by Gen. Thomas Jordan and J. P. Pryor, is there a fairly correct statement of Forrest's military career; and this book was written by gentlemen entirely capable, but who

were not eyewitnesses of the great cavalry leader's achievements, and therefore loses greatly in graphic detail and description.

I therefore feel it to be a sacred duty of those who are familiar with any part of his career to contribute while still living their mites to rescue the story of this remarkable man from oblivion. The late lamented Maj. Rambaut, of Forrest's Staff, had undertaken this task for the Confederate Historical Association, of Memphis, but was cut off after his second article by an untimely death—a mishap greatly to be deplored, as he was an accomplished and accurate writer and a companion of the noted general throughout the war.

But to revert to my subject. Few people except those advanced in life and who had met Forrest before his death, which occurred nearly twenty years ago, have a correct idea of his personal appearance and distinguished presence; and of these few, only those who have seen him in battle have any adequate conception of the heroic mold and fiery energy of this equestrian son of Mars. Tall beyond his fellows, of herculean build, broad shoulders surmounted by a massive head, dark gray hair, keen gray eyes, which blazed when lighted with the fire of battle, he was instantly recognized, even by strangers, as the commander of his army, and was as well known by sight to Federal as to Confederate soldiers. His face was peculiarly intellectual and his features strongly marked, the expanding nostrils and massive jaw indicating impetuous energy and overwhelming will power.

In the company of other distinguished officers he showed to the greatest advantage. Grave, dignified, unobtrusive, he was ever alert, and, when his opinion was asked, the lightning was not quicker. His ideas were tersely, lucidly, and briefly delivered, and he at once relapsed into silence. He never resorted to argument. His manner, while respectful, was almost imperious at such moments. The incident at Fort Donelson is richly illustrative of the character of the man under such circumstances. He, then a colonel of cavalry, being called upon by the council of war for an opinion, pointed out that it was the duty of the three generals to withdraw their commands by a road which he indicated, instead of surrendering them to the enemy; and, his advice being rejected, he curtly told them that he would rather that the bones of his men should bleach on the hills than to surrender them. He strode from the room to withdraw his command from the fort by the route indicated, which he successfully accomplished without losing a man.

But to the rank and file Forrest was a delight. He was absolutely approachable at all times to the humblest soldier. When not absorbed in thought or engaged in combat he indulged constantly in playful familiarity and exchange of *badinage* with his men, as did also the great Napoleon. No general officer ever dreamed of taking liberties with his hair-trigger temper. No private soldier in his ranks ever hesitated for an instant to jest him about any trivial matter or to guy him about his personal appearance or unusual actions, even in battle.

On one occasion, at Richland Creek, Tenn., when the enemy's artillery was hurling shells like handfuls of marbles about us, the General coolly dismounted and stepped behind the only tree in the vicinity, a movement which all of us longed to make, but dared

not in his presence. One of the men said to him: "Come out from behind that tree, General. That isn't fair; we haven't got trees." "No, but you only wish you had," laughingly replied Forrest. "You only want me out to get my place."

On another occasion, at Mount Carmel, Gen. Forrest dismounted under a hot fire of musketry, and sat down on a rock, an example which was quickly followed by the writer, who was attending him, and who took care to get down on the opposite side of his horse from the enemy. The General, who had begun feeding his warhorse, "King Philip," with some blades of fodder he found there, turned, and, observing my point of vantage, playfully said, "You had better get on the other side of that horse, bud, and stop the bullets. Horses are lots scarcer than men out here"—a suggestion, by the way, that was not followed.



GEN. N. B. FORREST.

MAJ. RAMBAUT, OF HIS STAFF.

But there were two liberties which no one, private or general, ever attempted to take with Forrest. One was to disobey his orders, and the other to abandon the field in the presence of the enemy. Either of these breaches of soldierly conduct instantly brought down upon the offender a wrath that was truly frightful. On one occasion he seized a piece of brushwood and thrashed an officer whom he detected running away from the field almost to the point of taking his life.

Col. D. C. Kelley, major of his first regiment, wrote: "The command found that it was his single will, impervious to argument, appeal, or threat, which was ever to be the governing impulse in their movements. Everything necessary to supply their wants, to make them comfortable, he was quick to do, save to change his plans, to which everything had to bend. New men naturally grumbled and were dissatisfied in the execution, but when the work was achieved they were soon reconciled by the pride they felt in the achievement."

Gen. Forrest always exhibited the profoundest regard for religion. Col. Kelley, then and still a preacher, relates that Gen. (then colonel) Forrest and himself were intimately associated in camp for the first year or more of the war, tenting together, during which time Col. Kelley continued his lifelong habit of holding morning and evening prayers. These services Gen. Forrest always reverently attended, though not at the time a member of any Church. However, he became a very devout member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church some years after the war.

After returning from his successful expedition into West Tennessee, in May, 1864, he immediately issued the following most unusual General Order No. 44:

"HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY DEPARTMENT,
TUPELO, May 14, 1864.

"The major-general commanding, devoutly grateful to the providence of Almighty God, so signally vouchsafed to his command during the recent campaign in West Tennessee, and deeply penetrated with a sense of our dependence upon the mercy of God in the present crisis of our beloved country, requests that military duties be so far suspended that divine service may be attended at 10 A.M. on to-morrow by the whole command. Divine service will be held at these headquarters, to which all soldiers who are disposed to do so are kindly invited. Come one, come all. Chaplains in the ministrations of the gospel are requested to remember our personal preservation with thanksgiving, and especially to beseech the throne of God for aid in this our country's hour of need.

"By order of Maj.-Gen. Forrest.

"W. H. BRAND, *Acting Assistant Adj.-Gen.*"

To ladies Forrest was instinctively knightly and deferential. A man of singular purity of life and absolutely temperate, he held woman in the highest regard, and lavished a degree of affection upon his devoted wife altogether unusual in a man of his fiery temperament. Only under peculiar circumstances did he seem to become oblivious of the presence of ladies, and that was during those fits of intense absorption in thought into which he so often lapsed when working out the great military problems which engaged his attention. On these occasions his staff discreetly withdrew to a distance and left him undisturbed. As soon as he had arranged matters in his mind he would rejoin his staff and at once proceed to chaff them in a vein of pleasantry. Once, while thus absorbed on a railroad car, as related by Maj. Rambaut, a lady, against the protest of the staff, insisted on going back and interviewing him. In a moment the stately dame returned in a towering rage, declaring that the General was not a man, but a bear. A few moments later he came forward, and with deft politeness not only pacified, but captivated the offended matron. Presently, struck by a peculiarity of his appearance, she suddenly asked: "General, why is it that your hair is so much grayer than your beard?" As if with some faint recollection



COURTHOUSE AT VICKSBURG, MISS.

of his recent misbehavior, he quaintly replied: "I don't know, madam, unless it be that my mouth is always shut when my head is working."

On another occasion, as related by the venerable Mrs. John McGavock, of Franklin, during the storm of the great battle there, Gen. Forrest rode rapidly up to her door, where she had gone to meet him, and, without so much as seeming to notice that she was there, strode by her into the hall, up the stairway, and out on the balcony, where he gazed intently through his glass for ten minutes at the enemy's position, and then returned in the same way to his horse, without paying the slightest attention to her presence, and rode rapidly away.

But another incident, related by Col. D. C. Kelley, vividly exhibits Gen. Forrest in another mood. When campaigning with his regiment in the vicinity of Fort Donelson the men captured some Federals who were known as bushwhackers by our men, as they operated in the country where they enlisted. The wife of one of these prisoners, seeing her husband in captivity, rushed out to where Col. Forrest was standing and, falling on her knees, appealed to him for his release. Col. Kelley witnessed this incident from a distance, and, observing the woman spring from the ground and clap her hands, questioned Col. Forrest about the unusual scene when he came up. The Colonel replied with rather unsteady voice: "They can have their husbands if I've got them—that is, if they will make them behave."

When in camp Forrest's restless mind was ever busy with the details of organization. Nothing escaped his attention, and no one, since the days of Napoleon, could more quickly equip an army or form a powerful military force out of raw recruits. In speaking of this marvelous power of organizing his raw West Tennessee volunteers later in the war, Gen. Thomas Jordan says: "In that short time (sixty days) he had been able to imbue them with his ardent, indomitable spirit and mold them into the most formidable instruments in his hands for his manner of making war."

Another characteristic of the man was his boundless fertility of resource when in close places. On one occasion, on crossing the Tennessee River, he found himself in a rough, rocky country, with unshod horses. At once he was at a standstill, for the horses could not march on the sharp rocks, and there was no material with which to make shoes. Encamping for the night, he at once sent details throughout the country to bring in all the old wagon and buggy tires that could be found at the farmhouses and barns around. Putting his smiths to work with this material, by morning he had all his horses splendidly shod and resumed the march without delay.

On another occasion, when on his rapid march of one hundred miles to attack Memphis, in August, 1864, he learned, when nearing Coldwater River, that that stream was out of its banks and that no bridge or ferry existed. Without apparent hesitation details were made, with instructions to scatter through the country, take up the heavy plank floors of the ginhouses, and meet him at the river with the planks, which the troopers carried on their horses. He then hurried forward with some axmen, felled the telegraph poles near by and the large trees on the river bank, and, rolling the logs into the stream, secured them with such ropes as

he had, supplemented with grapevines, and, laying the planks first as stringers and then across, soon had a substantial floating bridge ready, over which his command marched with scarcely a halt when they arrived.

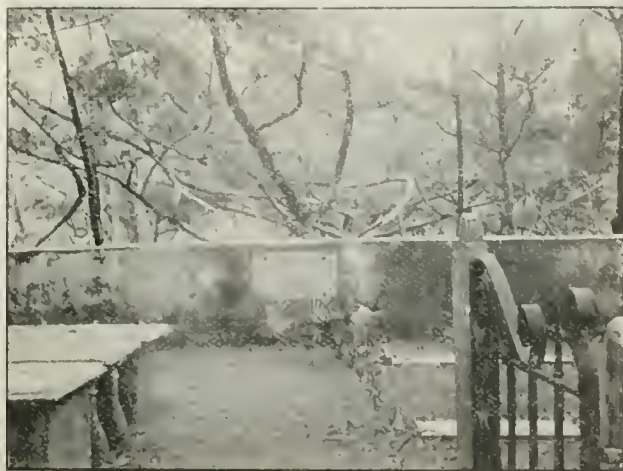
In battle Forrest was the very genius of war. Habitually riding a large gray horse, "King Philip," of great spirit, his towering form was seen everywhere on the field. At the investment of Murfreesboro, in December, 1864, it was the writer's fortune to witness one of those characteristic but unconscious displays of martial heroism by Gen. Forrest of surpassing grandeur. He had posted a division of infantry to meet a daring sortie of the Federal garrison, and, taking a cavalry brigade, had sought the enemy's rear. Learning that the infantry had given way, he came bounding back on his grand horse, and, pausing a moment, rose in his stirrups to survey the scene. Then, throwing off his military cape, his saber flashed in the air, and, seizing a flag, he plunged, with blazing eyes, into the mass of fleeing men, right under the awful fire of the enemy's guns, staying the stampede by sheer force of will power, and rider and horse presenting a picture in the terrible tragedy it were worth all the perils of the battle to have witnessed.

In war he was always aggressive, never waiting to receive an attack, but, after a rapid personal reconnaissance, invariably hurling his whole command on the enemy. He seemed at all times imbued with

That fierce fever of the steel,
The guilty madness warriors feel,

even to the point of unreasoning rashness. But there was method in his madness, and no charge was ever made by Forrest that was not justified by the outcome.

It is stated that he was one hundred and seventy-nine times personally under fire in his four years of service, and it was rare that he suffered a check, never a defeat. His constant successes against almost incredible odds inspired his men with unbounded confidence in him, and he was thus enabled to hurl his unquestioning brigades like thunderbolts upon his less active enemy, and always with disastrous results to the latter. Nor was this all. Without training, but by instinct a very master of the art of war, he was quick to see an enemy's vulnerable point, and concentrating with marvelous rapidity would strike the deadly blow before his opponent could correct the mistake. Brice's Cross



BURIAL PLACE OF "LIGHT-HORSE HARRY" LEE.

Roads, or Guntown, was a type of one of his battles. Having but three thousand and two hundred cavalry, and his enemy, Sturgis, moving on the rich stores of grain about Tupelo with eight thousand and three hundred men, of which five thousand were infantry, Forrest, who was watching on the flank, observed that Sturgis' Army was marching in a straggling column of eight or ten miles in length along a narrow, muddy road, and impeded with enormous wagon trains. Quickly conceiving his plan of action, Forrest galloped his command to the head of the Federal column, and, concentrating in front of the enemy's first brigade, a cavalry force about fifteen hundred strong, by a common impulsion threw his whole command upon it and crushed it before help arrived. Attacking in turn the succeeding brigades of cavalry and infantry as they arrived and took position—the latter so exhausted by a double-quick march for miles in the mud under a hot



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO GEN. N. B. FORREST.

June sun that they could not at once begin the fight—they were successively crushed, and by 3 P.M., after five hours' fighting, the whole mighty host of Sturgis was a defeated and flying rabble, run down and captured by hundreds as they scattered. So great was the terror inspired by the furious energy of their pursuer that the Federal commanders report that the flying fragment of infantry covered the entire distance to Collierville, Tenn., ninety miles, in a little over forty hours, leaving all their trains and artillery and more than one-third of their force dead, wounded, or captured, in Forrest's hands. No such annihilating overthrow overtook any other command of either army during the war.

But it is not my purpose to describe Forrest's battles in detail, and I will present only a brief synopsis of his

military career. Gen. Forrest joined the Confederate army June 14, 1861, at Memphis, as a private soldier in Capt. Josiah White's Tennessee Mounted Rifles, afterwards Company D, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry. His career as a private soldier was uneventful for about a month, but was rendered notable among his comrades by his constant and lucid criticism of the current military movements of the great armies. Having been authorized, in July, 1861, by Gov. Harris, of Tennessee, to raise a command, he at once went to work, and by October had, with characteristic energy, raised a battalion, and soon after a regiment, of which he was elected colonel.

With this regiment of dare-devils he soon became famous, and at Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and Murfreesboro, where he earned his promotion, he gained a distinction never before enjoyed by an American cavalry commander. As a brigadier-general, he rose rapidly in public esteem, gaining great distinction at Chickamauga, and, during the Streight raid, capturing that daring Federal commander and eighteen hundred men with less than three hundred of his own troopers.

But it was in his characteristic operations in Tennessee, on the enemy's lines of communication—destroying railroads, capturing blockhouses and garrisons, with thousands of prisoners and hundreds of wagons, teams, etc.—that he became the terror of the Federal generals. "If I could only match him," wrote Gen. Sherman, "with a man of equal energy and sagacity, all my troubles would end."

However, it was only when Forrest was given a cavalry department with the rank of major-general, his district embracing North Mississippi and West Tennessee, that he attained the utmost splendor of his renown. Here he was made guardian of the granary of the Confederacy, the rich prairie lands of Eastern Mississippi and Central Alabama. Having a domain without troops, he rode straightway with a small force through the enveloping Federal lines into West Tennessee, and, collecting several thousand hardy young volunteers, mostly well-grown boys, he mustered them in a few weeks into that famous band which, with some veteran troops collected together, is now known to history as Forrest's Cavalry.

The Federal commander at Memphis, Hurlbut, who had thousands of men guarding the railroad from Memphis to Corinth, was superseded by Gen. Washburn because of his failure to prevent Forrest's movement into and return from West Tennessee with his recruits and supplies. In February Gen. Washburn sent Gen. William Sooy Smith, with a powerful force of seven thousand men, to find Forrest and punish him for his impertinence, and, incidentally, to destroy the great grain stores about Okolona. Forrest fell upon him with his new recruits, about three thousand strong, at Okolona and Prairie Mound, and utterly routed his great host, driving it back to Memphis. In return Gen. Forrest rode again into West Tennessee, penetrating to the Ohio River and capturing Fort Pillow, Union City, and other points, with their garrisons.

After his return, in June, Gen. Sturgis, with eighty-five hundred men, marched against the grain fields in Eastern Mississippi, and at Brice's Cross Roads, or Guntown, was fallen upon by Forrest and annihilated, losing more than one-third of his force with all his artillery and equipage.

Sturgis was followed in turn by Gen. A. J. Smith, with fourteen thousand men, who, after a terrible battle with Forrest at Harrisburg, near Tupelo, July 14, returned hastily to Memphis. Enraged by his defeat, Gen. Smith reorganized at Memphis and started again, in August, by way of Oxford, with a powerful army. Forrest, with his exhausted command, was unable to check this army by force, and resorted to strategy. Leaving half his force under Gen. Chalmers in front of Smith at Oxford, he rode with the remainder, less than two thousand men, by way of Panola—one hundred miles, in less than sixty hours—to Memphis, capturing the city, and almost capturing Gen. Washburn, getting his uniform, hat, boots, and papers in the residence, No. 104 Union Street, the doughty General escaping down an alley in his night clothes. This caused Gen. Hurlbut to remark, as related by Gen. Chalmers: "There it goes again. They removed me because I could not keep Forrest out of West Tennessee, while Washburn can't keep him out of his bedroom."

The movement, however, as Gen. Forrest anticipated, resulted in the rapid retreat of Gen. Smith again to Memphis. Then for a period Forrest, gathering his forces, roamed at will over Middle Tennessee, destroying the Federal railroad lines and trains and capturing garrisons; and, though finally enveloped by thousands of the enemy, escaping across the Tennessee River with rich spoil. Then, riding leisurely down the west brink of that stream to Johnsonville, more than one hundred miles, he destroyed the enemy's great depot of supplies there, with more than six million dollars' worth of property and their gunboat fleet—"a feat of arms," wrote Gen. Sherman, "which I must confess excited my admiration."

Next followed perhaps the grandest achievement of Forrest's military career. Gen. Hood had moved on Nashville, fighting his way to the Tennessee capital, with Forrest in advance, and had rashly risked a battle with a foe outnumbering him two and one-half to one, and been defeated. His army, for the first time in its history was routed and disorganized. Halting at Columbia, he sent for Gen. Forrest and appointed him commander of his little, hastily formed rear guard. There were two thousand infantry, picked men, and fifteen hundred cavalry, but every man was a hero. With these Forrest calmly undertook to hold in check the victorious Federal army of nearly seventy thousand men, and so he did. Backward, step by step, from Columbia to the Tennessee River, for eight days

and nights, did Forrest and his Spartan band hold back the eager enemy, while Hood's routed columns gathered at and crossed over the river.

In vain did the great blue masses essay to break over this slender barrier and get at Hood, by crushing whom they could speedily end the war in the West. Forrest's mailed hand was everywhere, and struck sturdy, deadly blows, which paralyzed every effort of their advance guard to break through his lines. The weather was bitter cold and the sleet came down, while the roads were streams of freezing water; but the ragged, barefoot heroes and their grand leader never faltered. The enemy were delayed until Hood's last men and wagons were across the river, and finally the little rear guard, cut and slashed and weather-beaten, crossed at midnight with their indomitable leader, to rest in safety beyond. This masterly achievement has only its parallel in the heroic Ney, who covered Napoleon's beaten columns in the retreat from Russia.

Such was the great leader whom Memphis gave to the Confederate army.

And now one word about duty. Out in beautiful Elmwood, with only a plain circle of marble to mark the spot, sleep the remains of this great soldier. No marble shaft there points to heaven, with scroll or tablet to tell the passer-by: "Here rests a hero." Only a sprig of oak carved on the circle tells of his fame. Thoughtless thousands, in whose interest and for whose benefit his mighty deeds were done, pass daily to and fro about this city without giving a thought to his history or a tribute to his fame. O shame upon our people! If we cannot, like the appreciative Roman populace, bring his statue to stand in our beautiful square, I urge that at least in the great Battle Abbey about to be erected Memphis build into the wall a tablet that will rescue from oblivion the name and fame of the greatest cavalry leader perhaps that the world has ever seen.

Dr. J. A. Derbanne, Washington, La.: "I would like to learn the fate of Sterling Fisher, a lieutenant of the Second Texas Infantry, who was wounded at Vicksburg, and from whom I parted at Shreveport in the latter part of 1863. His home then, I believe, was Houston, Tex. Will appreciate any information about him."

Timothy Oakley, adjutant of Camp Henry Gray, at Timothea, La., reports the death of a member: Daniel Smith, who served in the Second Arkansas Cavalry.



MISS FANNIE D. LAING, SELECTED AT HER HOME REUNION OF CONFEDERATES TO SING "DIXIE."

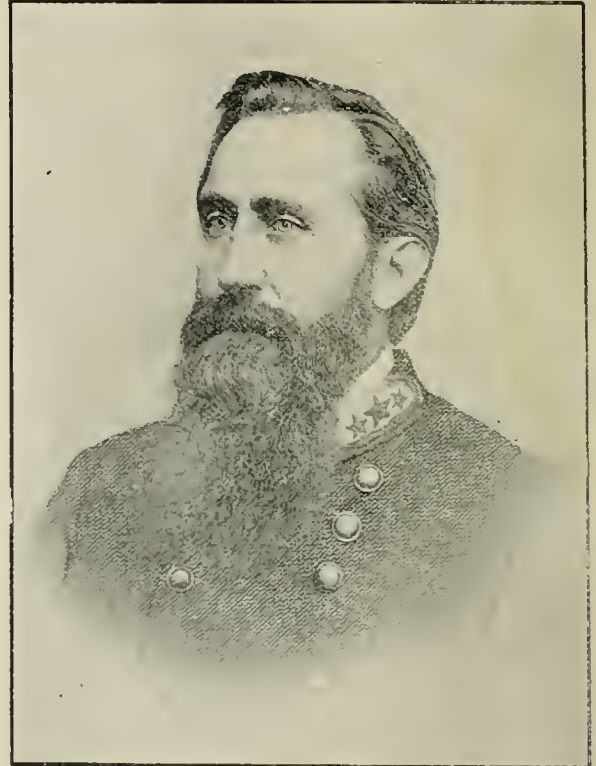
DIARY ACCOUNT OF FORT DONELSON.

Maj. Selden Spencer, son of Horatio Nelson Spencer, was born in Port Gibson, Miss., March 23, 1837. He graduated with distinction at Yale College in 1857. At the outbreak of the war he entered heartily and ardently into the service of the South. He raised a company of artillery and uniformed it at his own expense. He tendered his company, in August of 1861, to Gen. Buckner, with the request that he assign an officer to take the chief command. Capt. Graves (afterwards major and chief of artillery on Gen. Breckinridge's staff) accepted the appointment, and directed the affairs of the battery up to the time of the battle and surrender of Fort Donelson. Maj. Spencer was a planter in Issaquena County, Miss. He died June 3, 1878.

The following graphic account of the incidents of those memorable days is taken from the private diary of Maj. Spencer:

The battle of Fort Donelson began on Wednesday, February 12, 1862, about 11 A.M. I arrived at Fort Donelson from Nashville about an hour before the action commenced, and found the battery encamped about half a mile back from the town of Dover. Soon after I arrived our pickets engaged those of the enemy. Capt. Graves and two of our lieutenants had ridden to the fort to see its strength, and also around what would be our probable line of defense. Before Capt. Graves returned a courier came in with the report that the enemy were advancing, driving in our pickets. I immediately had the assembly sounded, and had the battery in marching order when Capt. Graves rode in, taking command. He received orders to move about half a mile northeast of his old position and there await further orders. We stopped in a valley running from the river back between the town and the fort. In this dangerous and exposed situation we remained an hour or so. The cavalry had already passed us, bringing in their wounded. We at length received orders to ascend the hill upon which the fort was situated. We went down the valley and ascended the hill near the fort, and then went back from the river until we met our line of battle near the extreme right wing, where we unlimbered and went into action, supported by Col. Cook's Thirty-second Tennessee and the ——— Tennessee. Next on our right came Col. Palmer's

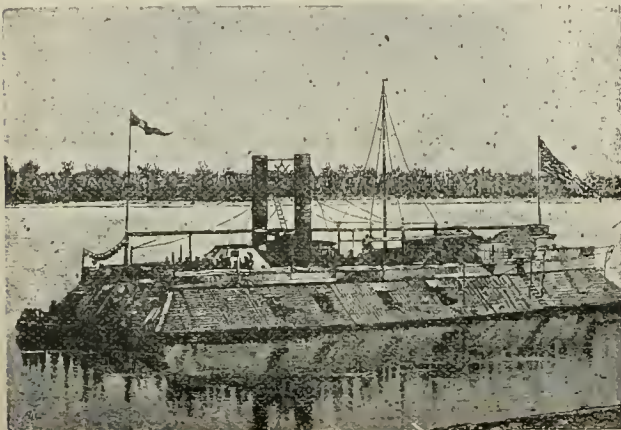
Eighteenth Tennessee, Col. Brown's Third Tennessee, Col. Baldwin's Fourteenth Mississippi, Col. Hanson's Second Kentucky. Col. Hanson rested on the backwater, which made up from the river below the fort, and was the extreme right of our line. Capt. Porter's light battery of six guns was posted about half-way between us and the backwater, about the middle of the right wing. To our left the hill declined abruptly to a valley and again rose on the opposite side. There was no force immediately in the valley as our battery swept it, and



GEN. W. B. BATE.

the two regiments on the hillsides could throw a converging fire into it. Commencing at the foot of the hill, across the valley to our left, came Col. Abernethy's Fifty-third Tennessee and Col. Heiman's Tenth Tennessee. Capt. Maney's light battery of six guns was posted on the hillside near the top. The top of this hill was near the center of our line. Gen. Buckner commanded the right wing; Gen. Bushrod Johnson, the center; and Gen. Floyd, the left. Gen. Floyd's left was composed of the First Mississippi, Fifty-sixth Virginia, Fiftieth Virginia, Seventh Texas, and Eighth Kentucky. The First Mississippi was on the extreme left, resting on the backwater, which made back from the river above the town. From this point it was about a mile and a half straight down the river to where the Second Kentucky, our extreme right, rested.

The line of battle was a half-circle about four miles long, and included both the fort and the town of Dover, and was well selected, both wings being flanked by water and being located on a chain of hills. The country was very hilly, and covered with a thick growth of small black-jack and oak. From the top of the hills on which we were posted the timber had been cut down



to the bottom of the hill, and in some cases up to the top of the opposite hill. The hills were very precipitous, and in some cases separated by ravines. We gained our position on the left of the right wing about one o'clock. The enemy had driven in our pickets, but were advancing very cautiously. They soon placed a battery in position a little to our left, and sent a few shots to feel our position and provoke a reply. We did not answer. In about an hour they tried us again, sending some six-pound pills over our heads, but still we did not answer. Their battery was hidden from us by the undergrowth, and we did not intend that they should find us out until they were within good range and were visible. The enemy made no further demonstration that evening than to feel our position and to make preparation for the next day. In the afternoon an engineer, mounted upon a white horse, rode coolly down the valley to within six hundred yards of our line, and surveyed us with his field glass. A sharpshooter, having obtained permission, crept down the hillside to within three or four hundred yards of him and tried several shots at him without effect. He bowed gracefully, wheeled his horse, and rejoined his escort. Wednesday night the entire line was busied digging a trench and throwing up a parapet of logs, Gens. Pillow and Floyd having determined to await the attack. Those who could snatch a little rest slept, with the blue sky for a covering.

The next morning (Thursday) the battle began soon after daylight. The rattle of musketry was first heard along the left. A battery which had been placed in position during the night opened on us. Our battery replied, and Capt. Porter also opened on it. We soon silenced it, dismounting one of their guns and a caisson. About ten o'clock the enemy made a vigorous charge on our extreme right, but were repulsed by the Second Kentucky. They formed and charged again, and were again routed. About twelve o'clock a brigade charged our center. They were met by Cols. Heiman and Abernethy and Capt. Maney's Battery. We opened an enfilading fire with shell and shrapnel, when they wavered, then rallied, but were again repulsed, falling back in disorder. A portion of the time the combatants were not forty yards apart. Capt. Maney did great execution with canister. In the evening they again charged our left, and were again repulsed. The battery that we had silenced early in the morning again opened upon us, and we fought it for a number of hours. Thursday evening about dusk a gentle rain began to fall, but it grew cold very fast, and before nine o'clock it was snowing furiously. It snowed nearly all night, but, the weather gradually growing colder, daylight broke upon us clear. The wounded on the battle-field suffered beyond the power of words to tell. One poor wretch had strength enough left to crawl up to the breastworks on our left this morning, and was helped over the logs and laid on a blanket by a fire, but death soon relieved him.

Friday morning the enemy showed no disposition to attack; their lesson of yesterday had evidently taught them the strength of our position. From my place I could see heavy masses of troops passing around to their right. They were evidently determined to surround us. There was no attack made during the day, except by artillery. During the night a battery had

been placed on the hill opposite us, and somewhat to our right, but not so near to Capt. Porter as it was yesterday, but still within his range. When it opened fire we replied, and a heavy cannonading was kept up for an hour or so. Capt. Porter's Battery joining us in our fire, and we silenced it. The cannonading was general along the whole line throughout the day. Capt. Jackson had supported the extreme right yesterday (Thursday) evening, and his battery was to-day employed in that position with the Second Kentucky. It was extremely cold, and the troops suffered very much from exposure, being compelled to remain in action.

Friday about noon the Federal gunboats came up and attacked the fort, and for more than an hour the thunder of heavy artillery deadened the air. The gunboats were repulsed with loss, two or three being com-



GEN. JOHN C. BROWN.

pletely disabled. The cheer that went along our line soon informed the enemy of the fact.

Night closed in, and pickets were thrown out a few hundred yards, and we slept on our guns in the snow and sleet, or rather all that could sleep for the intense cold. About two o'clock we were roused by marching orders. The horses were soon geared to the guns. We marched back through the town to our left wing, and took up our position there. The distance was about three miles, and we accomplished it in three hours. Down the hill we went, on across the little valley, and up the hill leading to the town, the hills slippery with ice, requiring all the strength of the cannoniers at the wheels and the drivers' spurs to get the battery up one hill in an hour. From the town we went down another long hill and up the steep side of the opposite one, and at daylight found ourselves there on our left wing. It then appeared that we were to be

the attacking party in the next day's fight. Gen. Floyd had taken his division, a part of Buckner's Division, and B. Johnson's Brigade, and Saturday at daylight we attacked the enemy on our extreme left. The battle had opened when we gained position. The Seventh Texas was next to us on the right wing of this new line of battle, next to it the Eighth Kentucky, the First Mississippi, Third Tennessee, Twentieth Mississippi, Fifty-sixth Virginia, etc. The enemy fought gallantly, contesting the ground inch by inch, but we were not to be cool spectators of the scene. As soon as we gained our position the enemy opened on us from a battery about eight hundred yards to our right with rifled ten-pound Parrott and James rifled guns and well handled, while we had to fight them with smooth-bores, except one rifled ten-pound Parrott gun in our



CAPT. R. L. COBB.

[Cobb's heroism at the water-batteries at a critical moment is a matter of history.]

battery. I immediately devoted myself as exclusively as possible to the rifled piece, trusting more to its accuracy. The sharpshooters of the enemy were, as usual, very annoying, creeping among logs and timber to within four or five hundred yards of our line, and the whistle of their bullets rang merrily (?) and continuously. Early in the morning a shell wounded five of our men, one of them mortally. Their rifled shot and shells tore up the ground around us, cut off saplings and limbs around and above us, killing some of our horses and knocking off the end of a caisson.

Gen. Buckner stood by my position for some time, watching the progress of the battle. He at length ordered a portion of Capt. Porter's Battery to take up position about four hundred yards to our right and assist us. Our united efforts soon began to tell. We were supported by the Second Kentucky, Fourteenth

Mississippi, and several Tennessee regiments of Gen. Buckner's Division. Posted as we were on the extreme right of our new line, we were the pivot on which the line was moving. Fighting had been steady along the line all the morning. At times the musketry would be steady, continuous, and severe, telling of the stubborn stand the enemy were making, and then the scattering discharges told of their falling back. Gen. Floyd had been thus driving the enemy all the morning until about half past ten o'clock, when Gen. Buckner ordered the Fourteenth Mississippi to charge the enemy in front of us, and they were supported by some Tennessee regiments. Under cover of our fire they advanced and began the attack; but were forced back, and the two regiments fell back behind us. The enemy now appeared on the hillside about four hundred yards from us. They formed beautifully in the shape of an open V, the point toward us. We showered shell and canister upon them, breaking their line, and they fell back behind the hill. The Second Kentucky was now ordered to the charge. They formed on the hillside, charged up the hill in gallant style, and Col. Brown, of the Third Tennessee, supported them. The Fourteenth Mississippi was again led out to the charge. Col. Forrest drew up his cavalry on the hillside. When the Second Kentucky marched to the hilltop the contest was sharp and decisive. A squadron of Forrest's Cavalry charged the enemy a little to the right, and the Fourteenth Mississippi to the left. The enemy gave ground, still fighting as they retreated.

The rattle of Floyd's musketry was growing sharper and nearer. He had been driving the enemy all morning, but it was now evident that he had them under good headway. The battery that we had been fighting gave way, leaving behind a dismounted gun and caisson. The enemy were now in full retreat. Gen. Buckner pursued them heartily on the right and Gen. Floyd on the left. Gen. Buckner ordered out a section of our battery to support and follow up the pursuit. Capt. Graves and Lieut. S. M. Spencer went in command. After retreating about a mile, the enemy fell back on their reserve, and here, where they had constructed temporary breastworks, they again made a stand, but were soon routed, and Forrest's Cavalry pursued them for some distance.

By a review of this statement it will be seen that the enemy first advanced to the attack on Wednesday, making a reconnoissance in force; that on Thursday they attacked our right and center in force, and were repulsed; that their reinforcements Thursday and Thursday night enabled them on Friday to strengthen and extend their line on our left until it inclosed us and cut us off from retreat, except by transports up the river. . . . Our generals knew, too, that it would be easy for the enemy to post a battery of field guns on the river bank and cut off our communication with Nashville and our retreat by river. The enemy were also receiving reinforcements on Friday and Friday night, and had heavy masses of troops supporting their left near the fort. Under these circumstances it would have been easy for them to have tired us out. We had but about fourteen thousand men; they had near sixty thousand. By bringing up fresh commands to the attack every day they could have exhausted our little band, which had no relief and had already been employed

three days up to Friday night without rest, sleeping in the trenches by night, fighting by day in the snow and sleet, poorly clad and poorly fed. It was accordingly determined Friday night to make the attack on Saturday morning, to withdraw nearly all our forces from our right wing, and with our right and left wings to advance on the enemy's right flank, turn it, drive them back past our center, and then hold them in check with our artillery for the army to pass out and retreat up the river. Gen. Buckner wished the attack to be made on Friday, and Gen. Grant, commanding the Yankees, acknowledged that if the attack had been made on Friday, before he received Friday's reinforcements, he could have been driven back to his transports; but Gen. Buckner's plan was overruled, and the attack was made Saturday. As has been seen, it was eminently successful. Gen. Floyd had but eight regiments, in all about four thousand men, when he made the attack. Gen. Buckner supported him with not quite four thousand men, making in all about eight thousand we had engaged Saturday. The enemy had opposed to Floyd about twenty-two regiments, containing about fourteen thousand men, and two field-batteries. Both of their batteries were taken. When Gen. Buckner charged their left and joined Floyd the enemy fell back on their reserve. They had nearly thirty thousand men engaged to our eight thousand, yet they were driven back on their reserve. When the enemy was at last repulsed and Forrest's Cavalry was pursuing, Gen. Buckner, in pursuance of the plan agreed upon, ordered the remainder of our battery out to support our two guns already in the advance; also ordered Porter's and Greene's Batteries to assist us, so that we could hold the enemy in check if they rallied and came back, while our army should pass and retreat up the river. I was in command of the battery at the time, and before I could execute the order Gen. Pillow recalled the pursuit, countermanded the order, and ordered the different commands back to their old positions. . . . He telegraphed to Nashville that he had gained a great victory and dispersed the enemy. He was doomed to be made wiser by experience before he was twelve hours older. We, as ordered, started back to our position, but had not made half the distance up and down those ice-covered hills when we heard heavy firing on our right wing. It appeared that the enemy, finding themselves unexpectedly attacked and routed on the right wing, had determined to attack our right wing, having learned that nearly all our troops on the right had been drawn off for the attack on their right. They made the attack about four o'clock. All of our right wing had retaken their old positions, except the extreme right, held by the Second Kentucky. The enemy accordingly made easy work of the few companies left there to guard the temporary breastworks. They were advancing uphill to the breastworks when they met the Second Kentucky, which regiment had charged and driven them back down the hill and over the breastworks, but could not dislodge them, and were in turn forced back up the hill. In the meantime Porter's Battery had gotten into position, and was raking them with an enfilading fire. We hurried up as fast as possible, and soon got two guns to bear on them. The battle raged fiercely until dark without advantage on either side, the loss on both sides being heavy. It was evi-

dent that there was now no hope for us. All Saturday evening the smoke of the enemy's transports below the fort showed that they were still landing reinforcements. They had again extended their right wing around our left, and had strengthened it heavily. We were completely worn out with four days' hard fighting and four nights without sleep, exposed to the rain and sleet. It remained to resist the enemy Sunday morning and be slaughtered or to surrender. A council of war was held. Gen. Pillow went on a boat to Nashville. Gen. Floyd got the most of his brigade on the few transports that we had, and, passing the command to Gen. Buckner, senior brigadier, escaped to Nashville. . . . Before daylight on Sunday morning the white flag was raised, and our bugles played "Truce." Gen. Grant refused any terms but unconditional surrender, which were agreed to.

The following table gives the number of the forces engaged, killed, and wounded at Fort Donelson, February 12-15, 1862:

Regiment.	Commander.	Engaged.	Killed.	Wounded.
48th Tennessee.	W. M. Voorhies.	230		1
42d Tennessee.	W. A. Quarles.	498		11
53d Tennessee.	A. H. Abernethy.	280	6	12
49th Tennessee.	J. E. Baily.	300	4	13
18th Tennessee.	J. B. Palmer.	615	4	40
10th Tennessee.	A. Heiman.	750	1	5
26th Tennessee.	J. M. Lillard.	400	11	85
41st Tennessee.	R. Fergusson.	450	2	6
32d Tennessee.	E. C. Cook.	558	3	35
3d Tennessee.	J. C. Brown.	650	12	75
51st Tennessee.	E. A. Clark.	80		
50th Tennessee.	C. A. Sugg.	650	2	4
2d Kentucky.	R. W. Hanson.	618	13	57
8th Kentucky.	H. B. Lyon.	300	19	60
7th Texas.	John Gregg.	300	20	30
15th Arkansas.	J. M. Gee.	270	7	17
27th Alabama.	A. A. Hughes.	310		1
1st Mississippi.	J. M. Simonton.	280	17	76
3d Mississippi.	John B. Deason.	500	5	19
4th Mississippi.	Joseph Drake.	535	8	38
14th Mississippi.	W. E. Baldwin.	475	17	84
20th Mississippi.	D. R. Russell.	562	19	59
26th Mississippi.	A. E. Reynolds.	434	12	71
50th Virginia.	Maj. C. E. Thorburn.	400	8	68
51st Virginia.	G. C. Wharton.	275	5	45
56th Virginia.	W. D. Stewart.	350		
36th Virginia.	J. A. McCausland.	250	Loss severe	Unknown
Colms' Ten. Bat.	Maj. S. H. Colms.	270		
Tenn. Battalion.	Maj. Gowan.	60	3	8
9th Bat. Ten. Cav.	George Gant.	227	1	1
Ky. Cavalry.	Forrest.	600	8	15
Cavalry Co.	Capt. Meters.	15		
Battery.	Murray.	80		2
Battery.	R. E. Graves.	113		5
Battery.	Frank Maney.	55	5	9
Battery.	Thomas K. Porter.	100	7	23
Battery.	H. D. Green.	70		1
Battery.	Jackson.	34		
Heavy Battery.	P. K. Stankeiwicz.	34	1	1
Heavy Battery.	Ross.	160		1
Heavy Battery.	Girardey.	84		
Heavy Battery.	N. B. French.	48	1	
Heavy Battery.	Guy.	58		
Total.		13,280	221	978

Total force engaged first day.....14,427
 Forrest Cavalry escaped, about.....600
 Floyd's Brigade escaped, about.....1,200
 Others escaped, about.....500
 Wounded sent off.....978

Total.....3,278

HONORED BY STUDENTS AND COMRADES.

William Moultrie Dwight, the son of Isaac Marion Dwight, of Charleston District, was born at Farmington, Fairfield County, S. C., June 28, 1839. He was educated at the Citadel Academy and completed his collegiate career at the University of Virginia. To the Southern cause he gave his whole heart. He volunteered as private in the Governor's Guard, of Columbia, went promptly to the front, and was wounded in the first battle of Manassas. He soon rose to the rank of captain, and was appointed assistant adjutant and inspector-general on Gen. Kershaw's Staff, and in that capacity served through the war. He was twice a prisoner. Was first captured at Boonesboro, in 1862, while bearing dispatches, but was released shortly afterwards.



W. M. DWIGHT.

He was again captured at Spottsylvania, in 1864, and confined in Fort Delaware until the close of the war. In the memorable privations and hard-fought battles of the Army of Northern Virginia he distinguished himself for bravery and self-sacrifice, and as a favorite of the camp his memory is still cherished with affection by his surviving comrades in arms from Maryland to Texas. At the close of the war he located at Winnsboro, where he was greatly beloved and honored. He was elected Mayor of the town, and in the fall of 1875 was chosen president of the college located there.

He was married in 1861 to Miss Elizabeth P. Gailard, and was a faithful husband and father as well as soldier. Some friends and the pupils of Mount Zion School have erected a monument to his memory. It is a shaft and pedestal of Winnsboro granite, and is beautiful in its simplicity. On one side the inscription,

with name, etc., states: "A. and I. Gen. Kershaw's Division." On another side is: "Erected by his pupils and friends."

His sister, Mrs. L. N. Spencer, of St. Louis, Mo., has preserved this letter:

"U. S. STEAMER UTICA,

"CHESAPEAKE BAY, May 15, 1864.

"My Dear Wife: I write this little line in hope of sending it off at Fort Monroe. Was captured on Sunday, 8th, near Spottsylvania Courthouse, by the enemy's cavalry, whom I supposed to be prisoners. I am safe and well, but suffering intensely at the thought of what you are undergoing on my account and for the dear ones still exposed to the dangers of the field. I would not pass through what I am now undergoing for the wealth of worlds. Cannot complain of my treatment as a prisoner. I think Fort Delaware is my destination. Write by flag of truce and through the Richmond *Inquirer*. Much love to all.

"Your loving husband,

"WILLIAM MOULTRIE DWIGHT."

COPY OF A PAROLE TO A CONFEDERATE.

I, the undersigned prisoner of war, belonging to the Army of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, having been surrendered by Lieut.-Gen. R. Saylor, C. S. A., commanding said department, to Maj.-Gen. E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., commanding Army and Division of West Mississippi, do hereby give my solemn parole of honor that I will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States, or in any military capacity whatever, against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter, until properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

J. T. MARTIN, *Capt. Co. G, 10th and 11th Tenn. Cav.*

Done at Gainesville, Ala., this 11th day of May, 1865.

Approved, W. H. JACKSON, *Brig.-Gen. C. S. A.*

E. S. DENNIS, *Brig.-Gen. U. S. A.*

The above-named officer will not be disturbed by United States authorities as long as he observes his parole and the laws in force where he resides.

E. S. DENNIS,

Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols. and Com'r. for U. S.

W. M. Norfleet, Winston, N. C., writes of history:

I hope that no issue of the VETERAN will ever leave your office without something being said for the true histories of the South and something in condemnation of the false ones. It has been only a few years since I was a schoolboy. I well know the bad influence of false history, and its impression would have done me a great injury had I not, a few years ago, found your valuable publication. All honor to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN! May it be read at every fireside and placed in the hands of every Southern child!

J. W. Pattie, Adjutant of Winnie Davis Camp No. 625, U. C. V., died at Van Alstyne, Tex., March 27. Comrade Pattie enlisted in Company D, Sixth Texas Cavalry, in 1861, and was with Sul Ross through all the war, always at his post of duty. He was a gallant soldier, never missing a battle, a Christian gentleman, and ever loyal to the South.

IN THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY CAPT. F. M. COLSTON, OF BALTIMORE.

Early in the spring of 1863 I was ordered to Alexander's Battalion of Artillery as ordnance officer, having passed the examination of the board as second lieutenant in the fall of 1862, while employed at the Richmond Arsenal, and where I remained until I received my commission and orders as above.

This battalion had gained renown under Col. (afterwards lieutenant-general) Stephen D. Lee, especially at the second battle of Manassas and at Sharpsburg. This renown was increased under the command of Col. E. Porter Alexander, who was afterwards brigadier-general and chief of artillery of Longstreet's Corps. He graduated number three at West Point, and was in the engineer corps of the United States Army. He was very highly esteemed in the Confederate service, and was consulted oftener by Gen. Lee than was any other artillery officer.

Col. Frank Huger was the major, and he afterwards succeeded to the command. He was also a graduate of West Point. Both of our field officers were therefore highly educated, as well as experienced soldiers. I was very fortunate to be under such officers, and recollections of my military life are full of admiration of their abilities and amenities.

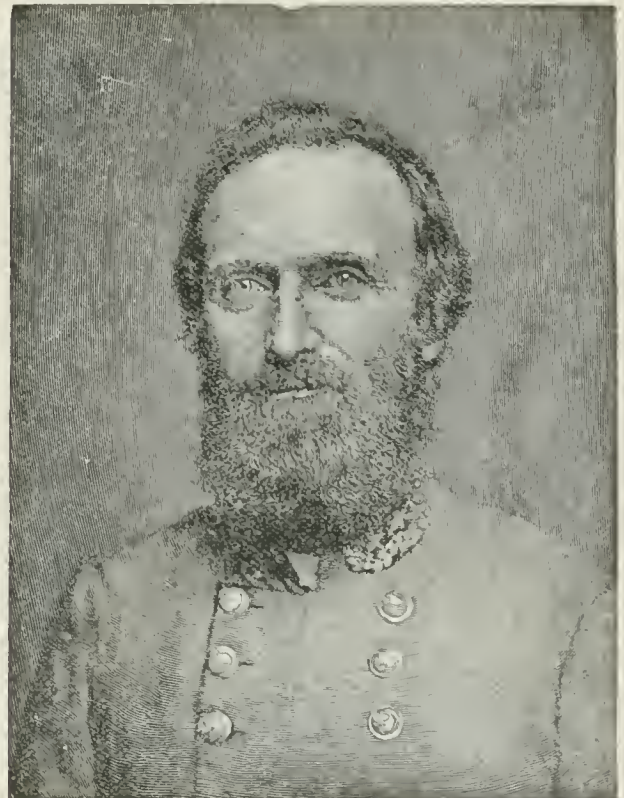
The battalion was composed of six batteries—four Virginia, one South Carolina, and one Louisiana—while the general composition of a battalion was only four batteries. This battalion and the more noted Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, with four batteries, composed the Reserve Artillery of Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. We were called "Reserve" because we were not specially attached to any division, but kept for use whenever and wherever wanted; hence the battalion explanation that we were called "Reserve," because never in reserve. With this battalion I was destined to serve through the campaigns of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, to Chickamauga, Knoxville, and East Tennessee and back to Virginia for the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, and the campaign to Petersburg, when I was promoted and made captain and assistant to the chief ordnance officer of the Army of Northern Virginia, on duty at headquarters, where I served to Appomattox Courthouse. I reported at the winter quarters of the battalion at Carmel Church, Caroline County, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad.

On the 29th of April marching orders were received, and we left camp at 1 P.M., and, by way of the telegraph and mine roads, we reached the Tabernacle Church, at the junction of the plank road about 10 A.M. the next day, where we remained all day, waiting for orders.

The next day, May 1, Gen. Stonewall Jackson appeared, and as he was conferring with Col. Alexander I had an opportunity of closely observing him, it being the first time that I had seen him. And here I must remark that he was not called "Stonewall" in the army, but always and only "Old Jack," although he was then only thirty-nine years old. He wore his new uniform, given to him by Gen. Jeb Stuart, and, the visor of his cap being pulled far down over his eyes, I remember the keen look which he gave under it as he asked questions and gave his orders. He was fatally wounded at dusk the next evening.

We commenced to advance both on the turnpike and plank road in the early afternoon, and drove the enemy back until we were about one and one-half miles from Chancellorsville House, the two roads being about three-quarters of a mile apart at our position, but meeting at Chancellorsville. We spent the night here, and Gens. Lee and Jackson bivouacked close by. It is related that in this bivouac, sitting on two empty U. S. cracker boxes, Gen. Jackson proposed and Gen. Lee approved the famous flank march by which the victory was gained.

Early the next morning we were in this march, and at one point we were drawn aside to let the infantry pass. The men had been in winter quarters and had accumulated much "plunder," which they were trying to carry, but the day was a warm one and they were



GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON.

pushed to the utmost. The officers were continually calling out, "Close up, men! close up!" and enforced the order. As they passed us in a dogtrot many of these poor fellows stepped aside, jerked off their knapsacks or bundles, hastily selected a few precious things, and, abandoning their cherished possessions, ran on to resume their places. This flank march was from ten to twelve miles, and the troops were to make that and fight the battle at the end of it without any food, except what each man could eat as he marched. We were interrupted in the march by shells from a battery of the enemy at an exposed place, but the simple expedient of marching around the hill, instead of over it, seemed to be sufficient to satisfy their curiosity.

Fitz Lee's Cavalry, with the Stonewall Brigade, under Gen. Paxton (who was killed the next day), with two of our batteries under Maj. Huger, were detached from the march and posted across the plank road,

which again leaves the turnpike, on which was the enemy's line of battle. I remained with this command, and about six o'clock Jackson's attack was delivered on the flank of the enemy on the turnpike, about a mile to the left of our position. In a few minutes we saw the rout, a confused mass of men, horses, wagons, and guns streaming down the turnpike at top speed in a real panic. We were within a good artillery distance and temptation to fire into the flank of that rout was almost irresistible, and Capt. Parker, almost with tears in his eyes, pleaded with Gen. Fitz Lee for the privilege; but he forbade it, as our own victorious troops could be expected to follow at any moment, and our shells would make no distinction.

We stayed there all night, and early the next morning I went up to the turnpike and followed it down to find Col. Alexander. I found him at Hazel Grove,

my and viewed the *debris* of the battlefield. We then marched down to Salem Church (about seven miles) toward Fredericksburg, but when we got there the battle was over, Sedgwick having been stopped in his advance.

The next day, May 4, our battalion was divided. Four batteries, under Maj. Huger, supported Gen. Anderson in his attack in the evening upon Sedgwick, in which he (Sedgwick) was defeated and driven toward Banks Ford, but we were not actively engaged. I was with this detachment, and was much interested in the preparations for the advance of the infantry and the ensuing battle. As it was supposed that Sedgwick would retreat over the river at night, two of our batteries were taken to a position which commanded it, and points marked for night firing. I went with them, and at nightfall I laid down very near the guns and went to sleep. Incredible as it may seem, I was not awakened by the fire of those guns, which, of course, literally shook the ground. I had been going then four days almost without sleep and with very little to eat, and I never before knew how a tired-out soldier could sleep. The enemy's supplies were our principal resource, and I remember how good the hot coffee was which one of Moody's "Madison Tips" gave me, waking me up for the purpose, and the material for which had come from the haversack of one of the dead soldiers of the enemy lying around us.

The next day, May 5, the battalion went by the river road toward the line to which Hooker had been driven, back of Chancellorsville and resting on the river, and which he had fortified. I was taken by Col. Alexander to the Hayden House, on the high bank, a half-mile from the river, and shown a position to which I was to conduct a detachment after nightfall, to dig pits for our battalion, which was to enfilade the enemy's line the next morning. When I had brought the detachment near the point I was surprised to see camp fires and men, evidently the enemy, moving around them, and in the darkness of night it looked as if they were in the position which we were to occupy. Inexperienced as I was I did not know what to do; but, judging that it would be better to lose one man than a whole detachment, I halted it, and crept forward until I found that they were across the river, though very near, on a bend of it. Unfortunately, therefore, much time was lost, and the pits were not as deep as they ought to have been. During the day preparations had been made for a final assault on what was left of Hooker's Army in front of us, but a heavy rainstorm came up and a general movement could not be made, and the enemy retreated across the river during the night. But the next morning the battalion had a grand artillery duel with the enemy across the river at very short range. One of the first shells from the enemy went through the roof of the Hayden House, and some of the inmates left it with agonizing screams. It was always distressing to us to see our civilian people under fire, especially women and children, and often they were exposed to it.

On April 30 Gen. Hooker had announced to his army that the operations so far "have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind their defenses and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits them."

On May 6 Gen. Hooker said in general orders to his army: "If we have not accomplished all that was ex-



MRS. T. J. JACKSON.

where thirty guns were concentrated, firing on Fairview and Chancellorsville, and a tremendous battle was in progress. Col. Hamlin (U. S.) says that the fire from these guns determined the fate of the campaign. A shell from one of them struck a pillar in the porch of the Chancellorsville House and knocked down and temporarily disabled Gen. Hooker. The fire of the guns was stopped to let the infantry advance, and they stormed the lines at Fairview directly in our front. I remember Maj. "Willie" Pegram, of Richmond, with the fire of battle shining from his eyes through his spectacles, saying to Col. Alexander: "A glorious day, Colonel, a glorious day!" It was a beautiful, bright, May Sunday morning, and as I listened to him I thought of the contrast between the day and the work. We then rode over to Fairview and Chancellorsville and examined the strong position of the ene-

pected, the reasons are well known to the army. In withdrawing from the South bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself." This is what he said, but Josh Billings might say: "It sounds mighty like sarkasm."

This ended the five days of the active work on one battlefield, in which Jordan's Battery, of our battalion, had fired the first and the last gun; five days and nights together, in which we were nearly always moving or fighting, or in momentary expectation of one or the other. It will be seen that in this one battle there were four distinct battlefields on which we fought, without counting the incidental skirmishing, and we marched more than thirty miles during the time, not counting any march to it. This will give only a faint idea of the exactions of our warfare.

Of course the live Yankees gave me many a scare in this battle, but the worst came from a dead one. I went out to look for an india rubber blanket. They were plentiful on the ground, but wet and muddy, as we had had heavy rains; but finally I saw one which was tied to some muskets stuck in the ground by their bayonets, making a shelter for a dead soldier lying beneath; and this one, of course, was dry and clean. So I dismounted, and was untying it, when the supposed corpse opened his eyes and said reproachfully: "I ain't dead yet." I was dreadfully startled, but managed to say, "Excuse me, sir; I thought you were dead," mounted my horse, and rode away.

Maj. J. D. Ferguson, A. A. G. Fitz Lee's Cavalry Division, wrote to Capt. Colston, who had submitted to him the foregoing:

In returning your very interesting paper, I am tempted to be a little reminiscent myself. On the morning of May 2 our command was assigned the duty of preceding "Old Jack's" Foot Cavalry in its long march to reach the right of Hooker's Army and incidentally to picket the various country roads that he had to cross *en route* and to prevent the enemy from striking his marching column; so that by the time we had reached the plank road our available cavalry was reduced to two squadrons, and we also had two guns of Breathed's Horse Artillery. At this juncture I was sent with a message to, and had my first and only communication with, Stonewall Jackson. I found him on a high hill to the left of the plank road, looking over a depression in the country to some plowed fields beyond, where, inside of some temporary field works, could be distinctly seen the blue swarms of Howard's Eleventh Army Corps, unsuspectingly slaughtering beeves, etc. I told him of the depletion of our cavalry and of the enemy's infantry pickets plainly in sight on the plank road. He directed me to tell Gen. Fitz to maneuver his squadrons on the road as if he were going to charge the enemy, and at the same time, by their presence in front, to allow his infantry to cross the plank road unobserved—all of which was successfully done. When the head of Gen. Fitz's column reached the Rapidan River it was faced to the right and his line of battle formed. The area between the river and the plank road was not sufficiently large to allow all of his brigades to get in line; the one on the extreme right would have to be thrown out on account of want of

space and the conformation of the country, and well I remember the bickering of two brigades as to which should be left out, both being hot to go in. When the line was ready to advance I observed a skirmish line in its rear and learned that this was a precaution (apparently an unnecessary one) to prevent any straggling or skulking. From a high hill on the right of the plank road I had a splendid opportunity of witnessing the magnificent charge that soon followed, and saw with pride our own gallant Breathed with his two guns charging far in advance of the line of battle and pouring his destructive fire into the now startled enemy. We could from this position (and, O luxury of war! without danger) distinctly see the brigade and regimental officers of the Eleventh Army Corps vainly endeavoring to rally their men to stand up against the advancing storm.



CHILDREN OF GEN. JACKSON.

At night I found myself taking the first refreshment of the day from the haversack of a deceased "Yank," and conversing with a wounded member of the First New York Heavy Artillery, who lay in the midst of sixteen captured guns, which he said they could not have gotten away if their horses had been hitched, so rapid was the charge. In that situation and when the moon had risen and was shining brightly over the scene of recent slaughter, we got news of the wounding of the "great strategist," and that Jeb Stuart was to take command of his corps. I have a lively recollection of how Jeb impressed himself on the infantry that he commanded in the terrific fighting on the next day; of his cheering the men on, singing "Old Joe Hooker Come Out de Wilderness, Come Out de Wilderness;" of the terrible fire in the woods which burned up so many of the wounded on both sides; and of the drenching rain.



GEN. C. A. EVANS.



GEN. E. KIRBY-SMITH.



GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

TEXAS IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEXAS.

IN THE TRENCHES NEAR PETERSBURG, July 6, 1864.

Charming Nellie: A long, weary time, full of hardship, deprivation, and danger to Lee's Army has intervened since I wrote from Gordonsville. Since then I have written several letters, but I fear they were the shadows of a despondent mind—the only comfort in them to the recipients being the assurance that I was yet living. The present life in the trenches is the nearest approach to rest that we have had since May 6. Bill Calhoun calls it "a rest between roasts;" such, he says, as the unrepentant are sometimes allowed in the next world. There is much in the situation and surroundings to warrant the comparison, saying nothing of the hot sun, whose beams beat relentlessly upon our devoted heads through an atmosphere as motionless as that said to hover over the Dead Sea, saying nothing of the never-ceasing "pish," "pish," of bullets, that admonish us against stiffness of neck and high-headedness. The Federals are supposed to be undermining our breastworks, as likely immediately beneath us as anywhere else. Any day or hour the mine may be sprung that will send us Texans farther heavenward than many of us ever expect to get otherwise, and certainly farther than any of us ever have been. And yet, were there a certainty—aye! even the half of a hope—that the law of gravitation and the weight of sin with which we are burdened would not interfere, and, arresting our ascent, teach us that "*facilis decensus Averno est*," we are just tired enough of this soldiering, this almost insufferable suspense and monotony, to welcome the change.

Of the battle of the Wilderness I can tell you little, beyond what occurred in my own regiment; the character of the ground forbade a general view, even by officers highest in rank. The Texas Brigade broke camp at two o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and, by double-quicking the last two miles, reached the scene of action at sunup. Filing to the right, and marching a quarter of a mile down the plank road, it formed into line of battle and loaded. Then, advancing in a gradual right wheel, it was brought to front

the enemy, whose lines stretched across the road. Our position was on an open hill immediately in rear of a battery. Within three hundred yards were the Yankees, and, but for intervening timber, we would have been exposed to their fire. Here Gen. Lee, mounted on the same horse (a beautiful dapple-gray) which carried him at Fredericksburg in 1862, rode up near us and gave his orders to Gen. Gregg, adding: "The Texas Brigade always has driven the enemy, and I expect them to do it to-day. Tell them, General, that I shall witness their conduct to-day." Galloping in front, Gen. Gregg delivered the message, and shouted: "Forward, Texas Brigade!" Just then Lee rode in front of the Fifth Texas, as if intending to lead the charge, but a shout went up, "Lee to the rear!" and a soldier sprang from the ranks, and, seizing the dapple-gray by the reins, led him and his rider to the rear. The Yankee sharpshooters soon discovered our approach, and some of our best men were killed and wounded before a chance was given them to fire a shot. At three hundred yards the leaden hail began to thin our ranks perceptibly; four hundred yards and we were confronted by a line of blue, which, however, fled before us without firing a single volley. Across the plank road stood another line, and against this we moved rapidly. The storm of battle became terrific. The Texas Brigade was alone; no support on our right, and not only none on the left, but a terrible enfilading fire poured on us from that direction. Crossing the road, we pressed forward two hundred yards farther, when, learning that a column of Federals was double-quicking from the left and would soon have us surrounded, Gen. Gregg gave the order to fall back. Gen. Lee's object was gained, his trust in the Texans justified, for the ground from which two divisions had been driven was recaptured by one small brigade, of whose men more than one-half were killed and wounded. The Fourth Texas carried into the action two hundred and seven men, and lost one hundred and thirty, thirty of whom were killed outright or died of their wounds.

"Nothing, except a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won," some writer has said. At sun-up two hundred and seven strong men stand in line of battle; half an hour afterwards all but seventy-seven of

them are dead or wounded—mangled, torn, and dismembered by bullets, round shot, and shell. Some of the wounded walk back without aid to the field hospital, others are being carried there on litters or in the arms of their friends, and still others are lying on the field of battle, too near the enemy to be safely reached



by their compatriots. The dead need neither help nor immediate attention, but next day are buried side by side, as they fought, in a wide, shallow trench, the name of each carved on a rude headboard, while close by the great grave at the side of the plank road is nailed to a wide-spreading, stately oak another board, bearing the simple but eloquent inscription: "Texas Dead—May 6, 1864."

The color-bearer of the Fourth Texas was wounded and sank to the ground; yet he held the flag aloft long enough to hand it to Durfee, of Company B, a brave Irishman, who carried it to a point within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's breastworks. There, his hip shattered by a ball, he gave it to Serg.-Maj. Charles S. Brown, who, disabled at the moment of receiving it, before sinking to the ground passed it to a fourth man, who held it out of the dust and carried it floating proudly and defiantly in the air back with the regiment. Durfee and Brown, companions in misfortune, crawled to the foot of the same tree, Durfee sitting on the side next to the Confederates, Brown on that facing the Federals. In one of the lulls of the

battle Austin Jones crept out to them on his hands and knees and offered to carry Brown in his arms to a place of safety. The wounded hero refused, saying: "Durfee and I were wounded together and must leave the field together." Ten minutes later, when Jones returned with two litters and their bearers, Durfee was living, Brown dead. He had been shot in the head, and, with it drooped upon his breast, sat there as if sleeping.

The dangers of a battle, and even the presence of death, never utterly destroy a soldier's sense of the ludicrous. Among the first men of the Fourth to be wounded was Jim Summerville. A bullet struck the buckle of his belt, and barely penetrated the skin; but one's stomach is very sensitive. Jim dropped his gun, folded his arms across the front of his corporosity, and, whirling around a couple of times, gave vent to a long-drawn, emphatic groan with all the variations of the gamut in it, which provoked a roar of laughter from the regiment. It was not insensibility to suffering or lack of sympathy which caused the merriment, but an irresistible desire to extract a little comedy out of deadly tragedy. In such critical emergencies men have no time to waste in bewailing what has happened; what may happen is far more important. Sympathy given every unfortunate would unnerve those on whose coolness and presence of mind depend the fate of battle. The wounded soldier has taken his risk and lost; that of his comrade is yet to be run, and who knows but that it may be death?

Bob Murray has a pair of remarkably careless legs, and they often carry him into danger. On this occasion one of them tried conclusions with a Yankee bullet and got the worst of it, being broken below the knee. Two days before, he and I, sitting astride a pine log, were playing our one hundred and thirty-fifth game of "seven-up," and, with characteristic impudence, he "begged," and I "gave him one," when he had "high, low, Jack, and the game" in his hands. It was such an abuse of a friend's confidence that I quit the game in disgust. Now, in identically the same tone in which he "begged" then, he cried out to me: "Dad gum it, Joe Polley, I beg; you and 'Ole Pap' help me to the rear!" Indignation swelled high in my bosom for an instant and as quickly subsided—the rear was just then infinitely more attractive than the place we were. Placing Bob between us, an arm over each of our



shoulders, a veteran (who is also known as "Ole Pap," because of his age and fatherly ways) and I made for the rear with him. Although not a large man by any means, the venerable comrade has an immense amount of energy, and displayed it on this occasion by an impetuous rush over all the obstacles of undergrowth and fallen timber, Bob's broken limb dangling about with a "go-as-you-please" movement and wrapping itself around the small bushes, and your humble servant kept altogether too busy watching out for his feet to hang on to his sombrero. "Hold on, Morris, and let me get my hat!" I sang out, as a branch caught and captured that useful article. "A great time to pick up a hat!" he responded, without halting. But we had to stop for breath at the plank road, and there I found and appropriated a straw hat which some other unfortunate had lost. Next day, though, it was claimed by a wounded man, and if Bob had not been generous, I would have been compelled to administer on the estate of a deceased Yankee or go hatless.

The 7th was a day of comparative rest and quiet; also the 8th, on the evening of which day the brigade moved toward Spottsylvania Courthouse and took position behind hastily erected breastworks. On the evening of the 10th the Yankees attacked it, and, having given no notice of their intentions, captured and held for a short time a portion of the line, but were repulsed with great slaughter. After the fighting ceased, which was not until sundown, it became necessary to establish a line of pickets in our front. Details of two men were accordingly made from each company, the veteran Morris and Pokue going from Company F, and the whole squad being under command of Capt. Mat Beasley. Pokue is a magnificent specimen of the physical man—six feet and four inches in height, weighing nearly two hundred pounds—and noted at home for courage in personal difficulties. Here in the army and as a soldier he wins no laurels. While he keeps in line as long as the advance is continuous and artillery is not used against us, he never fires a gun. If a shell or round shot hurtles over or through the com-

mands, he lets all holds go and drops broadcast to Mother Earth. If there is a halt, he is so fond of exercise that he runs. In short, Pokue is as much a non-combatant as any member of Stokes's Cavalry. That is a notorious command which pretends to serve the Federals, but dares not fire on Confederates, except from the safety of inaccessible hilltops. Once, when Forrest had surrounded Nashville and was about to open fire on the Union troops holding it, he sent a message to the Mayor to remove Stokes's Cavalry and the women and children, as he did not want to fire on non-combatants. That part of the line at Spottsylvania occupied by the Texas Brigade ran along a high ridge, and the dense undergrowth in its front had been so cut down and trimmed as to give a tolerably unobstructed view for a hundred and fifty yards. Beyond this clearing forbiddingly frowned a forest of heavy timber and small growth, a dark and dangerous *terra incognita*, somewhere in whose depths the enemy was presumed to be concealed. Deployed as skirmishers, the pickets made all haste to the cover of these woods; but, arrived there, prudence demanded the greatest caution. It was growing quite dark; not even a guess could be made as to the enemy's whereabouts, and an ambushade was a thing to be dreaded. Still, it was important to establish the picket line as near that of the Yankees as possible, and slowly and silently the Confederates threaded their way into the obscurity. But some one was careless, and suffered the trigger of his full-cocked gun to be caught by a twig. A loud report broke the awe-inspiring stillness and a ball came whistling threateningly down the Confederate line. Coming from the front, it would have been expected and returned; coming from the flank, its meaning was serious and demoralizing. "Flanked, boys, flanked!" shouted a soldier of known bravery, and every man, except Beasley and the veteran, who happened to be near each other, made a rush to the open ground and the breastworks. Beasley and the veteran shouted, "Halt! halt!" but there was none; and, deciding that it was useless to stay there alone and run the risk of capture, they, too, took



A GLIMPSE ALONG BELMONT AVENUE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

to their heels, still shouting the "Halt!" as they ran. Few men can beat the veteran in a foot race, and, as on this occasion he put his whole soul in his legs, he gained rapidly on his retreating comrades, and especially on Pokue, who, however willing and practiced in the art of retreat, is remarkably slow of foot. Hearing the cry of "halt!" immediately behind him, Pokue, in his agitated condition of mind, imagined it came from a Yankee. Then, just as he looked over his shoulder and caught a glimpse of the veteran, gun in hand, in swift pursuit, his foot caught under a root and he tumbled headlong to the ground. Rolling quickly over on his back and raising his hands in supplication, he cried: "I surrender, Mr. Yankee! I surrender, sir!" And such was the poor fellow's confusion and fright that not until the light of a camp fire shone upon his captor's smiling face did he realize that he had surrendered to one of his own company.

(To be continued.)

A BATTLE PLANNED, BUT NOT FOUGHT.

Col. Garnett Andrews, now of Chattanooga, Tenn., who was lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth Battalion of Confederate Infantry, writes, in reply to a request from the VETERAN:

The great renown of Gen. Lee has nearly effaced the cloud which oppressed his fame in the first year of the war. He came to Richmond in the spring of 1861 with the prestige of a great family name, united to a splendid reputation as a man and soldier. In a short time he was assigned to command of the forces in Northwest Virginia, planned a battle, failed, and in November was relegated to obscure engineering duty on the coast of South Carolina and Georgia. Those old enough to remember the time will recall the obloquy and reproaches heaped upon him by the press and people; but, so far as I am aware, no word of protest or explanation came from him.

Of official records in the case, almost none survive. What remain may be found in the brief narrative of the Cheat Mountain campaign, contained in nine pages of Vol. V., Series 1, pp. 184-193 of the records of the war of the Rebellion. And of this, all is the Federal account, save portions of two of the pages. This curious absence of official documents relating to Gen. Lee's operations in the campaign in question is mentioned in two footnotes on the first page of the volume cited.

The value of my information is probably overestimated, yet I am willing to give it for what it is worth.

In the latter part of June or early in July, 1861, Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, Ga., was ordered to duty with the army in Northwest Virginia (now the state of West Virginia), then under command of Gen. Garnett. At Monterey, in Highland County, he met the disorganized remnants of the routed troops of that brave but unfortunate officer, who, declining the dishonorable retreat, fell at his post of duty, the last man of his rear guard at Carrick's Ford.

The worn and disheartened soldiers straggled in without formation. There was no organization and no staff with which to perfect one. Gen. Jackson at once set to work to rally and reform the broken army. A staff had to be improvised without delay out of such

material as came to hand; and thus it happened that I was detailed to act as assistant adjutant-general and chief of the staff, though only a lieutenant of infantry at the time. After awhile the task was accomplished; reinforcements came in, and by the first of August the new general was at the head of a fine division of six regiments of infantry, with two batteries of artillery, and a few squadrons of cavalry. Then Gen. Lee, who had just come out to assume supreme command of all the forces in Northwestern Virginia, reviewed us. It was my first sight of him. He was remarkably handsome, his hair dark, and the only beard he wore was a trim mustache. Two years later his hair and full beard were spotless white, as we see them in the current pictures of him.

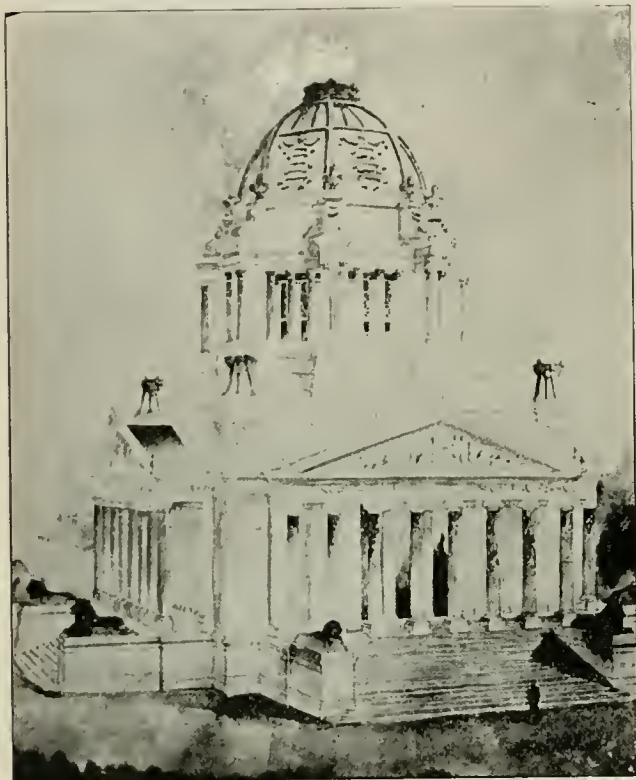


HEADQUARTERS R. E. LEE CAMP, NO. 1, RICHMOND, VA.

At the beginning of September Jackson's force had advanced to the eastern base of Cheat Mountain, not far from where the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike crosses the Greenbrier River and begins its ascent across the mountain. His division was the right wing of the army. The left was encamped beyond the south end of the mountain on another road, about thirty miles southwest of us by the public highways, but nearer by paths practicable for infantry. Gen. Loring commanded the whole, under Gen. Lee, and both of those generals had headquarters at Valley Mountain. Still farther on a portion of the Federal army, with its headquar-

ters, was at Elk Water, in Tygart's Valley, at the western base of Cheat, ten or twelve miles nearly north of the Confederate left at Valley Mountain.

On the summit of Cheat, nearly midway between Jackson and Elk Water, the most advanced body of Federals was strongly intrenched across the Staunton pike. If a great semicircle had been drawn from our camp at the eastern base of Cheat south and west-



ACCEPTED DESIGN, JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT, RICHMOND.

wardly around to Elk Water, its chord or diameter would have had these two places at its extremities, with the fortified post on the summit in the middle; while the Confederate left, under Lee and Loring, would have been approximately about midway the arc. It will be seen, therefore, that if Jackson's Division had been united with Loring's, and a combined attack made on the enemy's position at Elk Water, it would, if successful, have broken the rear of his column, cut his line in two, and insured the capture of the strong position on top.

Communication between Loring and Jackson was open and uninterrupted, and there was nothing to interfere with a rapid concentration for such a movement. And such was the method of attack actually proposed by Gen. Lee. Why it was changed, and the attenuated assault in three widely separated columns (which failed) attempted instead, is the fact which I can explain. The correspondence between Gens. Lee and Jackson passed through my hands and was read by me; and the letters of Gen. Jackson were written by me at his dictation. It was deemed imprudent to employ a clerk in a matter requiring the secrecy necessary in planning a battle.

It happened that just at the time the dispatches were received at headquarters directing Jackson to march

most of his forces to a junction with Loring, Col. Albert Rust, a daring and enterprising officer who commanded the Third Arkansas Regiment, returned from a hazardous reconnoissance of the enemy's station on the summit. With a native mountaineer, familiar with the wilderness, for a guide, he had penetrated its rugged fastnesses to the rear of that stronghold, and reported the route feasible for infantry, though rough and devious. He said that he could lead a brigade thither, and he and Gen. Jackson concluded that by a simultaneous attack in front and rear the place could be carried. Gen. Jackson forthwith reported the discovery to Gens. Lee and Loring, and was so fully convinced of the excellence of the scheme that he ventured to urge a change in the commanding general's design, and suggested that three concerted attacks be made: one by Gen. Loring, from the direction of Valley Mountain on the west; one by Jackson, from the east, on the enemy's front at the summit; and the third by Rust, upon the rear of the same position—the sound of Rust's firing to be the signal to the others. My recollection is that Gen. Lee yielded with reluctance, but finally changed his plan, after some interchange of dispatches by special couriers, and adopted the other.

Cheat Mountain covers a large area. Its southern extremity was some miles to our left, in the region of the Confederate headquarters at Valley Mountain. Northwardly, it extends some seventy-five miles or more. It is between three and four thousand feet in elevation, with a broad crown, divided by three parallel ridges, running north and south. The Union fort was on the middle ridge, between which and the eastern ridge runs the Cheat River. It is the peculiarity of this mountain to have a river on its top, which flows north into the Potomac and thence to the Atlantic; while the Greenbrier, at its base, runs south into the Kanawha, and then to the Ohio and the Mississippi. It was twelve miles by turnpike from our camp to this first ridge. From the Federal post on the middle ridge to their headquarters at Elk Water was eighteen miles by the turnpike, but only seven by a bridle path.

The movement above indicated was carried out with extraordinary precision, almost to the climax of final execution, and then failed.

A time was fixed for the assault. Col. Rust, with sixteen hundred men, started a day or two ahead, to make his way through the rocks and brakes to the road in the rear of the fortified camp. The rest of our division moved in due time, and made a night march up the turnpike. Capt. Willis Hawkins, with a detachment of the Twelfth Georgia, was thrown forward a few hours in advance to make a flank march to the right



NOLAND'S DESIGN, DAVIS MONUMENT. FRANKLIN STREET.

and drive in the enemy's pickets and outposts. He accomplished this in fine style, and, reëntering the turnpike at the top, in front of the hostile works, turned to march a little way back to await the main column. Unfortunately, it was much nearer than he knew. It was very early morning, and a dense fog prevailed, so thick that one could see but a few feet in advance. Gen. Jackson and his staff were riding with the vanguard, a battalion of the First Georgia. It came into sudden collision with Hawkins's Detachment, each mistaking the other for the enemy, and both opened fire. Several men were killed and wounded before the error was discovered, which was not until the heads of the two columns had crossed bayonets in a charge.

Resuming the march, the division was soon deployed in front of the enemy's works, with the shallow river and a strong abatis between. Here we waited long and expectantly for the sound of Rust's guns, ready for the onset; but it never came, and we were doomed to disappointment and mortification. We held the ground two days, until a messenger made his way from Rust with the announcement of his failure.

Gen. Jackson then returned to his former camp, and found Col. Rust's Command already there, in bad condition from the hardships of its extraordinary march. The column had cut its way over a rugged mountain side, through dense thickets of brush and tough wild laurel, until it reached the river on the top; then it took its way down the bed of the shallow but rocky stream for several miles, this watery path being preferable to the rough jungles of the trackless forest. Finally, with perfect success, they reached the road squarely in rear of the Union position without being discovered. That the movement was a complete surprise to the enemy, there is no doubt. Col. Rust's report will be found on page 191 of the volume of the records already mentioned. He stated that he found the place too strong to be attacked, and no one ever doubted Col. Rust's courage or the valor of the splendid regiment under him; but many wished that he had risked the venture, even against his judgment, thinking that the enemy were totally unprepared for an assault from that direction. He captured a train of commissary wagons going into the fort and a considerable number of pickets and scouts. His report does not state the number of these, but officers of the expedition told me there were sixty or more of them, all of whom were suffered to escape. They also told me that they could have taken three pieces of artillery, which Col. Rust mentions as passing down toward the camp while he was there. The Federal reports also show that it was a surprise. See particularly that of Capt. Higgins, Twenty-fourth Ohio, page 190. But the expedition withdrew without pulling a trigger, and, as it was the pivot of the whole movement, everything collapsed.

Gen. Lee advanced Loring's wing to support the expected attack, as is fully shown by the reports of Gen. Reynolds, commanding the United States forces, and his subordinates (page 184 *et seq.*). That movement resulted in some desultory fighting, in which the lamented Col. John A. Washington, of Gen. Lee's Staff, was killed, and in which some Tennessee troops were engaged. Fortunately, the conduct of the plan was kept so well in hand that the Confederates were withdrawn without serious loss of numbers.

But it is certain that Gen. Lee intended to bring on a general engagement. In this I am confirmed by his orders, which appear on pages 192 and 193. The first, dated at Valley Mountain, September 9, is a battle order, containing a strong exhortation to the army, and concludes with this appeal to the soldiers:

"The eyes of the country are upon you. The safety of your homes and the lives of all you hold dear depend upon your courage and exertions. Let each man resolve to be victorious, and that the right of self-government, liberty, and peace shall in him find a defender. The progress of this army must be forward."



NOLAND'S DESIGN, DAVIS MONUMENT. MAIN STREET.

The second is dated September 14, after he knew of Rust's failure, in which he refers to the maneuvers as a "forced reconnoissance." It speaks of the attempts both at Cheat Mountain Pass and the Valley River. This order was evidently intended to conceal from the troops or to mitigate the character of the failure.

And so this battle, twice planned, was never fought. It was undertaken on a theory not his own. He yielded his sounder strategy only upon the sanguinary belief of others that their plan would succeed. But, having assumed the responsibility of yielding his own judgment, he bore the consequences without trying to shift them to others.

At a meeting of Rawley Martin Chapter, U. D. C., of Chatham, Va., held May 19, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Mrs. R. C. Tredway, president; Mrs. Ross Carter, vice president; Mrs. Maude Merchant, secretary; Mrs. J. D. Coleman, treasurer; Mrs. Lucy Fontaine Dabney, historian; Mrs. T. A. Watkins, registrar.

The president writes: "We are interested, heart and soul, in the cause for which we are laboring. We have on foot the project of erecting a soldiers' monument at this place, and already have almost sufficient funds in hand for it. Will not all readers of the *VETERAN* give us their good wishes for our success?"

Granville Goodloe, Station Camp, Tenn., would like to find the surviving relatives of R. C. Goodloe, Company H, Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment, who died September 30, 1861, and Robert Goodloe, Company A, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment, who died August 5, 1861. Where did they live?

INTERESTING REPLY TO A QUESTION.

Capt. P. N. Harris, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry:

The March number of the *VETERAN* says that it "would like to know by what means fifty Confederates compelled five times their number of Federals to draw off the road and let them go on their way." As I commanded the "fifty"—more or less—I presume that I may be considered fair authority on the subject. Gen. John C. Breckinridge called on Gen. George C. Dibrell for an officer and one hundred men who were willing to serve the Confederacy a few days longer without pay. I volunteered, and the one hundred men were mounted, and marched from Washington, Ga.—where Dibrell's Division surrendered—to Woodstock, guarding the "gold train," which was delivered to its proper owners at that point. About fifty marched in advance of the train, and an equal number immediately in its rear. Col. William P. C. Breckinridge and some staff officers were in front of us, when suddenly we saw a column of Federal cavalry marching toward us from our right. I halted the men and wagons, and rode with Col. Breckinridge and some staff officers to the front, where we met a Federal officer, who said that his name was Maj. Willcox, of Clarksville, Tenn., and demanded our surrender, saying that Gens. Lee and Johnston had already surrendered. We pretended that we did not believe him, though we knew that all he said was true. Col. Breckinridge told him that our division was coming that way, *en route* to Atlanta, where, if we found all he said to be true, we would surrender to some general officer, but would not think of surrendering to an inferior officer and an inferior command by the roadside, after the reputation as a division we had made in the war; that this was his baggage train and escort. We also informed him that he had better draw his men off out of sight, that when the command came up there would certainly be a fight; that he could give us the road or we would take it. He gave us the road, and moved his command off out of sight.

We marched to Woodstock, where we delivered the gold to its proper owners, and guarded Gen. John C. Breckinridge to a place of safety; then turned our faces to the west, and disbanded our company at Columbus, Tex. Much happened *en route* which has never been printed, of which I may say more anon.

CORRECTIONS SUGGESTED.

Stan C. Harley, of Gurdon, Ark.:

In the April *VETERAN* I see that John A. Thomas, of Louisville, Ky., says that "Mebane's Battery was supported by a remnant of Cleburne's old division at the Spanish fort," near Mobile, Ala. I would be glad to know of what that remnant consisted. I was a member of Gen. Cleburne's old division, and am somewhat familiar with its movements. Our division went to North Carolina, took an active part in the battle of Bentonville, March 19, 1865, and surrendered at Greensboro on the 26th of April, 1865. If there was any part of it left behind in Alabama after Hood's disastrous campaign, I am first apprised of that fact now.

I am not a member of the U. C. V. Camp, as we have none nearer than sixteen miles, but I want to indorse what Capt. B. H. Teague says in the April number about change of name to "Confederate Survivors' As-

sociation." The initials would then be "C. S. A.," which mean something to a great many old Rebels. I wish further to indorse what he says in reference to dropping military titles. It is amusing, and sometimes a little nauseating, to read of "Maj.-Gen. Adolphus Alexander Jones," and in a biographical sketch learn that he was born the 15th of June, 1865. I would suggest that those who won their titles in the service retain that rank, and not jump from Lieut. or Capt. Jones to Brig. or Maj.-Gen. Jones. They lose their identity. Friends do not recognize them in their new sphere, which they would gladly do in their true position.

I wish to suggest to correspondents that they forbear exaggeration. The truth is strong enough. For instance, B. F. Allison, in "Experience in Taking up Deserters," in the April number, says: "Sometimes I would fall twenty or thirty feet down a bluff." He speaks as if this was frequently done, when your readers know that it is a physical impossibility for a man to live under several such falls. [Comrade Allison evidently meant that he fell perpendicularly.—ED.] I do not question his veracity, but his language is too strong. Correspondents for the *VETERAN* should remember that what they write is read with avidity by many who had no experience in the war, and such things may cause them to discard all. I discredit United States history because of the grievous falsehoods I find in our school histories about us and the war, and they are being taught to our children, too. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. The error taught them has a tendency to bring the blush of shame to their cheeks. Have them know the truth of history. The worst of it is that our schools are generally taught by young people who know no better than the history teaches.

J. A. Wheeler is right about Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Brigade. It left the Army of Tennessee with Longstreet, I think, and was never a part of it afterwards. It was a part of our division, Cleburne's. It was composed of Tennesseans. The Seventeenth and Forty-fourth Tennessee Regiments were part of it.

BANNER COUNTY FOR THE VETERAN.—Col. John L. Jones, Columbia, Tenn., writes: "We, the veterans of Columbia, and Maury County, Tenn., claim the banner for the most subscribers to the *VETERAN* of any in the connection, outside of Nashville and Davidson County, Tenn., the place of publication, which is never counted in a contest of this kind. Our city (population less than 10,000) and county have 225 subscribers, outnumbering the great cities of the South—Atlanta, with her 65,000 inhabitants; Memphis, 65,000; Little Rock, 25,000; Montgomery, 25,000; New Orleans, 242,000; and last, but not least, Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, 80,000. We are not boasting, but merely make this comparison to call the attention of these and many other Southern cities to the fact that they are not keeping up their prestige in this matter."



A COURIER AT THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

Frank Anderson, President of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Nashville, Tenn., writes for the VETERAN:

As one of Gen. Hood's couriers in the battle of Resaca, Ga., I was stationed near a deep cut of the railroad with our corps' flag to direct couriers to headquarters. I was immediately in rear of a battery. I was there but a few minutes when it opened fire, which was vigorously replied to by three batteries of the enemy, numbering eighteen pieces. One was in front and one on each flank, all playing on our four guns, and I was in a very uncomfortable place. From a car load of picks on the railroad near me I got one, and soon had a gopher hole in the side of the hill. In a few minutes the infirmiry corps passed by me with Col. S. S. Stanton, of the consolidated Twenty-eighth and Eighty-fourth Tennessee Infantry, who was mortally wounded, and very soon the ambulances commenced passing



LIEUT.-GEN. A. P. STEWART.

with our wounded. The dirt road was parallel with the railroad for some distance. As an ambulance with two wounded soldiers was passing a shell exploded, killing both mules. The sudden stop of the ambulance threw the driver on his head, but he was soon up and going through the field as fast as possible. The wounded men were left in the ambulance. Soon after this Lieut. F. H. Wigfall, of Gen. Hood's Staff, rode up, and ordered me to report to Hood, who was on Gen. Stewart's line, to the right of the railroad from where we were. When we found Gen. Hood, Capt. Britton, who commanded the escort, was the only one with him. All the couriers and staff were off with orders. It was there that Gen. Hood gave the order for the commander of a battery to stay at his guns until he

and all the men were killed; not to leave the guns under any circumstances. This battery was captured, and it was the only one that was lost on the Dalton and Atlanta campaign. By some misunderstanding it was placed in front of our infantry, and had no support at all. That night we evacuated the place and crossed the Oostanaula River. When Gen. Hood and staff were crossing the river on the covered bridge the Yankees raised a yell and charged our skirmish line. Gen. Hood about faced and rode back to Brown's Brigade, in Stewart's Division, and told the men how much depended upon them. He told Capt. Britton, of the escort company, that he could always depend on the Tennessee troops, which made us feel proud, as we were all Tennesseans.

The kind and courteous treatment made the men of the escort company all love Gen. Hood. He was a born gentleman. He never failed to salute a courier, and usually had a kind word for him, no matter where he was or what his surroundings. Gen. Stewart, of our corps, was the same way. But these were almost exceptions with the high-ranking officers of our army. Couriers had a hard time, as well as the soldiers in our army, often having to take abuse from superior officers.

Capt. Henry H. Smith writes from Atlanta, Ga.: "In looking over your March number I see that Gen. G. M. Dodge, of the United States Army—whom I remember well as the commander of the right wing of Sherman's Army, with headquarters at Athens, Ala., in March, 1864—intends to write an article on the trial of that grand hero, Sam Davis, which will be very interesting to veterans. On the 22d of March, 1864, I crossed the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., in company with Ed Pointer, Joe Buford, and George Siddons. We were acting under orders from Gen. Joseph E. Johnston to keep him posted as to the movements of Gen. Dodge's command. We proceeded out from Florence along the old military road leading to Nashville. On arrival at night at King's Factory we separated, Pointer and Buford taking the left-hand road, leading around through Wayne County, and Siddons and I kept along for Lawrenceburg, where we were to meet the next morning. Unfortunately we were captured early in the morning by a band of Tories, but were recaptured a very short time thereafter by the Seventh Illinois Mounted Infantry, Maj. Esterbrook's Command. We were both securely tied on horses and carried back by the Seventh Illinois to Florence. From there we were sent across the country under a guard to Athens, Ala., to Gen. Dodge, and placed in a dungeon in the county jail. In a few days we heard of the capture and killing of our comrades, Pointer and Buford. Soon we were forwarded to the penitentiary at Nashville, and I was placed in a dungeon with Capt. Gurlee, who was under a death sentence at that time for killing Gen. McCook, U. S. A. I was tried for my life at Nashville, but, through the assistance of friends, I was sentenced to prison and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, where I remained until just before the surrender. While at Camp Chase I was in the mess with that grand old statesman, Judge Thomas Nixon Vandyke, of Athens, Tenn." Comrade Smith entered the army in 1861, First Tennessee Infantry, and was promoted to captain on Gen. Preston Smith's Staff, and served on Gen. N. B. Forrest's Staff from March 1 to September 16, 1863.



The above is from a photo (made by Giers, of Nashville) of the coat worn by Maj. Clark Leftwich, of Virginia, who "fired the first shot in the first battle off Manassas and commanded the last picket post of Lee's Army at Lynchburg." Holes in breast and back of the coat indicate where a bullet tore it and passed through his lungs in the battle of Corinth. Maj. Leftwich still survives, and is raising tobacco for the Lynchburg (Va.) market.

Lloyd Cecil, a member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac No. 3, Columbia, Tenn.: "I wish to learn of a Confederate soldier named Davis, whose parents lived about twelve miles south of Louisville, Ky. We were prisoners together from Nashville to City Point, Va., where we were exchanged and returned together to Chattanooga. On our way to Louisville, Davis, a mere boy, dropped a note at the depot near where his mother lived, telling her to come to Louisville, which she did. She was not allowed to see him, however; and though the officer tried to get him to take the oath and go home with her—telling him that his father and older brother, who belonged to Bragg's Army, were both killed at Murfreesboro, and that he was all her dependence for a living—he would not do it. She had money and clothes for him, but the officers would not let him have them. She remained in the city a few days, and as we were being

removed she crossed the street with another lady and struck the column just where her boy was (though there were eight hundred of us), and he rushed into her arms, clasping her hand, which contained a roll of greenbacks, dexterously securing them, though the guard instantly snatched them apart and shoved him forward. He often treated me with this money, and I often shared my blanket with him. After our return to Chattanooga he was riding through the city and, to his great surprise and delight, met his father, who told him that his brother was also alive. He immediately arranged to go home and take the glad tidings to his mother, without pass or permit, which it was impossible to get to go within the enemy's lines. He was gone several weeks, and, to our great surprise, returned safely, on the same horse and without having been arrested, having gone and delivered the news to his mother."

GEN. JOHN ADAMS AT FRANKLIN.

Testimony of Union Officers to His Immutable Valor.

Gen. Adams was born at Nashville, Tenn., July 1, 1825. His father, Thomas P. Adams, was for many years a leading merchant in his native city, and afterwards located at Pulaski, Tenn., having been chosen cashier of the branch of the Old Planters' Bank, a noted banking institution of the South.

John Adams entered West Point as a cadet from Pulaski in June, 1841, and graduated there in June, 1846. War having been declared with Mexico, he was immediately ordered to the field. He first served with Gen. Kearney as second lieutenant of the First Dragoons, and was promoted to first lieutenant for gallantry in the battle of Santa Cruz de Rosales, Mexico, in March, 1848. After the close of the Mexican war he served in New Mexico for six years, participating in many Indian campaigns, among which was that of Col. Fauntleroy. He was promoted to captain in 1856.

He resigned his commission in the United States Army May 27, 1861, and hastened to Richmond *via* Nashville, having tendered his services to President Davis. He was first made captain of cavalry, and ordered to command the post at Memphis. From Memphis he was ordered to Western Kentucky, thence to Jackson, Miss., and then serving under Gens. Joseph E. Johnston, Pemberton, Polk, and Hood, in 1862 he was promoted to colonel. Late in 1863 he was promoted to brigadier-general, and upon the death of Brig.-Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, Gen. J. E. Johnston placed him in command of this brigade, comprising the Sixth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-third, and Forty-third Mississippi Regiments of Infantry. He served with his brigade in Loring's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee, afterwards Polk's.

Gen. Adams was in the campaign of Gen. Johnston to relieve Vicksburg; was in the siege and battle of Jackson, Miss.; marched with his brigade from Meridian, Miss., to Demopolis, Ala., thence to Rome, Ga., and joined the Army of Tennessee at Resaca, Ga. He commanded his brigade in constant service during the memorable one hundred days' battle from Dalton to Atlanta, including the battles about the Gate City. On Hood's movement from Palmetto, near Atlanta, to Dalton, Adams's Brigade captured many prisoners. It was in advance much of the time on the memorable march of Hood's advance into Tennessee.

Gen. Adams's tragic death at Franklin is described in

the interesting letters of two Federal officers, written some years ago, but now published for the first time. He survived only a few minutes, his horse being killed instantly while astride the works, making it one of the most striking pictures of heroism ever seen.

The brigade entered the fight about four o'clock from the rear and east of Col. John H. McGavock's house. Gen. Adams was about ten paces in front of his line of battle, and thus led his troops for about half a

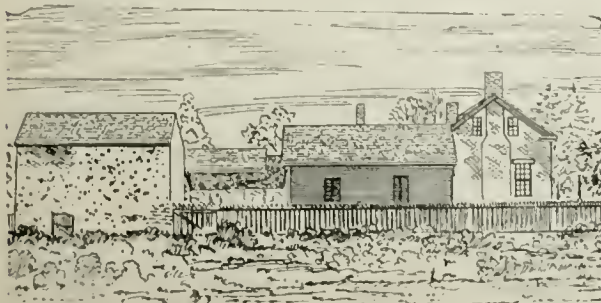


GEN. JOHN ADAMS.

mile. Capt. Thomas Gibson, his cousin and a member of his staff, says that he was calm and self-possessed, vigilantly watching and directing the movements of his men. When about fifty yards from the enemy's works he rode rapidly from near the right of his brigade to near the left, then directed his course toward the enemy, and fell on their works pierced with nine bullets. He was wounded severely in his right arm near the shoulder early in the fight, and was urged to leave the field, but said: "No; I am going to see my men through." The brigade suffered terribly, having over four hundred and fifty killed and wounded, many field and line officers being of the number.

Gen. Adams was married at Fort Snelling, May 3, 1854, to Miss Georgia, daughter of Dr. Charles McDougal, a distinguished surgeon of the U. S. Army. Mrs. Adams, four sons, and two daughters, survive him. The sons are Charles McD., Thomas P., John, and Frank; the daughters, Georgia, now Mrs. C. B. Pallen, of St. Louis, and Emma, now Mrs. John M. Dickinson, also of St. Louis. Though left a widow with six small children, under the many trying ordeals of that period, Mrs. Adams reared them to be useful men and women.

The Adams family came from Ireland, landing at



THE CARTER HOUSE, FRANKLIN, TENN.



Philadelphia in September, 1811. The head of the family, Nathan, left his widow, Martha Patten Adams, with several small children. She came to Nashville in 1817, where she reared her children. The eldest, a successful merchant and banker, was the father of Gen. John Adams.

Gen. John Adams and Gen. George E. Pickett were classmates and roommates at West Point. Gen. Adams was captain in command at Fort Crook, Cal., when he resigned his commission in the army.

Lieut.-Col. Edward Adams Baker, of the Sixty-fifth Indiana Infantry, in the great battle at Franklin, Tenn., had an experience with Gen. John Adams, of the Confederate army, which induced him, years after the war, to publish a desire for knowledge of his family. Having secured the address of Mrs. Adams, in St. Louis, he wrote from Webb City, Mo., October 25, 1891:

Mrs. Gen. Adams, St. Louis.

Dear Madam: I am in receipt of your very kind letter of the 21st, inst., and hasten to reply. . . . I have often since the great battle of Franklin asked myself the questions, Who was Gen. Adams? Has he a wife and children? And if so, how much would they give to know just how he died and all the facts as I know them? . . .

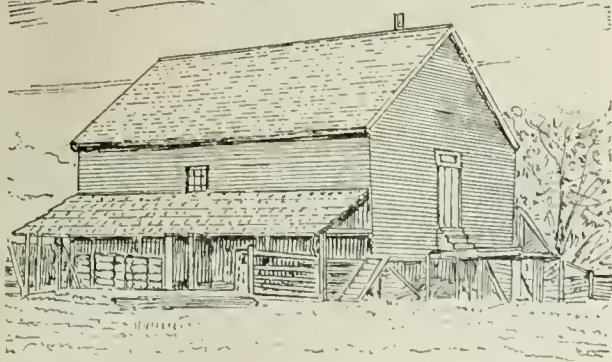
The battle of Franklin was one of the most desperate contests of the war. I was in command of the skir-

mish line of Cox's Division. Gen. Adams's and Gen. Brown's Brigades, of the Confederate army, were massed in front of our division. We had during the forenoon thrown up breastworks of earth some ten feet thick and five feet high, behind which our men stood protected; while the enemy came up in an open field and charged upon us. They had no protection, and were mowed down like grass before the scythe. This will explain to you how desperate was the undertaking to dislodge our army from behind this impenetrable breastwork and the sublime heroism of the men who undertook the perilous task and almost succeeded.

The Confederates came on with bayonets fixed and moving at a steady walk. My skirmishers, who were stationed some hundred yards in front of our breastworks, were brushed out of the way and rapidly fell back to the main line. By this time the enemy was within a few paces and received a terrific volley from our guns. They fell by thousands, and their decimated ranks fell back to reform and come again. In this way nine separate and distinct charges were made, each time men falling in every direction and each time being repulsed. I doubt that if in the history of the world a single instance of such desperate and undaunted valor can be produced.

In one of these charges, more desperate than any that followed, Gen. Adams rode up to our works and, cheering his men, made an attempt to leap his horse over them. The horse fell dead upon the top of the embankment and the General was caught under him.

pierced with bullets. As soon as the charge was repulsed our men sprang upon the works and lifted the horse, while others dragged the General from under him. He was perfectly conscious, and knew his fate. He asked for water, as all dying men do in battle as the



OLD GINHOUSE, FRANKLIN.

lifeblood drips from the body. One of my men gave him a canteen of water, while another brought an armload of cotton from an old gin near by and made him a pillow. The General gallantly thanked them, and, in answer to our expressions of sorrow at his sad fate, he said, "It is the fate of a soldier to die for his country," and expired.

Robert Baker, one of my men, took the saddle from the dead horse and threw it in Gen. Casement's ambulance, who expressed it to his home in Ohio. Some three years ago I received a letter from Gen. Casement, in which he wrote me that he had the saddle labeled and carefully laid away as a trophy of the war. I write a letter to-day to the General, asking him to send the saddle to me, that I may forward it to you.

I am also glad to know that you recovered the General's watch, chain, and ring, and will say that if your sons—who, you inform me, are connected with the Missouri Pacific Railway—should have business on this branch of the road, I would be glad to have them call at my office. Mr. Wilder, the agent here, knows me, and would no doubt bring them. I hope that my imperfect description may be of some interest to you.

GEN. CASEMENT WRITES TO MRS. GEN. ADAMS.

PAINESVILLE, O., November 23, 1891.

Mrs. Georgia McD. Adams.

Dear Madam: Maj. Baker, of Webb City, Mo., informs me that you have expressed a desire to obtain the saddle used by Gen. Adams at Franklin, Tenn., in his last fearful and fatal ride on that unhappy day that caused so many hearts to bleed on both sides of the line. It was my fortune to stand in our line within a foot of where the General succeeded in getting his horse's forelegs over the line. The poor beast died there, and was in that position when we returned over the same field more than a month after the battle. The saddle was taken from the horse and presented to me before the charge was fairly repulsed; that is why I have kept it all these years. It is the only trophy that I have of the great war, and I am only too happy to return it to you. It has never been used since the General used it. It has hung in our attic. The stirrups were of wood, and I fear that my boys in their pony days must have taken them, for I cannot find them. I am very sorry for it.

Gen. Adams fell from his horse from the position in which the horse died, just over the line of works, which were part breastworks and part ditch. As soon as the charge was repulsed I had him brought on our side of the works, and did what we could to make him comfortable. He was perfectly calm and uncomplaining. He begged me to send him to the Confederate line, assuring me that the men that would take him there would return safely. I told him that we were going to fall back as soon as we could do it safely, and that he would soon be in possession of his friends. It was a busy time with me. Our line was broken from near its center up to where I stood in it, and in restoring it and repulsing other charges I was too busy to again see the General until after his gallant life had passed away. I had his ring and watch taken care of; his pistol I gave to one of the colonels of my brigade, and do not know what became of it.

These are briefly the facts connected with the death of Gen. Adams. The ring and watch were sent to you through a flag of truce and a receipt taken for them.



STATUE OF ANDREW JACKSON, NASHVILLE, TENN.
[From a miniature copy owned by Mrs. Martha Lanier Scruggs.]

The saddle will be expressed to you to-morrow. Would that I had the power to return the gallant rider! There was not a man in my command that witnessed the gallant ride that did not express his admiration of the rider and wish that he might have lived long to wear the honors that he so gallantly won. Wishing you and his children much happiness, I am yours truly,

J. S. CASEMENT.

Ex-Gov. James D. Porter, who was on Gen. Cheatham's Staff, writes Capt. Gibson:

I accompanied Gen. Frank Cheatham to Louisville, Ky., when his paper on the affair at Spring Hill was read before the Confederate Historical Society of that

city. The paper was delivered and rider and horse fell dead inside of our works."

The Hon. James Speed, of Kentucky, was present, and was an interested listener. He had been a cabinet officer of Mr. Lincoln's. He said: "Colonel, why did you kill so brave a man? Why not have caused his capture?" The Colonel replied: "If we had paused to demand his surrender, he would have crossed the works and cut our line and held it." He added, addressing Gen. Cheatham: "If Gen. Adams had made the attack on your extreme left, he would have carried the works, and Nashville would have been yours without a battle."

Maj. Sanders, of the Confederate army, Capt. Speed, of the Federal army, and many others now living were present, with some familiarity with the conduct of the officers and men of the Army of Tennessee. I have long been of the opinion that the conduct of Gen. John Adams at the battle of Franklin was the most gallant action of the war.

Samuel C. Hammer, Long Beach, Los Angeles County, Cal.: "Many years ago an old German Bible was left with Mrs. Hannah Perkins, who once lived in or near the home of Isaac Hammer, supposed to be in Greene County, Tenn. Information of this Bible or of the Perkins family is greatly desired, as a record is contained in the book which is valuable only to myself or relatives. I wish that some of my old Texas comrades of the Sixteenth — Cavalry who went from Collin and Grayson Counties would write to me. Many will remember a mischievous scamp with a slight knowledge of ventriloquism belonging to that regiment, who practiced many jokes whenever occasion offered.



VETERAN CAMP AT COURTHOUSE, CALHOUN, GA.

city. There were present many soldiers of the Federal and Confederate armies, and the paper referred to naturally brought up the Franklin campaign and the disastrous battle at the town of Franklin. A superb banquet followed the society meeting, and after that a dozen or more gentlemen gathered around Gen. Cheatham and myself, and Hood's unfortunate campaign was fought over again. Finally a gentleman, whose name I cannot now recall, who commanded a Federal regiment at the point assailed by Adams's Brigade, addressing myself, said: "Tell us something of the personal history of Gen. John Adams." I gave him a general outline of his career. He then added: "His conduct at Franklin was the grandest performance of the war. I watched him as he led his brigade against our works. He looked like a soldier inspired with the belief that the fortunes of his cause depended upon his own actions; and when his horse leaped upon our works for one moment there was a cessation of firing, caused, no doubt, by admiration of his lofty courage. Another moment, as he called to his command to follow, a vol-



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, LEXINGTON, MO.

W. M. CROOK'S HEROISM AT FRANKLIN.

Story of His Capture of a Federal Flag.

Comrade W. M. Crook, now of Texas, writes of the carnage at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864:

I belonged to Company I, Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment, Vaughan's Brigade. The Thirteenth and



W. M. CROOK.

One Hundred and Fifty-fourth consolidated, and, commanded by Col. McGiffany, in the battle of Franklin was the extreme right of Gen. Cheatham's Division, commanded by Gen. John C. Brown.

Cleburne's Division was on the right of the Columbia pike and Cheatham's on the left; so that our regiment was just on the left of the pike. In advancing upon the Federal main line of works, both commands bore to the pike, making our force much stronger at that point. We crossed these works just before sunset. When I had gotten over their last line by the pike I saw their colors fall a few paces in my front. I leaped forward and grasped them. Not being able to handle my gun and save the flag, I returned with it to the works, when, to my surprise, I found that many of the enemy had never left the ditch, and were still firing at our men, who had stopped at the embankment. The flag that I captured was that of the Thirty-seventh Indiana Regiment, near where their main and last line of works crossed the Columbia pike.

It was at the left of the pike, opposite the old ginhouse on the right, where Gen. Adams's horse fell, with his head on their works. Gen. Granbury also fell near

this ginhouse. John Parish and Peter Glenn, of my company, were wounded by my side.

I never shall forget an incident which occurred a few minutes before the color-sergeant fell, and I thought was dead. I had just shot my gun and was reloading, when a Federal captain, in ten feet of me, with his pistol shot one of my comrades, and another one of them raised his gun to shoot this Federal captain, when he threw up his hands to surrender. A Southern lieutenant, not seeing the captain shoot our man, and thinking his man ought not to shoot an enemy with his hands up, knocked the gun down, and pointed the Federal captain to the rear. There was a hand to hand fight for a short while. I believe that I could go within ten steps of the spot if I were at Franklin and were shown where this line of their works crossed the pike.

I was in every battle that the Army of Tennessee fought from Shiloh to Bentonville, but Franklin was by far the closest quarters that I was ever in. Near and around this spot of which I speak the dead and dying were actually in heaps. God only knows how any of us ever escaped. About sundown on this eventful day, being encumbered with my prized trophy, the captured banner, I retired to our field hospital, and was not in the battle after dark. On the following morning Maj. W. J. Crook, of our regiment, instructed me to carry the captured flag to Gen. B. F. Cheatham, which I did. When it was known that we were to sur-



SHAFT TO COL. SMITH, 10TH MISS., NEAR MUNFORDVILLE, KY.

render at Greensboro, N. C., I went to Maj. Crook, asking that he influence Gen. Cheatham to give me again this flag. Maj. Crook wrote a note to Gen. Cheatham, requesting that I have the flag. Gen. Cheatham gave it to me, and I carried it home.

GOLD MEDAL TO CORP. CROOK.

A twenty-dollar gold coin was presented to Comrade Crook with the following inscription upon it: "Fifty-seventh Indiana Volunteers to W. M. Crook, Thirty-seventh Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A. Kokomo, Ind., September 22, 1885." This Indiana regiment had two hundred and ninety-seven men in the fight at Franklin, and lost in the engagement—killed, wounded, and missing—one hundred and fifty-six.

It was a pathetic moment when Comrade Crook, from the platform at the reunion of the regiment in Indiana, unfurled the old flag. Many cheeks were



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SAVANNAH, GA.

bathed with tears from the eyes of survivors who saw it go down at Franklin. Members of the regiment gave vivid recollections of its capture. One of them stated that only a minute or so before its capture it was so blowing in his face that he took hold of and held it aside. Another, who saw its bearer fall, undertook to rescue it, but the Confederate was "too fast" for him.

REPORT OF HIS LAST SCOUT.

S. D. Bass, Nashville, Tenn.:

I was sent out by Gen. Dibrell, April 12, 1865, with nine others, to ascertain in what direction Gen. Sherman's Army was moving. We traveled all night through a pouring rain and struck the army at dawn the next morning, within twelve miles of Raleigh, N. C. We ran upon a squad of about sixty-five or seventy Yankees, who were having a merry time killing and

cooking chickens. We charged right in among them, killing several and capturing ten men and thirteen horses and mules. When we started on our return, as I had the best horse, I was put to guard a byroad, for fear of being captured, so that the men could get away with the prisoners and horses. Soon I saw a Yankee with a mule hitched to a family barouche driving around the bend in the road. When I halted him he made a break for his rifle, but I had my six shooter on him, and he surrendered. In the barouche he had eleven rifles and eleven knapsacks, filled with stolen things from the country. I made him throw out all of the rifles, and then started with him as my prisoner to try to catch up with my comrades. I was making my prisoner drive for dear life, although I didn't know which way I was going, when I saw a citizen run across the road in front of me. I halted him with my pistol and made him show me the right road leading to the bridge. I then made my Yankee drive as fast as possible, but didn't overtake the boys until just before sundown. When they saw me they gave me three round cheers. We examined the contents of the knapsacks and found silver spoons, forks, a silver mug and fork (which I presented to the Centennial Exhibition), gold pens, pencils, a set of false teeth set on a fine gold plate, seven gold rings, \$35.75 in greenback, and, best of all, several pounds of old-fashioned ground coffee. They had many things in those knapsacks that no human being but a Yankee would steal. I gave the mule and barouche to a young lady, whose name I have forgotten.

When we were ready to swim the river (the bridge having been destroyed), and it fell to the lot of my prisoner to ride an old blind mare, we put five of our men in front of him and five in his rear, and then we started in. The current being strong and the old mare weak, she commenced breaking down stream. Being a Dutchman, our prisoner couldn't speak very good English, but he commenced praying, the old mare going on down the river. We landed safe on the other side, and when some of the horses neighed that old mare made for the bank. Where she landed the hawthorn bushes were very thick, and that Yankee came out on them like a squirrel on a sycamore tree.

My first information of the surrender of Gen. Lee's Army to Gen. Grant was from these prisoners. We traveled all night and the next day we reached Chapel Hill, Ga., and turned our prisoners over to the provost-guard, and there we met some of Gen. Lee's paroled soldiers.

Berry H. Binford is said to have been the youngest soldier on either side in the war between the North and the South. He was born in Limestone County, Ala., April 14, 1854, and enlisted in April, 1863, when nine years old, in Col. Josiah Patterson's Regiment. He was with him until the close of the war. Mr. Binford's father, Dr. L. H. Binford, was a prominent citizen of Limestone County, and his mother a sister of Messrs. E. R. and J. B. Richardson, of Nashville, Tenn., and Judge William Richardson, of Huntsville, Ala.

Robert Mangum, of Magee, Miss., would like to hear from some of Featherstone's Mississippi ("Old Sweat's") Brigade.



SCULPTOR ZOLNAY AND SOME OF HIS WORK AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

The great enthusiasm which all the admirers of our cherished hero, Sam Davis, have manifested over the ideal bust reproduced in the *VETERAN* for April has suggested the presentation of some data of the sculptor's principal work at the Exposition, especially there being an interesting relation between these figures and the creation of that magnificent portrait of Sam Davis. It was while working on these colossal statues, and when every minute was precious, as they had to be finished at a certain time, that Sculptor Zolnay conceived and executed that noble bust, which he considers one of his best artistic productions.

The picture represents Mr. Zolnay at work in the open air on the Centennial grounds, surrounded by his assistants and workmen.

Roughly speaking, the sculptor first embodies his idea in a small sketch, generally made in wax. Then he proceeds to build up his statue the size required by the space which it is intended to adorn. The material used for the work is the so-called potter's clay, which is kept moist until the modeling of the figure is done. Once finished, a negative of plaster is made from the clay model, which negative or mould is taken apart, cleaned, and then the ultimate cast is obtained by partially filling it with plaster of Paris. Owing to their unusual size, these figures had to be cast in sections and afterwards adjusted and retouched, which is the part of the work the sculptor was engaged in when this photograph was taken.

This is the general method followed in sculpture, regardless as to the material in which the figures are to be. If bronze, sand molds, from which the bronze cast is obtained, are made from these plaster casts. If they are to be made of stone, these casts serve as models from which the stone is worked, partially by the aid of a so-called "pointing" or "reproducing machine," and this opportunity is used to emphasize the fact that no statue is ever carved directly in stone, but always copied from a plaster model, which alone is the artistic and intellectual creation of the sculptor, while the carving is merely

a question of patient labor, executed by workmen under the sculptor's directions.

These six figures represent "Oratory," "Learning," which adorn the two frontispieces of the Educational Building; "Labor" (blacksmith), "Mechanics" (Engineer), and two portrait statues—one representing the first president of the N. and C. Railroad, Vernon King Stevenson, and the other Charles Grant, the oldest employee in the company's service. The erection of the latter statue is one of the kindest compliments Maj. Thomas could have paid to his workmen as a body.

Mr. Zolnay's work, which has obtained the most flattering recognition from the Exposition authorities and the public, and of which the press is unanimous in its praise, will undoubtedly make him famous throughout this section, as he is in New York and elsewhere.

POPULAR REDUCTION OF SAM DAVIS BUSTS.

The old saying that "when the heart overflows the tongue is still" again reasserts itself when we see the realization of our dream to have at last a true and dignified image of Sam Davis, one of the most elevating characters in history. Sublime in its modesty, which is the stamp of true greatness, and, as the sculptor said so beautifully in his letter of presentation: "A character which in its magnitude raises humanity to the level where God intended it to be."

Since Mr. Zolnay donated the creation of his enthusiasm the *VETERAN* has sought to apply its benefits as universally as possible. It became evident that some means should be devised to bring it within the reach of everybody, so the idea was conceived of asking Mr. Zolnay for a reduction of this bust to a minimum price, and to enable admirers of this hero and lovers of art generally to possess a reproduction of this work. One hundred copies, about eleven inches in height, have been made from this reduction, which is a perfect miniature *fac simile* of the original. They will be sold at \$5, of which \$1 will be given to the monument fund.

Besides Mr. Zolnay's personal contribution, the surplus of these sales being added to the fund already subscribed—his work will be very helpful toward the erection of the Sam Davis Monument.

It is an especially fortunate coincidence that Mr. Zolnay should have lately succeeded in the solution of his great problem to produce an imperishable material for statuary, of which an account will appear ere long in the *VETERAN*. It is a new compound, mentioned as liquefied marble, combining all the desirable qualities of marble in beauty, durability, etc., without incurring the great expense of carving, by which the cost is reduced to nearly one-eighth. It seems, indeed, "the most wonderful combination of plastic material ever known to mankind." Those who may desire this reduced bust may secure it the earlier by giving notice.

A complete *résumé* of the wonderful story of Sam Davis and the complete list of subscribers appears in the reunion *VETERAN*, and every person who has deferred it and yet intends to subscribe would give fresh impetus to the worthy movement by reporting, so that their names may be added to that list.

DOUGLAS' TEXAS BATTERY.

First Lieut. John H. Bingham, of the honored organization, gives the following concise history. He writes from McKinney, Tex., May 11, 1897:

Comrade J. King, of New Orleans, challenges the statistics of the Tennessee army as published in the *VETERAN* of December, calling attention to the omission "of some of the most prominent batteries of that army—to wit, Douglas's Company, Texas Artillery; Garrity's Company, Alabama Light Artillery; Robertson's Company, Confederate States Artillery; Slocum's Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, New Orleans." Besides these he alludes to other commands not mentioned. Garrity's Battery suffered severely in the campaign from Dalton to Atlanta. At Dallas Capt. Garrity received a severe shell wound, from which he did not fully recover during the war. At the Baugh House, on the left of Atlanta, Lieut. Hassell was killed; and at Jonesboro, a few days after, Lieut. Bond lost a leg; yet the battery never failed, but always got to the front.

Capt. Felix (Comanche) Robertson, justly regarded as one of the best artillerists in the army, was promoted; and his old battery, changing name, was thus probably lost sight of. He was a Texas boy, at West Point, when the war broke out. He now resides at Waco, Tex. Slocum's Fifth Company, Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, was well known by the whole army, and was, in fact, the pride of the artillery corps.

Why Douglas's Battery should be overlooked is not known, as no roster of Cleburne's Division would be complete without it, having served under him from Richmond, Ky., till his death at Franklin. The following incidents in the history of the command are preserved by the surviving members of the battery: Enlisted at Dallas, Tex., June 15, 1861, it participated in the following engagements: Elkhorn (Pea Ridge), March 7, 8, 1862; Farmington, Miss., May 9, 1862; Richmond, Ky., August 30, 1862; Kentucky River, Ky., September 1, 1862; Murfreesboro, Tenn., December 30, 31, 1862; Liberty Gap, Tenn., June 30, 1863; Elk River, Tenn., July 3, 1863; Chickamauga, Tenn., September 18, 19, 1863; Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 25,

1863; Resaca, Ga., May 14, 15, 1864; New Hope Church, Ga., May 28, 1864; Lost Mountain, Ga., June 15-17, 1864; Mount Zion Church, Ga., June 22, 1864; Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., June 23-July 3, 1864; Peachtree Creek (near Atlanta), July 20, 1864; Atlanta, July 22, 1864; four miles west of Atlanta, August 6, 1864; Baugh House, left of Atlanta, August 12, 1864; Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864; North Florence, Ala., October 30, 1864; Shoal Creek, Ala., November 5, 1864; Columbia, Tenn., November 29, 1864; Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864; Nashville, Tenn., December 15, 16, 1864; Spring Hill, Tenn., December 17, 1864; siege of Mobile during the months of February and March, 1865. The company reenlisted at Corinth, Miss., on the 20th day of May, 1862, for the period of three years; and again on the 25th day of January, 1864, at Dalton, Ga., reenlisted for the war. There may be errors as regards dates of some of these combats, but so it is recorded in the annals of the little band of survivors, who feel anxious that a record of the battery should be preserved.

ATTENTION, 24TH GEORGIA REGIMENT!

J. A. Jarrard, Morrison's Bluff, Ark.:

By your permission I will "shell the woods" and see if I can locate any of my old company, G, Twenty-fourth Georgia Regiment. I would be glad to hear from any member of the regiment. As senior captain commanding, it devolved upon me to surrender the sixty-three surviving members of the regiment, who made it through to Appomattox Courthouse April 9, 1865. I would like to know how many of that number are still living. Our regiment once numbered thirteen hundred men present for duty, and was commanded originally by Col. Robert McMillan, who displayed such gallantry at the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., where the command of the brigade devolved upon him after the fall of the valiant T. R. R. Cobb. Its position there was behind the stone wall at the foot of the Mayre's Heights, which position it held alone during the entire day, but was reinforced by Kershaw's Brigade just at nightfall. If any of the regiment that was behind that stone wall can recall a long, gaunt six-footer, running for dear life from the picket line through the mud, midst shot and shell, when the engagement opened, they will remember the writer.

I am highly pleased with the *VETERAN*, and can't see for the life of me why every old "Reb" has not been taking it long since.

Dr. J. L. Napier, of Blenheim, S. C., asks for the address of some members of Toombs's Georgia Brigade who were in the battle of Sharpsburg and supported McIntosh's Battery (Pee Dee Artillery) on the left of the cornfield when they were driven from their guns. He wishes to get the number of Federal soldiers engaged in the charge, as they remember it.

W. H. Cox, Rising Star, Tex.: "The last time Ross was in Tennessee, under Hood, we were to the left of the Pulaski and Columbia pike, and ran into a batch of Yankees at Lynnvile, if I don't forget the place. Any way, a sweet little girl was killed after the skirmish was over. She seemed to be about twelve years old. I would like to know the name of the family and where they live.

TO THE ZOLNAY BRONZE OF
SAM DAVIS.

BY GABRIELLE TOWNSEND STEWART.

Hero, could thy steadfast eyes,
From the scaffold to the skies
Looking toward eternity,
See the great futurity?
When thy lips refused to speak
Words thy judge from thee would take,
Did thy brow so broad and fair
Lower with no line of care?

Couldst thou in thy self-reliance,
Bidding all the laws defiance,
As one then in honor should,
Know the coming attitude
Of the world when thy fair name
Would be honored, known to fame,
When thy great deed would inspire
Countless minds to something higher?

Couldst thou guess in bronze and story
Ages would repeat thy glory
When the fate was realized
That thy deed immortalized?
No, brave soul; thy death more glorious
Was, that thou, victorious,
Shouldst in simple bravery
Live heroic in life's memory.

Cleveland, O.

GEN. W. H. JACKSON.

HE SPEAKS OUT STRONGLY FOR JEN-
NINGS' BUSINESS COLLEGE.

GEN. W. H. JACKSON, the distinguished proprietor of Belle Meade Stock Farm, and who commanded a division in Forrest's Cavalry, says: "Having known Mr. R. W. Jennings for a number of years, and being satisfied as to his business methods and efficiency as an educator of youth, to prepare them for practical business, I sent my son to his college, and it affords me pleasure to commend him to all who are contemplating the sending of their sons and daughters to such a school."

Write Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn., for catalogue.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

One of the most realistic pictures ever painted is now on exhibition at the Centennial, the Battle of Gettysburg, and should be seen by every one who visits the grounds. The artist chose the culminating point of the culminating battle of the war, the third and last day of the battle of Gettysburg. The principal points of interest in the awful hand-to-hand struggle between the vanguard of Pickett's devoted division and Hancock's intrepid legions. The whole world has read of the brave Pickett and the gray-coated heroes who (in the words of ex-Senator Ransom) "stepped like bridegrooms to a marriage feast up the stony ridge of Gettysburg, and, meeting foemen worthy of their steel, fell back like the sullen roar of broken waters." The iron hail from hundreds of cannons left bloody heaps scattered over the open fields. The outnumbering enemy who met them with clubbed guns and bayonet points in the final onslaught tells a tale of heroism

unequaled in history. The artist has depicted in a most vivid manner the hottest part of the battle, and those who see the cyclorama will never regret it.

LARGEST BANK IN THE SOUTH.

EMPLOYS EIGHT OF JENNINGS' GRADUATES.

S. J. KEITH, President Fourth National Bank (Capital and Surplus, \$1,400,000), Nashville, says: "I can state with much pleasure that I have known Mr. R. W. Jennings for more than twenty years, both as a wholesale merchant and afterwards as the Principal of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, and that I esteem him as a business man, and believe the instruction given the students in his college will be of great benefit to them. The Fourth National Bank has now in its employ eight of the graduates of that school."

Business men indorse this school. Write for catalogue.

"AMONG THE OZARKS."

THE LAND OF BIG RED APPLES, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value not only to fruit growers, but to every farmer and homeseeker looking for a farm and a home. Mailed free. Address J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.

VERMONT MAPLE SUGAR MAKERS' ASSOCIATION.

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I love it well, the dear old song
Once borne by the wind along
Over fields where bullets did rain,
Heard 'mid cheers and cries of pain—
The martial strains of "Dixie."

I loved it in the hour of rest,
When victory flushed, or fear oppressed,
In contests fierce, when foemen fly,
Where heroes fall, for victory die—
I hear the strains of "Dixie."

I think of one in war so great,
Of one whom history shall relate
His purpose pure—bravest of men!
I think of Lee, and once again
I hear the band play "Dixie."

Though we forget the battle's glare,
We can't forget what cheered us there.
Though foemen won at fearful cost,
Although our country's cause is lost,
Left to us still is "Dixie."

I know that in a brighter land,
When sings again the noble band
Who fought with such a purpose strong,
Encouraged by the dear old song,
I'll hear the tune of "Dixie."
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who knew and loved her noble husband, and it seems opportune at this time, when there is such vivid interest in the great events in which he was so conspicuous, that those give attention to what is of so much consequence to her. The capacity of the school is limited, therefore the more attention may be at all times expected for the pupils.

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The ladies of West Nashville, who have entertained many of our Veterans, and whose hearts are warmly heating for us, are going to have a picnic and boat excursion up the river on Tuesday, the 29th. The round trip will be 25 cents, and those Veterans who remain in the city until that time are cordially invited.

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They will be interested in one of the
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Within a little building on the first
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traction is to be found. The building
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Scipio Barbatus, which still stands near
the city of Rome. Upon entering the
darkened portals the visitor finds him-
self in a café, and ranged along the
walls on each side are black coffins, on
which are large white napkins with
black borders. Pale green lights fur-
nish the illuminations. The chande-
liers are made of human bones, and on
the walls are skulls.

From the ceiling black silk drapery
hangs in folds. But there is mirth and
laughter there, as refreshments are
served. Undertakers in long black
coats and silk hats draped with crape
glide softly back and forth, serving the
guests with liquid refreshments and
lunches. The feeling of solemnity
gradually leaves the visitor and he ab-
sorbs the humor and mirth which oth-
ers feel. There are large pictures on
the walls which dissolve into skeletons.
The change is wonderful.

But this room is only a "resting
place," as the good Friar conducts you
into another room whose walls are
painted black. Then some one from the
audience is asked to go before the oth-
ers and act as a guide through "the
spirit land." One of your friends vol-
unteers, and he is led up to a stage in
the rear of the room. The curtain is
drawn aside and you see your friend
enter an upright coffin and see his flesh
fade away from the bones until he be-
comes a skeleton. In a few seconds he
walks forth, just as he was when he
left you.

The good Friar then takes the vi-
sitors through Dante's Inferno—a long,
dark, and narrow passage. The pic-
tures are explained by the Friar. Skel-
etons are seen dangling from the walls
and the fires of the infernal regions are
seen burning in the pits. But the
crowning feature is yet to come. Leav-
ing the darker regions, you are ushered
into a room which is a dream of beauty.
It is called "Morning." It is brilliant-
ly lighted with electric burners. The
walls and ceiling are covered with pure
white quilted satin. Seventeen hun-
dred yards of satin are used in this de-
coration. The floor is covered with a
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(See cut on page 331.)

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Gain in Income	\$ 355,504 22
Gain in Interest Receipts	140,061 54
Gain in Surplus	429,918 30
Gain in Membership	2,839
Gain in Assets	1,974,572 14
Gain in Amount of Insurance	9,647,937 00
Gain in Amount of New Business	3,509,806 00
Total Assets	16,529,860 77
Total Liabilities	14,229,680 35
Surplus 4 per cent Standard	2,300,180 42

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WILS WILLIAMS, Secretary.

*Maps and all information on application
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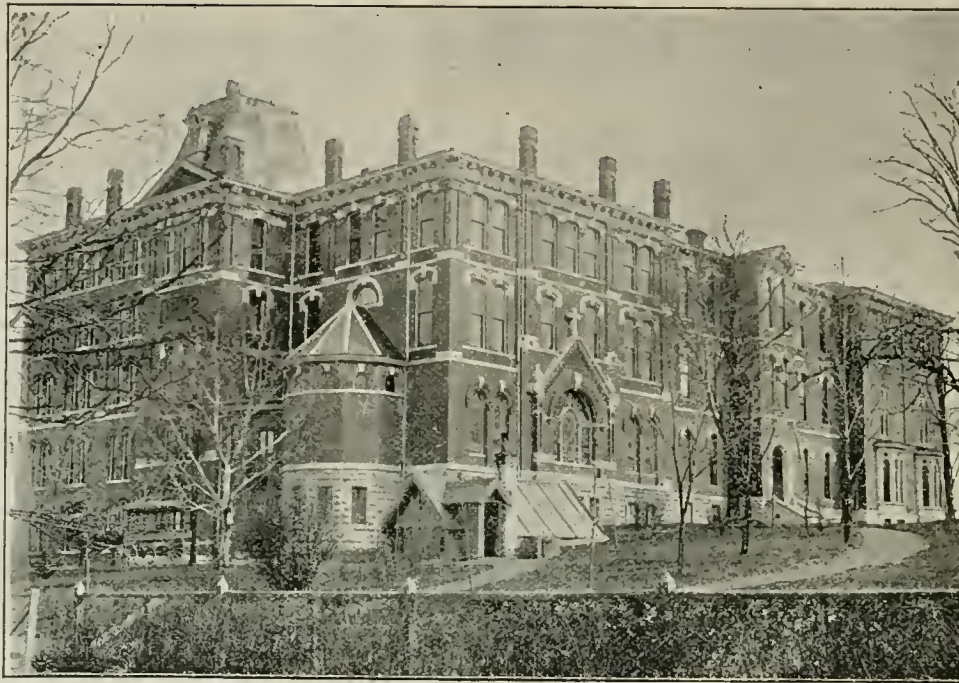
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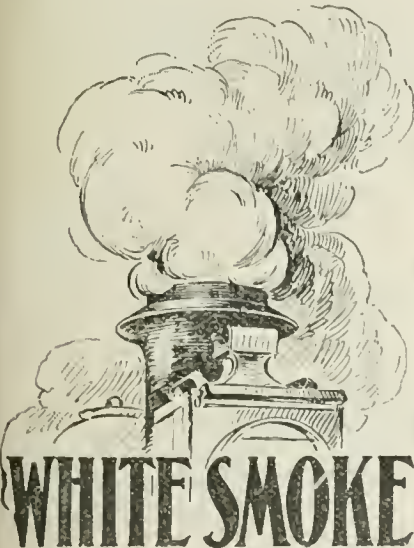
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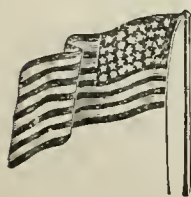
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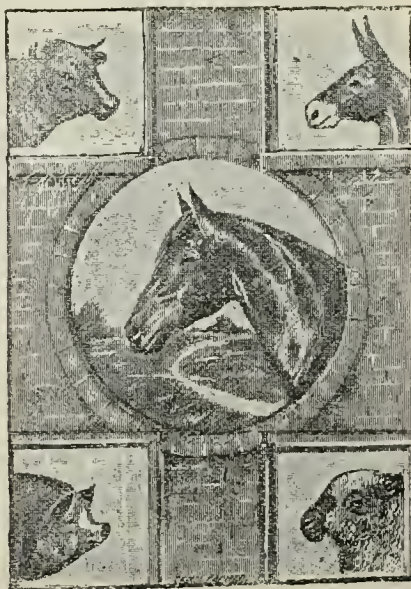
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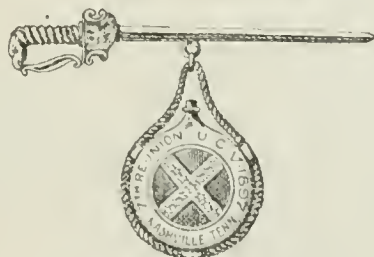
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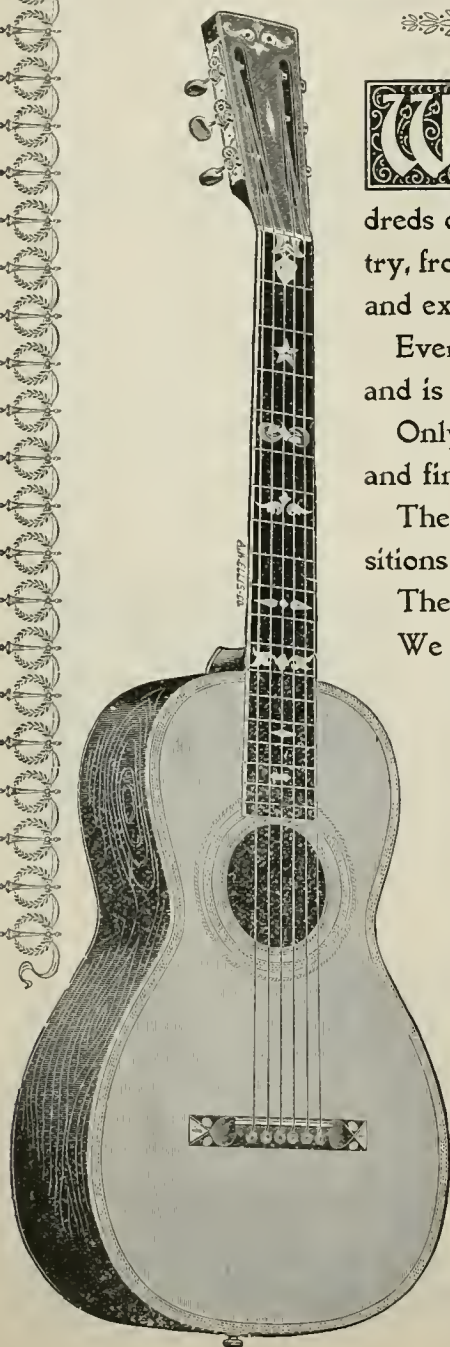
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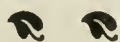
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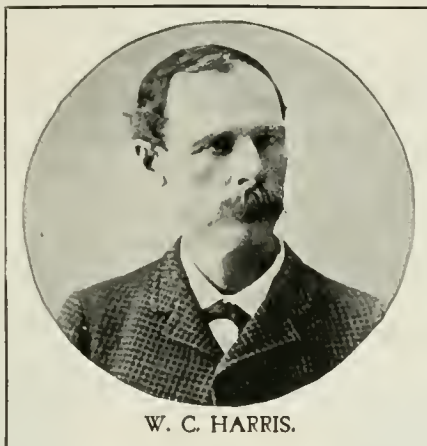
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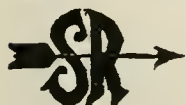
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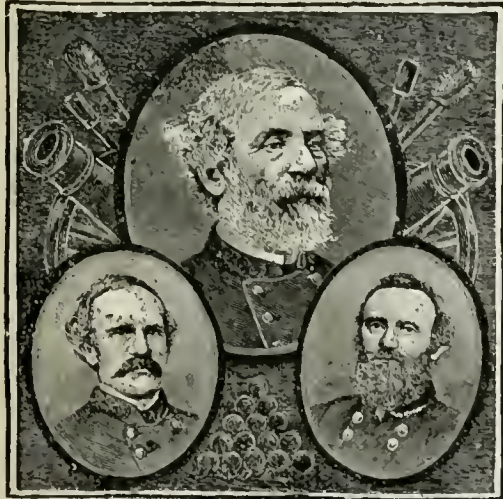
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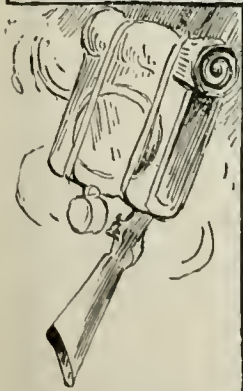
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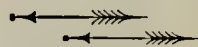
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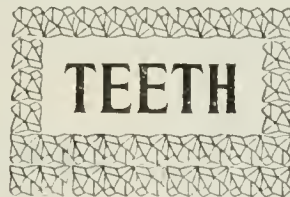
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A. W. DENNETT.

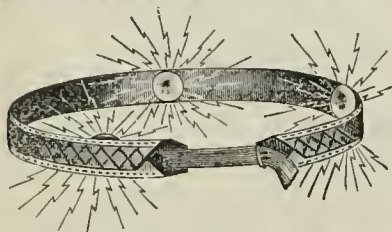
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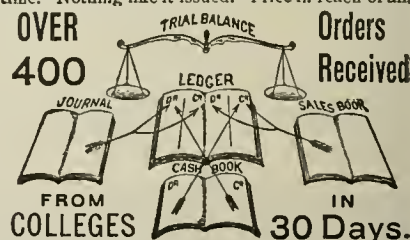
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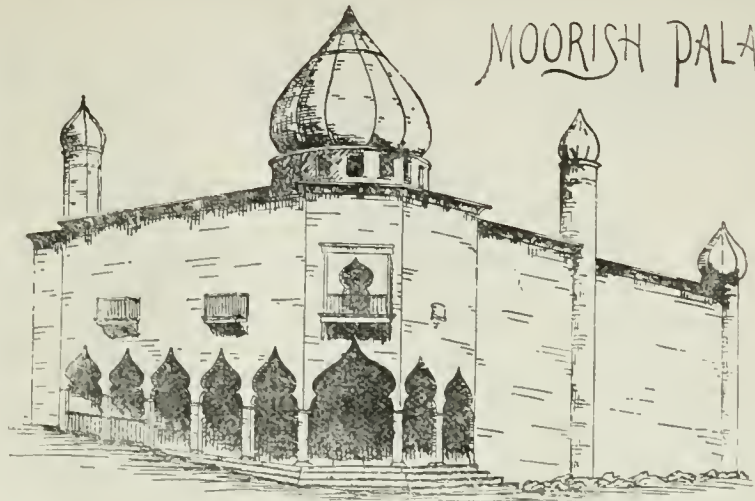
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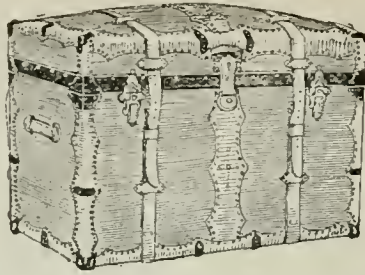
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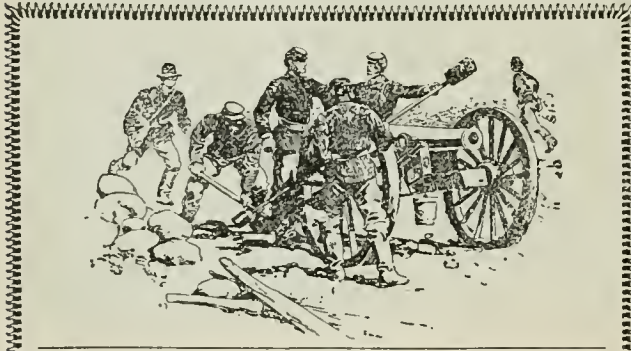


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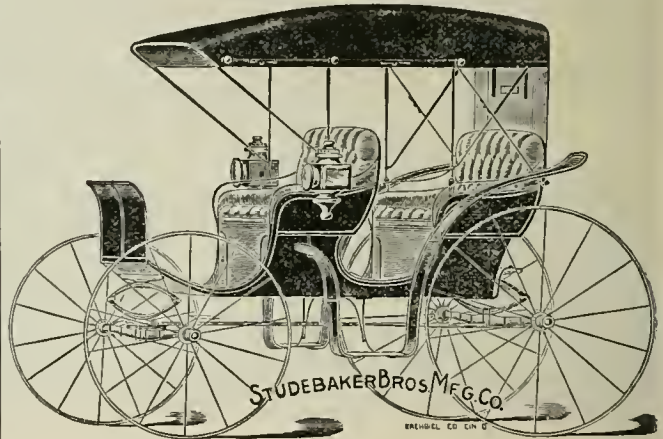
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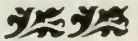
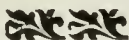


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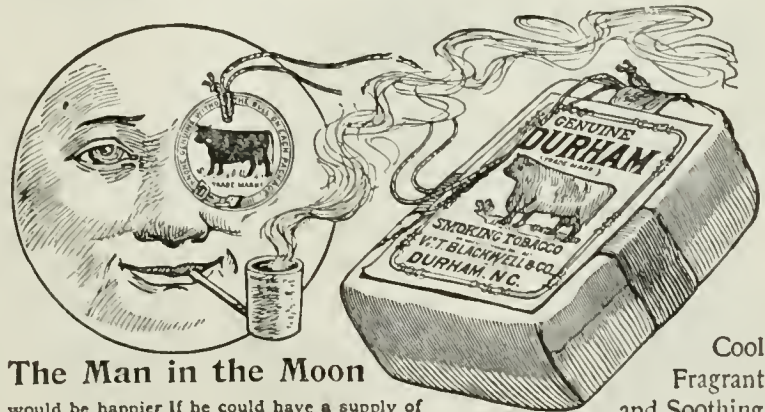
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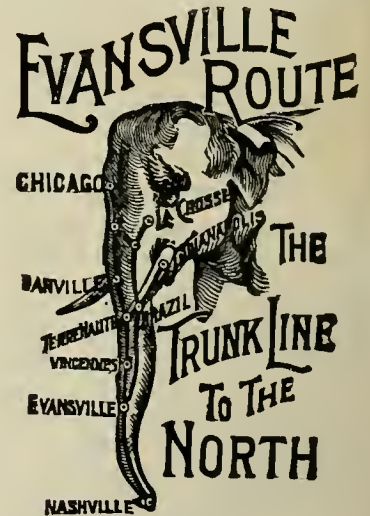
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Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

United Confederate Veterans,
United Daughters of the Confederacy,
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

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

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1897.

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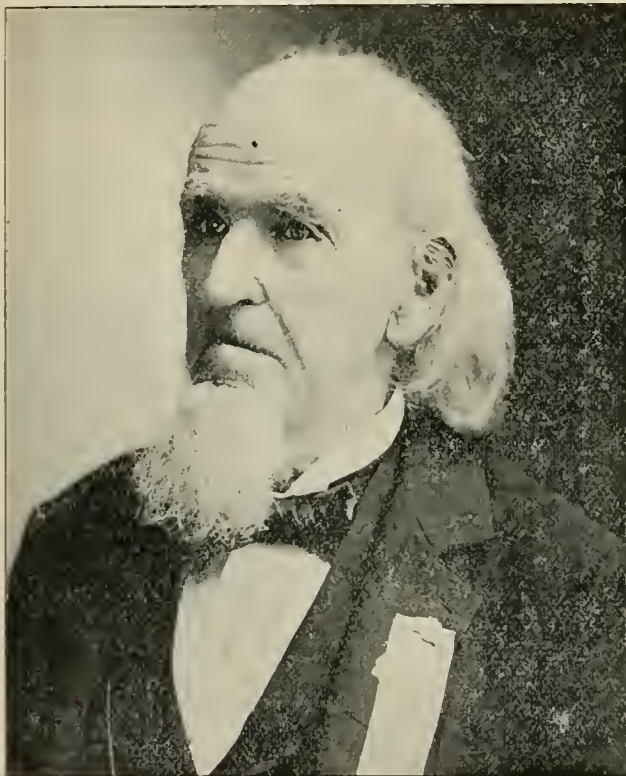
MEMBERS OF THE U. C. V. REUNION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, NASHVILLE.

THE REUNION.

The Seventh Annual Convention of the U. C. V.

"What of the reunion?" will be the first thought of many thousands upon opening this VETERAN. It should tell at length, and will; but the story will have to come from the testimony of others, except as to what occurred at Confederate headquarters, in the large chapel at Ward Seminary. The writer hardly got away from there during the reunion.

Instead of the throng arriving on Tuesday, June 22, it began Friday before, while on Saturday many more comrades arrived. On Sunday the Reception Committee, comprised of several hundreds of representative and volunteer citizens, under the direction of Capt. A. J. Harris, went about its work; and well it did, for the



GEN. M. J. BULGER, JACKSON'S GAP, ALA.
[Oldest Veteran at the Reunion, 91st year. Sketch hereafter.]

trains were crowded with veterans and their friends, who depended upon the attention that it seemed would be premature.

The committees in various departments, conforming to directions of the Executive Committee, had been diligent day and night to prepare for the greatest company of cordially welcome guests ever expected to assemble at the capital of Tennessee. They were ready. They had done all they could, hoping there would be more than was expected to make glad those guests.

Mr. J. B. O'Bryan had so successfully managed reunion arrangements for Kentucky and Tennessee comrades who assembled in Nashville some months before that all were gratified when he accepted the chairmanship. He started into the arduous undertaking knowing much of the sacrifice necessary from business and

comfort, but he never faltered. The very hard times throughout the country and the extreme tax upon our citizens threatened disaster from need of funds to meet the ten thousand demands sure to come in a rush. It was so serious that no man of reputation seemed willing to peril what he possessed in that way.

But it had to be done, and Mr. J. B. Richardson was induced to undertake it. It was like a soldier undertaking to do the unreasonable, if not impossible; but, like a true Confederate when commanded, he sallied forth as if determined to do or die. Business methods were carefully considered, and every plan succeeded. Slowly but surely, aided by his excellent corps of lieutenants, he moved the city. In some mysterious way the hearts of the people were fired with pride and patriotism, so that with extraordinary unanimity the entire population of the city seemed to rally as if the coming guests were of traceable kinship and as if it would be the last rallying time for a reunion they would ever have. Many who seemed in the beginning to anticipate making money by the reunion were liberal subscribers and made cordially welcome guests of the visitors. Now and then high prices were charged for lodging and meals, but such charges were even rare exceptions. The spirit of the people generally was manifested by a lady who keeps a large boarding house on a fashionable street. She called the writer to her home and stated that she was arranging to "take as many of the Confederates as practicable and entertain them free." He replied that such would be too much for her; that they might lodge at her house, but could eat at the Confederate Hotel. In a tremulous voice she replied: "It is apt to be my last opportunity, and I want to do it."

A lad who could not direct a gentleman from the Tulane Hotel to the Custom House satisfactorily volunteered to go and show him. When the service had been performed the gentleman tendered a coin to the lad, who seemed surprised, and said: "The old Confederates are not to be charged for anything."

While two weeks before the time the committee was in distress over the financial outlook, there is a net balance of \$2,724.38.

Providing homes was the greatest undertaking of any single department perhaps, and this Herculean task was put upon Mr. W. T. Hardison. His thorough efficiency was manifested before the great gathering, and has given perfect satisfaction since.

The Confederate Hotel, under the direction of Dr. W. J. McMurray, succeeded as fully as was anxiously anticipated; indeed, for the quantity of provisions furnished and the money expended, it was a model in efficiency. He reports having furnished 36,800 meals during the three days, using 13,800 pounds of milk bread, besides large quantities of corn bread, 10,000 pounds of ham, 4,000 pounds of barbecue, 329 gallons of pickle, 1,800 pounds of sugar, 4,685 gallons of coffee, and 165 gallons of buttermilk.

Maj. W. F. Foster had entire charge of arrangements for tents. This included their procurement, the location for camps, and entire charge of them. In his methodic way the assignment was conducted with perfect satisfaction in all respects. Capt. H. C. Ward, of the United States Army, who was a member of the Executive Committee, did most valuable service in procuring the free use of several hundred tents.

Capt. M. S. Cockrill was assigned to arrangements for horses and carriages. He procured several hundred animals at an expense of \$2.50 per day. There were many complications in his work, but he evidently managed it with as perfect efficiency and fairness as could have been done. There was as little imposition or neglect as was ever known perhaps in such an undertaking.

Mr. Spencer Eakin had charge of transportation arrangements, and his efficiency in that was all that his associates could have desired. There has been all through the Exposition period an intense controversy, so to speak, between the railroads and ticket scalpers; and, although the community is in hearty sympathy with the railroads, the agents at stations have exasperated many good men by their methods. Entirely too much red tape has been used besides. A Chattanooga physician illustrates it in his experience. He was at the station for a late departure when there were two other passengers in the large waiting room. Having a medicine case strapped over his shoulder, he so leaned in the seat that the case was in the seat adjoining, when a watchman went to him, politely stating that he could not so permit the use of an adjoining seat. Some very smart employees of railroads carried matters too far at other places than Nashville. The venerable H. M. Cook, of Texas, had the misfortune to be detained in Memphis because of his grandson's illness. Application was made to Col. Fordyce, President of the Cotton Belt route, who in right spirit agreed cordially to extend the time for return over his line. Comrade Cook called at the office in Memphis, politely inquiring if notice for extension of tickets had been received, when he was told by the head man of that office: "No, sir; and they will not be recognized if they come, as Col. Fordyce has nothing to do with the passenger department." In a little while a messenger was sent, stating that instructions had come, to bring the tickets, and they would be fixed. Much of the discourtesy shown was inexcusable. It is noted, however, in this connection that President Thomas, who evidently gave rigid orders, on learning the discomfort to veterans, had the gates opened for their convenience.

Mr. Oliver Timothy, Col. W. C. Smith, G. M. Neely, J. W. Carter (Treasurer), V. L. Kirkman, Hamilton Parks (Secretary), and others had much to do with arrangements. Mr. Sanford Duncan practically had sole charge of decorations, and he gave eminent satisfaction.

Capt. F. S. Harris performed well the important duty of distributing badges to those who were entitled to them.

Other members of the committee deserve attention, not only those who appear in picture on title page, but other members. Confreres of the Nashville press should be remembered for their work. Mr. Leland Rankin, who prepared the invitation sent to Richmond, has in special charge a report to the public for the committee, soon to appear; and Comrade G. H. Baskette, while much occupied with Centennial Exposition matters, was ever ready to do what he could as a member of the committee.

S. A. Cunningham's part in the work is given somewhat at length, as it will explain some matters of general interest to patrons and the delay of this number. Without egotism it may be said that the obligations upon him personally exceeded perhaps that of every other person in Nashville.

He was active and zealous from the beginning in the movement to build a gallery in the Tabernacle. Those who never saw it may have some idea of its magnitude in the fact that it cost over ten thousand dollars. Next to that, his effort to secure Ward Seminary, the best possible place for general Confederate headquarters, was achieved after much persistent advocacy and planning, although there was no opposition.

His next theme or hobby was to abridge the line of march by starting at a more advanced place toward the Exposition and to have the parade dismissed in the Vanderbilt University Campus. He had secured from the Chancellor, Dr. James H. Kirkland, not only permission to appropriate the magnificent area of seventy-six acres—where, on the beautifully shaded grass, veterans might remove their coats, lie and rest on the cool turf, and when rested go to the Exposition—but the Chancellor had volunteered to arrange that water be dispensed from pipes through the grounds. This undertaking was not a success. Notwithstanding it had been agreed that the review stand should be placed in that campus, it was erected at an unshaded angle of streets, where the veterans would have had no resting place, and too far away from the Centennial grounds.

Because of the liberal agreement of the Exposition management to give one-third of the net receipts for all the reunion days to the Confederate Memorial Institute, it was a duty of all to patronize it liberally.

Charitably, the rain is charged as cause of the failure of parade, but it would have failed anyhow. The march would have been excessive. The Executive Committee, after preliminary arrangements, had notification that the parade was not in their jurisdiction, and reasonable preparation was not made. It was a different thing to move such a body to what it would have been to move a disciplined army.

During the reunion the editor of the *VETERAN* devoted all the time, day and evening, to greeting subscribers who called, save the time given to duties as a committeeman. The event is recalled rather as a dream. The undertaking was so great that in the end—relieved of that depression which had been perpetual for months, through fear that comrades would fail of due attention—there came a prostration which made it impossible to rally promptly for responsibility with July *VETERAN*, and this explains in part the delay of its issue. He will be pardoned for the additional explanation that, in the midst of preparation, only the week before the reunion, he was called to the deathbed of his only brother, who had been as a father also—a man of spotless integrity and by whom he had never known committed an immoral or ignoble deed.

To make record of all who took part in giving the veterans a good time would include nearly all of the one hundred thousand people living in Nashville and many other thousands living in Middle Tennessee.

After thorough business methods, with the liberality of our people, there is over \$2,500 left in the treasury, which it is understood will be turned over to the Tabernacle gallery fund.

The following notes are made from an article by Rev. Dr. Hoss, in connectional organ of the M. E. Church, South. Additional extracts will be made hereafter:

The organization is made up of honorably discharged or paroled Confederate soldiers. It numbers nearly

eleven hundred separate camps, scattered through the different Southern States, with here and there one beyond the Ohio and the Potomac. It does not seek to perpetuate the hostile feelings of the Civil War, nor has it any political aims whatever. Its sole object is to keep alive the sense of comradeship among the men who fought under the stars and bars and to strengthen and consolidate the passion of national patriotism.

The citizens of Nashville, without respect to past opinions and affiliations, asked that the reunion for the current year be held here. They promised a cordial reception and a hospitable entertainment for all the delegates. . . . No community ever opened its doors more freely to invited guests. Every latchstring hung upon the outside. Ample preparations were made in advance to feed and shelter the gray-haired



MAXWELL HOUSE, NASHVILLE, DURING THE WAR.
Known as Zollicoffer Barracks. Taken When Negro Troops Guarded Confederate Prisoners.

soldiers who more than thirty years ago laid down their arms, after a struggle in which every virtue that adorns human character found illustration. Publication was made to all the world that no one should go hungry while the reunion lasted. Thousands of the delegates paid their own way, but they did not fare much better than the other thousands who were fed without stint at the "Confederate Hotel," a free caravansary in charge of Dr. W. J. McMurray, who laid himself out to please his fellow-veterans. For weeks in advance he was laying in a bountiful store of supplies. Thousands of home-cured bacon and hams were baked and put in cold storage so as to be ready when needed, and everything else that could be reasonably expected was provided on a scale of the largest liberality.

The whole city put on a holiday appearance. In

every quarter public buildings and private residences were profusely decorated. The national colors were blended and interlaced in most artistic fashion with the bonnie blue flag. It was easy to detect a vast resurgence of patriotic feeling. During the whole of the three days we did not hear one bitter word nor detect one single trace of invidious sectionalism. The order of the occasion was perfect. Drunkenness was very rare, and the police had little work to do. It was easy to see that these multitudes of gray-haired men represented the very flower of American citizenship. They gathered in multitudes about the various headquarters or paraded the streets in groups and companies or gathered in squads to talk of the distant times of hard marching, scant fare, and incessant fighting.

The business sessions were held in the Gospel Tabernacle, which, with the new galleries, affords comfortable seats for seven thousand persons. Gov. Taylor made an address of welcome that was conceived and expressed in the happiest manner, and then, with his customary versatility, swept his hearers off their feet by singing "Dixie," the whole audience joining in the chorus. The Governor said, among other things:

"The curtain dropped long ago upon these mournful scenes of carnage, and time has beautified and comforted and healed until there is nothing left of war but graves and garlands and monuments and veterans and precious memories.

"Blow, bugler, blow! but thy shrillest notes can never again call the matchless armies of Lee and Grant to the carnival of death.

"Let the silver trumpets sound the jubilee of peace; let the veterans shout who wore the blue; let them kiss the silken folds of the gorgeous ensign of the republic and fling it to the breeze and sing the national hymn.

"Let the veterans bow who wore the gray, and with uncovered heads salute the national flag. It is the flag of the inseparable Union. . . .

"But who will scorn or frown to see the veterans of the South's shattered armies—scattered now like solitary oaks in the midst of a fallen forest, hoary with age, and covered with scars—sometimes put on the old worn and faded gray and unfurl for a little while that other banner, the riddled and blood-stained stars and bars, to look upon it and weep over it, and press it to their bosoms? for it is hallowed with recollections tender as the soldier's last farewell.

"They followed it amid the earthquake throes of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston died; they followed it amid the floods of living fire at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell; they saw it flutter in the gloom of the Wilderness, where the angry divisions and corps rushed upon each other and clinched and fell and rolled together in the bloody mire; they rallied around it at Gettysburg, where it waved above the bayonets mixed and crossed on those dread heights of destiny; they saw its faded color flaunt defiance for the last time at Appomattox and then go down forever in a flood of tears.

"Then who will upbraid them if they sometimes bring it to light, sanctified and glorified as it is by the blood and tears of the past, and wave it again in the air, and sing once more their old war songs?"

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald spoke as follows for the Mayor of Nashville:

"*Confederate Veterans, Our Honored Guests: The*

pleasing duty of welcoming you to the city of Nashville has been in part anticipated by the spontaneous feeling of her people. You were welcomed before you started from your homes. At the mere announcement that you were coming her gates swung open and the door of every house stood ajar. Now that you are here, take possession of the city. We surrender unconditionally. Though your ranks are thinning, you are still an army of conquerors, as you were at the start. Victory was your habit then, and victory is your habit now. From Bull Run to Appomattox the record of your valor and victories is not surpassed in the history of the world. The genius of your leaders and your courage as soldiers have made all this Southern land classic ground. It is, therefore, becoming that this classic city of Nashville, the educational queen of the South, should clasp you to her heart to-day. She greets you with pride and joy—a pride in memory of your deeds and a solemn joy mingled with thoughts of your dead comrades, whose absence makes your ranks grow thinner every year. Nashville greets you as the remnant of the Confederate army, which fought battles and won victories that extorted the admiration of the world, and made the wearers of the old gray jacket heroes whose names will be a patent of nobility to their children to the latest generation.

"Your victories are not all in the past; your most victorious era is just fairly dawning. You have no enemies now that are worthy of notice. When Grant said, 'Let us have peace,' every true soldier who fought on his side responded to his words. The sword was sheathed. Only the class who fought at long range in the sixties pelt you with verbal missiles or the contents of partisan ink pots.

"The gates of the temple of history are opening to you, and you will have your proper places. In this generation the story of your deeds will be written by a friendly hand. The text-books from which history shall be taught your children will do justice on both sides. Justice will be done to the cause for which you fought and to the men who proved the sincerity of their convictions by dying for them. . . . The fame of the Confederate soldier is safe. He has won his place, and he will keep it. His cause may be called the 'Lost Cause,' but nothing that was best and noblest was lost. Honor was not lost; high ideals of manhood were not lost. The manifestation to the world of one such man as Robert E. Lee is no small compensation for the cost of that struggle. The rights of minorities in all this nation will be safer in all the years to come because Southern statesmen expounded them in the forum and Southern men died for them on the battlefield.

"One more reunion and one more welcome, you gray-haired Confederates: a welcome up yonder where the armies of heaven upon white horses follow him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. There you may be welcomed by your old commanders and greeted with a welcome up yonder where Father Ryan, the poet-priest, and ten thousands of army chaplains who, though differing on minor points of belief, were true to God and to the Southern cause will join their voices in swelling the notes of the song that celebrates their final victory in that only land that is fairer and dearer than this, our land of Dixie."

Judge John C. Ferriss, for Davidson County, said:

"In behalf of every man, woman, and child in Davidson County, I welcome you. When we laid down our arms at Appomattox Courthouse and surrendered to Gen. Grant we did it as soldiers and gentlemen. We never sacrificed our manhood. We returned to our desolate homes without a murmur and began life anew. We believed in the terms of surrender given us by Gen. Grant, and felt cheerful. I want to say to the sons of veterans, in a short while the place that knows us to-day will know us no more. We are swiftly passing away; but when we are all gone, and there is no one to speak for us, we will have a history for you to refer to and tell that your fathers made that history amid shot and shell and cold and hunger, and, as their sons, you and your children will always defend truth and righteousness."

The response to the various welcomes was made by Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commander of the Veterans:

"For the second time in its brief life our glorious brotherhood convenes in annual reunion on the soil of Tennessee. And what state of those which formed the Confederate Union is more worthy of this repeated tribute from these Confederate survivors? What state in the whole American Union can boast a prouder record in war or peace? From no portion of this country has there come in the past or will there come in the future a readier response to duty's call or a nobler zeal for the public welfare than from this nursery of patriotic men and women.

"Although with the war of 1812-15 Tennessee was the third youngest state in the American Union, yet she came to the front and furnished to the American army its leader in the person of its immortal son, Andrew Jackson, that 'lone star of the people,' whose very name was the synonym of victory in war and peace, and whose iron will, restless energies, and towering genius formed at New Orleans a mightier bulwark of defense than the breastworks of cotton bales, before which the British banner went down in defeat.

"Later on it was an ex-Governor of Tennessee, the eccentric, the inimitable, the indomitable Sam Houston, who hurled back the invading armies of Mexico and gave to Texas her republican freedom.

"It was to Tennessee's illustrious son, James K. Polk, under whose brilliant and triumphant administration was waged the Americo-Mexican war, California was acquired, and that El Dorado of the Pacific placed within American borders.

"And what shall be said of Tennessee's record in our Civil War, that Titanic struggle of the sixties? Divided in sentiment, in purpose, and convictions throughout the mountain regions of her eastern section, in the exuberance and prodigality of her patriotism her valiant sons rushed into the ranks of both armies, and from the superabundance of her talent she gave leaders, civil or military, to both sides. She furnished to the Southern army some of its most dauntless divisions and brilliant leaders. Among these latter were her Frank Cheatham, whose fiery 'Forward, boys!' sent his yelling ranks with resistless fury against the foe; her quaint and unrivaled Bedford Forrest, that wizard of war, that wildest knight that ever straddled horse or leveled lance; her bishop-soldier, Leonidas Polk, worthy to bear the name and be forever associated in history with that great

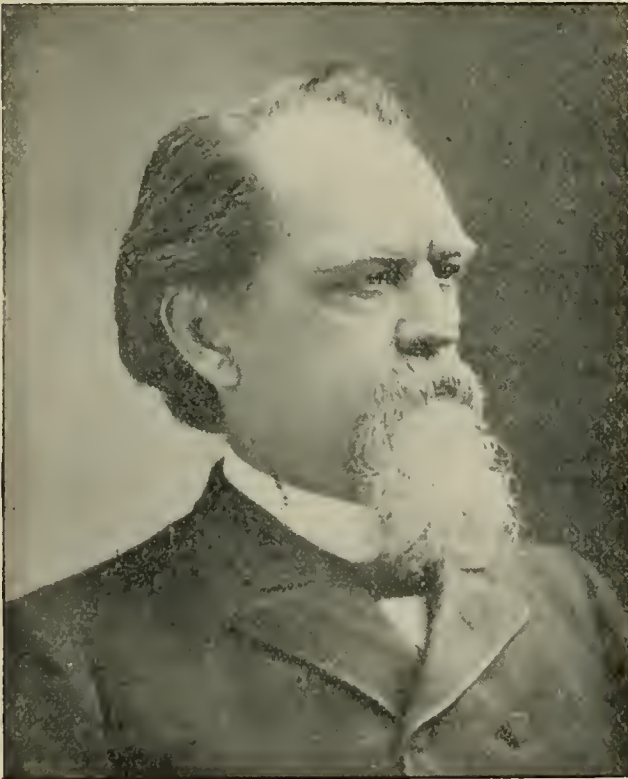
Grecian Leonidas, who won an immortality of fame in defense of Greek freedom and the Greek confederacy.

"And now, my fellow-countrymen of Tennessee and of Nashville, it only remains for me, as the selected representative of this body of Confederate braves, to express their heartfelt appreciation of this most magnificent welcome."

—

Gen. Gordon tendered his resignation, but the "No! no! no!" was so persistent that no other nomination for a successor was considered. Before the formal vote for his reelection he gave a history of the organization:

On the 10th day of June, 1889, eight years ago, while serving as Governor of my native state, I received from New Orleans the wholly unexpected announcement of



GEN. J. B. GORDON.

my election as Commander in Chief of the newly organized United Confederate Veterans. This new communion of ex-soldiers began its somewhat unpromising career with the modest number of but ten organizations, united for peaceful and noble ends. To-day it presents the proud array of more than a thousand camps answering the roll call and reflecting merited honors upon our different commanders and especially upon our able Adjutant General.

It is an army of ex-Confederate soldiers, at whose prowess and endurance enlightened Christendom stood in breathless amazement. It is an army still, Mr. President, but an army for the bloody work of war no longer. Its banners no longer bear the flaming insignia of battle. Its weapons no longer flash defiance to the foe nor deal death to opposing ranks. Its weapons are now the pen without malice, the tongue without as-

persions, and history without misrepresentation. Its aims are peaceful, philanthropic, and broadly patriotic. Its sentiment is lofty, generous, and just. Its mission is to relieve the suffering of the living, cherish the memory of the dead, and to shield from reproach the fair name of all.

Fighting and suffering for their homes and rights as men have rarely fought and suffered in the world's history; exhibiting on a hundred fields and in a thousand emergencies a heroism never excelled; yielding from utter exhaustion, and only when their prostrate section was bleeding at every pore; failing, after the most desperate defensive struggle in human annals, to establish their cherished Confederacy—these high-souled sons of the South offer this record of devotion as the noblest pledge of their fealty to freedom and of their readiness to defend the republic of their fathers.

My comrades of the United Confederate Veterans, if this brief summary fairly represents your sentiments and your aims, then my cup of joy is full indeed. I cannot doubt, I do not doubt, that I have caught and correctly voiced the impulses and hopes of this most representative body of Southern manhood. In the first address issued by me as your commander I sought to embody your sentiments as I did my own. In that address, after reciting the objects of the United Confederate Veterans as declared by your constitution, I said: "No misjudgments can defeat your peaceful purposes for the future. Your aspirations have been lifted by the mere force and urgency of surrounding conditions to a plane far above the paltry considerations of partisan triumphs. The honor of the American Republic, the just powers of the federal government, the equal rights of the states, the integrity of the constitutional Union, the sanctions of law, and the enforcement of order have no class of defenders more true and devoted than the ex-soldiers of the South and their worthy descendants. But you realize the great truth that a people without the memories of heroic suffering and sacrifices are a people without a history. To cherish such memories and recall such a past, whether crowned with success or consecrated in defeat, is to idealize principle and strengthen character, intensify love of country and convert defeat and disaster into pillars of support for future manhood and noble womanhood. Whether the Southern people under their changed conditions may ever hope to witness another civilization which shall equal that which began with their George Washington and ended with their Lee, it is certainly true that devotion to their glorious past is not only the surest guaranty of future progress, the holiest bond of unity, but is also the strongest claim they can present to the confidence and respect of the other sections of the Union."

Speaking then of your organization, I said: "It is political in no sense, except so far as the word 'political' is a synonym of the word 'patriotic.' It is a brotherhood over which the genius of philanthropy and patriotism, of truth and justice, will preside. Of philanthropy, because it will succor the disabled, help the needy, strengthen the weak, and cheer the disconsolate; of patriotism, because it will cherish the past glories of the dead Confederacy and transmute them into inspirations for future services to the living republic; of truth, because it will seek to gather and preserve unimpeachable facts as witnesses for history; of justice, because it

will cultivate national, as well as Southern, fraternity, and will condemn narrow-mindedness and prejudice and passion, and cultivate that broader, higher, nobler sentiment which would write on the grave of every soldier who fell on either side: 'Here lies an American hero, a martyr to the right as his conscience conceived it.'"

In conclusion, my comrades, let me hope that the wise conservatism, the spirit of magnanimity which is always the brightest gem in the crown of courage, will mark your career in the future as they have in the past. On another memorable occasion, when speaking as Southern representative, I said in substance: "Let us all hope that the day is not far distant when every section will recognize the monumental truth that both sides fought under written constitutions guaranteeing the same monuments of liberty; that every drop of blood shed was the price freely paid by the soldier for his inherited beliefs and cherished convictions; that every uniform worn by the brave, whether its color was blue or gray; every sheet of flame from the ranks and rifles of both; every cannon shot that shook Chickamauga's hills and thundered around the heights of Gettysburg; every patriotic prayer or sigh wafted heavenward from the North or South; every throb of anguish in patriotic woman's heart; every burning tear on woman's cheek; every tender ministrations by her loving hands at the dying soldier's side—all, all were contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood, for the future defense of American freedom."

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

Judge John H. Reagan's address was as follows:

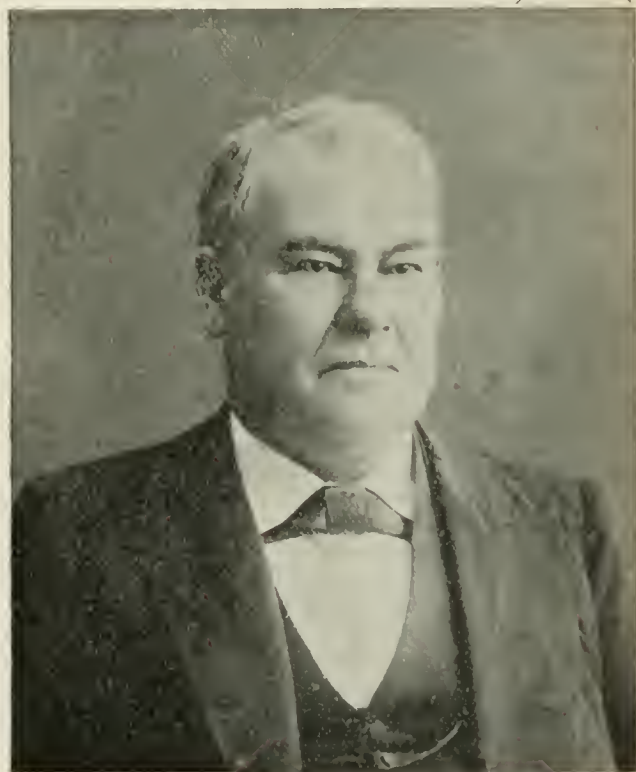
Compatriots, Ladies, and Gentlemen: This great assemblage and this interesting occasion call up many memories of great events. It brings into view the able and earnest discussions which preceded the year 1861 on the great questions which led up to the war between the states, the separation of the members of the Thirty-sixth Congress, the action of the Southern States in passing the ordinances of secession, the organization of the government of the Confederate States of America, the commencement of hostilities at Charleston harbor, the call for volunteers by President Lincoln, the enthusiasm with which men on both sides volunteered to enter the great struggle, the separation of husbands and fathers from wives and children, of the sons from fathers and mothers, of brothers from sisters, and of lovers from their sweethearts, with eyes bedewed with tears and hearts throbbing with patriotism, to enter the camps of instruction, to make the long marches, and engage in the fierce conflicts of battle. It brings into view the assembling of mighty armies, their toilsome marches, the sickness and suffering in camps, the thousands of skirmishes and battles participated in by hundreds of thousands of brave men, the sufferings of the wounded, and the great number who fell on each side as martyrs to their patriotic devotion to the causes they believed to be right and just, in the greatest war of modern times, a war in which hundreds of thousands of brave men lost their lives and which left to the future a vast army of mourning widows and children and sorrowing relatives and friends, and which caused the sacrifice of billions of dollars worth of property. And it calls up our remembrance of the great labor and sacri-

fices of our noble women in caring for the children and the aged at home and in preparing and sending to the army clothes and food for their loved ones and in ministering to the sick and wounded in hospitals.

Upon the foregoing facts the inquiry arises: Why all this strife and suffering and death between a people of the same country, the same race, and, in a general way, of the same political and religious opinions?

SLAVERY AN INHERITANCE.

My answer is that it was an inheritance from governments of Europe and from our ancestors, which raised a question involving too much of property values to admit of adjustment in the ordinary methods of negotiation and compromise, and its decision was therefore submitted to the arbitrament of war.



HON. J. H. REAGAN.

I say it was an inheritance, because the authorities, including the crowned heads of Great Britain, France, and Spain, and the Dutch merchants, planted African slavery in all the American colonies. And in their times they and the priesthood justified this on the grounds that it was a transfer of the Africans from a condition of barbarism and cannibalism to a country where they would be instructed in the arts of civilized life and in the knowledge of the Christian religion. The institution of African slavery thus found its way into all of the thirteen American colonies, and it existed in all of them at date of the declaration of American independence, in 1776. And African slavery existed in all but one of these colonies at the time of the formation of the constitution of the United States, in 1789. There were at that time those who objected to it as violating the principles of human liberty. But, notwithstanding such objection, the wise and great men

who formed the constitution, recognizing the existing industrial and social conditions of society which had grown out of the existence of African slavery, incorporated in it the following provisions:

Article 1, Section 2, Paragraph 3, is as follows: "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included in the Union, according to their respective numbers, which may be had by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound for service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons," thus recognizing slavery and the partial representation of slaves in Congress.

Article 4, Section 2, Paragraph 3, provides that: "No person held to service or labor in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." Thus providing for protection of the rights of the owners of slaves by requiring their return to their masters when escaping from one state to another.

Article 1, Section 9, Paragraph 1, provides as follows: "The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing may think proper to admit shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year one thousand, eight hundred and eight; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not to exceed ten dollars for each person." Thus not only by the foregoing provisions recognizing African slavery, but making provision for the continuance of the slave trade for twenty years after the adoption of the constitution.

Those who defended the institution of slavery quoted the Old Testament Scriptures and the advice of Christ our Saviour as given in the New Testament and the example of the nations of the past in justification of it.

From early times there were those who questioned the rightfulness of slavery, possibly without sufficient consideration of the character of the different races of people. This feeling grew first with the philanthropic and religious classes, until at last it was seized upon by the political demagogues as an available method of political agitation and declamation by office seekers. It grew until mobs, Legislatures, and courts repudiated the constitutional provisions and the laws of Congress and the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which protected slavery in the states where it existed and required the rendition of slaves when they escaped into other states. The agitation of this question gathered in strength and violence until it resulted in the civil war in Kansas, followed by the raid of John Brown and his followers, who invaded the state of Virginia for the purpose of inciting the negroes to a war of races. And because he was lawfully arrested and convicted and hung by the authorities of the state of Virginia for levying war on the state in an effort to bring about a horrid war between the negroes and whites many of the Northern churches were draped in mourning and many of the Northern people applauded his efforts and eulogized this felon as a hero and martyr. This was followed by the nomination and election of a purely sectional anti-slavery ticket for President and Vice President of the United States, and during the Congress which immediately preceded the secession of the Southern States thirty odd measures of compromise

were introduced in one or the other branches of Congress in the hope of securing the adoption of a policy by which the union of the states and the rights of the states and of the people could be preserved and war prevented. Each of these propositions of compromise was introduced either by a Southern man or a Northern Democrat, and every one of them was received with hooting and derision by the Republican members, as the *Congressional Globe* of that period will show. And the Southern members were told that they had to submit to the will of the majority, plainly showing that our people could no longer rely for the protection of the rights of the states or of the people on the enforcement of the provisions of the constitution and the laws of the United States. Could any people have submitted to all this who were worthy of liberty and good government?

You must understand that I do not make this recital for the purpose of renewing the prejudices and passions of the past, but only for the purpose of showing to our children and to the world that the ex-Confederates were not responsible for the existence of African slavery in this country and were not responsible for the existence of the great war which resulted from the agitation of that question, and that they were neither traitors nor rebels.

Comrades, by the laws of nature I can, at most, be with you but a few years longer, and I feel it to be my duty to you and to posterity to make these statements of the facts of history, which vindicate us against the charge of being either rebels or traitors, and which show that we were not the authors of "a causeless war, brought about by ambitious leaders;" but that our brave men fought and suffered and died and our holy men of God prayed and our noble women suffered patiently and patriotically all the privations and horrors of a great war, cruelly thrust upon us, for the purpose of upholding the constitution and laws of the United States, of preserving the rights of the several states to regulate their domestic policies, and of protecting the people against spoliation and robbery by a dominant majority, some of whose numbers, because the Holy Bible sanctioned slavery, declared that they wanted an "anti-slavery Bible and an anti-slavery God," and who, because the constitution of the United States recognized and protected slavery, declared that it was a "league with hell and a covenant with death."

Whatever may have been said in the past in defense of the institution of slavery, and whatever may now be thought of the means by which it was abolished in this country, the spirit of the present age is against it, and it has passed away, and I suppose no one wishes its restoration, if that were practicable. Certainly I would not restore it if I had the power. I think it better for the black race that they are free, and I am sure it is better for the white race that there are no slaves.

The great Macaulay of the future will tell these truths to posterity better and more forcibly than I can in this brief address, and will, by reference to the sacred Scriptures and to the constitution of the United States, as made by our revolutionary fathers, vindicate the patriotism and the heroic virtues and struggles of our people.

WHY WAR WAS NOT AVOIDED.

In later times those not familiar with the facts to which I am referring have asked the question, "Why was the great question not compromised?" stating that

it would not have cost a fifth of the money to pay for and liberate the slaves that the war cost, and in that way the tens of thousands of valuable lives of good men might have been saved and all the attendant suffering prevented.

The first answer to that question is that the slaves in the United States at the beginning of the war were estimated to be of the value of three thousand million dollars, and if they were to be liberated common honesty required that it should have been done at the expense of the nation which was responsible for its existence. The Republicans and anti-slavery people were then a majority of the whole people, and had full possession of the Federal Government or were ready and authorized to take full possession of it; and they demanded that the whole loss to arise from the freeing of the slaves should fall on their owners and on the Southern States. They never proposed and would not have consented for the Federal Government and the Northern people to pay any part of the cost of freeing the slaves. Their patriotism was not of the kind which would cause them to assume a part of the burden of correcting what they claimed to be a great national wrong; and that, too, a wrong—if it was a wrong—which we inherited from other and older nations and which was incorporated in our social and industrial systems and sanctioned by our constitutions, State and Federal, in the organization of the governments. The agitators were willing and anxious to be patriotic and just at the expense of other people.

The second answer is that the industrial and social systems of the Southern States were so interwoven with the interest of slavery that the people then believed the freedom of the slaves, without compensation, meant the bankruptcy of the people and the states where it existed, to be followed, probably, by a war of races. I am speaking of what they then believed. As an evidence that our own people, in the earlier years of the republic, recognized the necessity of acquiescing in the social and industrial conditions which had grown out of African slavery, history tells us that Gen. Washington, who was an extensive slaveholder, was made commander in chief of our revolutionary armies. He was the President of the convention which formed the constitution of the United States and was elected as the first President of the United States and was re-elected to that position. Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, Mr. Monroe, Gen. Jackson, Mr. Polk, and Gen. Taylor were each elected President of the United States, and all of them were the owners of slaves. They, like the framers of the constitution, recognized that this country had inherited a condition of things in this respect in which it became necessary to acquiesce.

I do not assume to know whether, if a proposition to pay for the slaves had been made, it would have been accepted. Such a sacrifice as that which was demanded of the Southern people has not in the world's history been submitted to by any people without an appeal to the last dread arbitrament of war; and ours were a chivalric, intelligent, proud, liberty-loving people, who, had they submitted to this sacrifice without a struggle, would have proved themselves unworthy to be freemen and unworthy of the proud title of being Americans. And I say now, with deliberation and sincerity, in view of all the calamities of that war, if the same condition of things could again occur, I would rather accept those

calamities than belong to a race of cowards and surrender the most sacred rights of self-government to the clamor of a majority overriding the constitution and demanding terms so revolting to our sense of justice.

THAT HAMPTON ROADS CONFERENCE.

In this connection I desire to say that it has been frequently asserted of late years that at the conference between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, of the Federal side, and Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, of the Confederate side, at Hampton Roads, on the 3d of January, 1865, President Lincoln offered the Confederates four hundred million dollars for the slaves if they would abandon the war and return to the Union. This story has assumed various forms to suit the rhetoric of the speakers and writers who have given it currency. I wish to assert most solemnly that no such offer in any form was made. All the papers relating to the Hampton Roads conference are given in McPherson's "History of the Rebellion," as he calls it. They show that the joint resolution for amending the constitution of the United States was passed by Congress, submitting to the states the question of abolishing slavery in the United States, two or three days before the date of that conference. The report of the commissioners on the part of the Confederacy, which was published at the time, shows that no such offer was made or referred to in that conference. The statements of President Davis and that of President Lincoln and of Secretary Seward show that no such offer was made or talked of at that conference. This false statement has often been made. It is disproved by every man who was there, and by every paper which has been written by or for the men who were there. Neither President Lincoln nor any other man on the Federal side would have dared to make such an offer at that time. It was stated at the time—and I believe the statement to be true—that the Congress hurried the joint resolution above named through, so as to forestall the possibility of any such proposition. The object of this untruthful statement was no doubt to cast odium on the Confederate President and authorities by trying to show that they would accept no terms of peace and were responsible for the continuance of the war. President Davis appointed Vice President Stephens to go to Washington, in 1864, ostensibly to secure a renewal of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners; but the real purpose of his mission was to see President Lincoln for the purpose of ascertaining on what conditions the war could be terminated. But he was not permitted by the Federal authorities to pass through their military lines. He then appointed the commissioners to the Hampton Roads conference for the same purpose; and afterwards, in 1865, he authorized Gen. R. E. Lee to try to negotiate through Gen. Grant for the same purpose. I mention these facts to show that it is a mistake to suppose that President Davis neglected any means in his power to end the war on honorable terms, and mention them because of the many misrepresentations which have been made on this subject. He could not have made public all he did in this respect, at the time, without discouraging our army and people. And if, at any time, he had proposed or consented to unconditionally surrender, he would have been in danger of violence at the hands of our own people. Neither he nor they

proposed or intended to surrender unconditionally unless overpowered.

RECONSTRUCTION.

After the overthrow of the Confederate Government and the surrender of the Confederate armies the work of the restoration of Federal authority in the Southern States was commenced while the excitement, the passions, and prejudices of the war were in full blaze, and were intensified by the assassination of President Lincoln, with which it was then unjustly assumed the Confederate authorities had some connection, but which was regarded by them as most unfortunate for all the people who had adhered to the fortunes of the Confederacy.

Under the state of feeling which then existed on both sides it was hardly to be expected that a wise and temperate policy of reconstruction would be adopted, while many of the Churches of the Northern States were resolving and some of their ministers of the religion of Christ were preaching a crusade of hate, proscription, and revenge against the Southern people.

The plan adopted for the restoration of the Union and the pacification of the Southern people was to deprive them of all political rights, put them under military rule, and suspend the right of the writ of *habeas corpus*, so that there could be no relief or redress for any wrong done to a citizen, however unlawful or outrageous. Our citizens were subject to arrest by the military authority without an affidavit or formal charge or legal warrant, and to detention, without knowing what the charges against them were, and to a trial by a drumhead court-martial, without the intervention of a jury.

A large part of the Southern States had been devastated by war; the people had exhausted their resources in the endeavor to maintain their cause, and tens of thousands of their bravest and best men had either fallen in battle or died in the service. Beaten in battle, denied political rights and the protection of law, governed by an unfriendly military authority, by the negroes, by carpet-baggers and scalawags—and I mention them in the order of their respectability—plundered and robbed by employees of the Treasury Department, and constantly menaced by loyal leagues composed of the elements above named, their condition seemed to be as hopeless as can well be imagined.

If, under the providence of God, the life of President Lincoln could have been spared, so that reconstruction and the restoration of the Union could have been brought about under his supervision and that of the officers and soldiers who fought the battles of the Union, I believe the country would have been saved from the introduction of abnormal military governments, which are so unfriendly to civil rights and political liberty and so contrary to the genius of our government, and that the people of the Southern States would have been saved from much of the enormous sacrifices and suffering which they were compelled to endure during the period of reconstruction; the demagogue in politics, the unchristian persecutions by religious bodies, and the thieving treasury officials would not have had so wide a field for their operations.

It is unpleasant to me to make the foregoing recitals, and the more so because the purpose for which they are made may be misunderstood or misrepresented. The restoration of peace, good government, the rule of

law and of good will between those who were once enemies is as gratifying to me as it can be to any other citizen. But the charge has been constantly made since the war that the Confederates were rebels and traitors, and the effort is all the time being made to educate the rising generation into the belief that their fathers and their mothers were rebels and traitors, and therefore lawless criminals. Without malice against any of our fellow-citizens, I feel it to be my duty to the memory of our heroic dead, to their surviving associates, and to those who are to come after us to make these statements in vindication of the truths of history and in justification of the patriotism, the manhood, and love of justice of those who defended the "Lost Cause" and offered their all in an effort to preserve their constitutional rights against the aggressions of a hostile majority.

And now that we are again citizens of the United States, living under the same government and constitution and flag, our late adversaries ought not to desire to degrade us in the eyes of posterity; and, if they would be wise and just, they should not wish to place our people in history in the position of being unworthy of the rights, liberty, and character of citizens of our great and common country.

And while I have accepted and do accept in good faith the legitimate results of the war, and while I am and will be as true to my allegiance and duty to our common government as any other citizen can be, I shall insist on my right to tell the truths which show that in that great struggle we were guided and controlled by a sense of duty and by a spirit of patriotism which caused us to stake life, liberty, and property in a contest with a greatly superior power rather than baselessly surrender our rights without a struggle.

It is fitting and proper at this point that I should refer to a matter which fitly illustrates the character of the Southern people. There never was a time during all the perils and suffering of reconstruction that men of prominence who had been on the Confederate side could not have obtained positions of honor and emolument under the Federal Government if they would have consented to surrender their convictions and betray their people—a very few did so, and thereby earned an everlasting infamy—but nearly all of them stood by their convictions and preserved their honor, and thereby proved themselves worthy of citizenship in the greatest and proudest government on earth.

Having attempted to fulfill an unpleasant duty in what I have so far said, I now turn to the consideration of more pleasant subjects.

From the desolation, absence of civil government and political rights and of law throughout the Southern States less than thirty years ago we now in all these states have good civil government, good laws faithfully enforced, liberty protected, society reorganized, peace and industry reestablished, with many valuable enterprises put into successful operation, and with a steady and wonderful increase in population, wealth, and the comforts of civilized life. This constitutes the greatest and proudest vindication of the capacity of our people for local self-government, and is a grander and nobler achievement by them than was obtained even by war. It is the triumph of their capacity for self-government, and shows that our people are worthy of the possession of the political power and religious liberty which they now enjoy, and which shows them worthy

of political equality with those who were once our enemies. This great Centennial Exposition of Tennessee we have before us is a magnificent exhibition of the results of Southern enterprise and prosperity to gladden the hearts of our people and to gratify the pride of the people of this great state. And to-day the people of the South are as earnest in their attachment to our common government as those of any other part of the Union, and would make as great sacrifices, if need be, in defense of our government as could be made by any other part of the American people. Enjoying peace and liberty to-day, we can refer with pride to the courage and heroism of our soldiers in the late war and to the gallantry and skill of our officers. And when impartial history comes to be written we do not doubt but that it will be seen that they were never excelled in the qualities of patient endurance and manly courage.

The names of Jefferson Davis, R. E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and many others of our heroic leaders will go into history illumined by a halo of courage and skill and purity of life and patriotism unsurpassed by any other names in history. As indicating the faith of President Davis in God and his devout earnestness, I recall attention to the closing sentence of his inaugural address after his election under the constitutional government of the Confederacy, made on the 22d day of February, 1862. Raising his hands, at the close of his address, and looking toward the heavens, he said: "And now, O God, I commit my country and her cause into thy holy keeping." Thus showing the solemnity with which he assumed anew the duties of President of the Confederacy.

WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

History notes with its richest praises the matrons of Rome. They were, no doubt, worthy of all that has been said of them. But their honors cluster about them when Rome was a great and victorious nation. This is not said to their discredit, but to contrast with them the noble and devoted women of the Confederacy, the grandeur of whose lives and conduct was exhibited in a cause in which the odds were greatly against their country, in which great sacrifices were necessary, and in which success was at all times doubtful. I never felt my inability to do justice to any subject so keenly as I do when attempting to do justice to the character and services and devotion of the women of the Confederacy. They gave to the armies their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers with aching hearts and bade them good-bye with sobs and tears. But they believed the sacrifice was due to their country and her cause. They assumed the care of their homes and of the children and aged. Many of them who had been reared in ease and luxury had to engage in all the drudgery of the farm and shop. Many of them worked in the fields to raise the means of feeding their families. Spinning wheels and looms were multiplied where none had been seen before, to enable them to clothe their families and furnish clothing for the loved ones in the army, to whom, with messages of love and encouragement, they were, whenever they could, sending something to wear or eat. And, like angels of mercy, they visited and attended the hospitals with lint and bandages for the wounded and medicines for the sick and such nourishment as they could for both. And their holy prayers at all times went to the throne of God for the safety of those dear to them and for the success of

the Confederate cause. There was a courage and a moral heroism in their lives superior to that which animated our brave men, for the men were stimulated by the presence of their associates, the hope of applause, and by the excitement of battle; while the noble women, in the seclusion and quietude of their homes, were inspired by a moral courage which could only come from God and the love of country. I hope we are to have a Battle Abbey; and if we should, the honor of the Southland demands that there should be a splendid monument erected to commemorate the constancy, the services, and the virtues of the noble women of the Confederacy. And since the war some of our grand and noble women—the widows of President Davis, of Stonewall Jackson, of Col. C. M. Winkler, of Texas—have earned the gratitude of our people by books they have furnished us, containing most valuable contributions to the literature of the war and supplying a feature in it that no man has or could supply.

To illustrate the character and devotion of the women of the Confederacy, I will repeat a statement made to me during the war by Gov. Letcher, of Virginia. He had visited his home in the Shenandoah Valley, and on his return to the state capital called at the house of an old friend who had a large family. He found no one but the good old mother at home, and inquired about the balance of the family. She told him that her husband, her husband's father, and her ten sons were all in the army. And on his suggestion that she must feel lonesome, having had a large family with her and now to be left alone, her answer was that it was very hard, but if she had ten more sons they should all go to the army. Can ancient or modern history show a nobler or more unselfish and patriotic devotion to any cause?

There have been, and there may still be, those who affect to speak lightly of the Confederacy; but a cause and a country which it required more than four years of terrible war and armies of more than two million men, and which cost the lives of hundreds of thousands, counting the loss on both sides, the expenditure of billions of dollars' worth of property to overcome, can hardly be belittled by any honest or sensible man. We can well afford to await the verdict which history will render on the men and women of the late Confederacy.

A courteous critic in the *Nashville American* demurred to Mr. Reagan's denial that Mr. Lincoln at the Hampton Roads conference offered to pay \$400,000,000 to the South for slaves if the Southern people would return to the Union. Mr. Reagan has written at length, sending copies of his reply to the *American* and also to the *VETERAN*:

Did President Lincoln, at the Hampton Roads conference, January 3, 1865, propose to Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell that the United States would pay four hundred million dollars for the slaves, on condition that the Confederates would abandon the war and return to the Union? In my address at the reunion of ex-Confederates at Nashville, Tenn., June 22, 1897, I asserted most solemnly that no such offer in any form was made.

The friendly critic reports a conversation between

President Lincoln and Vice President Stephens, in which Mr. Stephens quotes President Lincoln as follows: "He [Lincoln] went on to say that he would be willing to be taxed to remunerate Southern people for their slaves. He believed the people of the North were as responsible for slavery as the people of the South; and if the war should then cease with a voluntary abolition of slavery by the states, he should be in favor, individually, of the government paying a fair indemnity for the loss to the owners. He said he believed this feeling had an extensive existence in the North. He knew some who were in favor of an appropriation as high as four hundred million dollars for this purpose. 'I could mention persons,' said he, 'whose names would astonish you, who are willing to do this if the war should now cease without further expense and with the abolition of slavery as stated.' But on this subject he said he could give no assurance, enter into no stipulations. He barely expressed his own feelings and views and what he believed to be the views of others on the subject."

President Lincoln suggested that this compensation might be made if the war should cease at that time, coupled with the voluntary abolition of slavery; yet he said Congress would have to decide on such questions. To put it plainly, his suggestion was for the Confederacy to abandon their cause and free the slaves as a condition precedent, and trust to Congress for compensation. . . .

Accepting as true all that Mr. Stephens reports President Lincoln to have said, it in no wise conflicts with my declaration that no such offer was made. Mr. Lincoln merely expressed his private personal views and his opinion as to the views of others, but expressly stated that "he could give neither assurance nor enter into any stipulations" on the subject, adding that "he barely expressed his own feelings and views and what he believed to be the views of others upon the subject." This being the only authority quoted, and no doubt all that could be quoted, to prove that President Lincoln offered to pay four hundred million dollars for the slaves if the Confederates would abandon the contest and return to the Union, it would seem to be unnecessary to offer other evidence to show that no such offer was ever made.

But this false story has been so often told and repeated by persons who had been led to believe it was true that I shall, at the risk of taxing the patience of those who may read this paper, quote enough of indisputable evidence to put this story at rest and also to show the absurdity of other and kindred statements, such as that Mr. Stephens said that President Lincoln told him: that if he would allow him (Lincoln) to write the word "Union" at the bottom of a sheet of paper, he (Stephens) might write any terms he pleased above it looking to terminating the war.

I prefer to call Vice President Stephens as the first witness to prove that all such statements are false. In his history of "The War between the States," Vol. II., page 602, he quotes President Lincoln as saying at the Hampton Roads conference that "the only basis on which he would entertain a proposition for a settlement was the recognition and reestablishment of the national authority throughout the land." On page 608 of the same volume Mr. Stephens quotes Mr. Lincoln as saying that he "could not entertain a proposition for an

armistice on any terms while the great and vital question of reunion was undisposed of;" and on page 609 of the same volume Mr. Stephens says: "Judge Campbell now renewed his inquiry how restoration was to take place, supposing the Confederate States were consenting to it. Mr. Lincoln replied: 'By disbanding their armies and permitting the national authorities to resume their functions.' Mr. Seward interposed and said that Mr. Lincoln could not express himself more clearly or forcibly in reference to this question than he had done in his message to Congress in December before, and referred specially to that portion in these words: 'In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority on the part of the insurgents as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the government, I retract nothing I said as to slavery. I repeat the declaration made a year ago: that while I remain in my present position I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation or by any act of Congress. If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to reenslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it.'"

These quotations show that with these views Mr. Lincoln could not have offered four hundred million dollars to secure peace and that he could not have said to Mr. Stephens: "Allow me to write 'Union' at the bottom of a sheet of paper, and you may write whatever terms you please above it." Besides, and what is equally as important, Mr. Stephens never said such an offer as either of those referred to was made. He is given as authority for statements he never made, and which would be in direct conflict with what he says did occur in that conference.

Messrs. Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell, the Confederate commissioners at the Hampton Roads conference, in their report to President Davis of the result of that conference, dated February 5, 1865, said: ". . . We understood from him [President Lincoln] that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which, under no circumstances, would be done; and, for the same reasons, that no such terms would be entertained by him from the states separately; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted without a satisfactory assurance of a complete restoration of the authority of the United States over all places within the states of the Confederacy." In other words, the only terms which could be allowed was the unconditional surrender of the Confederacy.

In that report the Confederate commissioners represent President Lincoln as saying that "whatever consequences may follow from the restoration of that authority must be accepted." They also say that "during the conference the proposed amendment to the constitution of the United States, adopted by Congress on the 31st ult., was brought to our notice. This amendment declares that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for crimes, shall exist within the United States or any place within their jurisdiction."

These commissioners also say: "We learned from

them [Lincoln and Seward] that the message of President Lincoln to the Congress of the United States, in December last [1864], explains clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to the terms, conditions, and method of proceeding by which peace can be secured to the people, and we were not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end."

The report of the Confederate commissioners quoted from above is published in full in the second volume of President Davis's book, entitled "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," pages 619, 620, and in McPherson's history of what he calls "The Rebellion," page 571, to which attention is invited. Not one word is said in that report about any offer being made by President Lincoln of four hundred million dollars to pay for the slaves if the Confederates would cease hostilities and return to the Union, nor is anything said in that report about a proposition by President Lincoln to Mr. Stephens for an agreement that if Mr. Lincoln was allowed to write the word "Union" at the bottom of a sheet of paper Mr. Stephens might write whatever terms of adjustment he pleased above it. Our commissioners were among the most distinguished men of the Confederacy, and it cannot be supposed that if any such propositions had been made they would have omitted to state the fact in their official report of the result of that conference to President Davis.

Judge Campbell, one of the Confederate commissioners, in a memorandum submitted to President Davis in relation to what occurred at that conference, says: "In conclusion, Mr. Hunter summed up what seemed to be the result of this interview: that there could be no arrangement by treaty between the Confederate States and the United States or any agreement between them; that there was nothing left for them but unconditional submission."

President Lincoln informed the Confederate commissioners in the conference at Hampton Roads that in his message to Congress of the preceding December he had explained clearly and distinctly his sentiments as to the terms, conditions, and method of proceeding by which peace could be secured to the people; and the commissioners add: "We were not informed that they would be modified or altered to obtain that end."

In that message of December 5, 1864, President Lincoln said: "At the last session of Congress a proposed amendment of the constitution of the United States, abolishing slavery throughout the United States, passed the Senate, but failed for the lack of the required two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives. Although the present is the same Congress and nearly the same members, and without questioning the wisdom or patriotism of those who stood in opposition, I venture to recommend the reconsideration and passage of the measure at the present session." This was what President Lincoln told the Confederate commissioners he adhered to, and does not agree with the statement that he, at that conference, offered four hundred million dollars for the slaves.

In that message he also said: "They [the Confederates] can at any moment have peace simply by laying down their arms and submitting to the national authority under the constitution." This also was one of the things stated in that message which he told the Confederate commissioners he adhered to: unconditional

surrender, and not the purchase of peace by paying four hundred million dollars for the negroes.

In his proclamation of September 22 he says: "On January 1, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any state or designated part of a state, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free."

Mr. Reagan quotes from Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, after a conference with Mr. Lincoln, and he makes his position satisfactory to all except a few who won't see that his denial of the four-hundred-million-dollar matter is true.

". . . The foolish and false statements which I have here controverted had their origin soon after the Hampton Roads conference among the unpatriotic malcontents in the Confederacy, who were great patriots while the Confederate cause had a chance of success, but who, as misfortune and disaster fell upon the Confederacy, busied themselves in denouncing the Confederate President and authorities for not making an impossible treaty of peace; and these stories have been kept alive since, for the most part, by persons who wished to show their superior wisdom and patriotism by condemning the Confederate officials for their want of sense and patriotism and for their stubbornness in failing to accept the favorable terms offered them by President Lincoln.

The statements I am controverting, if believed, could have no other effect than to discredit President Davis and his advisers, and were no doubt invented and, for the most part, circulated for that purpose. No Northern man who had any respect for the memory of President Lincoln ever made any such statements or believed them when repeated by Southern men. How unfortunate it was that the Confederacy could not, in the days of its peril and disaster, have availed itself of the wisdom of these men who became so wise after the peril had passed! May we not hope that the attempt to impose these vicious stories on our people may henceforward be frowned down by all lovers of truth and justice?

AFTERGLOW OF THE REUNION.

Memphis Commercial Appeal: Underlying all the enthusiasm and sparkle, the hospitality and good comradeship, of the late reunion of Confederates at Nashville there was ever a current of sadness. These men who fought side by side, who shared perils and rations with equal readiness, are no longer on the sunny side of youth. There are no young ex-Confederates; they are indeed veterans in years as well as in war records. Thirty-two years have passed, and even those who went into service as boys are now on the downward slope of life's long hill. Upon these men, at each reunion, there is thrust most forcibly the fact that heads are whitening and backs are bending under the snows and burdens of time. And, sadder still, year by year the ranks are thinning, pruned by that reaper whose name is Death. . . . The reunion at Nashville was the largest held in years, and now that it is over and the men have scattered to their homes, now that the war stories and stirring martial music are no longer in their ears, these veterans are asking themselves when and where the next meeting will be. For many of

them it will be beyond the river, under the shadow of the tree of life, where only the valor and the victory will be remembered and defeat and disappointment will have been forever forgotten. To these the "taps" at Nashville will swell into the reveille of eternity; and it is this that shadows the reunion with sorrow.

"I'm looking for members of my old regiment, the Thirteenth Tennessee, but I can't find any of them." This remark was heard by Capt. Simpson, of Gallatin, who at once was interested, and asked: "Do you remember the man who rode the little mule?" "O yes! I'd know him. It was Capt. Simpson." A careful look from each at the other revealed an identity between comrades who had not seen each other since the surrender. Capt. Simpson tells of another interesting incident. He and John Bean, of the same company and regiment, who was from Massachusetts, and made a faithful and good soldier, now living in Robertson County, were hunting each other, but descriptions had to be made before they could recognize each other.

Comrade F. O'Brien, Adjutant of the camp at Berwick, La., pays fine tribute to Nashville, in the hospitality of the people, also the grace and beauty of her women. By the by, he handed his umbrella to a lady on the parade, and this notice may enable her to return it to him. In his letter the comrade makes some pertinent suggestions. He thinks the delegations are too large, and that while a smaller number could transact the business of the convention to better advantage, it would give many of those who attend better opportunities to enjoy the social features, which is best of all. He thinks the time is past for distinction because of rank; that that difference died out when the war ended.

SERMONS BEFORE THE REUNION.

Rev. James I. Vance, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, had for his theme

LIFE'S LOST CAUSES.

Dr. Vance is the proud son of a veteran, and an able advocate of the principles for which the South rallied and rallied in defense of home. He used as his text the command of the Lord to Moses: "Get thee up into this mountain . . . and die."

Moses failed of his ideal, and his cause is numbered with the lost causes of life. Nevertheless, as we look back upon it now, it was not lost in the highest sense. The summons to death was also a summons to life. The years of dreary marching and hot battle were not in vain. They made a man. They left their impress upon Moses's life and character. They created a hunger in his heart which the earthly Canaan could never satisfy, but which was satisfied somewhere. It was more important for the old Israelite to reach Godlike character than a land flowing with milk and honey.

Life's lost causes! This is the picture which my text throws on the canvas. Human experience is ever reproducing it in flesh and blood. The story of human life is that of dreams unfulfilled, ideas unrealized, goals unattained. We journey for a lifetime toward something we have never seen. Youth steps forth with ambition beating high and paints its conception of life in the colors of the dawn. Time makes the colors dim. Days of fierce heat beat down and nights of benumbing chill close in. There is disappointment and failure.

Suppose in the midst of discipline one has been reduced to beggary. Has he failed? If in the turmoil of life his heart has been scarred with sorrow, his forehead seamed with care, his shoulders bent with many burdens, still if the heart of the great oak is within him, and the stiffness of steel is in the fiber of his life, he has not suffered loss.

In the old Virginia town of Alexandria there is a monument erected to the memory of the Confederate private. It is entitled "Appomattox." On a granite base stands an historic figure in bronze. The face is sad but determined. The pose expresses weariness and dejection. The uniform of the soldier is still there, but there are no arms. Lee has surrendered, and this man, who has fought his last battle and lost, has turned his face southward toward his ruined home and his desolate country. I have seen no more striking and



REV. JAMES I. VANCE, D.D.

eloquent memorial of the lost cause than this to the Confederate private. [This monument appears in the JUNE VETERAN.—EDITOR.] As one stands before the figure and comprehends the conception of the sculptor, he involuntarily uncovers his head in reverence. What difference does it make that the issues of war have gone against him? He still possesses all that is of worth in manhood. Were he returning flushed with victory, enriched by the spoils of battle, to an estate not annihilated, but enhanced by the results of the war, he would be no greater than he is now in his loneliness, dejection, and poverty. He has endured discipline and achieved heroism.

Again, the ideals of a lost cause survive the issue of battle and the hour of apparent defeat. Majorities cannot touch these ideas. Majorities can decide pending conflicts, alter conditions, shape the rough exter-

nals of life; but a majority fiat can never touch the spirit nor decide the right and wrong of a contest. Truth is truth, whether it have a conquering army at its back or wear the chains of imprisonment, like Paul in his cell at Rome.

Our ideals survive the hour of defeat. His enemies could nail Christ to the cross, but they could not quench the ideals he embodied. His seemed to be a lost cause as the darkness fell on the great tragedy at Calvary, but out of what seemed Golgotha's irretrievable defeat has come the cause whose mission it is to save that which is lost.

The ideal is the great thing. Let the symbol perish if only the ideal is immortal. Work on. The great thing in your picture is not the price it may bring in the market, but the thought in your soul, which you endeavor to make live on canvas. That is your ideal. The niggardly market cannot touch that. As long as that lives you are an artist, whether your income be a million a year or—penury.

The virtues which a lost cause has created and consecrated can never be lost. They are, if the cause be noble, such virtues as bravery, patriotism, self-sacrifice, loyalty to duty. These are great, whatever cause they serve. Suppose the cause which enlists them goes down in defeat, they survive. Bravery has not lost its soul because it dwells in the breast of the vanquished; patriotism is not dead because its children are in the minority. Those virtues survive all battlefields. The issue of battle is only an incident. The patriotism that has power to kindle itself in other souls and warm its cause in the heart-glow of succeeding generations can never be accounted lost.

A few days ago I was permitted to look upon an old overcoat whose color is faded and whose skirts are ragged and worn, but around which there gathers a story of heroism and devotion to duty as sublime as ever held the rapt attention of an admiring auditor. The old coat was sent by an ex-chaplain of the Northern army to the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. During the next few days it will be the object of admiring reverence to thousands. It would not bring a farthing for trade, but its price is above rubies for patriotism, and, like Elijah's mantle of old, the spirit of the mighty dwells within it. It was the overcoat worn by the young Tennessee hero, Samuel Davis, on the day of his execution. Arrested, convicted as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged, he was offered pardon and a safe escort home if he would reveal the name of the man who had given him certain papers found upon his person. He was young, and life was full of promise, but he mounted the steps to the scaffold without a tremor, and to the earnest entreaty of his captors said: "I had rather die a thousand times than betray my trust." That young hero died with his life-dream unfulfilled, but no hangman's noose can throttle such dauntless valor. It goes marching on, commanding the adoration of friend and foe alike. Only yesterday a letter was received from Gen. Dodge, the commanding officer under whose orders Davis was executed, inclosing his check and begging the privilege of a share in raising a monument to this immortal Southern patriot.

After all, this life of lost causes is but preparation. We must throw the future into the perspective. The incidents of life have more about them than the pres-

ent. All the ages gather around them. Destiny is to speak a word over the lost causes of earth. Then it will appear that what we retain is not what we have acquired, but what we have become.

Because of all this men may glorify their lost causes. In them there is something to recall, to reverence, to worship. The worst is not to fail, but to fail and be ashamed to recall the failure. But a lost cause whose memory fires the heart, mantles the cheek with pride, and makes all that is great and glorious in manhood and womanhood surge to the front, can never be a calamity. It is a priceless treasure.

"They are poor that have lost nothing; they are poorer far who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor of all who lose and wish they might forget."

During the days of the week upon which we are entering the lesson of this morning will find startling illustration. The cause which the Southern heart still sings and which we have come to call the "lost cause," will be to the fore. The tattered remnants of an army as noble as was ever marshaled will march through the city's gates to be our welcome guests. Nashville will open wide her doors, and, with all the land's approval of her hospitality, she will take to her hearts and homes the best that can be offered these veteran soldiers of the lost cause.

Dressed in their gray regimentals, they will march through the streets of the city with the strains of Dixie vibrant in the air. As you watch and listen the tears will spring to your eyes and your shouts will storm the sky with loud acclaim. Comrade will greet comrade. The past will live in the present. The story of immortal campaigns will be told by those whose knightly valor made them immortal. And all of this for love of a cause that is lost, of a flag that is but a memory, of a nation whose only territory is a name.

Nor must this be accounted disloyalty. The Union is one. That company of Southern soldiers, dressed in Confederate gray, which escorted President McKinley to the Exposition gates the other week amid the shouts of all the people, rode down beneath the steel-clad hoofs of their horses the last vestige of the ghost of sectionalism. The Union is one. The South is as loyal as the North, but let neither be recreant to the past nor ashamed of a period glorified, not by the issue at stake—which was accidental and incidental—but by patriotism and valorous sacrifice never surpassed.

The South is not ashamed of the lost cause, which can never be lost so long as men preach patriotism, glorify valor, and worship sacrifice. The period of struggle was the period of discipline. It was providence placing the idle ore in flame and forge. God said, "Go up and die," but already the South has learned that the summons to death was also a summons to life. It was a call to transformation rather than to a grave, and so, lying down on the rugged summit of her defeat and despair, the South is awakening to an inheritance that eclipses all her past.

Thus life's lost causes become life's divinest achievements when glorified by a noble purpose and served by unselfish devotion. As history unfolds, God makes all this plain. We lie down on the rugged summits, and awake in glory everlasting. May we have the patience that waits as well as the hope that aspires!

Confederate Veteran.

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Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

An account of the proceedings in the convention in a general way and the incidents of the reunion must be deferred to the August number. The promised review of Sam Davis and publication of the camp list, together with the great speech of Hon. J. H. Reagan, occupy so much space in this enlarged number that important omissions are unavoidable. "Charming Nellie," "Boots and Saddles," and a sermon on "Christ in the Confederate Army," by Rev. Dr. Hawthorne, of Nashville, are of them.

Appeal is herein made to every veteran who had pathetic experience in meeting comrades to write about it, as briefly as practicable, and send at once.

The oldest and youngest soldiers in the Confederate army have had much attention among comrades recently. The August number will contain some remarkable sketches, with pictures. They will treat of oldest and youngest officers as well.

If it occurs to you that credit is due somebody for the splendid records presented by and preserved in the VETERAN, be assured that your share depends upon the proportion of what you have done for it. Although so blessed with health and heart that every article, in every number, from the beginning, has had the careful consideration of the founder and editor, he would long since have been forgotten and the publication been of the things remembered by name only, but for the zeal of a multitude never known to the public. Ah! that multitude! Many of those who were most zealous have "crossed over," and their work must be taken up by others or be left unfinished. In this connection it is suggested that no patriot will be smart (?) in borrowing the VETERAN from his neighbor, if he can subscribe. The heartiest commendation of subscribers, however, is expressed in lending their copies. As liberally as it is practicable, copies are sent with best good will to worthy, unfortunate comrades who can't pay at all. So it surely should be a matter of conscience of friends who are able to give it their individual support. Here is an example.

Col. V. Y. Cooke, of Elmo, Ark., Adjutant General U. C. V. for that state, writes:

My whole heart is with you in sustaining the VETERAN. Furnish me list of the delinquents, and I will see what I can do with it.

Our circular to the division will appear in Friday's *Gazette*, in which I have appealed the necessity of their renewals to the VETERAN. Dr. A. D. Holland, of Newport, has agreed to work that town and also to

solicit subscriptions in his travels. I have instructed that a certain boy at Bald Knob, who is energetic and enterprising, get you up a club.

I inclose herewith five dollars, which please pass to my credit on my subscription. Rest assured that I will do my best for the VETERAN. I intend to write several personal letters to the staff, requesting them to raise clubs.

In an appeal to his state comrades Col. Cook states:

You have in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN a friend on whom you can rely at all times and at all hazards. It is your official organ, an exponent of your action, ever ready not only to defend you, but to exalt your glorious achievements, that the civilized world may be made aware of your heroism and patriotism and that your prowess by privations is unsurpassed.

The camp list in this VETERAN is doubtless the largest and most accurate report of membership of any organization ever printed in a periodical. It will not be generally interesting in detail, and yet it is a valuable reference. Subsequent to that list, which will not be printed again soon, Gen. Moorman reported Camp Pat Cleburne, 1027, at Harrisburg, Ark., with W. G. Godfrey as Commander, and the Tattnall County Camp, 1028, Glenville, Ga., with J. D. Deloach as Commander and H. S. Williams Adjutant.

The death of United States Senator Isham G. Harris is a noted event in the history of the country. It occurred July 8, 1897, in Washington City. To surviving veterans and other active people of 1861-65, and especially of Tennessee, there is hardly a more memorable event than the vigorous and defiant action of Gov. Harris when President Lincoln called upon him to supply seventy-five thousand troops "to put down the rebellion." He replied, with the state still in the Union: "Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defense of our rights and those of our Southern brethren." Senator Harris is succeeded by Hon. Thomas B. Turley, his law partner, of Memphis. Mr. Turley is a Confederate veteran. He was twice wounded, and was a prisoner at the close of the war. Mr. Turley will ever be an honor to his state and country.

Why did Horace Greeley go on Jefferson Davis's bond, when it was so inconsistent with his career? It will be remembered that a fine portrait of Mr. Greeley was torn from its place in an elegant reading room and destroyed, and that he was severely condemned by many who had been his ardent friends and supporters.

Vic Reinhardt, Terrell, Tex.: I desire to hear from some member of Company A or C, Twenty-fourth Alabama Infantry, in regard to a comrade named Lauve, who was killed near Richmond. I hope any comrade who can give any information will write me at once.

SAMUEL DAVIS,

The Hero Whose Honor Was Above Price.

Strange but true it is that the voluntary testimony of two Federal veterans induced the action taken through this publication to establish the merit to fame of Samuel Davis, a Confederate scout who suffered death as a spy. The story is herein reproduced.

Joshua Brown, now of New York City, who was a fellow-scout with Sam Davis, tells of his noble demeanor in the trying ordeal when he refused the offer of his life and liberty for the price of honor. Mr. Brown wrote two years ago:

Other patriots have died: Nathan Hale, of the Revolution, and Capt. W. Orton Williams and Lieut. Peters, who were hanged at Franklin by the Federals. They knew that death was inevitable, and died like brave soldiers. Davis had liberty offered him, a full pardon and a pass through the lines, if he would only reveal where he got the information and the papers that were found upon his person and in his saddle seat, but he knew that the man who gave them to him was at that moment in jail with him. That man was Capt. Shaw, chief of Gen. Bragg's scouts, and had charge of the secret service of the Army of Tennessee.

Gen. Bragg had sent us, a few men who knew the country, into Middle Tennessee to get all the information possible concerning the movements of the Federal army, to find out if it was moving from Nashville and Corinth to reinforce Chattanooga. We were to report to Capt. Shaw, called "Coleman," who commanded the scouts. We were to go south to Decatur, and send our reports by a courier line to Gen. Bragg at Missionary Ridge. When we received our orders we were told that the duty was very dangerous, and that they did not expect but few of us to return; that we would probably be captured or killed, and we were cautioned against exposing ourselves unnecessarily.

After we had been in Tennessee about ten days we watched the Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Dodge, move up from Corinth to Pulaski. We agreed that we would leave for the South on Friday, the 19th of November, 1863. A number had been captured and several killed. We were to start that night, each man for himself; each of us had his own information, but I did not write it down or make any memorandum of it, for fear of being captured. I had counted almost every regiment and all the artillery in the Sixteenth Corps, and had found out that they were moving on Chattanooga. Late in the afternoon we started out and ran into the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, known as the "Kansas Jayhawkers," and when we were told what regiment had captured us we thought our time had come. We were taken to Pulaski, about fifteen miles away, and put in jail, where several other prisoners had been sent, and among whom was Sam Davis. I talked with him over our prospects of imprisonment and escape, which were very gloomy. He said that they had searched him that day and found some papers upon him, and that he had been taken to Gen. Dodge's headquarters. They also had found in his saddle seat maps and descriptions of the fortifications at Nashville and other points, and an exact report of the Federal Army in Ten-

nessee. They found in his boot this letter, with other papers, which were intended for Gen. Bragg:

"Giles County, Tenn., Thursday Morning, November 18, 1863. — Col. A. McKinstry, Provost Marshal General, the Army of Tennessee, Chattanooga. Dear Sir: I send you seven Nashville, three Louisville, and one Cincinnati, papers, with dates to the 17th—in all eleven.

"I also send, for Gen. Bragg, three wash-balls of soap, three toothbrushes, and two blank books. I could not get a larger size diary for him. I will send a pair of shoes and slippers, some more soap, gloves, and socks soon.

"The Yankees are still camped on the line of the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad. Gen. Dodge's headquarters are at Pulaski; his main force is camped



BUST OF SAM DAVIS.

from that place to Lynnville; some at Elk River, and two regiments at Athens. Gen. Dodge has issued an order to the people in those counties on the road to report all stock, grain, and forage to him, and he says he will pay or give vouchers for it. Upon refusal to report, he will take it without pay. They are now taking all they can find. Dodge says that he knows the people are all Southern, and does not ask them to swear a lie. All the spare forces around Nashville and vicinity are being sent to McMinnville. Six batteries and twelve Parrott guns were sent forward on the 14th, 15th, and 16th. It is understood that there is hot work in front somewhere. Telegrams suppressed.

"Davis has returned; Gregg has gone below. Everything is beginning to work better. I send Roberts with things for you and Gen. Bragg, with dispatches.



MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE HOME OF SAM DAVIS.

I do not think the Feds. mean to stay; they are not repairing the main points on the road. I understand that part of Sherman's forces have reached Shelbyville. I think a part of some other than Dodge's Division came to Lynnville from the direction of Fayetteville. I hope to be able to post you soon. I sent Billy Moore over in that country, and am sorry to say that he was captured. One of my men has just returned from there. The general impression of the citizens is that they will move forward some way. Their wagon trains have returned from Nashville. Davis tells me that the line is in order to Summerville. I send this by one of my men to that place. The dispatches sent you on the 9th, with papers on the 7th, reached Decatur on the 10th at 9 P.M. Citizens were reading the papers next morning after breakfast. I do not think the Major will do to forward them with reports. I am with high regard,

"E. COLEMAN, *Captain Commanding Scouts.*"

His pass reads: "Headquarters Gen. Bragg's Scouts, Middle Tennessee, September 25, 1863. Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in Middle Tennessee or south of the Tennessee River he may think proper. By order of Gen. Bragg. E. Coleman, Captain Commanding Scouts."

The next morning Davis was again taken to Gen. Dodge's headquarters, and this is what took place between them, which Gen. Dodge told me recently:

"I took him into my private office," said the General, "and told him that it was a very serious charge brought against him: that he was a spy, and, from what I found upon his person, he had accurate information in regard to my army, and that I must know where he obtained it. I told him that he was a young man, and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. Up to that time he had said nothing, but then he replied in the most respectful and dignified manner: 'Gen. Dodge, I know the danger

of my situation, and I am willing to take the consequences.'

"I asked him then to give me the name of the person from whom he got the information; that I knew it must be some one near headquarters or who had the confidence of the officers of my staff, and repeated that I *must* know the source from which it came. I insisted that he should tell me, but he firmly declined to do so. I told him that I would have to call a court-martial and have him tried for his life, and from the proof we had that they would be compelled to condemn him; that there was no chance for him unless he gave the source of his information.

"He replied: 'I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling that I am doing my duty to God and my country.'

"I pleaded with him and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He then said: 'It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to do it. You can court-martial me, or do anything else you like, but I will not betray the trust imposed in me.' He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him."

The following is the action of the commission, which has been furnished me by Gen. Dodge:

Proceedings of a Military Commission which convened at Pulaski, Tenn., by virtue of the following general order:

"Headquarters Left Wing Sixteenth A. C., Pulaski, Tenn., November 20, 1863. General Order No. 72—

A Military Commission is hereby appointed to meet at Pulaski, Tenn., on the 23d inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Samuel Davis, and such other persons as may be brought before it.

"Detail for the Commission: (1) Col. Madison Miller, Eighteenth Missouri Infantry Volunteers; (2) Lieut.-Col. Thomas W. Gains, Fiftieth Missouri Infantry Volunteers; (3) Major Lathrop, Thirty-ninth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, Judge Advocate. The Commission will sit without regard to hours. By order of Brig.-Gen. G. M. Dodge, J. W. Barnes, Lieutenant and A. A. G."

REPORT OF THE COMMISSION.

"The Commission does therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, at such time and place as the commanding general shall direct, two-thirds of the Commission concurring in the sentence.

"Finding the sentence of the Commission approved, the sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, November 27, 1863, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.

"Brig.-Gen. T. W. Sweeney, commanding the Second Division, will cause the necessary arrangements to be made to carry out this order in the proper manner."

Capt. Armstrong, the provost-marshal, informed Davis of the sentence of the court-martial. He was surprised at the severe punishment, expecting to be shot, not thinking they would hang him, but he showed no fear, and resigned himself to his fate as only brave men can. That night he wrote the following letter to his mother:

"Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., November 26, 1863.
—Dear Mother: O how painful it is to write you! I have got to die to-morrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-bye for evermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all. Your son,

"SAMUEL DAVIS.

"Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles County, Tenn., south of Columbia. S. D."

After his sentence he was put into a cell in the jail, and we did not see anything of him until Thursday morning, the day before the execution. We were ordered to get ready, as we were going to be removed to the courthouse, in the public square, about one hundred feet from the jail. Davis was handcuffed, and was brought in just as we were eating breakfast. I gave him a piece of meat that I had been cooking, and he, being handcuffed, was compelled to eat it with both hands. He thanked me, and we all bade him good-bye, and were sent to the courthouse, and the guard was doubled around the jail.

The next morning, Friday, November 27, at ten o'clock, we heard the drums, and a regiment of infantry marched down to the jail, a wagon with a coffin in it was driven up, and the provost-marshal went into the jail

and brought Davis out. He got into the wagon and stood up and looked around at the courthouse, and seeing us at the windows, bowed to us his last farewell. He was dressed in a dark brown overcoat with a cape to it, which had been a blue Federal coat, such as many of us had captured and then dyed brown. I note this because it has been stated that he was dressed in citizen's clothes. I do not remember exactly, but think he had on a gray jacket underneath. He then sat down upon his coffin, and the regiment moved off to the suburbs of the town, where the gallows was built.

Upon reaching the gallows, he got out of the wagon and took his seat on a bench under a tree. He asked Capt. Armstrong how long he had to live. He replied: "Fifteen minutes." He then asked Capt. Armstrong the news. He told him of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and that our army had been defeated. He expressed much regret, and said: "The boys will have to fight the battles without me."

Armstrong said: "I regret very much having to do this: I feel that I would almost rather die myself than to do what I have to do."

Davis replied: "I do not think hard of you; you are doing your duty."

Gen. Dodge still had hope that Davis would recant when he saw that death was staring him in the face, and that he would reveal the name of the traitor in his camp. He sent Capt. Chickasaw, of his staff, to Davis. He rapidly approached the scaffold, jumped from his horse, and went directly to him, and asked him if it would not be better for him to speak the name of the one from whom he received the contents of the document found upon him, adding: "It is not too late yet."

And then, in his last extremity, Davis turned upon him and said: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

He then requested him to thank Gen. Dodge for his efforts to save him, but to repeat that he could not accept the terms. Turning to the chaplain, he gave him a few keepsakes to send his mother. He then said to the provost-marshal, "I am ready," ascended the scaffold, and stepped upon the trap.

In a private letter sent with the sketen, Comrade Brown writes:

I wish to say further that Gen. Dodge has been very kind, and given me every assistance in getting the reports from the War Department.

LETTER FROM GEN. DODGE.

Every one who honors the peerless hero will be gratified that Gen. Dodge, under whose orders he was executed, has lived until this time and has the heart to add tribute to his fellow-man.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1897.

Editor Confederate Veteran: In fulfillment of my promise to give you my recollections of Samuel Davis, who was hung as a spy in November, 1863, at Pulaski, Tenn., I desire to say that in writing of matters which occurred thirty-four years ago one is apt to make mistakes as to minor details, but the principal facts were such that they impressed themselves upon my mind so that I can speak of them with some certainty.

When Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Sherman (whose

head of column was near Eastport, on Tennessee River) to drop everything and bring his army to Chattanooga, my corps, the Sixteenth, was then located at Corinth, Miss., and I brought up the rear. Gen. Grant's anxiety to attack Gen. Bragg's command before Gen. Longstreet could return from East Tennessee brought on the battle before I could reach Chattanooga. Gen. Grant therefore instructed Gen. Sherman to halt my command in Middle Tennessee and to instruct me to rebuild the railway from Nashville to Decatur. The fulfilling of this order is fully set forth by Gen. Grant in his memoirs.

When I reached the line of the Nashville and Decatur railroad I distributed my troops from Columbia south toward Athens, Ala. I had about ten thousand men and eight thousand animals and was without provisions, with no railroad or water communication to any basis of supply, and was obliged to draw subsistence for my command from the adjacent country until I could rebuild the railroad and receive my supplies from Nashville.

My command was a part of the Army of the Tennessee, occupying temporarily a portion of the territory of the Department of the Cumberland, but not reporting or subject to the commander of that department.

Upon an examination of the country I found that there was an abundance of everything needed to supply my command, except where Sherman's forces had swept across it along Elk River. He wrote me: "I do not think that my forces have left a chicken for you." I also found that I was in a country where the sentiment of the people was almost unanimously against us. I had very little faith in converting them by the taking of the oath of allegiance; I therefore issued an order, stating the products of the country I required to supply my command, and to all who had those products, regardless of their sentiments, who would bring them to the stations where my troops were located, I would pay a fair price for them; but if I had to send and bring the supplies myself that I should take them without making payment, giving them only receipts; and also issued instructions that every train going for supplies should be accompanied by an officer, and receipt given for what he took. This had a good effect, the citizens generally bringing their supplies to my command and receiving the proper vouchers; but it also gave an opportunity for straggling bands to rob and charge up their depredations to my command. This caused many complaints to be filed with the Military Governor of Tennessee and the department commander of the Cumberland.

Upon investigation, I found most of these depredations were committed by irresponsible parties on both sides, and I also discovered that there was a well-organized and disciplined corps of scouts and spies within my lines, one force operating to the east of the line, under Capt. "Coleman," and another force operating to the west, having its headquarters in the vicinity of Florence, Ala. I issued orders to my own spies to locate these parties, sending out scouting parties to wipe them out or drive them across the Tennessee River. My cavalry had considerable experience in this work in and around Corinth, and they were very successful. They brought in many prisoners, most of whom could only be treated as prisoners of war. The Seventh Kansas

Cavalry was very efficient in this service, and they captured Samuel Davis, Joshua Brown, — Smith, and Gen. Bragg's chief of scouts and secret service, Capt. H. B. Shaw—all about the same time. We did not know of the importance of the capture of Shaw.

Nothing of importance was found on any of the prisoners except upon Davis, who evidently had been selected to carry through to Gen. Bragg the information they had obtained. Upon Davis were found letters from Capt. Shaw (known as "Coleman"), the commander of the scouts to the east of us, and many others. I was very anxious to capture "Coleman" and break up his command, as my own scouts and spies within the Confederate lines were continually reporting to us the news sent south by Shaw and his movements within my lines.

Davis was brought immediately to me, as his captors knew his importance. They believed he was an officer, and also knew he was a member of Coleman's or Shaw's command. When brought to my office I met him pleasantly. I knew what had been found upon him, and I desired to locate "Coleman" and ascertain, if possible, who was furnishing the information, which I saw was accurate and valuable, to Gen. Bragg. Davis met me modestly. He was a fine, soldierly looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal soldier's coat, one of our army soft hats, and top boots. He had a frank, open face, which was inclined to brightness. I tried to impress upon him the danger he was in and that I knew he was only a messenger, and held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully, as far as he could, my questions. He listened attentively and respectfully to me, but, as I recollect, made no definite answer, and I had him returned to the prison.

My recollection is that Capt. Armstrong, my provost marshal, placed in the prison with him and the other prisoners one of our own spies, who claimed to them to be one of another Confederate scouting party operating within my lines. However, they all kept their own counsel, and we obtained no information of value from them. The reason of this reticence was the fact that they all knew Capt. Shaw was one of our captives, and that if his importance were made known to us he would certainly be hung; and they did not think that Davis would be executed. One of the prisoners, named Moore, escaped. [Notice of Moore's escape may be seen elsewhere.—Ed.]

Upon Davis was found a large mail of value. Much of it was letters from the friends and relatives of soldiers in the Confederate army. There were many small presents, one or two, I remember, to Gen. Bragg, and much accurate information of my forces, of our defenses, our intentions, substance of my orders, criticisms as to my treatment of the citizens, and a general approval of my payment for supplies, while a few denounced severely some of the parties who had hauled in supplies under the orders. Capt. Shaw mentioned this in one of his letters. There were also intimations of the endeavor that would be made to interrupt my work and plans for the capture of single soldiers and small parties of the command out after forage.

I had Davis brought before me again after my provost marshal had reported his inability to obtain anything of value from him. I then informed him that he would be tried as a spy, that the evidence against him would

surely convict him, and made a direct appeal to him to give me the information that I knew he had. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. I therefore let him be tried and suffer the consequence. Considerable interest was taken in young Davis by the provost marshal and Chaplain Young, and considerable pressure was brought to bear upon them by some of the citizens of Pulaski, and I am under the impression that some of them saw Davis and endeavored to induce him to save himself, but they failed. Mrs. John A. Jackson, I remember, made a personal appeal in his behalf to me.

Davis was convicted upon trial and sentenced. Then one of my noted scouts, known as "Chickasaw," believed that he could prevail upon Davis to give the information we asked. He took him in hand, and never gave it up until the last moment, going to the scaffold with a promise of pardon a few moments before his execution.

Davis died to save his own chief, Capt. Shaw, who was in prison with him and was captured the same day.

The parties who were prisoners with Davis have informed me that it was Shaw who had selected Davis as the messenger to Gen. Bragg and had given to him part of his mail and papers. I did not know this certainly until a long time after the war. I first learned of it by rumor and what some of my own scouts have told me since the war, and it has since been confirmed confidentially to me by one of the prisoners who was captured about the same time that Davis was and who was imprisoned with him up to the time he was convicted and sentenced, and knew Shaw also, as well as all the facts in the case. Capt. Shaw was an important officer in Gen. Bragg's secret service corps. He had furnished the important documents to Davis, but his captors did not know him and his importance. I sent Capt. Shaw North with the other prisoners as prisoners of war. I learned that he was greatly alarmed when he was informed that I was trying to induce Davis to give me the information he had. This is where Davis showed himself a true soldier: he had been intrusted with an important commission by an important officer, who was imprisoned with him, and died rather than betray him. He knew to a certainty that if he informed me of the facts Shaw would be executed, as he was a far more important person to us than was Davis.

During the war I had many spies captured, some executed who were captured within the Confederate

lines, and who were equally brave in meeting their fate. By an extraordinary effort I saved the life of one who was captured by Forrest. Through my efforts this man escaped, though Gen. Forrest sized him up correctly. He was one of the most important men we ever had within the Confederate lines. Forrest was determined to hang him, but Maj. Gen. Bishop Polk believed him innocent, and desired to save him.

Great interest was taken in Davis at the time, because it was known by all of the command that I desired to save him. Your publication bears many evidences of this fact. It is not, therefore, necessary for me to state that I regretted to see the sentence executed; but it was one of the fates of war, which is cruelty itself, and there is no refining it.

I find this letter bearing upon the case. It may be of interest. It was my first report to Maj. B. M. Sawyer, Assistant Adjutant General, Army of the Tennessee, notifying him of the capture of Davis. It is dated Pulaski, Tenn., November 20, 1863, and is as follows:

"I herewith inclose a copy of dispatches taken from one of Bragg's spies. He had a heavy mail, papers, etc., and shows 'Capt. Coleman' is pretty well posted. We have broken up several bands of mounted robbers and Confederate cavalry in the last week, capturing some five commissioned officers and one hundred enlisted men, who have been forwarded. I also forward a few of the most important letters found in the mail. The tooth-brushes and blank books I was greatly in need of, and therefore appropriated them. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

"G. M. DODGE, Brigadier General."

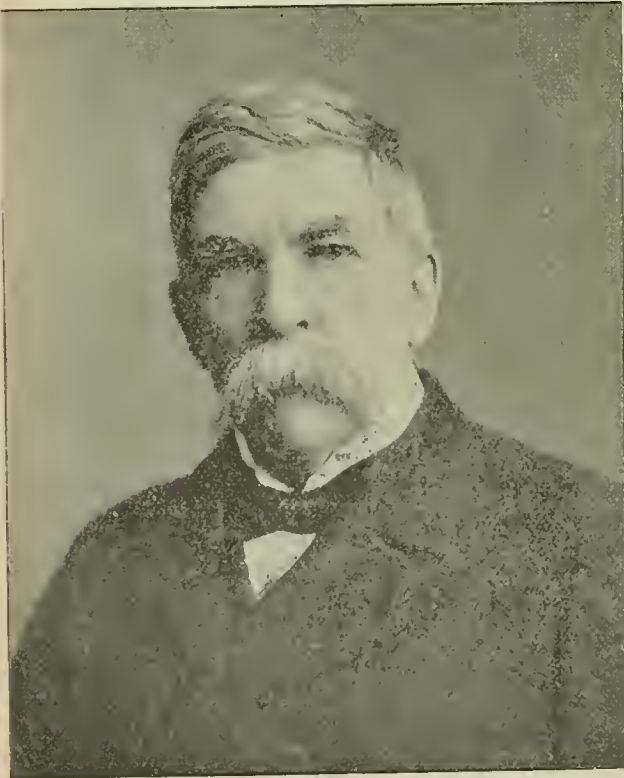
The severe penalty of death where a spy is captured is not because there is anything dishonorable in the fact of the person being a spy, as only men of peculiar gifts for such service, men of courage and cool judgment and undoubted patriotism, are selected. The fact that the information they obtain is found within their enemy's lines and probably of great danger to the army is what causes the penalty to be so very severe. A soldier caught in the uniform or a part of the uniform of his enemy, within his enemy's lines, establishes the fact that he is a spy and is there in violation of the articles of war and for no good purpose. This alone will prohibit his being treated as a prisoner of war. When caught, as Davis was, in our uniform, with valuable documents upon him, seals his fate.



New York June 16 1897. \$100
 Kountze Brothers Bankers,
 120 BROADWAY
 Pay to the order of \$100 —
 Ten — Dollars.
 G. M. Dodge

I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis's comrades understand his soldierly qualities and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in aiding in raising the monument to his memory, although the services he performed were for the purpose of injuring my command, but given in faithfully performing the duties to which he was assigned.

[Maj. Gen. Grenville Mellen Dodge was born in Putnamville, Mass., April 12, 1831. He was self-educated, is self-made. In 1851 he had gone West and entered the service of the Illinois Central Railroad as a civil engineer. He afterwards made the survey by which the first Pacific railway was promoted by Congress. In 1856 he was chosen captain of the Council Bluffs (Iowa) Guards, and in 1861 he was appointed to the staff of Gov. Kirkwood, and was sent to Washing-



ton on a successful mission to procure six thousand stands of arms and ammunition for Iowa troops. He was next commissioned as colonel of the Fourth Iowa Infantry. In 1862, as brigadier general, he was assigned to command of the Central Division, Army of the Tennessee, with headquarters at Trenton, Tenn. He extended the Mobile and Ohio railroad, building stockades and earthworks at important places. His promotion to major general occurred during the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. The *Tammany* (N. Y.) *Times*, in connection with Gen. Dodge's grand marshalship of the Grant Monument inaugural parade some weeks ago, stated that he was "fitted by birth and training for it." Gen. Dodge served with Grant and

knew him both as soldier and man, as officer and well-beloved comrade. "It is peculiarly fitting that he should have been in command when a nation gathered to witness the marshaling of an army greater than the country has seen before in all its history, assembled for a pacific purpose, under the kindly control of Grant's distinguished associate. No other officer could have filled so fittingly the position."

THE SAM DAVIS OVERCOAT.

Rev. James Young, to whom Gen. Dodge refers, a chaplain in the Federal army, and Sam Davis were evidently cordially attached to each other. In a letter to the editor of the *VETERAN*, May 22, he wrote a description of the overcoat, in which he states: "Before we left the jail he gave it to me, requesting me to keep it in remembrance of him."

In a subsequent letter the venerable clergyman states that, while still appreciating the gift, he regards "the remembrance fairly fulfilled. I am in my seventy-third year, and could not reasonably expect to take care of it a great while longer. I have cut one of the small buttons off the cape, which I will keep. The night before the execution Mr. Davis joined with us in singing the well-known hymn, 'On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand,' in animated voice."

It happened that the package containing the overcoat was received just as the Nashville Daughters of the Confederacy opened their first meeting in Ward Seminary (reunion headquarters), and when they had recited the Lord's Prayer in unison the recipient of the coat called attention to what he wished to show them, stating that he did it at once as a fitting event to follow "that prayer." The record made by Miss Mackie Hardison, Assistant Secretary of the chapter, states:

When it was shown every heart was melted to tears, and there we sat in that sacred silence. Not a sound was heard save the sobs that came from aching hearts. It was a time too sacred for words, for we seemed almost face to face with that grand and heroic man, the noblest son of the South and our own Tennessee. Never have we seen hearts melted so instantaneously as were these the instant this treasure was revealed. In a moment, in "the twinkling of an eye," with one accord we wept together; and then Mr. C— quietly stole away, taking this sacred relic with him. It was some time before we could resume business and hear the minutes of the previous meeting.

The editor of the *VETERAN*, at the suggestion of Photographer Giers, put on this coat, as a suitable way to get the picture, and, the face being fairly good, an engraving will be sent to friends who request it when remitting for subscriptions.

Referring to the boot, which was cut off at the ankle, Rev. Mr. Young writes that the fetters around his ankle were so tight that he cut the legs off so the pressure of the fetters would not be so severe.

Comrade W. J. Moore, of Maury County, Tenn., while at the reunion told of his capture and escape from Pulaski. He was one of the scouts, and had been ordered two days before to carry the papers given to Sam Davis, but his horse was so jaded that he obtained permission to go home and recuperate the animal. While returning to Capt. Shaw he was captured and jailed at Pulaski. He determined upon the peril of jumping from a second-story window late in the night. It was sleeting, and, landing against the slope of a ditch, he escaped unhurt and unobserved. He was hunted for the next few days with a diligence that kept him in greatest peril. Comrade Moore asserts that Alf Douglas, another member of the party, secured the papers through a young lady at Triune, taking them to Capt. Shaw. A Federal officer had been visiting this lady for some time, and it is believed that her purpose was solely to serve the Confederacy.



Mr. A. H. Douglas, just at the time for going to press, calls and gives most interesting and vivid data concerning the Sam Davis affair. He is doubtless the most accurately posted person living. He and John

Davis were the first persons sent out on a scout by which the Shaw command was organized. The army was then at Shelbyville. They made that scout by the direction of Gens. Cheatham and Hardee. Soon afterwards Capt. Shaw called them together, saying that he had been directed to organize headquarter scouts, and wanted them to help select. Mr. Douglas's testimony exalts the character of our hero to the highest point that has yet been conjectured.

The Nashville Christian Advocate of recent date:

Whoever rescues from oblivion the name of a noble man performs a service to humanity. We therefore commend with all our heart the effort now making by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to raise sufficient funds for building a monument to that gallant Tennessee boy, Samuel Davis, who was hanged by the Federal authorities at Pulaski during the great war. Detailed by Gen. Bragg to act as a scout in Middle Tennessee, Davis was captured after he had accomplished his purposes, and, on being searched, was found in possession of important drawings and other military papers. A court-martial was summoned, and he was tried on the charge of being a spy, and sentenced to death. So deeply impressed, however, was Gen. Dodge with the manliness and straightforwardness of the beardless soldier that he offered to cancel the sentence and send him to the Confederate lines under a safe escort on one condition: that the names of the persons who had furnished the contraband information should be given up. This was a terrible temptation to put before one so young and so full of life and hope. Davis, however, not only declined to accept his release on any such terms, but also expressed a sense of indignation that he should be asked to betray the secrets that had been confided to his keeping. Even on the scaffold Gen. Dodge renewed the proposition, and urged its acceptance, but was met with the same unyielding spirit. In recent months the General has written most warmly of the high and steadfast courage that Davis displayed, and many other Federal soldiers who were conversant with the facts and witnesses of the execution have also borne witness to the sublimity of the action by which the promise of life was thrust away without the quiver of a muscle, because it involved the sacrifice of personal honor. Mr. Cunningham has already received about two thousand dollars, the most of it in small sums from old Confederates, but some from Federal soldiers. In due time we may look to see a proper monument of the stainless young hero set up in the capital city of Tennessee, to teach our young men forever that it is better even to die rather than prove false to a trust.

The editor of the VETERAN had a conference with Lieut.-Gen. Schofield, commander of the United States Army, on this subject, and he said that it was "not because there is anything dishonorable in the acts of a spy; that only men of courage, fine judgment, and undoubted patriotism are ever selected as spies. It is the great danger to an army that causes the penalties to be so severe. The garb of a spy will not save him from the severe penalties, although it is in his favor to be in the uniform of his army."

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FATHER OF SAM DAVIS.

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Bowen, A. C., Nashville.....	1 00	Davis, Hubert, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Boyd, Miss Blanche, Tolu, Ky.....	1 00	Davis, Miss Mamie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Boyd, Miss Mamie, Tolu, Ky.....	1 00	Davis, Miss Hettie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Boyd, Gen. John, Lexington, Ky.....	1 00	Davis, Miss Bessie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Bradford, Col. H. P., Cincinnati.....	2 00	Davis, J. E., West Point, Miss.....	1 00
Brinkhurst, W. R., Clarksville, Tenn.....	1 00	Davis, W. T., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
Browne, Joseph Emmet, Key West, Fla.....	2 00	Davis, Mrs. M. K., Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Browne, Dr. M. S., Winchester, Ky.....	1 00	Davidson, N. P., Wrightsboro, Tex.....	1 00
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Burges, R. J., Seguin, Tex.....	1 00	Denny, L. H., Blountsville, Tenn.....	1 00
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Calhoun, F. H., Lott, Tex.....	1 00	Dougherty, J. L., Norwalk, Cal.....	1 00
Calhoun, W. B., St. Patrick, La.....	1 00	Dortch, Nat. F., Sr., Nashville.....	1 00
Campbell, W. A., Columbus, Miss.....	1 00	Dortch, Nat. F., Jr., Nashville.....	1 00
Cannon, Dr. J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.....	1 00	Dortch, J. R., Nashville.....	1 00
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Cargile, J. F., Morrisville, Mo.....	1 50	Dortch, Miss Lela B., Nashville.....	1 00
Carnahan, J. C., Donnell's Chapel, Tenn.....	1 00	Douglas, Sarah, Nashville.....	1 00
Carnes, Capt. W. W., Memphis.....	1 00	Douglas, Martha, Nashville.....	1 00
Carpenter, R. W., Plano, Tex.....	1 00	Douglas, Richard, Nashville.....	1 00
Carter, Capt. John H., Avon, Ky.....	1 00		
Carter, J. E., Brownsville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Carroll, Capt. John W., Henderson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Cary, Maj. G. W., New York City.....	2 00		
Cash collection, Tavares, Fla.....	3 50		
Cassell, T. W., Higginsville, Mo.....	1 00		
Cassell, W. H., Lexington, Ky.....	2 00		
Cates, C. T., Jr., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00		
Cautzon, Charles, Hardeman, Tex.....	1 00		
Cecil, Lloyd, Lipscomb, Tenn.....	1 00		
Chadwick, S. W., Greensboro, Ala.....	1 00		
Charles, W. W., Fry, Tenn.....	1 00		
Charles, W. W., Rogersville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Cheatham, W. B., Nashville, Tenn.....	5 00		
Cheatham, Maj. J. A., Memphis.....	1 00		
Cherry, A. G., Paris, Tenn.....	1 00		
Children of the Confederacy, Sam Davis Chapter, Camden, Ala.....	3 00		
Chipley, Gen. W. D., Pensacola, Fla.....	1 00		
Chipley, Miss Clara, Pensacola, Fla.....	1 00		
Christy, J. H., Odessa, Mo.....	1 00		
Chisum, W. C., Paris, Tex.....	1 00		
Clayton, Capt. R. M., Atlanta, Ga.....	1 00		
Clark, L. R., Clarksville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Clark, E. W., Roper, N. C.....	1 00		
Clark, Mrs. I. M., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Clarke, J. S., Owingsville, Ky.....	1 00		
Craig, Rev. R. J., Spring Hill, Tenn.....	1 00		
Coffey, W. A., Scottsboro, Ala.....	1 00		
Coffman, Dan, Kaufman, Tex.....	1 00		
Cohen, Dr. H., and Capt. T. Yates collected, Waxahatchie, Tex.....	14 00		
Cole, Col. E. W., Nashville, Tenn.....	25 00		
Cole, Whiteford R., Nashville, Tenn.....	10 00		
Coleman, Gen. R. B., McAlester, I. T.....	1 00		
Colston, Edward, Cincinnati.....	5 00		
Coltart, James, Hoboken, N. J.....	1 00		
Comfort, James, Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00		
Condon, Mike J., Knoxville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Connor, W. P., Owingsville, Ky.....	5 00		
Con. Vet. Ass'n, Savannah, Ga.....	4 00		
Cook, Col. V. Y., Elmo, Ark.....	1 00		
Cooper, Judge J. S., Trenton, Tenn.....	1 00		
Coplin, John P., Owingsville, Ky.....	1 00		
Copple, Mrs. W. W., Florence, S. C.....	1 00		
Cowan, J. W., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Cowardin, H. C., Martin, Tenn.....	1 00		
Craig, E. B., Nashville, Tenn.....	10 00		
Crumph, M. V., Brownsville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Cunningham, Capt. F., Richmond.....	5 00		
Cunningham, P. D., Washington, D. C.....	1 00		
Cunningham, S. A., Nashville, Tenn.....	5 00		
Cuny, Nicholas, New Orleans.....	1 00		
Curry, Dr. J. H., Nashville.....	1 00		
Curd, Ed, Franklin, Tenn.....	1 00		
Curtis, Capt. B. F., Winchester, Ky.....	2 50		
Cushenberry, Eli, Franklin, Ky.....	1 00		
Dailey, Dr. W. E., Paris, Tex.....	5 00		
Dance, J. H., Columbia, Tex.....	1 00		
Dargan, Miss A. W., Darlington, S. C.....	1 00		
Davis, Capt. G. J., Nevada, Tex.....	1 00		
Davis, Dr. J. W., Smyrna, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davis, J. M., Calvert, Tex.....	1 00		
Davis, Lafayette, Rockdale, Tex.....	1 00		
Davis, Miss Maggie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davis, R. N., Trenton.....	1 00		
Dawson, J. K., Dickson, Tenn.....	2 00		
Davis, Hubert, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davis, Miss Mamie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davis, Miss Hettie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davis, Miss Bessie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davis, J. E., West Point, Miss.....	1 00		
Davis, W. T., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davis, Mrs. M. K., Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00		
Davidson, N. P., Wrightsboro, Tex.....	1 00		
Daviss County Confederate Vet- eran Association, Owensboro, Ky.....	6 55		
Deaderick, Dr. C., Knoxville, Tenn.....	4 00		
Deamer, J. C., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Dean, G. B., Detroit, Tex.....	1 00		
Dean, J. J., McAlester, Ind. T.....	1 00		
Dean, M. J., Tyler, Tex.....	1 00		
Deason, James R., Trenton, Tenn.....	1 00		
Decker, Mrs. M. E., Jackson, La.....	1 00		
Deering, Rev. J. R., Harrodsburg, Ky.....	1 00		
Denny, L. H., Blountsville, Tenn.....	1 00		
De Rosset, William L., Wilmington, N. C.....	1 00		
Dial, H. C., Greenville, Tex.....	1 00		
Dickinson, Col. A. G., New York.....	5 00		
Dickson, Hon. Capers, Covington, Ga.....	1 00		
Dillard, H. M., et al., Meridian, Tex.....	5 00		
Dinkins, Lynn H., Memphis, Tenn.....	1 00		
Dinkins, Capt. James, Memphis.....	1 00		
Dixon, Mrs. H. O., Flat Rock, Tenn.....	1 00		
Dodge, Gen. G. M., New York City.....	10 00		
Donaldson, Capt. W. E., Jasper, Tenn.....	1 00		
Dougherty, J. L., Norwalk, Cal.....	1 00		
Dortch, Nat. F., Sr., Nashville.....	1 00		
Dortch, Nat. F., Jr., Nashville.....	1 00		
Dortch, J. R., Nashville.....	1 00		
Dortch, Berry W., Nashville.....	1 00		
Dortch, Miss Lela B., Nashville.....	1 00		
Douglas, Sarah, Nashville.....	1 00		
Douglas, Martha, Nashville.....	1 00		
Douglas, Richard, Nashville.....	1 00		
Douglas, Mrs. Sarah C., Nashville.....	1 00		
Dowlen, Harris, Wattsburg, Tex.....	1 00		
Doyle, J. M., Blountsville, Ala.....	1 00		
Drane, Paul Eve, Nashville.....	1 00		
Drane, Ed, Nashville.....	1 00		
Du Buisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.....	3 60		
Duckworth, W. S., Nashville.....	1 00		
Duckworth, Alex., Brownsville, T.....	1 00		
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville.....	25 00		
Dueloux, Charles, Knoxville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Duncan, H. H., Tavares, Fla.....	1 00		
Duncan, Mrs. H. H., Tavares, Fla.....	1 00		
Duncan, J. C., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00		
Duncan, W. R., Knoxville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Durrett, D. L., Springfield, Tenn.....	1 00		
Durrett, D. E., Bolivar, Tenn.....	1 00		
Dyas, Miss Fannie, Nashville.....	1 00		
Eastland, Miss J., Oakland, Cal.....	1 00		
Eaton, John, Tullahoma, Tenn.....	3 00		
Edminston, William, O'Neal, Tenn.....	1 00		
Eldridge, J. W., Hartford, Conn.....	5 00		
Elcaser, S. G., Colesburg, Tenn.....	1 00		
Ellis, Capt. H. C., Hartsville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Ellis, Mrs. H. C., Hartsville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Embry, Glenn, St. Patrick, La.....	1 00		
Embry, J. W., St. Patrick, La.....	1 00		
Emmert, Dr. A. C., Bluff City, Tenn.....	1 00		
Enslow, J. A., Jr., Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00		
Eslick, M. S., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Ewing, Hon. Z. W., Pulaski, Tenn.....	2 00		
Ewing, P. P., Owingsville, Ky.....	1 00		
"F. A. S.," Asheville, N. C.....	5 00		
Fain, Capt. Ernest, Rogersville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Fall, J. H., Nashville.....	10 00		
Fall, Mrs. J. H., Nashville.....	10 00		
Farrar, Ed H., Centerville, Mo.....	1 00		
Feeney, R. Ed, Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00		
Ferguson, Gen. F. S., Birmingham.....	1 00		
Finney, W. D., Wrightsboro, Tex.....	1 00		



MOTHER OF SAM DAVIS.

Fisher, J. F., Farmington, Tenn.....	\$ 1 00
Fite, L. B., Nashville.....	1 00
Fletcher, Mack, Denison, Tex.....	1 00
Forbes Bivouac, Clarksville, Tenn.....	25 00
Ford, A. B., Madison, Tenn.....	1 00
Ford, J. W., Hartford, Ky.....	1 00
Forney, Mrs. C. A., Hope, Ark.....	1 00
Forrest, A., Sherman, Tex.....	1 00
Forrest, Carr, Forrester, Tex.....	2 00
Foster, A. W., Trenton.....	1 00
Foster, N. A., Jefferson, N. C.....	1 00
Fowler, Mrs. J. W., Stovall, Miss.....	2 00
Fussell, J. E., Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Gailor, Elshop T. F., Memphis.....	1 00
Gailor, Charlotte M., Memphis.....	1 00
Gailor, Frank Hoyt, Memphis.....	1 00
Gailor, Mrs. T. F., Memphis.....	1 00
Gailor, Nannie C., Memphis.....	1 00
Garwood, G. A., Bellefontaine, O.....	1 00
Gaut, J. W., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
Gay, William, Trenton.....	1 00
George, Capt. J. H., Howell, Tenn.....	1 00
Gentry, Miss Susie, Franklin, Tenn.....	1 00
Gibson, Capt. Thomas, Nashville.....	1 00
Gibson, W. P., Warrensburg, Mo.....	1 00
Gildea, A. M., Del Rio, Tex.....	1 00
Giles, Mrs. L. B., Laredo, Tex.....	1 00
Gilman, J. W., Nashville.....	1 00
Godwin, Col. J. W., Mossy Creek, Tenn.....	1 00
Gooch, Roland, Nevada, Tex.....	1 00
Goodlett, D. Z., Jacksonville, Ala.....	2 00
Goodlett, Mrs. M. C., Nashville.....	5 00
Goodloe, Rev. A. T., Station Camp, Tenn.....	10 00
Goodman, Frank, Nashville.....	1 00
Goodner, Dr. D. M., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
Goodpasture, J. B., Owingsville, Ky.....	1 00
Goodrich, John T., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
Gordon, A. C., McKenzie, Tenn.....	1 00
Gordon, D. M., Nashville.....	1 00
Gordon, Dr. B. G., McKenzie, Tenn.....	1 00
Gourley, M. F., Montague, Tex.....	1 00
Gracey, Matt, Clarksville, Tenn.....	1 00
Granbery, J. T., Nashville.....	5 00
Granbery, W. L., Jr., Nashville.....	5 00
Graves, Col. J. M., Lexington, Ky.....	1 00
Gray, Rev. C. M., Ocala, Fla.....	1 25
Gray, S. L., Lebanon, Ky.....	1 00
Green, C., Leon Junction, Tex.....	1 00
Green, Folger, St. Patrick, La.....	3 00
Green, John R., Brownsville, Tenn.....	1 00
Green, John W., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
Green, W. J., Utica, Miss.....	1 00
Gregory, W. H., Smyrna, Tenn.....	1 00
Gresham, W. R., Park Station, Tenn.....	1 00
Griggs, J. L., Macon, Miss.....	5 00
Grundy, Mr. and Mrs. J. A., Nashville.....	2 00
Gudell, D. E., Henderson, Ky.....	1 00
Guest, Isaac, Detroit, Tex.....	1 00
Gwin, Dr. R. D., McKenzie, Tenn.....	1 00
Haley, J. C., College Grove, Tenn.....	1 00
Haley, E. K., Jackson, Tenn.....	1 00
Hall, L. B., Dixon, Ky.....	1 00
Hancock, Dr. W. H., Paris, Tex.....	1 00
Hanrick, E. G., Waco, Tex.....	1 00
Harder, George B., Portland, Ore.....	1 00
Hardison, W. T., Nashville.....	5 00
Harmson, Barney, El Paso, Tex.....	5 00
Harper, J. R., Rosston, Tex.....	1 00
Harris, George H., Chicago.....	5 00
Harris, Maj. R. H., Warrington, Fla.....	1 00
Harrison, J. A., Purdon, Tex.....	1 00
Harrison, W. W., Trenton, Tenn.....	1 00
Hart, L. K., Nashville.....	1 00
Hartman, J. A., Rockwall, Tex.....	1 00
Hartzog, H. C., Greenwood, S. C.....	1 00
Hatcher, Mrs. E. H., Columbia, Tenn., entertainment.....	115 00
Hatler, Bailey, Bolivar, Mo.....	1 00
Hayes, C. S., Mineola, Tex.....	1 00
Hayne, Capt. M., Kaufman, Tex.....	1 00
Hays, H. C., Rineville, Ky.....	1 00
Hedgepeth, Mrs. M. E., Des Arc, Ark.....	1 00
Hemmling, C. C., Gainesville, Tex.....	10 00
Henderson, John H., Franklin, Tenn.....	1 00
Herbst, Charles, Macon, Ga.....	1 00
Hersford, Dr. T. P., Elmwood, Mo.....	1 00
Herron, W. W., McKenzie, Tenn.....	1 00
Hibbett, Eugene, Smyrna, Tenn.....	1 00
Hickman, John P., Nashville.....	1 00
Hickman, Mrs. T. G., Vandalla, Ill.....	1 00
Hicks, Miss Maud, Finley, Ky.....	1 00
Hill, J. T., Beachville, Tenn.....	1 00
Hillsman, J. C., Ledbetter, Tex.....	1 00
Hinkle, W. F., Sattilo, Tenn.....	1 00
Hinson, W. G., Charleston, S. C.....	5 00
Hitchcock, L. P., Prescott, Ark.....	1 00
Hodges, S. B., Greenwood, S. C.....	1 00
Holder, W. D., Jackson, Miss.....	1 00
Hollenberg, Mrs. H. G., Little Rock, Ark.....	1 00
Holman, Col. J. H., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
Hollins, Mrs. E. S., Nashville.....	1 00
Hoon, C. H., Owingsville, Ky.....	1 00
Hooper, Miss Jessie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00

Hoppel, Dr. T. J., Trenton.....	\$ 1 00
Horton, Miss Fanny, Belton, S. C.....	1 00
Hoss, Rev. Dr. E. E., Nashville.....	1 00
House, A. C., Ely, Nev.....	2 00
Howell, C. C., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
Hows, S. H., Newsom Station, Tenn.....	1 00
Hughes, Louis, Dyersburg, Tenn.....	1 00
Hughey, J. L., Greenwood, S. C.....	1 00
Hull, Miss Annie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Hume, F. C., Galveston, Tex.....	1 00
Humphreys, D. G., Port Gibson, Miss.....	1 00
Hutcheson, Miss Dorothy, Nashville.....	1 00
Hutcheson, Miss Katie Dean, Nashville.....	1 00
Hutcheson, Miss Nancy P., Nashville.....	1 00
Hutcheson, Mrs. W. G., Nashville.....	1 00
Hutcheson, W. G., Jr., Nashville.....	1 00
Hutcheson, W. G., Nashville.....	1 00
Hkirt, Dr. J. J., East Liverpool, O.....	1 00
Inglis, Capt. J. L., Rockwell, Fla.....	5 00
Ingram, John, Bivouac, Jackson, Tenn.....	5 00
Irwin, Capt. J. W., Savannah, Tenn.....	1 00
Jackson, G. G., Wetumpka, Ala.....	1 00
Jackson, Stonewall, Camp, McKenzie.....	5 00
James, G. G., Exeter, Mo.....	1 00
Jarrett, C. F., Hopkinsville, Ky.....	1 00
Jasper, T. C., Plano, Tex.....	1 00
Jenkins, S. C., Nolensville, Tenn.....	1 00
Jennings, Thorton D., Lynchburg, Va.....	1 00
Jewell, William H., Orlando, Fla.....	1 00
Johnson, Leonard, Morrisville, Mo.....	1 50



PART OF THE VEST OF SAM DAVIS.

Johnson, J. W., McComb City, Miss.....	1 00
Johnson, T. J., Princeton, Ky.....	1 00
Jones, A. B., Dyersburg, Tenn.....	1 00
Jones, Dr. L. J., Franklin, Ky.....	1 00
Jones, H. K., Dilworth, Tex.....	5 00
Jones, Master Grey, Franklin, Ky.....	1 00
Jones, Reps, Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.....	1 00
Jordan, M. F., Murfreesboro, Tenn.....	1 00
Jourloman, Leon, Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
Joustle, William, Personville, Tex.....	1 00
Keerl, G. W., Culpeper, Va.....	1 00
Kein Camp, Bowling Green, Miss.....	1 50
Kelly, J. O., Jeff, Ala.....	1 00
Kelso, F. M., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
Kendall, R. A., Baird, Tex.....	1 00
Kennedy, John C., Nashville.....	5 00
Kerr, Jesse, Erie, Tex.....	1 00
Kerr, J. W., Celina, Tenn.....	1 00
Key, J. T., Baker, Tenn.....	1 00
Killebrew, Col. J. B., Nashville.....	5 00
King, Dr. J. C. J., Waco, Tex.....	1 00
King, Joseph, Franklin, Ky.....	1 00
Kirkman, Jackson, Washington.....	1 00
Kirkman, V. L., Nashville.....	5 00
Knapp, Dr. W. A., Lake Charles, La.....	1 00
Knight, Miss Hettie, Chestnut Hill, Ky.....	1 00
Knoedler, Col. L. P., Augusta, Ky.....	1 00
Knox, R. M., Pine Bluff, Ark.....	5 00
Lackey, H. J., Alpine, Tex.....	1 00
Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Memphis.....	5 21
La Rue, J. N., Franklin, Ky.....	1 00
Latham, John C., New York City.....	25 00

Latta, S. R., Dyersburg, Tenn.....	\$ 1 00
Lauderdale, Mrs. J. S., Llano, Tex.....	1 00
Lauderdale, J. S., Llano, Tex.....	1 00
Lea, Judge John M., Nashville.....	10 00
Leachman, C. C., Wellington, Va.....	1 00
Learned, R. F., Natchez, Miss.....	1 00
Lebbey, Dr. R., Charleston, S. C.....	1 00
Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.....	1 00
Lehmann, Joe, Waco, Tex.....	1 00
Lemonds, J. L., Paris, Tenn.....	1 00
Leslie, J. P., Sherman, Tex.....	1 00
Lewis, Dr. F. C., Coalburg, Ala.....	1 00
Lewis, Maj. E. C., Nashville.....	25 00
Levy, R. Z., & Bro., Nashville.....	5 00
Linck, Mrs. Catherine, Nashville.....	1 00
Lincoln, H. B., Thompson's, Tenn.....	1 00
Lindsey, A., Nashville.....	1 00
Lipscomb, Van, Nashville.....	1 00
Little, Elder T. C., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
Livesay, J. A., Baltimore, Md.....	1 00
Livingston, H. J., Brownsville, Tenn.....	1 00
Livingston, J. L., Brownsville, Tenn.....	1 00
Loflin, Benjamin F., Nashville.....	1 00
Long, J. M., Paris, Tex.....	1 00
Long, R. J., Kansas City, Mo.....	1 00
Love, Maj. W. A., Crawford, Miss.....	1 00
Love, S. B., Richland, Tex.....	1 00
Lowe, Dr. W. A., Springdale, N. C.....	2 00
Lowe, Mrs. W. A., Springdale, N. C.....	2 00
Lownsbrough, T. H. C., Woodland, Mills, Tenn.....	1 00
Lowrance, R. M., Huntsville, Mo.....	1 00
Luckey, C. E., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
Lunn, S. A., Montague, Tex.....	1 00
Luttrell, J. C., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
Lyne, E. W., Harrodsburg, Ky.....	1 00
McAfee, H. M., Salvisa, Ky.....	1 00
McAlester, J. J., McAlester, Ind. T.....	1 00
McArthur, Capt. P., and officers of steamer A. R. Bragg, Newport, Ark.....	5 00
McCall, Miss Emma, Oak Bluff, Ala.....	1 00
McCarty Camp, Liberty, Mo.....	10 00
McClung, Hu L., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
McCullouch, J. P., Lamar, Tenn.....	1 00
McDonald, J. W., Erin, Tenn.....	1 00
McDonald, M., Palmyra, Mo.....	1 00
McDonald, J. H., Union City, Tenn.....	1 00
McFarland, I. B., Memphis, Tenn.....	1 00
McGinnis, J. M., Dyersburg, Tenn.....	1 00
McGlaughery, J. M., Wilson, La.....	1 00
McGovern, M. J., Nashville.....	1 00
McGregor, Dr. R. R., Covington, Tenn.....	2 50
McGuire, Dr. C. B., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
McIntosh, A. J., Nashville.....	1 00
McIntosh, Mrs. S. A., Nashville.....	1 00
McKinley, J. P., Jr., Montague, Tex.....	1 00
McKinney, R. L., Columbia, Tenn.....	10 00
McKinney, W. R., Greenwood, S. C.....	1 00
McKinstry, Judge O. L., Carrollton, Ala.....	1 00
McKnight, W. H., Humboldt, Tenn.....	1 00
McLin, Perry, Bolivar, Mo.....	1 00
McLure, Mrs. M. A. E., St. Louis.....	5 00
McMillin, Hon. Benton, M. C., Tenn.....	5 00
McRee, W. F., Trenton, Tenn.....	1 00
McTeer, Joseph T., Knoxville, Tenn.....	5 00
McVoy, Joseph, Cantonment, Fla.....	1 00
Macon, Dr. J. S., Bell Factory, Ala.....	1 00
Mahoney, John, Nashville.....	1 00
Malcom, Miss Mattie, Dickson, Tenn.....	1 00
Mallory, E. S., Jackson, Tenn.....	1 00
Marshall, J. M., Lafayette, Tenn.....	1 00
Matlock, P. M., Mason Hall, Tenn.....	1 00
Maull, J. F., Elmora, Ala.....	1 00
Maxwell, Miss Mary E., Nashville.....	5 00
Maxwell, Mrs. R. F., Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00
Mays, P. V., Franklin, Ky.....	1 00
Meek, Master Wilson.....	1 00
Meek, S. W., Nashville.....	5 00
Merchant, Miss Julia H., Charleston, W. Va.....	1 00
Meadows, R. B., Florence, Ala.....	1 00
Merrill, Capt., U. S. A., Key West, Fla.....	1 00
Meux, J. S., Stanton, Tenn.....	1 00
Miles, W. A., Fayetteville, Tenn.....	1 00
Miller, Capt. F. M., Mt. Airy, N. C.....	1 00
Miller, George F., Raymond, Kan.....	1 00
Miller, Sam A., Paris, Tenn.....	1 00
Miller, Tom C., Rogersville, Tenn.....	1 00
Miller, Tom C., Yellow Store, Tenn.....	1 00
Mims, Dr. W. D., Cockrum, Miss.....	1 00
Mitchell, A. E., Morrisville, Mo.....	1 00
Mitchell, J. A., Bowling Green, Ky.....	2 00
Montgomery, Capt. W. A., Edwards, Miss.....	1 00
Montgomery, Victor, Santa Ana, Cal.....	1 00
Montgomery, William, Arrow, Tenn.....	1 00
Moan, J. A., Unionville, Tenn.....	1 00
Moan, G. B., Bellbuckle, Tenn.....	1 00
Moore, John, Waco, Tex.....	1 00
Moore, L. M., Greenwood, S. C.....	1 00
Moore, W. E., Ashby, Tex.....	1 00

Moran, J. W., Dresden, Tenn. \$ 1 00
 Morgan, Judge R. J., Memphis. 3 00
 Morris, Miss N. J., Frostburg, Md. 1 00
 Morris, Mrs. R. L., Nashville. 1 00
 Morrison, Dr. R. P., Allensville, Ky. 1 00
 Morton, J. R., Lexington, Ky. 2 00
 Moss, C. C., Dyersburg, Tenn. 1 00
 Motes, P. A., Wingard, Ala. 2 00
 Mulcahy, P., St. Louis, Mo. 1 00
 Muse, B. F., Sharon, Miss. 1 00
 Myers, E. T. D., Richmond, Va. 1 00

N. C. & St. L. Railway, by President Thomas 50 00
 Neal, Col. T. W., Dyersburg, Tenn. 1 00
 Neames, M. M., St. Patrick, La. 1 00
 Neilson, J. C., Cherokee, Miss. 1 00
 Nelson, H. J., Rogersville, Tenn. 1 00
 Nelson, M. H., Hopkinsville, Ky. 1 00
 Neuffer, Dr. G. A., Abbeville, S. C. 1 00
 Newman & Cullen, Knoxville, Tenn. 5 00
 Nichol, Bradford, Nashville. 1 00
 Norton, N. L., Austin, Tex. 1 00

Ogilvie, J. P., Beasley, Tenn. 1 00
 Ogilvie, W. H., Allisona, Tenn. 2 00
 Overby, N., Selma, Ala. 1 00
 Overton, Col. John, Nashville. 10 00
 Owen, Frank A., Evansville, Ind. 1 00
 Owen, U. J., Eagleview, Tenn. 1 00
 Oxford, A. C., Birmingham, Ala. 1 00

Page, Capt. T. G., Glasgow, Ky. 1 00
 Palmer, A., Bells, Tex. 1 00
 Pardue, Albert E., Cheap Hill, Tenn. 9 00
 Parham, B. M., Richmond, Va. 1 00
 Parish, J. H., Sharon, Tenn. 1 00
 Park, J. R., Laverne, Tenn. 1 00
 Parks, Glen W., Nashville. 1 00
 Parks, Hamilton, Nashville. 1 00
 Parks, Miss Anna, Nashville. 1 00
 Parks, Miss Nell, Nashville. 1 00
 Parks, Mrs. Hamilton, Nashville. 1 00
 Patterson, Mrs. E. H., Seguin, Tex. 1 00
 Patterson, Mrs. T. L., Cumberland, Md. 1 00
 Payne, E. S., Enon College, Tenn. 2 00
 Peabody, H. A., Santa Ana, Cal. 1 00
 Peat, Miss Cora, Tavares, Fla. 1 00
 Peck, Alexine K., Nashville. 1 00
 Peck, Myron K., Jr., Nashville. 1 00
 Peck, Nannie King, Lynchburg, Va. 1 00
 Peck, Sadie B., Nashville. 1 00
 Peddicord, K. F., Palmyra, Mo. 1 00
 Pendleton, P. B., Pembroke, Ky. 1 00
 Pepper, W. A., Stirling, S. C. 1 00
 Perkins, A. H. D., Memphis, Tenn. 1 00
 Perrow, H. W., Noeton, Tenn. 1 00
 Perry, B. F., Owingsville, Ky. 1 00
 Pickens, R. E., Marion, Ky. 1 00
 Pierce, Dr. T. W., Knoxville, Ala. 1 00
 Pierce, W. H., Collingre, Ala. 1 00
 Pointer, Miss Phil, Owensboro, Ky. 1 00
 Polk, M. T., Nashville. 1 00
 Pollock, J. D., Cumberland, Md. 1 00
 Pope, Capt. W. H., Pikesville, Md. 1 00
 Porter, J. A., Cowan, Tenn. 1 00
 Powell, E. D., Rogersville, Tenn. 1 00
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COMPANY PRESENTING THE SAM DAVIS DRAMA WRITTEN BY W. D. FOX, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

BRIG. GEN. T. H. BELL'S FAREWELL.

Hardly any utterances in connection with the last hours of the Confederacy are more pathetic than those of the farewell addresses by the commanders to their soldiers. The following from Gen. T. H. Bell deserves record in the *VETERAN*:

HEADQUARTERS BELL'S BRIGADE, May, 1865.

Soldiers: We must part. The relations heretofore existing between us must now terminate. Although we have failed to accomplish the great object for which you took up arms, still you will return to your homes and loved ones with the consciousness of duty performed. The story of your long and gallant struggle for liberty and independence will fill the brightest page of your country's history.

Soldiers, I am proud to be your commander; proud of the reputation you have won on so many bloody fields of battle, and proud of the firmness, consistency, and devotion you have displayed in the closing scene of this dark and fearful drama. In future ages and in other lands your names will be the synonym of all that is chivalrous, noble, and true. Historians will recount with pleasure your deeds of noble daring, and poets will sing in lofty strains the prowess of your arms. In the camp, on the march, and on the field of battle you have ever done your duty; and your danger, toils, and priva-

tions will never be forgotten by your grateful and admiring commander.

Soldiers, you will soon return to your homes and the bosoms of your families. Preserve untarnished the brilliant reputation you have so nobly won. Discharge as faithfully the duties of citizens as you have those of soldiers, and all may yet be well. In your future prosperity and welfare I will ever feel a deep and abiding interest. For your many acts of kindness and devotion to me personally I will ever cherish the liveliest sentiments of gratitude.

And now, farewell. May He who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" ever have you in His holy keeping and guide and protect you through future years!

Flournoy Rivers, Pulaski, Tenn., writes that on the old D. T. Reynolds farm, about halfway between Reynolds Station and the pike bridge across Richland, stands a grave with limestone head and foot stones, on which is engraved: "In memory of Israel McGready Pickens. Born July 21, 1832; killed in defense of his country, December 24, 1864." He must have been a soldier, killed when Hood fell back from Tennessee. Was he a Federal or a Confederate? And who placed the gravestones there?

DAVID O. DODD, A MARTYR.

An Arkansas Youth Who Preferred Death to Dishonor.

The execution of David O. Dodd at Little Rock, Ark., January 8, 1864, should have been recorded in the VETERAN long since. Dodd was a youth of seventeen years. M. C. Morris is the author of a sketch published several years ago, which is elaborate and shows a record quite similar to that of Sam Davis. On the 10th of September Gen. Price evacuated Little Rock, taking up winter quarters eighteen miles west of Camden. The Federals, under Gen. Fred Steele, occupied the city on the same day. The father of young Dodd had refugeeed with his family to Texas. In November following he sent David back to Saline County, Ark., some fifteen miles southwest of Little Rock, to settle some business matters. Young Dodd procured a pass from Gen. J. F. Fagan, commanding the Confederate cavalry in that section, to pass the pickets on Saline River. Gen. Fagan's home was in Saline County, and he had known David from his infancy. He jocularly told the boy that, as he knew the country, he would expect him to find out all about the enemy and report on his return. With an ambition to comply, Dodd went into Little Rock, pretending to be in search of business. He remained three weeks, informing himself fully as practicable, mixing much with the Federals, and, when ready to go, applied to Gen. Steele for a pass to go to the country. The pass was procured, and he left the city on the old military road, going southwest.

He passed the infantry pickets and also the cavalry farther out, where he was permitted to go, but the pass was taken up, according to rule. Unhappily, he afterwards was met by a foraging party of Federals, who examined him and found secreted in the soles of his boots papers that proved to be of much importance. He was taken to Little Rock, and Gen. Steele had him placed under heavy guard. A court martial was ordered, and he was charged with being a spy and declared guilty.

Like Sam Davis, David Dodd was offered his life and freedom if he would give the source of his information, but he refused. On the day appointed for his execution there was anguish among the citizens, for they



DAVID O. DODD.

knew the lad and his family. It is stated that "ten thousand soldiers were in battle array around the scaffold." David was taken to the scaffold, in front of St. John's College, where he had attended school.

In a letter to his parents and sisters he wrote:

"MILITARY PRISON, LITTLE ROCK, January 8, 1864, ten o'clock A.M.

"My Dear Parents and Sisters: I was arrested as a spy, tried, and sentenced to be hung to-day at three o'clock. The time is fast approaching, but, thank God! I am prepared to die. I expect to meet you all in heaven. I will soon be out of this world of sorrow and trouble. I would like to see you all before I die, but let God's will be done, not ours. I pray God to give you strength to bear your troubles while in this world. I hope God will receive you in heaven; there I will meet you. Mother, I know it will be hard for you to give up your only son, but you must remember it is God's will. Good-bye. God will give you strength to bear your trouble. I pray that we meet in heaven. Good-bye. God bless you all! Your son and brother, "DAVID O. DODD."

On the scaffold the boy preserved manly fortitude. Many of the soldiers refused to witness the scene, turning their backs to the scaffold. Gen. Steele in person made a plea for him to divulge the traitor in his camp, but he would not do it.

Soon after the execution Frank Henry began a subscription to erect a monument in his honor, but he died, and his father took it up. Assisted by patriotic women of Little Rock, he procured a modest marble slab, on which is inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of David O. Dodd. Born in Lavaca County, Tex., November 10, 1846; died January 8, 1864."

The character of this youth deserves greater prominence than this. Personal recollections of those who were present, given in brief, will be appreciated by the VETERAN.

One of the most extraordinary things that occurred during one of the last days of the war was when a group of Gen. B. F. Cheatham's soldiers went to him and said: "We want to know what is going on, and we have come to you to tell us."

In reply he said that to answer them would jeopardize his position as their commander; that he might be cashiered under usual conditions, but that he knew them; he knew that if he told all that was going on, and they were called upon to go into battle the next day, they would do it. His heart went out to them, and in his absolute confidence he would say that Johnston and Sherman were then negotiating for their surrender. The effect was appalling; the soldiers walked quietly away without a word, except to reassure their commander that he might continue to depend upon them under all circumstances.

Comrades who were present are requested to make note of their recollections for the VETERAN.

LIEUT. ALFRED G. HUNT, TEXAS.—I have a pocket-book containing two rings, a fine comb, and about forty dollars in Confederate money, a lock of hair, and some Confederate papers. Lieut. Hunt was wounded at the battle of Franklin and died at my mother's house shortly afterwards, and is buried in the Confederate Cemetery.

VAN W. MCGAVOCK.

Franklin, Tenn.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LITTLE ROCK.

Col. S. W. Fordyce, of St. Louis, writes:

Some days since I received a letter from the *Arkansas Gazette*, Little Rock, advising that that paper had inaugurated a movement to raise money by popular subscription for the erection of a monument at Little Rock to the Confederate dead, and asking me to write them a letter from the standpoint of an ex-Federal soldier, which I have done; and it occurred to me that you might like to publish it in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and I inclose you a copy of the same.

I have wanted very much to visit the Exposition at Nashville, and to be there on Confederate Day.

Col. Fordyce's letter for the *Gazette* is as follows:

You ask me to write you, from the standpoint of an ex-Federal soldier, my opinion of the movement inaugurated by the *Gazette*, having for its purpose the erection, by popular subscription, of a monument at our capital city in memory of those brave men who fought and fell in defense of a principle they believed to be right.

I am in hearty sympathy and accord with this grand and glorious movement. The wonder is that this labor of love did not have earlier origin. It certainly is, and ought to be, a labor of love to revere the memory of brave and self-sacrificing men the world over. The honor and chivalry of the American soldier is a common heritage of our reunited republic, and, in my humble judgment, citizenship is made broader and more patriotic by keeping alive the memory of the gray as well as that of the blue. You can scarcely find a man or woman now living who is not equally proud of the part taken by them in the late unpleasantness between the states; while, on the other hand, sincere regret is always with those who could and did not participate in that terrible struggle for supremacy. I believe the well-known proverb in regard to love applies equally as well to war—that is to say, "Tis better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all." From my own experience, the Confederates who gave the Federal armies more trouble in war have given us more pleasure in peace, for that same ability, loyalty, and determination evinced in battle characterizes their loyalty and devotion to friends and country alike. I believe that the voices of the great war President, Lincoln, and that grand commander in chief of the Federal armies, Grant, though dead, would say, could they speak to us now: "All honor to the memory of those brave men who fought in either army—to those who fought that the Union might be preserved, as well as to those who fought that a new republic might be established and maintained on this continent." If Mr. Lincoln, while the republic was in its death struggle, could utter the sentiment that has made his name immortal, "With charity for all, and malice toward none," he would, if living to-day, glory in the spirit which prompts the erection of monuments to the Confederate dead. In another address he spoke as with the voice of a prophet, while the war was furiously waging: "We must not be enemies; though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection; the mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriotic grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell to the chorus of the union

when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." So also would that great commander in chief, who said after the conflict had ended, "Let us have peace," and who, in his generous, open, and forgiving heart, said at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, when told that the Confederate army was hungry, "Send your commissary and quartermaster to Appomattox Station, where our trains are stopped, and take all the provisions your men require;" and also, at the same time and place, said to the tired veterans of Lee's exhausted army, "Take your horses, you will need them to put in your crops." But this is not all. Another expression from Grant which must touch the heart of every living ex-Confederate soldier and remain green and fresh in his memory as long as life shall last, was when some inconsiderate officer on the Union side thought to celebrate the victory by firing a salute of one hundred guns, Grant would not permit it, because, as he says in his "Memoirs," "the Confederates were our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall." In the language of another, "You will search history in vain for other examples of such delicate consideration for the comfort and feelings of a vanquished adversary."

The ex-Federal soldier of to-day, drawing inspiration from such expressions from such men as Grant and Lincoln, cannot but feel that they but honor themselves in doing all honor to the memory of the dead heroes of the "Lost Cause." When we recount that the feeling of hostility between the states, engendered by that great war, is fast passing away, that the soldiers who were young then are now old and past middle age, and that between the blue and the gray a bond of friendship exists almost as close as if they had fought on the same side and drank from the same canteens, and although sometimes politically opposed, their admiration for the honor and integrity of each other is almost sublime—I say that when we know these things are so, why should not the blue be proud of the monuments erected to the memory of the gray?

As an illustration of what I have here recited I mention an incident which affords me infinite pleasure, and which, I believe, will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of all true soldiers of either army. Back in the early eighties, when our distinguished senior Senator and the present honored Chief Executive were members of the lower house of Congress, I had occasion to ask Mr. J. K. Jones to suggest a committee from the House to be sent to Hot Springs to investigate and report to Congress what action should be taken in regard to certain improvements there. Mr. Jones at once suggested Maj. McKinley as one of the committee, saying that if he would go his report would be accepted unanimously without regard to party, no matter whether it was the minority or majority report of the committee. What greater compliment could be paid an ex-Federal by an ex-Confederate soldier? Knowing the present Chief Executive as I have from his youth up, I know how well-deserved this great compliment is. His whole life is in keeping with what was said of him by Senator Jones. During his twenty years of public life he has never made what is commonly known as a "bloody shirt" speech; he has never said a bitter or an unkind thing of the South or of the Southern people. We know that this has been resorted to by others for political effect, but it was never

in his heart to do it. Here are some quotations from his speech delivered at the dedication of the Chickamauga Battlefield Park, which characterize the soldier, statesman, and Christian gentleman, and which show that he is in sympathy with the spirit that animates those who erect monuments to the memory of their beloved dead. Standing on a platform on the Chickamauga battlefield, among other things, he said: "Recalling all that happened here and all that was done here, we are filled with increased interest and astonishment and stirred to the depths with admiration for the courage, valor, and endurance of those engaged on both sides of the line. In the number of men actually engaged, and the magnificent valor displayed by both armies, in the splendid gallantry with which they assaulted and met assaults, and finally in the appalling losses which both sides suffered, this great conflict has few equals in the annals of history. The men who fought here on either side will be remembered long for their heroism and bravery. The men who fought here thirty-two years ago on the Confederate side and on the Union side are to-day united, linked in their masterful might to strike down an enemy who would assail either freedom or union or civilization. There has never been any trouble since the war between the men who fought on one side or the other. The trouble has been with the men who fought on neither side, and who could get on the one side or the other as convenience or interest demanded. The bitterness and the resentments of the war belong to the past. Its glories are the common heritage of all."

With such sentiments emanating from the present Chief Executive, does any one doubt that he also is in full accord and sympathy with this grand movement of yours, and would gladly unite with us in that sentiment so beautifully expressed:

Love and tears for the blue;
Tears and love for the gray.

If I may be pardoned for diverging a little from the subject of your inquiry, I suggest that the monument to be erected at Little Rock be made to cost more than double the amount now contemplated. I believe the money can be raised by giving all an opportunity to subscribe in such sum or sums as each is able and willing to donate; and, in this connection, you may draw on me for one hundred dollars, which amount will be gladly duplicated if needed.

While the monument itself will but feebly emphasize the veneration felt by the living for the dead, the memory of their brave deeds will be cherished always in the hearts of their countrymen, and will live in other lands and speak in other tongues and in other times than ours.

In connection with this matter it is pleasing to quote from an old letter of Col. Fordyce to Col. B. W. Johnson, Camden, Ark.:

. . . You know that I was on the other side all during the war, but no men have a greater admiration for the old Confederates than those who opposed them and learned so much of their chivalrous conduct during the war between the states. I take great interest in everything that pertains to their present and future welfare, as well as their past history. It is my good fortune to know many who were officers and privates in the Confederate army, and I have been the recipient

of many kindly invitations to their reunions. I am, in addition, indebted to many of these old Confederates for acts of kindness to me personally.

While in the line of their duty they have caused me an immense amount of trouble, they have contributed immensely to my pleasure since. At the close of the war my lot was cast in the South, and I have been one of you ever since. Everything else being equal, I am for the wounded and disabled Confederate for office in preference to the disabled Federal, because the government takes care of the one in the way of pensions, while the other must be cared for by his friends.

I have but recently returned from the funeral of an old Confederate at Huntsville, Ala.—Maj. Mastin, one of the bravest, truest, and best of men. I am always glad to do what I can for them while living and to pay respect to them when dead. . . .

I know that I would enjoy that old "Rebel yell" much more now than I did in years gone by, because now it is the symbol of good will and goodfellowship, of a reunited country, and not a terror to brave men who have heard it so often in the past. . . .

No one now can be more sorry than myself for the cruel act done in sending you to two penitentiaries. I would, on the other hand, if in my power, send you to some haven of everlasting bliss.

J. N. Gaines, Triplett, Mo., writes the following:

I was a member of Quirk's Scouts, Gen. John H. Morgan's Command. We had a Sid Cunningham (I think a member of Company A, Chenault's Regiment), and I wonder if you are the man. Then we had a little black-eyed Bob Cunningham attached to our company a short time in the spring of 1864. I will relate a little incident that occurred on our march from Decatur, Ga., to Saltville, Va., during his connection with the regiment. Lieut. Cunningham was "stuck" on having me carry a gun, and I wasn't wanting one unless it was very light, as I was fond of something good to eat, and it required lots of "bumming" to find it in those days. Besides, I thought lots of my horse, and made his load as light as possible. The Lieutenant had supplied me with several guns, which I "lost." One day at a camp somewhere in North Carolina on a nice little creek, he made a raise of what we termed an old Revolutionary brass-mounted musket about six feet long and twelve or eighteen pounds weight. He brought it to me, saying: "Now, Gaines, I've got a gun big enough for you not to lose, and if you don't keep and carry this gun, I will inflict a penalty on you that will make you." I knew that that was too much gun for me or my horse to "tote," as John T. Morgan said. Shortly after this we were ordered to "pull up" and prepare to march. We had a jolly little Tennessee boy in our company by the name of George Donald, and he had a splendid little mare that he thought lots of. I knew that he would sympathize with mine when he saw that enormous gun, so I set the musket up by a tree near a good-sized pool of water in the creek, and went by George's mess and asked him to watch that gun, as it was a "duck" of a gun, and I feared it would jump into that pool while I went to the other side of the camp. Well, when I returned the gun was gone, and I've never seen it since, although old Jack Chinn raised the whole camp with his lionlike voice, calling for the cowardly rascal who

had stolen Gaines's long gun to bring it back. Bob never bothered me any more about carrying a gun.

The John T. Morgan referred to above was a Tennessean. We also had a little fellow named Frank Kendrick, and another named Crittenden, who, I think, were from Middle Tennessee. If alive, I would like to know something of them. I had a letter from Ogden Fontaine, of Memphis, Tenn., the only one of the boys down South that I have heard from since the war, except X. Hawkins.

RULES IN THE OHIO PENITENTIARY.

Exact Copy of "Notice" to Confederate Prisoners in the Ohio Penitentiary. It Is History.

NOTICE.

The following rules and regulations will be observed in the treatment of the Rebel prisoners of war confined in this prison:

I. ROLL CALL.—The roll will be called daily as follows:

1. After unlocking in the morning.
2. After breakfast.
3. Before dinner.
4. Before locking up.

Prisoners will present themselves at roll call promptly, in proper order, and without avoidable noise. No excuse for absence will be valid, except confinement in the dungeon or the hospital.

II. LOCKING UP.—At the proper signal each prisoner will take his stand in the door of his cell, where he will remain until the guard who locks him up arrives, to whom, if requested, he will give his name in a proper manner, then go in and close his door for locking.

III. LIGHTS.—No lights will be permitted in any cell after the proper hour, except by order of the warden. No talking or noise allowed after the convicts are locked up, and no prisoner will sleep with his face covered.

IV. CONDUCT.—Prisoners are strictly forbidden to indulge in certain privileges, described as follows:

1. To go into each other's cells.
2. To make avoidable noise, either in talking or otherwise.
3. To play at disallowed games.
4. To converse in the dining room.
5. To converse with convicts on any pretext or for any purpose.
6. To converse with guards, except briefly in making known their necessary wants.
7. To be insolent or insulting in the use of language.
8. To absent themselves from roll call.
9. To crowd upon the surgeon, steward, or other person while transacting business.
10. To order funds for their use to be placed in the hands of any one except the authorized agent.
11. To transact any kind of business with any person, or to receive anything, without permission from the warden.

V. CORRESPONDENCE.—No person will be permitted to write more than two letters in any week. No letter to be of more than one page of common letter paper in length; to be without interlining or cross-lining; to be addressed to a near relative, of a strictly private nature, and subscribed by the writer's name in full. Others,

except written by the permission of the warden, will be destroyed.

VI. SPECIAL.—The warden may, from time to time, permit one copy of a newspaper extract or telegram to be given to the prisoners, which, after examination, will be returned by the guard to the office. A failure to make return to the guard by the prisoner will involve the withdrawal of this order.

VII. GUARDS.—All guards and other persons, except those assigned or permitted by the warden to attend to this special duty, are forbidden to hold intercourse with the prisoners of war or to intrude upon the quarter of the prison in which they are confined. The guard in charge will report all persons violating this rule.

VIII. The furnishing of supplies to prisoners of war, by gift or purchase, having been forbidden by the Hon. Secretary of War, none such will be delivered until further orders.

NATHANIEL MERION, *Warden*.

Office Ohio Penitentiary, Columbus, December 12, 1863

W. L. Morrison, Hamilton, Tex.:

It seems to me that we old soldiers who survive ought to take more interest in seeing that our children are provided with a correct history of our great civil war. We are glad to see that there is improvement along this line, but perfection is far from being obtained, especially with regard to the Trans-Mississippi Department. The attention of historians has been attracted to the operations of our largest armies, which were east of the Mississippi River, and the rising generations naturally conclude that we had no war in the West to amount to anything, while, in fact, there was between the Missouri River on the North and the Ouachita in Southern Arkansas one vast battle ground, there being hardly a hill or valley but where heroic deeds were performed by as brave men as ever drew a sword or fired a gun.

We have adopted in our schools here—in place of that abominable tissue of misrepresentations, "Barnes's History"—"Hansell's History of the United States," which, in the main, is an excellent book, but it is very deficient in its accounts of the war in the West.

Let the VETERAN correct an inexcusable error in its story of the battle of Prairie Grove. The history states that it was fought on the second day of October, 1862; that while attacking the Federal army under Gen. Heron, Gen. Hindman was himself attacked by Gen. Blount and compelled to retire. The correct date of that battle was December 7, 1862. On the 6th we were marching up the Cove Creek road, which leads from Fayetteville to Van Buren. I belonged to Company D, Eleventh Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade, at that time. Our cavalry, under Shelby and Marmaduke, were in front, driving back Blount's outposts. On the night of the 6th Blount was at Cane Hill, a village on the west side of a spur of the Boston Mountains. We rested an hour or two on the east side of the mountain, and drew some rations of beef; then, at ten o'clock, we were ordered on the march again up the Cove Creek road. At daylight our cavalry advance struck the Cane Hill and Fayetteville road, some two or three miles north of Cane Hill, capturing a Federal wagon train. Immediately we were ordered to march by quickstep, and at sunrise were formed in line of battle, facing Cane Hill. So we had Blount completely cut off

from Herron, and we stood there half the day, expecting every moment the order to advance and take Blount with his two or three thousand cavalry. For some mysterious reason the impatiently wished-for command was not given. Blount was permitted unmolested to make a circuit around our right wing to the west and to join Herron, who was approaching from Fayetteville on the north. So we fought their combined forces in the evening from one o'clock till dark. Instead of being "compelled to retire," as stated by Hansell, there are no doubt hundreds of survivors who were in that battle who would testify with me that we gave them a genteel whipping. It was a desperate fight, and many brave Missouri and Arkansas soldiers gave up their lives there. Many of us were within gun sound of our loved ones, and we didn't go there to be whipped; and at sunset we had the Yankees routed and in full retreat toward Fayetteville. We slept on the battle ground, expecting next morning to follow up the victory and once more set our feet on Missouri's beloved soil.

Imagine our chagrin when about midnight our artillery passed back through our lines with blankets wrapped around the wheels to make them noiseless, and we were ordered to fall in and retrace our steps toward Van Buren. We didn't know then that Gen. Hindman had been compelled to promise "Granny" Holmes that, whatever the result of the battle, as soon as it was fought he would march to Little Rock with his army, which I learned afterwards from good authority was the fact.

Comrade J. L. Jones, of Columbia, Tenn., reports the following exciting incident in which J. S. (Simp) Kelly took an active part:

In 1863, near Jackson, La., Powers's Brigade was ordered to attack and take the town. The place was garrisoned by negro troops with white officers. A detail of six men from the Ninth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Capt. O. A. Lipscomb, was ordered to attack the pickets and bring on the fight. They expected to find the regular pickets out, but there was only a camp guard. Capt. Lipscomb's orders were to go until they found the pickets and fire on them, and if they returned the fire, to charge them. There were sixteen of the Federal guards, who were in gunshot distance of the main line, sheltered in the brick college buildings. The detail fired when they came on the guard and the fire was returned, so the charge was made in the face of bullets both from the guard and main line. The charging party got into close quarters and it came to a hand-to-hand fight. A big, burly negro seized one of the Confederates and had him clinched like a vise. Comrade J. S. Kelly, seeing White's peril, clubbed his gun and felled the negro to the ground. Looking around, Kelly saw another negro with a grip on Capt. Lipscomb, whom he quickly dispatched. The smoke cleared away and sixteen Federals lay dead on the ground, while not a Confederate was seriously hurt. J. S. Kelly lives in Maury County, and is a member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac.

Henry H. Mockbee, Clarksville, Tenn., wishes to hear from any member of Company D, Stearns's Regiment, commanded by Capt. Tom Gray, and which acted as escort to Gen. Stearns.

Col. Frank Huger died of heart disease at Roanoke, Va., on Thursday night, June 10. Col. Huger belonged to the distinguished South Carolina family of that name. He graduated at West Point in 1860. Among his classmates were Gens. Horace Porter, Wilson, Pennington, and others of the Union army, and Ramseur of the Confederate army.

In 1861 Col. Huger resigned and entered the Confederate service, and after commanding a Norfolk (Va.) battery was made major of Alexander's Battalion of Artillery, Longstreet's Corps. When Alexander was made brigadier general and chief of artillery of the corps Col. Huger succeeded him in command of the battalion, and under him it maintained the high reputation it had gained under its former commanders, Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee and Alexander.

His war service embraced all the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, including Chickamauga and East Tennessee to Sailor's Creek, a few days before Appomattox, where he was captured by Gen. Custer, who was a comrade at West Point with him.

The official records show that he was often mentioned for gallantry in battle and devotion to duty.

After the war Col. Huger sustained the reputation he had earned, rising to a high position in the service of the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, in which he was greatly appreciated and esteemed.

J. M. L. writes from Crystal Falls, Tex.: "I send you a picture of Rome Clark, alias 'Sue Munday.' I knew him well. We stood picket together many a cold night. We were detached from Company B, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, and placed in R. E. Graves's Kentucky Battery, and surrendered at Fort Donelson. Clark escaped from Camp Morton some time after I did, and I never met him but one time after our escape. He was a brave boy." J. M. L. adds his recollections of Camp Douglas: "I arrived with some thousand or twelve hundred others of Gen. Morgan's command at Camp Douglas September 28, 1863. The prison consisted of about thirty acres, surrounded by a fence about six feet high. Some of the men ran the gantlet and jumped the fence, and several made their escape in this way. The Yankees became alarmed lest all escape, and a large force of carpenters was put to work, and very soon had a wall fourteen feet high, with parapet over the top for the guard to walk on. Old comrades will remember how we played freeze-out on those old, hard bunks, without either straw or blankets, till the last of November, when they gave us some straw and two blankets to the bunk. Three of the Federals who were regular night patrol guards were nicknamed as follows: 'Old Ferocious,' 'Little Red,' and 'Old Billy.' The first prisoner they shot after we were put in was a small, fourteen-year-old negro boy. I don't know why they shot him, but I saw him the next day in the dead-house, and the rats had eaten off his ears. Morgan's men began to plot and hold secret meetings and discuss the question as to how we might escape. The fence was too high to get over it, so we decided to tunnel underground. Comrades will remember that the old barrack was built flat on the ground. Two tunnels were started at the same time, one next to the lake and the other north, next to Chicago."

PRISON LIFE AT NASHVILLE.

L. M. Hutton, chaplain of the Thirty-sixth Alabama:

The approaching reunion recalls some experiences at Nashville in 1863. Bunch was the color bearer of the Thirty-sixth Alabama, selected by Col. L. T. Woodruff on account of his soldierly bearing; but he was, in reality, a Federal captain, sent among us a spy to examine and report the nature and strength of the fortifications about Mobile. On reaching Nashville, I found him in Federal uniform, endeavoring to organize a company by inducing men to desert. He acknowledged to me his purpose, knowing that he was free from danger, as "catching is before hanging." Two weeks before, I saw him bearing our colors. Occasionally he asked the privilege of using a sharpshooter's rifle, and approached several times near the enemy's lines, as if to see if he had killed a man; but no doubt made such communications as caused us a near approach of being cut off in a heavy skirmish that we had at Hoover's Gap. A few days after this he left, stealing Col. Woodruff's horse and negro man.

At the rapid retreat we made men were throwing away their blankets, but I took many of them and spread them on my horse, till he looked much like an elephant, and thus saved many a comrade's blanket. We halted, and the tired men dropped upon the ground, leaving their guns piled up in the road. A loaded wagon came along, and Col. Woodruff ordered the guns to be taken up. In doing so a soldier accidentally discharged his gun into a group of men, striking Private Allen in the leg, and rendering immediate amputation necessary. He begged me, as chaplain, to remain with him, and Surgeon Herndon also suggested that I would not be retained, and he would soon send an ambulance for us. So I consented to stay, but soon found myself a prisoner. My first act was to bury Allen's leg.

The Yankees soon came along, and one morning the kind old lady who cared for Allen went to her cow pen and found a Yankee milking her cow. They came into the yard and shot chickens. It became necessary to report myself for the safety of the family. The Federal captain sent me under heavy guard to Tullahoma. There I was put on the train for Nashville. The box car was full of prisoners, many of whom were sick. The officer then took me to another car, not so crowded. I lay all night on the floor, without a blanket, near the heels of a horse. Suffice it to say, there was no sleep nor rest for me. I found a fellow-prisoner, calling himself Dr. Lloyd; but in reality (as I learned afterwards) a private soldier, who had jerked on a surgeon's coat just as he was captured. This was a sharp trick, and it gave him an easy place at the prison hospital in Nashville.

As our train pulled up near the depot a little boy came running to see the prisoners. Lloyd asked him if he would bring us some breakfast. "Yes," was the reply; "if you are Rebels." On being told that we were, the little fellow soon came with a good supply, which came in good time to one who had fasted nearly two days. Lloyd said: "I would write a note of thanks, but I haven't anything to write on." I handed him a little company book that one of our captains had intrusted to me when we expected to be cut off at Hoover's Gap. This little book was a link in God's provi-

dence that secured me a place of usefulness. Lloyd inadvertently slipped it into his pocket, and was taken to prison hospital, which, as the name indicates, was both a prison and a hospital. It was Dr. Ford's church on Cherry Hill, about two miles from the state house. I was placed in line and marched to the penitentiary. I remained there only one day—not long enough to learn a trade. An intelligent lawyer, who was a citizen prisoner, advised me to address a note explaining my case to the provost-marshal. I did so, and he ordered me before him and paroled me within the limits of the city.

I had missed my little book, and some fellow-prisoners who knew Lloyd told me where to find him. To procure the book, I had to go to the prison hospital. Lloyd and Dr. T. G. Hickman, surgeon in charge, were calling on some ladies. I was introduced as chaplain, C. S. A. The lady of the house asked if she understood that I was a Confederate chaplain; then asked how I came to be under no guard. On being informed that I was paroled, she offered me a home with her, saying that her son could have my influence, as he too was a paroled prisoner. Dr. Hickman, a most worthy gentleman in every sense, then said: "Chaplain, we have no chaplain at our hospital. Your men are there, wounded, sick, and dying, and need your services. If you will accept, I will provide you a room; you shall eat at my table, and you can have full access to the men in their bunks upstairs." I thanked the lady, and then accepted Dr. Hickman's more useful position. For three months I preached to and prayed with these sick and dying men, and bore many a message to their friends on returning through the lines. Here I found Mrs. Kossuth and Mrs. Tavell and daughter, Miss Augusta, constantly bringing clothing to our soldiers. It was a great pleasure to visit their home. Rev. Tavell was a Baptist minister, and had been sent South for preaching the funeral of a man the Yankees had put to death. As I was in the ambulance, leaving the prison, Mrs. Tavell came up, and in deep concern said: "If you meet Mr. Tavell, tell him of us." I replied that I would, but felt in my heart that to deliver that message to a man I had never seen, and somewhere in the Southern Confederacy, was like "finding a needle in a haystack." Strange to say, I found him in Selma, Ala., and delivered the message. I had called on Rev. Arthur Small, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and while there a lady entered and asked how they liked the address of Mr. Tavell, which led me to find him.

But to return to prison hospital. Drs. Hickman and Higgins were exceedingly kind and attentive to our men. The former sought my release of Gen. Rosecrans through the intercession of Gen. R. S. Granger, and I was sent *via* Washington City and Baltimore to City Point, Va. Twenty-seven years after this, Dr. Hickman was attending the Medical Association at Nashville, and got my address of Dr. McNelly, and wrote me at Temple, Tex. He married a Southern lady, a niece of Maj. C. W. Anderson, and lives at Vandalia, Ill. How delightful it would be to meet him!

G. R. Ergenbright, member of Company C, Sixth Virginia Calvary, died recently at his home in Island Ford, Va. He served the four years of the war, and was ever loyal to the cause for which he fought.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

Gen. John B. Gordon, General Commanding, Atlanta.
 Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff,
 New Orleans.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commander, Washington, D. C.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Starkville, Miss.
 Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Co-
 lumbus, Miss.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, Dallas, Tex.
 Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Dal-
 las, Tex.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Fred S. Ferguson, Commander, Birmingham.
 Col. H. E. Jones, Chief of Staff, Montgomery.
 James M. Williams, Brigadier General, Mobile.
 William Richardson, Brigadier General, Huntsville.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Ahner—Handley—351—			M. V. Mullins, H. A. Brown.
Albertville—Camp Miller—385—			L. S. Emmett, J. L. Chambers.
Alexandria—Alexandria—395—			C. Martin, E. T. Clark.
Alexander City—Lee—401—			R. M. Thomas, A. S. Smith.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Bessemer—Bessemer—137—			A. A. Harris, T. P. Waller.
Birmingham—Hardee—39—			James T. Meade, P. K. McMiller.
Birmingham—Jeff Davis—475—			H. C. Vaughan.
Blocton—Pratt—966—			R. H. Pratt, John S. Gardner.
Bridgeport—J. Wheeler—260—			I. H. Johnson, L. B. Burnett.
Brookwood—Force—459—			R. D. Jackson, J. H. Nelson.
Calera—Emanuel Finley—498—			John P. West, W. H. Jones.



MISS KATE ROULHIAC,
 First Maid of Honor for Alabama.

Camden—Franklin K. Beck—224—R. Gaillard, J. F. Foster.
 Carrollton—Pickens—323—M. L. Stansel, W. G. Robertson.
 Carthage—Woodruff—339—John S. Powers, J. A. Elliott.
 Cedar Bluff—Camp Pelham—855—B. F. Wood, G. W. R. Bell.
 Center—Stonewall Jackson—658—J. F. Hoge, J. A. Law.
 Clayton—Barbour County—493—W. H. Pruett, E. R. Quillin.
 Coalburg—F. Cheatham—434—F. P. Lewis, J. W. Barnhart.
 Cullman—Thomas H. Watts—489—E. J. Oden, A. E. Hewlett.
 Dadeville—Crawf-Kimbal—343—J. P. Shaffer, William L. Rowe.
 Decatur—Horace King—476—W. A. Long, W. R. Francis.
 Demopolis—A. Gracie—508—John C. Anderson, C. B. Cleveland.
 Edwardsville—Wiggonton—359—W. P. Howell, T. J. Burton.
 Eufaula—Eufaula—958—Hiram Hawkins, R. Q. Edmonson.
 Eutaw—Sanders—64—George H. Cole—W. P. Brugh.
 Evergreen—Capt. William Lee—338—P. D. Bowles, H. M. King.
 Fayette—Linsey—466—John B. Sanford, W. B. Shirley.
 Florence—E. A. O'Neal—298—A. M. O'Neal, Andrew Brown.
 Fort Payne—Estes—263—J. M. Davidson, A. P. McCartney.
 Gadsden—Emma Sanson—275—James Aiken, Joseph R. Hughes.
 Gaylesville—John Pelham—411—B. F. Wood, G. W. R. Bell.
 Greensboro—A. C. Jones—266—W. N. Knight, W. C. Christian.
 Greenville—Samuel L. Adams—349—E. Crenshaw, F. E. Dey.
 Guin—Ex-Confederate—415—W. N. Hulsey.
 Guntersville—M. Gilbreath—333—R. T. Coles, J. L. Burke.
 Hamilton—Marion County—346—A. J. Hamilton, J. F. Hamilton.
 Hartselle—Friendship—383—D. Waldon, M. K. Mahan.
 Holly Pond—Holly Pond—567—George W. Watts, S. M. Foust.
 Huntsville—E. J. Jones—357—G. P. Turner, Ben Patteson.
 Jackson—Calhoun—497—T. J. Kimbell, S. T. Woodard.
 Jackson—Clarke County—475—
 Jacksonville—Martin—292—J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant.
 Lafayette—A. A. Greene—310—J. J. Robinson, G. H. Black.



MISS REBECCA BERNEY,
 Sponsor for Alabama.

Andalusia—Harper—256—J. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
 Anniston—Pelham—258—F. M. Hight, Addison F. McGhee.
 Ashland—Clayton—327—A. S. Stockdale, D. L. Campbell.
 Ashville—St. Clair—308—John W. Inger, James D. Truss.
 Athens—Thomas L. Hobbs—400—E. C. Gordon, B. M. Sowell.
 Auburn—Auburn—236—H. C. Armstrong, R. W. Burton.
 Bangor—Wheeler—492—R. H. L. Wharton, W. L. Redman.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Linden—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.
 Livingston—Camp Sumter—332—R. Chapman, J. Lawhon.
 Lower Peachtree—R. H. G. Gaines—370—B. D. Portis, N. J. McConnell.
 Lowndesboro—Bullock—331—C. P. Rogers, Sr., C. D. Whitman.
 Luverne—Gracie—472—D. A. Rutledge, E. R. Bricken.



MISS FRANCES ALLISON BARLOW,
 Sponsor for Arkansas.

Marion—I. W. Garrett—277—J. Cal. Moore, W. T. Boyd.
 Madison Station—Russell—408—W. T. Garner, R. E. Wiggins.
 Mobile—R. Semmes—11—E. W. Christian, William E. Mickle.
 Mobile—J. M. Withers—675—Gen. James Hagan, F. Kiernan.
 Monroeville—Foster—407—W. W. McMillan, D. L. Neville.
 Montevallo—Montevallo—496—H. C. Reynolds, B. Nabors.
 Montgomery—Lomax—151—John Purifoy, Paul Sanguyetti.
 Opelika—Lee County—261—R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton.
 Oxford—Camp Lee—329—Thomas H. Barry, John T. Pearce.
 Ozark—Ozark—380—W. R. Painter, J. L. Williams.
 Piedmont—Camp Stewart—378—J. N. Hood, E. D. McClelen.
 Pearce's Mill—Robert E. Lee—372—Jim Pearce, F. M. Clark.
 Prattville—Wadsworth—491—W. F. Mims, Y. Abney.
 Roanoke—Alken-Smith—293—W. A. Handley, B. M. McConnaghy.
 Robinson Springs—Robinson Springs—396—C. M. Jackson, W. D. Whetstone.
 Rockford—H. W. Cox—276—F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson.
 Scottsboro—N. B. Forrest—430—J. H. Young, J. P. Harris.
 Seale—James P. Waddell—268—R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene.
 Selma—C. R. Jones—317—R. M. Nelson, Edward P. Galt.
 Sprague Junction—Watts—480—P. B. Masten, J. T. Robertson.
 Springville—Springville—223—A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruelli.
 Stroud—McLeroy—356—A. J. Thompson, J. L. Strickland.
 St. Stephens—John James—350—A. F. Hooks, J. M. Pelham.
 Summersfield—Col. Garrett—381—E. Morrow, R. B. Cater.
 Talladega—C. M. Shelley—246—W. R. Miller, D. R. Van Pelt.
 Thomasville—Leander McFarland—373—J. N. Callihan, Dr. J. C. Johnston.
 Town Creek—Ashford—632—M. B. Hampton, J. S. Lyndon.
 Tusculum—James Deshler—313—A. H. Keller, I. P. Guy.
 Tuskaloosa—Rodes—262—Gen. G. D. Johnston, W. Guild.
 Troy—Camp Ruffin—320—W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles.
 Uniontown—Coleman—429—T. Mumford, B. F. Harwood.
 Union Springs—Powell—499—C. F. Culver, A. H. Pickett.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Verbena—Camp Gracie—291—K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell.
 Vernon—Camp O'Neal—358—J. P. Young, T. M. Woods.
 Walnut Grove—Forrest—467—A. J. Phillips, B. W. Reavis.
 Wetumpka—Elmore County—255—H. H. Robison, C. K. McMorris.
 Wedowee—Randolph—316—C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. G. Shaver, Commander, Center Point.
 Col. V. Y. Cook, Chief of Staff, Elmo.
 John M. Harrell, Brigadier General, Hot Springs.
 J. M. Bohart, Brigadier General, Bentonville.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Alma—Cabell—202—James E. Smith, J. T. Jones.
 Amity—J. H. Berry—828—D. T. Brunson, D. M. Doughty.
 Arkadelphia—Monroe—574—H. W. McMillan, C. C. Scott.
 Altus—Stonewall Jackson—864—W. D. Rodman, W. H. Wilson.
 Augusta—Jeff Davis—843—John Shearer, Ed S. Carl-Lee.
 Barren Fork—Confed. Vet.—903—S. T. Rudolph, A. G. Albright.
 Batesville—Sidney Johnston—863—J. P. Coffin, R. P. Weaver.
 Benton—Dodd—325—S. H. Whitthome, C. E. Shoemaker.
 Bentonville—Cabell—89—D. R. McKissack, N. S. Henry.
 Berryville—Fletcher—638—J. P. Fancher, N. C. Charles.
 Black Rock—Confederate Veteran—870—Col. T. L. Thompson.
 Booneville—Evans—355—A. V. Rieff, D. B. Castleberry.
 Brinkley—Clebunne—537—Charles Gardner, John T. Box.
 Center Point—Haller—192—J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley.
 Charleston—P. Cleburne—191—A. S. Cabell, T. N. Goodwin.
 Conway—Jeff Davis—213—James Haskrider, W. D. Cole.
 Dardanelle—McIntosh—531—W. H. Gee, J. L. Davis.
 England—Eagle Camp—1004— —, —.
 Dumas—P. Cleburne—776—M. W. Quilling, H. N. Austin.
 Evansville—McIntosh—861—N. B. Littlejohn, John C. Fletcher.
 Fayetteville—Brooks—216—T. M. Gunter, I. M. Patridge.
 Fort Smith—B. T. DuVal—146—P. T. Devaney, R. M. Fry.
 Forrest City—Forrest—623—J. B. Sanders, E. Landvoight.
 Gainesville—Confederate Survivors—506—F. S. White.
 Greenway—Clay County V. A.—375—E. M. Allen, J. R. Hodges.
 Greenwood—B. McCulloch—194—Dudley Milam, M. Stroup.
 Hackett City—Stonewall—199—L. B. Lake, A. H. Gordon.



MISS FRANCES MAY MOORE,
 First Maid of Honor for Arkansas.

Harrison—J. Crump—713—J. H. Williams, J. P. Clendenin.
 Hazen—Reinhardt—988—J. R. Johnson, R. H. Moorehead.
 Helena—Samuel Corley—841—J. J. Horner, Robert Gordon.
 Hope—Gratlot—203—C. A. Bridewell, John F. Sanor.
 Hot Springs—A. Pike—340—Gen. J. M. Harrell, A. Curl.
 Jonesboro—Confederate Survivors—507— —, —.
 Jonesboro—Joe Johnston—995—M. A. Adair, D. L. Thompson.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Little Rock—Weaver—354—C. F. Benzel, G. P. Rumbough.
 Lonoke—James McIntosh—362—J. E. Gatewood, Sr., Henry Brown.
 Mabel Vale—Confederate Veterans—309—W. B. McKnight, —.
 Malvern—Van H. Manning—991— —, W. P. Johnson.
 Marianna—Paul Anderson—916—De Witt Anderson, A. S. Rodgers.



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 New Louisville—Sam Dill—444—R. H. Howell, B. P. Wheat.
 Newport—Tom Hindman—318—Col. V. Y. Cook, J. F. Caldwell.
 Oxford—Oxford—455—F. M. Gibson, Ransom Gully.
 Prairie Grove—Prairie Grove—334—J. H. Marlar, H. P. Greene.
 Russellville—Ben T. Embry—977—R. B. Hogins, J. F. Munday.
 Saluda—Mitchell—764—J. M. Forrest, J. W. Banks.
 Spartanburg—Walker—335—D. R. Duncan, Moses Foster.
 Springfield—Springfield—788—J. W. Jumper, John C. Fanning.
 Summerville—James Connor—374—G. Tupper, W. R. Dehon.
 Sumter—Dick Anderson—334—J. D. Graham, P. P. Gaillard.
 St. Georges—S. Elliott—51—R. W. Minus, J. O. Reed.
 St. Stephens—St. Stephens—732—A. W. Weatherby, R. V. Matthews.
 Timmonsville—Confederate Veterans—774— —, D. H. Traxler.
 Travelers' Rest—T. W. West—824—M. L. West, J. J. Watson.
 Union—Giles—708—James T. Douglass, J. L. Strain.
 Walnut Ridge—Crockett—Childers—901—W. M. Ponder, C. Coffin.
 Walterboro—Heyward—462—A. L. Campbell, C. G. Henderson.
 Waterloo—Holmes—746—R. N. Cunningham, A. E. Nance.
 Winnsboro—Rains—698—W. W. Ketchin, W. G. Jordan.
 Yorkville—Confed. Vet.—702—Maj. J. F. Hart, J. F. Wallace.
 Camden—Hugh McCollum—778—T. D. Thompson, W. F. Avera.
 Paris—B. McCullough—388—J. O. Sadler, William Snoddy.
 Paragould—Confed. Survivors—449—A. Yarbrough, P. W. Moss.
 Pine Bluff—Murray—510—Gen. R. M. Knox, J. Y. Saunders.
 Pocahontas—Eli Hufstедler—447—W. F. Bishpan, J. P. Dunklin, Jr.
 Powhatan—Robert Jones—869—C. A. Stuart, L. D. Woodson.
 Prescott—Walter Bragg—428—W. J. Blake, George W. Terry.
 Rector—Rector—504—E. M. Allen, W. S. Liddell.
 Rocky Comfort—Stuart—532—F. B. Arnett, R. E. Phelps.
 Searcy—Gen. Marsh Walker—687—D. McRae, B. C. Black.
 Stephens—Bob Jordan—686—J. W. Walker, C. T. Boggs.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Star City—B. McCullough—542—J. L. Hunter, T. A. Ingram.
 Ultima Thule—Confederate Survivors—448—J. P. Hallman, —.
 Van Buren—John Wallace—209—John Allen, J. E. Clegg.
 Walcott—Confederate Survivors—505—Benjamin A. Johnson.
 Waldron—Sterling Price—414—L. P. Fuller, A. M. Fuller.
 Warren—Denson—677—J. C. Bratton, W. H. Blankenship.
 Wilton—Confederate Veteran—674—J. A. Miller.
 Wooster—J. E. Johnston—431—W. A. Millam, W. J. Sloan.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

Los Angeles—Confederate Veteran Association of California—770
 —Benjamin Weller, A. M. Fulkerson.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. J. Dickison, Commander, Ocala.
 Col. Fred L. Robertson, Chief of Staff, Brooksville.
 W. D. Chipley, Brigadier General, Pensacola.
 W. R. Moore, Brigadier General, Welborn.
 Gen. S. G. French, Brigadier General, Pensacola.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Apalachicola—Tom Moore—556—R. Knickmeyer, A. J. Murat.
 Bartow—Bartow—284—W. H. Johnson—J. L. Albritton.
 Brooksville—Loring—13—M. R. Burns, F. L. Robertson.
 Chipley—McMillan—217—A. M. McMillan, R. B. Bellamy.
 Dade City—Pasco C. V. A.—57—J. E. Lee, A. H. Ravesies.
 Daytona—Stonewall—503—M. Huston, J. C. Keller.
 De Funiak Springs—Kirby-Smith—282—J. Stubbs, D. McLeod.
 Ferdinandina—Nassau—104—W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall.



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 Sponsor for Louisiana.

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 Jacksonville—Lee—58—Charles D. Towers, J. A. Enslow, Jr.
 Jacksonville—Jeff Davis—230— —, C. J. Colcock.
 Jasper—Stewart—155—H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna.
 Juno—P. Anderson—244— —, J. F. Highsmith.
 Lake City—E. A. Perry—150—W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
 Lake Butler—Barney—474—J. R. Richard, M. L. McKinney.
 Marianna—Milton—132—M. N. Dickson, F. Philips.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Milton—Camp Cobb—538—	C. R. Johnston,	A. R. Seabrook.	
Monticello—P. Anderson—52—	W. C. Bird,	B. W. Partridge.	
Ocala—Marion Co. C. V. A.—56—	W. L. Ditto,	J. H. Livingston.	
Orlando—Orange Co.—54—	W. G. Johnson,	B. M. Roblison.	
Palmetto—George T. Ward—53—	J. C. Pelot,	J. W. Nettles.	
Pensacola—Ward C. V. A.—10—	N. B. Cook,	Thos. R. McCullagh.	
Quincy—Kenan—140—	R. H. M. Davidson,	D. M. McMillan.	
Sanford—Finnegan—149—	Otis S. Tarrer,	T. J. Appleyard.	
St. Augustine—Kirby-Smith—175—	W. Jarvis,	M. R. Cooper.	
St. Petersburg—Colquitt—303—	W. C. Dodd,	D. L. Southwick.	
Tallahassee—Lamar—161—	D. Lang,	R. A. Whitfield.	
Tampa—Hillsboro—36—	F. W. Merrill,	H. L. Crane.	
Tavares—L. C. C. V. A.—279—	H. H. Duncan,	J. C. Terry.	
Titusville—Indian River—47—	A. A. Stewart,	A. D. Cohen.	
Umatilla—Lake Co. C. V. A.—279—	H. H. Duncan,	J. C. Terry.	

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, Atlanta.
Col. A. J. West, Chief of Staff, Atlanta.
James S. Boynton, Brigadier General, Griffin.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Adairsville—Adairsville—962—	J. W. Gray,	R. D. Combs.	
Atlanta—Atlanta—159—	L. P. Thomas,	J. C. Lynes.	
Augusta—Confederate Survivors' Association—435—	Salem Dutcher,	G. W. McLaughlin.	
Americus—Sumter—642—	J. B. Pillsbury,	W. A. Cobb.	
Athens—Cobb-Deloney—478—	J. E. Ritch,	George H. Palmer.	
Atlanta—Atlanta—159—	C. A. Evans,	J. F. Edwards.	
Atlanta—W. H. T. Walker—925—	W. B. Burke,	Joseph S. Alford.	
Avera—Avera—913—	E. M. Waldon,	J. M. Vause.	
Baxley—O. A. Lee—918—	Henry H. Bechor,	A. M. Crosby.	



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Sponsor for Georgia.

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Canton—Skid Harris—595—H. W. Newman, W. N. Wilson.
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Carrollton—Camp McDaniel—487—S. W. Harris, J. L. Cobb.
Cartersville—Bartow—820—A. M. Foute, D. B. Freeman.
Cedartown—Polk Co. C. V.—403—J. Arrington, J. S. Stubbs.
Clayton—Rabun Co. C. V.—420—S. M. Beck, W. H. Price.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Columbus—Benning—511—	Col. W. S. Shepherd,	William Redd, Jr.	
Covington—J. Lamar—305—	C. Dickson,	J. W. Anderson.	
Cumming—Forsyth—736—	H. P. Bell,	R. P. Lester.	
Cuthbert—Randolph Co.—465—	R. D. Crozier,	B. W. Ellis.	
Cussetta—Chattahoochee Co.—477—	E. Raiford,	C. N. Howard.	
Dallas—New Hope—939—	W. C. Connally,	W. J. Fain.	



MISS CLARA MINTER WIMBERLY,
Maid of Honor for Georgia.

Dalton—J. E. Johnston—34—A. P. Roberts, Richard Bazemore.
Dawson—Terrell Co. C. V.—404—J. Lowrey, W. Kalgler.
Decatur—C. A. Evans—665—H. C. Jones, W. G. Whidby.
Eatonton—R. T. Davis—759—R. B. Nisbet, Robert Young.
Douglasville—Thomas C. Clover—957—C. P. Bowen, W. A. James.
Dublin—Smith—891—Hardy Smith, T. D. Smith.
Fayetteville—Fayette—832—C. P. Daniel, J. W. Johnson.
Gainesville—Longstreet—973—J. B. Estes, H. B. Smith.
Griffin—Spaulding Co.—519—W. R. Hanleiter, J. P. Sawlett.
Glennville—Tatnall Co.—971—J. D. DeLoach, H. S. Williams.
Gibson—Fous Rogers—847—W. W. Kitchens, J. W. P. Whiteley.
Gundee—Gordon—829—W. B. McDaniel, —.
Harrisburg—Chattooga Vet—422— —, L. R. Williams.
Hawkinsville—Manning—816—R. W. Anderson, D. G. Fleming.
Jefferson—Jackson County—440—T. L. Ross, T. H. Niblack.
Knoxville—Crawford Co.—868—J. N. Smith, T. J. Martin.
Lafayette—Chickamauga—473—W. F. Allison, B. F. Thurman.
La Grange—Troup Co. C. V.—405—J. L. Schaub, J. B. Strong.
Lawrenceville—Gwinnett Co.—982—T. M. Peebles, B. T. Cain.
Lincolnton—Lamar Gibson—814—W. C. Ward, J. E. Strother.
Louisville—Jefferson—826—George L. Cain, M. H. Hopkins.
Lumpkin—Stewart Co.—983—M. Corbett, J. T. Harrison.
Macon—Bibb Co.—484—C. M. Wiley, D. D. Craig.
Madison—H. H. Carlton—617—C. W. Baldwin, J. T. Turnell.
Marietta—Marietta—763—C. D. Phillips, W. J. Hudson.
McRae—Telfair—815—W. J. Williams, William McLean.
Monticello—Camp Key—483—Maj. J. C. Key, A. S. Florence.
Morgan—Calhoun Co. C. V.—406—L. D. Monroe, A. J. Monroe.
Mt. Vernon—Con. Vet.—802—D. C. Sutton, —.
Milledgeville—George Doles—730—T. M. Newell, J. T. Miller.
Oglethorpe—Macon Co.—655—J. D. Frederick, R. D. McLeod.
Perry—Houston Co.—880—Joseph Palmer, L. S. Townsley.
Purcell—R. E. Lee—771—Benjamin Weller, A. M. Fulkerson.
Ringgold—Ringgold—206—W. J. Whitsett, R. B. Trimmer.
Rome—Floyd Co.—368—A. B. Montgomery, A. B. Moseley.
Sandersville—Warthen—748—M. Newman, William Gallagher.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Savannah—C. V. A. of S. Ga.—	756—	W. D. Hardin, H. S. Dreese.	
Savannah—L. McLaws—	596—	W. S. Rockwell, W. W. Chisholm.	
Sparta—H. A. Clinch—	470—	W. L. L. Bowen, S. D. Rogers.	
Spring Place—Gordon—	50—	R. E. Wilson, T. J. Ramsey.	
Summerville—Chattooga—	422—	J. S. Cleghorn, J. T. Megginson.	
Talbotton—L. B. Smith—	402—	Roderick Leonard, T. N. Beall.	
Thomasville—Mitchell—	523—	R. G. Mitchell, T. N. Hopkins.	



MISS M. LEWELLEN MORGAN,
Sponsor for Indian Territory.

Thomson—Gen. Semmes—823—H. McCorkle, W. S. Stovall.
Trenton—Dade Co.—959—T. J. Lumpkin, T. H. B. Cole.
Vance—Confed. Vet.—978—, J. C. Tatam.
Washington—J. T. Wingfield—391—C. E. Irvin, H. Cordes.
Waycross—S. Ga. C. V.—819—J. L. Sweat, H. H. Sasnett.
Waynesboro—Gordon—369—Thomas B. Cox, S. R. Fulcher.
West Point—W. P. V.—571—R. A. Freeman, T. B. Johnston.
Wrightsville—Johnson Co.—964—John L. Martin, R. J. Hightower.
Zebulon—Pike Co. C. V.—421—G. W. Strickland, W. O. Gwyn.

ILLINOIS DIVISION.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Chicago—Ex-Con. Ass'n—	8—	J. W. White, R. L. France.	
Jerseyville—Benev. Ex-Con.—	304—	J. S. Carr, M. R. Locke.	

INDIANA DIVISION.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Evansville—A. R. Johnson—	481—	Frank A. Owen, —.	

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester.
Col. L. C. Tennent, Chief of Staff, McAlester.
John L. Galt, Brigadier General Chickasaw Brigade, Ardmore.
D. M. Hailey, Brigadier General Choctaw Brigade, Krebs.
John Bird, Brigadier General Cherokee Brigade.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Antlers—Douglas Cooper—	576—	W. H. Davis, Eugene Easton.	
Ardmore—J. H. Morgan—	107—	George H. Bruce, J. W. Galledge.	
Brooken—Confed. Vet.—	979—	W. H. Maphis, —.	
Chelsea—Cherokee Nation—	Stand Watie—	573—W. H. H. Scudder, M. Roberts.	
Chickasha—Confed. Vet.—	975—	G. G. Buchanan, —.	

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Davis—Jo Shelby—	844—	H. H. Allen, White W. Hyden.	
McAlester—Jeff Lee—	68—	James H. Reed, R. B. Coleman.	
Muldrow—Stand Watie—	514—	W. J. Watts, W. H. Beller.	
Muscogee—San Checote—	897—	D. M. Wisdom, John C. Banks.	
Purcell—R. E. Lee—	771—	F. M. Fox, W. H. Owsley.	
Ryan—A. S. Johnson—	644—	R. G. Goodloe, J. F. Pendleton.	
South Canadian—Hood—	482—	E. R. Johnson, J. M. Bond.	
Talihina—Jack McCurtin—	850—	James T. Elliott, G. T. Edmunds.	
Vinita—Vinita—	800—	—, —.	
Wagoner—Confed. Vet.—	948—	J. G. Schrimpher, —.	

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. John Boyd, Commander, Lexington.
Col. Joseph M. Jones, Chief of Staff, Paris.
J. B. Briggs, Brigadier General, Russellville.
James M. Arnold, Brigadier General, Newport.
J. M. Poyntz, Brigadier General, Richmond.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Augusta—J. B. Hood—	233—	J. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson.	
Bardstown—T. H. Hunt—	253—	A. B. Baldwin, J. F. Briggs.	
Benton—A. Johnston—	376—	J. P. Brian, W. J. Wilson.	
Bethel—P. R. Cleburne—	252—	A. W. Bascom, Thomas J. Peters.	
Bowling Green—Bowling Green—	143—	W. F. Perry, J. A. Du Bose.	
Cadiz—Lloyd Tilghman—	965—	L. Lindsay, B. D. Terry.	
Campton—G. W. Cox—	433—	J. C. Lykins, C. C. Hanks.	
Carlisle—P. Bramlett—	344—	Thomas Owens, H. M. Taylor.	
Cynthiana—Ben Desha—	99—	R. M. Collier, J. W. Boyd.	
Danville—Grigsby—	214—	E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman.	
Elizabethtown—Cofer—	543—	J. Montgomery, James W. Smith.	
Eminence—E. Kirby-Smith—	251—	W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner.	
Falmouth—W. H. Ratcliffe—	682—	G. R. Rule, C. H. Lee, Jr.	
Flemingsburg—Johnston—	232—	John W. Hettlin, M. M. Teagor.	



MISS SUSIE MORRIS,
Maid of Honor for Indian Territory.

Frankfort—T. B. Monroe—188—A. W. Maclin, J. E. Scott.
Franklin—Walker—640—P. P. Finn, P. V. Mayes.
Fulton—Jim Purtle—990—J. J. Stubblefield, J. S. Edding.
Georgetown—G. W. Johnson—98—A. H. Sinclair, E. Blackburn.
Glasgow—Gen. J. H. Lewis—874—T. G. Page, W. F. Smith.
Harrodsburg—W. Preston—96—B. W. Allin, John Kane.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Hickman—J. B. Ward—981—	Thomas Dillon, Sr.,	A. M. De Bow.	
Henderson—J. E. Rankin—558—	Gen. M. M. Kimmel,	R. H. Cunningham.	
Hopkinsville—Merriwether—241—	N. Gaither,	Hunter Wood.	
La Grange—F. Smith—769—	W. C. Pryor,	John Holmes.	
Lawrenceburg—Helm—101—	P. H. Thomas,	J. P. Vaughn.	



MISS SYDNEY SCOTT LEWIS,
Sponsor for Kentucky.

Louisville—George B. Eastin—803—J. H. Leathers, T. D. Osborne.
Lexington—J. C. Breckinridge—100—J. Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
Madisonville—Hopkins Co. Ex-Confed. Assoc'n—528—L. D. Hockersmith, Thomas H. Smith.
Marion—Sam Davis—940—A. M. Hearin, R. E. Pickens.
Maysville—J. E. Johnston—442—Dr. A. H. Wall, J. W. Boulden.
Middlesboro—Henry N. Ashby—1003— —, —.
Mt. Sterling—R. S. Cluke—201—T. Johnson, W. T. Havens.
Newport—Corbin—682—M. R. Lockhart, James Caldwell.
Nicholasville—Marshall—187—G. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard.
Paducah—Thompson—174—W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Browne.
Paducah—L. Tilghman—463—T. E. Moss, J. V. Grief.
Paris—J. H. Morgan—95—A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.
Princeton—Jim Pearce—527—Gen. H. B. Lyons, Capt. T. J. Johnson.
Richmond—D. W. Chenault—919—David Chenault, —.
Richmond—T. B. Collins—215—Thomas Thorpe, L. J. Frazee.
Russellville—Caldwell—139—J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
Shelbyville—J. H. Waller—237—W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen.
Stanford—T. W. Napier—882—T. N. Shelton, T. M. Goodnight.
Versailles—Abe Buford—97—J. C. Bailey, R. V. Bishop.
Winchester—Hanson—186—B. F. Curtis, J. H. Croxton.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. John McGrath, Commander, Baton Rouge.
Col. E. H. Lombard, A. G. and Chief of Staff, New Orleans.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Abbeville—Vermilion—607—	W. D. Gooch,	G. B. Shaw.	
Alexandria—Jeff Davis—6—	F. Selp,	W. W. Whittington.	

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Amite City—Amite City—78—	A. P. Richards,	J. M. DeSaussure.	
Arcadia—Arcadia—229—	Will Miller,	John A. Oden.	
Bastrop—R. M. Hinson—578—	J. M. Sharp,	W. A. Harrington.	
Baton Rouge—Baton Rouge—17—	John J. Wax,	F. W. Heroman.	
Benton—Lowden Butler—409—	A. P. Butler,	B. R. Nash.	
Berwick Winchester Hall—178—	T. J. Royster,	F. O'Brien.	
Campti—Cap Perot—397—	Leopold Perot,	T. H. Hamilton.	
Conshatta—Henry Gray—490—	O. T. Webb,	O. S. Penny.	
Columbia—J. McEnery—749—	S. B. Fleritt,	S. D. S. Walker.	
Crowley—G. T. Beauregard—628—	D. B. Hays,	J. M. Taylor.	
Donaldsonville—V. Maurin—38—	S. A. Poche,	P. Ganel, Sr.	
Eunice—Confed. Vet.—671—	D. P. January,	F. H. Fairbanks.	
Evergreen—R. L. Gibson—33—	I. C. Johnson,	W. H. Oliver.	
Farmerville—C. V. A. Union Pr.—379—	J. K. Ramsay,	—.	
Franklin—F. Cornay—345—	Charles M. Smith,	Thomas J. Shaffer.	
Gonzales—Ogden—247—	J. Gonzales, Sr.,	H. T. Brown.	
Harrisonburg—F. T. Nicholls—909—	S. D. Fairbanks,	John Dasher.	
Homer—Claiborne—548—	Col. T. W. Poole,	F. C. Greenwood.	
Hope Villa—Ogden—247—	J. Gonzales, Sr.,	H. T. Brown.	
Jackson—Feliciana—264—	Zach. Lea,	M. B. Shaw.	
Jeannerette—Alcibiade De Blanc—634—	A. L. Monnot.		
Lafayette—Gardner—580—	D. A. Cochrane,	Conrad Debaillon.	
Lake Charles—Calcasieu C. Vets.—62—	W. A. Knapp,	W. L. Hutchins.	
Lake Providence—Lake Providence—193—	J. C. Bass,	C. R. Egelly.	
Logansport—Camp Hood—589—	G. W. Sample,	E. Price.	
Magnolia—Hays—451—	J. G. Barnett,	J. K. Jenneyson.	
Manderville—Moorman—270—	J. L. Dicks,	R. O. Pizetta.	
Mansfield—Mouton—41—	John W. Pitts,	T. G. Pegues.	
Merrick—I. Norwood—110—	D. T. Merrick,	J. J. Taylor.	
Minden—Gen. T. M. Scott—545—	—	Goodwill, H. A. Barnes.	
New Ibera—Confed. Vet.—670—	Jules Dubus,	Martin Carron.	



MISS ELLIE RUNYON CHINN,
Maid of Honor for Kentucky.

Monroe—H. W. Allen—182—W. P. Rennick, W. A. O'Kelley.
Montgomery—C. V. A.—631—H. V. McCain, J. M. McCain.
Natchitoches—Natchitoches—10—L. Caspari, C. H. Levy.
New Orleans—Wash. Artillery—15—Col. J. Watts Kearney,
Charles A. Harris.
New Orleans—Henry St. Paul—16—L. L. Davis, A. B. Booth.
New Orleans—Army N. Va.—1—H. H. Ward, T. B. O'Brien.
New Orleans—Army of Tenn.—2—Charles H. Luzenburg, N. Cuny.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 New Orleans—V. C. S. C.—9—G. H. Tichenor, William Laughlin.
 Oakley—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell.
 Opelousas—R. E. Lee—14—Leonce Sandory, A. D. Harmanson.
 Timothea—Henry Gray—551—W. A. Ellett, T. Oakley.
 Plaquemine—Iberville—18—L. E. Wood, J. Achille Dupuy.



MISS ELISE FEATHERSTON,
 Sponsor for Mississippi.

Pleasant Hill—Dick Taylor—546—J. Graham, I. T. Harrell.
 Rayville—Richland—152—J. S. Summerlin, J. T. Stokes.
 Ruston—Ruston—7—A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
 Shreveport—LeR. Stafford—3—J. J. Scott, W. H. Tunnard.
 St. Francisville—Confed. Vet.—798—Dr. F. H. Mumford.
 Sicily Island—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, John Enright.
 Stay—Confed. Vet.—937—William H. Hodnett, —.
 Tangipahoa—Moore—60—O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor.
 Thibodaux—B. Bragg—196—S. T. Grisamore, H. N. Coulon.
 Zachary—Croft—530—O. M. Lee, W. E. Atkinson.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. George H. Steuart, Commander, Baltimore.
 Col. John S. Saunders, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Baltimore.
 John Gill, Brigadier General, Baltimore.
 Robert Carter Smith, Brigadier General, Baltimore.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Annapolis—George H. Steuart—775—Jas. W. Owens, Louis Green.
 Baltimore—James R. Herbert—657—B. S. Johnston, D. A. Fenton.
 Baltimore—Franklin Buchanan—747—H. A. Ramsay, W. Peters.
 Frederick—Alexander Young—500—S. F. Thomas, Aug. Obenderfer.
 Gaithersburg—Ridgely Brown—518—E. J. Chiswell, E. L. Amiss.
 Towson—Harry Gilmer—673—Col. D. G. McIntosh, S. C. Tomay.
 Easton—Charles S. Winder—989—Oswald Tilghman, Owen Norris.
 Baltimore—Arnold Elzey—1015—Chapman Maupin, R. D. Selden.
 Baltimore—Isaac R. Trimble—1025—H. T. Douglas, W. L. Ritter.
 Baltimore—Murray Confederate Association—1026— —, —.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. D. Holder, Commander, Jackson.
 Col. S. B. Watts, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Meridian.
 D. A. Campbell, Brigadier General, Vicksburg.
 W. D. Cameron, Brigadier General, Meridian.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Amory—Jackson—427—T. J. Rowan, J. P. Johnston.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Belmont—James F. Gresham—883—C. C. Shook, W. C. Denson.
 Booneville—W. H. H. Tison—179—D. L. Beall, G. B. Kimbell.
 Brandon—Rankin—265—Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey.
 Brookhaven—S. Gwin—235—J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry.
 Byhalla—Sam Benton—562— —, H. H. Stevens.
 Canton—E. G. Henry—312—I. K. Kearney.
 Carrollton—Liddell—561—J. T. Stanford, W. J. Woudell.
 Cedar Bluff—N. B. Forest—943—W. R. Paramore, R. W. Tribble.
 Centerville—Centerville—461—H. C. Capell, J. R. Johns.
 Chester—R. G. Prewitt—433—J. H. Evans, W. M. Roberts.
 Clarksdale—Sam Cammack—550—N. L. Leavell, L. C. Allen.
 Columbus—Harrison—27—Louis Walburg, Thomas Harrison.
 Crystal Springs—Humphreys—19—F. Y. Dabney, S. H. Aby.
 Edwards—Montgomery—26—W. Montgomery, T. Barrett.
 Fayette—Whitney—22—R. M. Arnette, T. B. Hammett.
 Greenwood—Reynolds—218—L. P. Yerger, W. A. Gillespie.
 Greenville—W. A. Percy—233—W. K. Gildart, William Yerger.
 Grenada—W. R. Barksdale—189—J. W. Young, J. M. Wahl.
 Glennville—Glennville—799— —, —.
 Harpersville—Patrons Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.
 Hattiesburg—Hattiesburg—21—J. P. Carter, E. H. Harris.
 Hazlehurst—D. J. Brown—544—W. J. Rea, Tom S. Haynie.
 Heidelberg—Jasper County—694— —, E. A. White.
 Holly Springs—Kit Mott—23—Sam J. Pryor, W. G. Ford.
 Herbert—Yates—886— —, F. M. Ross.
 Hernando—DeSoto—220—T. C. Dockery, C. H. Robertson.
 Iuka—Lamar—425—G. P. Hammerley, J. B. McKinny.
 Hickory Flat—Hickory Flat—219—J. D. Lokey, J. J. Hicks.
 Indianola—A. S. Johnston—549—U. B. Clarke, W. H. Leach.
 Jackson—R. A. Smith—24—W. D. Holder, A. G. Moore.
 Kosciusko—Barksdale—445—C. H. Campbell, V. H. Wallace.
 Lake—Patrons Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.
 Leaksville—Henry Roberts—866—W. W. Thomson, John West.
 Lexington—W. L. Keirn—398—H. J. Reid, F. A. Howell.
 Liberty—Amite County—226—C. H. Frith, G. A. McGehee.
 Louisville—Bradley—352—J. H. Cornwell, John B. Gage.
 Maben—S. D. Lee—271—O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman.
 Macon—J. Longstreet—180—J. S. Griggs, B. J. Allen.



MISS LIDA B. PRYOR,
 Maid of Honor for Mississippi.

Magnolia—Stockdale—324—J. J. White, W. T. White.
 Meadville—Meadville—911—John L. Calcote, E. C. Adams.
 Meridian—Walthall—25—Col. S. B. Watts, B. V. White.
 Miss. City—Beauvoir—120—M. G. May, F. S. Hewes.
 Natchez—Natchez—20—F. J. V. LeCand, J. B. O'Brien.
 Nettleton—Simonton—602—J. C. Blanton, W. J. Sparks.

Postoffice. *Camp.* *No.* *Officers.*
New Albany—Lowry—342—C. S. Robertson—M. F. Rogers.
Okalona—W. F. Tucker—452—B. J. Abbott, J. M. Davis.
Oxford—Lafayette Co.—752—R. W. Jones, John F. Brown.
Pittsboro—J. Gordon—553—R. N. Provine, J. L. Lyon.
Poplarville—Pearl River—540—J. J. Moore, W. D. Woulard.
Port Gibson—Claiborne—167—E. S. Drake, James R. Moore.



MISS NANNIE BRANCH JONES,
Sponsor for North Carolina.

Ripley—Tippah County—453—T. D. Spight, W. G. Rutledge.
Rolling Fork—P. R. Cleburne—190—J. C. Hall, J. S. Joor.
Rosdale—Montgomery—52—F. A. Montgomery, C. C. Farrar.
Sardis—J. R. Dickens—341—R. H. Taylor, J. B. Boothe.
Senatobia—Bill Feeney—353—T. P. Hill, Sam J. House.
Steenston—E. C. Leech, 942—E. C. Leech, Thomas A. Stinson.
Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Vaiden—F. Liddell—221—S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth.
Vicksburg—Vicksburg—32—D. A. Campbell, William George.
Water Valley—Ft. Stone—517—M. D. L. Stephens, S. D. Brown.
Walthall—A. K. Blythe—494—T. M. Gore, Sam Cooke.
Wesson—C. Posey—441—D. G. Patterson, J. T. Bridewell.
West Point—Confed. Vet.—796—George C. Nance, —.
Winona—M. Farrell—311—J. R. Binford, C. H. Campbell.
Woodville—Woodville—49—J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City—Yazoo—176—S. S. Griffith, C. J. DuBuisson.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Robert McCulloch, Commander, Kansas City.
Col. H. A. Newman, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Huntsville.
G. W. Thompson, Brigadier General, Barry.

Postoffice. *Camp.* *No.* *Officers.*
Alton—Col. J. R. Woodside—751—M. G. Norman, S. B. Sproule.
Belton—Col. P. Shanks—734—R. M. Slaughter, M. V. Ferguson.
Booneville—G. B. Harper—714—R. McCulloch, W. W. Trent.
Bowling Green—Senteny—739—M. V. Wisdom, A. E. Senteny.
Bunceton—Dick Taylor—817—H. H. Miller, O. F. Arnold.
Butler—Marmaduke—615—J. F. Watkins, Dr. C. Mise.
Cabool—R. E. Lee—788—J. M. Cunningham, E. A. Millard.
Carrollton—J. L. Mirick—684—H. M. Pettit, J. A. Turner.

Postoffice. *Camp.* *No.* *Officers.*
Carthage—Jasper Co.—522—C. C. Catron, J. W. Halliburton.
Clinton—N. Spangler—678—W. G. Watkins, W. F. Carter.
Columbia—J. J. Searcy—717—Capt. M. A. Guinn, Col. E. Hodge.
Cuba—Col. Jo Kelly—811—J. P. Webb, J. G. Simpson.
Dexter—S. G. Kitchen—779—W. L. Jeffers, J. W. McCullom.
Doniphan—J. N. Hedgepeth—793—Thos. Malvey, A. J. McCollum.
El Dorado Springs—El Dorado—859—Thos. B. Dry, J. L. Wilcoxon.
Eminence—N. R. Forrest—762—B. F. Evans, W. S. Chilton.
Exeter—S. Price—456—James Montgomery, G. G. James.
Farmington—Crow—712—S. P. Fleming, T. D. Fisher.
Fayette—J. B. Clark—660—S. B. Cunningham, A. J. Furr.
Fulton—Gen. D. M. Frost—737—I. N. Sitton, John M. Bryan.
Fredericktown—Col. Lowe—805—L. Graves, L. E. Jenkins.
Greenville—Ben Holmes—761—J. B. McGehee, J. K. Lowrence.
Hannibal—R. Ruffner—676—S. J. Harrison, T. A. Wright.
Higginsville—Edwards—733—R. Todhunter, J. J. Fulkerson.
Houston—J. H. McBride—787—W. L. Lyle, Jacob Farley.
Huntsville—Lowry—636—G. N. Ratliff, J. S. Robertson.
Independence—Halloway—533—E. W. Strode, Schuyler Lowe.
Jackson—S. S. Harris—790—S. S. Harris, E. F. Jenkins.
Jefferson City—Parsons—718—J. B. Gantt, James Hardin.
Kansas City—Kansas City—80—W. T. Mills, E. R. Tomlinson.
Keytesville—Gen. S. Price—710—J. G. Martin, J. A. Egan.
Kennet—John P. Taylor—792—W. H. Helm, Collin Morgan.
Lamar—Capt. Ed Ward—760—R. J. Tucker, W. L. Mack.
Lee's Summit—Lee's Summit—740—J. A. Carr, J. L. Lacy.
Lexington—Lexington—648—J. Q. Platenburg, George P. Venable.
Liberty—McCarty—729—J. T. Chandler, P. W. Reddish.
Linneus—Flournoy—836—William L. Cornett, J. P. Bradley.
Madison—Bledsoe—679—J. R. Chowning, J. S. Demoway.
Marshall—Marmaduke—554—James A. Gordon, D. F. Bell.
Marble Hill—Col. William Jeffers—789—J. J. Long, J. S. Hill.



MISS ELIZABETH CHRISTOPHER HINSDALE,
Maid of Honor for North Carolina.

Memphis—Shacklett—723—W. C. Ladd, C. F. Sanders.
Mexico—Mexico—650—James Bradley, Ben C. Johnson.
Moberly—Marmaduke—685—J. A. Tagart, W. P. Davis.
Mooresville—Mooresville—541—J. M. Barron, Nat Fiske.
Norley—Maj. J. Parrot—460—A. J. Gupton, J. W. Evans.
Miami—John Benson—613—L. W. Haynie, J. F. Webster.
Nevada—Nevada—662—C. T. Davis, J. D. Ingram.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 New Madrid—Col. A. C. Riley—791—Joseph Hunter, Albert Lee.
 Oak Grove—Up Hayes—831—J. H. George, C. T. Duncan.
 Odessa—S. Price—547—Thomas T. Gibbs, W. H. Edwards.
 Paris—Monroe County—689—J. M. McGee, B. F. White.
 Platte City—Platte County—728—T. B. George, J. L. Carmack.
 Plattsburg—J. T. Hughes—696—J. B. Baker, E. T. Smith.



MISS BESSIE BLANCHE BUSH,
 Sponsor for Oklahoma Territory.

Pineville—E. McDonald—754—J. C. Hooper, J. P. Caldwell.
 Pleasant Hill—Pleasant Hill—691—H. M. Bledsoe, T. H. Cloud.
 Poplar Bluff—Stonewall Jackson—780—T. H. Mauldin, B. C. Jones.
 Rolla—Col. E. A. Stein—742—H. S. Headley, J. L. Buskett.
 Richmond—S. R. Crisphn—727—James L. Farris, L. Turner.
 Salem—Col. E. T. Wingo—745—W. Barksdale, J. E. Organ.
 Sedalia—Sedalia—985—
 Springfield—Campbell—488—D. D. Berry, N. B. Hogan.
 St. Joseph—Cundiff—807—James W. Boyd, J. C. Landis.
 St. Louis—J. S. Bowen—659—C. J. Moffitt, B. F. Haislip.
 St. Louis—St. Louis—731—Robert McCulloch, F. Gaiennie.
 Sweet Springs—Sweet Springs—635—V. Marmaduke, W. C. Hall.
 Vienna—J. G. Shockley—744—J. A. Love, A. S. Henderson.
 Waddill—Freeman—690—J. W. Roseberry, L. H. Marrs.
 Wanda—Freeman—690—J. W. Roseberry, H. W. Hamilton.
 Warrensburg—Parsons—735—W. P. Gibson, D. C. Woodruff.
 Waverly—J. Percival—711—H. J. Galbraith, A. Corder.
 Waynesville—Howard—688—C. H. Howard, E. G. Williams.
 West Plain—J. O. Shelby—630—O. H. Catron, N. C. Berry.
 Windsor—Windsor Guards—715—R. F. Taylor, A. C. Clark.

MONTANA DIVISION.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Helena—Confed. Vet.—523—Col. William De Lacy, —.
 Phillipsburg—J. E. B. Stuart—716—F. D. Brown, William Ray.

NEW MEXICO DIVISION.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Deming—Pap Price—773—Seaman Field, Alex. Brand.
 Largo—Confed. Vet.—525—J. H. Thichoff, —.
 Socorro—Confed. Surv. Asso'n—524—J. J. Leeson, —.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. William L. DeRosset, Commander, Wilmington.
 Col. Junius Davis, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Wilmington.
 J. G. Hall, Brigadier General, Hickory.
 W. L. London, Brigadier General, Pittsboro.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Asheville—Z. Vance—651—Maj. James M. Grudger, C. B. Way.
 Brevard—Transylvania Co.—953—L. C. Neill, J. J. Shippman.
 Bryson City—A. Coleman—301—E. Everett, W. H. Hughes.
 Burlington—Ruffin—486—J. A. Turrentline, J. R. Inland.
 Charlotte—Mecklenburg—882—S. H. Hilton, D. G. Maxwell.
 Clinton—Sampson—137—R. H. Holliday, J. A. Beaman.
 Concord—Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.—212—D. A. Caldwell, J. R. Ervin.
 Durham—R. F. Webb—818—J. S. Carr, N. A. Ramsey.
 Fayetteville—Fayetteville—852—Edward J. Hale, John N. Prior.
 Franklin—Confed. Vet.—955—Maj. Rankin, —.
 Franklin—Charles L. Robinson—947—N. P. Rankin, W. A. Curtis.
 Greensboro—Guilford Co.—795—J. W. Scott, T. J. Sloan.
 Goldsboro—T. Ruffin—794—N. H. Gurley, A. B. Hollowell.
 Henderson—Henry L. Wyatt—984—W. H. Cheek, W. B. Shaw.
 Hickory—Catawba—162—M. S. Deal, L. R. Whitener.
 Independence—E. B. Holloway—533—E. W. Strode, S. Lowe.
 Lenoir—Col. John T. Jones—952—J. P. Johnson, —.
 Littleton—Junius Daniel—326—John P. Leech.
 Marion—Confed. Vet.—914—Lieut. Col. J. P. Sinclair, —.
 Mt. Airy—Surrey Co.—797—W. E. Patterson, J. R. Paddison.
 Mexico—Mexico—650—James Bradley, B. C. Johnson.
 Murphy—Confed. Vet.—956—J. W. Cooper, —.
 Pittsboro—L. J. Merritt—387—O. A. Hanner, H. A. London.
 Rockingham—Richmond Co.—830—W. H. McLaurin, H. C. Wall.
 Ryan—Confederate—417—
 Raleigh—L. O. Branch—515—P. E. Hines, J. C. Birdsong.
 Red Springs—Red Springs—417—T. McBryde, D. P. McEachem.
 Salisbury—Fisher—309—J. A. Ramsay, J. C. Bernhardt.
 Salisbury—C. F. Fisher—319—J. R. Crawford, C. R. Barker.
 Statesville—Col. R. Campbell—394—P. C. Carlton, T. M. C. Davidson.
 Smithfield—W. R. Moore—833—J. T. Ellington, E. H. Holb.
 Snow Hill—Drysdale—849—H. H. Best, W. H. Dail.
 Tryon—Confed. Vet.—924—W. E. Mills, —.
 Wadesboro—Anson—846—F. Bennett, J. J. Dunlap.
 Waynesville—P. Welch—848—G. S. Ferguson, G. W. Clayton.
 Washington—B. Grimes—424—T. M. Allen, J. M. Gallagher.
 Webster—J. R. Love—954—T. J. Love, E. R. Hampton.
 Williamston—J. C. Lamb—845—W. J. Hardison, W. Robertson.
 Wilmington—Cape Fear—254—Louis S. Belden, H. Savage.
 Winston—Norfleet—436—T. J. Brown, S. H. Smith.



MISS MAMIE G. STRIBLING,
 Maid of Honor for Oklahoma Territory.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Edward L. Thomas, Commander, Sac and Fox Agency.
 Col. J. O. Casler, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
Dale—Camp Dale—706—W. H. Bean, M. Ginn.
El Reno—El Reno—348—W. J. Montrief, W. W. Bush.
Guthrie—Camp Jamison—347—Gen. J. A. Jamison, J. D. Maurice.
Norman—J. B. Gordon—200—T. J. Johnson, S. J. Wilkins.
Oklahoma—Hammons—177—Dr. A. J. Beale, Asher Bailey.
Shawnee—Gen. Monroe Parsons—976— ———.
Tecumseh—Pat Cleburne—867—E. T. Phillips, A. J. Johnson.



MISS ISABELL BRATTON,
Sponsor for South Carolina.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston.
Col. James G. Holmes, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Charleston.
Asbury Coward, Brigadier General, Charleston.
Thomas W. Carwile, Brigadier General, Edgefield.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
Abbeville—Secession—416—J. F. Lyon, W. A. Templeton.
Aiken—B. E. Bee—84—B. H. Teague, W. W. Williams.
Allendale—Jim Hagood—753—Joseph Erwin, Richard Best.
Anderson—Camp Benson—337—M. P. Tribble, W. T. McGill.
Anderson—S. D. Lee—753—M. P. Tribble, A. P. Hubbard.
Bamberg—Jenkins—627—S. P. H. Elwell, W. A. Riley.
Barnwell—E. W. Bellingers—834— ———.
Batesburg—Gen. James Connor—939—T. S. Fox, A. J. Boatwright.
Beaufort—Beaufort—366—Thomas S. White, ———.
Blackville—J. Hagood—827—L. C. Stephens, C. C. Rush.
Bradley—E. Bland—536—W. E. Cothran, E. W. Watson.
Belton—Anderson—782—George W. Cox, James W. Poore.
Bennettsville—Henegan—766—J. A. W. Thomas, C. M. Weatherly.
Bucksville—Confed. Surv. Ass'n—529—Capt. R. L. Beaty, ———.
Bucksville—Horry—529—B. L. Beaty, John R. Cooper.
Blacksburg—Hart—783—J. G. Black, B. J. Gold.
Camden—R. Kirkland—704—C. C. Halle, E. E. Sill.
Chapin—Joseph E. Johnston—1000— ———.
Charleston—Camp Sumter—250—Dr. R. M. Brodie, J. W. Ward.
Charleston—Pal'to Guard—315—G. L. Bulst, G. H. Manion.
Charleston—A. B. Rhett—767—S. C. Gilbert, A. H. Prince.
Cheraw—J. B. Kershaw—413—J. C. Colt, C. A. Malloy.
Chester—Lucius Gaston—821—J. S. Wilson, J. C. McFadden.
Chesterfield—Winnie Davis—950—W. J. Hanna, James A. Craig.
Clinton—R. S. Owens—932—W. A. Shand, G. M. Hanna.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
Clintonward—Capt. E. W. Horne—945—J. H. Edwards, S. L. Ready.
Clouds Creek—A. S. Bouknight—1005— ———.
Columbia—Hampton—389—R. S. DesPorter, D. R. Flennikin.
Darlington—Darlington—785—E. Keith Dargan, Wm. E. James.
Dillon—Harlee—840—A. T. Harlee, A. K. Parham.
Due West—Confed. Vet.—813—W. T. Cowan, ———.
Duncans—Dean—437—Paton Ballenger, E. J. Zimmerman.
Easley—J. Hawthorne—285—D. F. Bradley, J. H. Martin.
Edgefield C. H.—A. Perrin—367—John E. Colgan, W. D. Ramey.
Edisto Island—Maj. J. Jenkins—784—John Jenkins, T. Mikell.
Ellenton—Wick McCreary—842—T. L. Bush, Sr., D. W. Bush.
Ellijay—Gen. Wm. Phillips—969—T. L. Greer, Wm. DeJournette.
Enoree—Chicester—905—William A. Hill, B. F. Sample.
Florence—Pee Dee—390—E. W. Lloyd, William Quirk.
Fort Mill—Fort Mill—920—S. E. White, J. W. Andrey.
Gaffney—Jake Carpenter—810—H. P. Griffith, D. A. Thomas.
Georgetown—Arthur Manigault—768—J. H. Reed, T. M. Merriman.
Glymphville—Glymphville—399—L. P. Miller, ———.
Greenville—Pulliam—297—W. L. Mauldin, P. T. Hayne.
Greenwood—Aiken—432—C. A. C. Waller, L. M. Moore.
Guyton—Ledbetter—922—Joshua Jamison, A. E. Brown.
Hagood—J. D. Graham—822—J. J. Neason, J. W. Young.
Harrelson—Jackson—801— ———, J. M. Harrelson.
Hyman—Hampton—450—M. L. Munn, R. F. Coleman.
Inman—Gibbs—875—J. M. Rudisail, H. M. Bishop.
Jennys—Rivers Bridge—839—J. W. Jenny, J. F. Kearse.
Johnston—McHenry—765—William Lott, P. B. Waters.
Jonesville—G. W. Boyd—921—W. H. S. Harris, W. T. Ward.
Kershaw—Hanging Rock—738—L. C. Hough, B. A. Hilton.
Kingstree—Presley—757—D. E. Gordon, E. P. Montgomery.
Laurens—Garlington—501—B. W. Ball, B. W. Lanford.



MISS SALLIE H. HUGER,
Maid of Honor for South Carolina.

Lexington—Lexington—668—S. M. Roof, M. D. Harman.
Layton—Jackson—838—A. B. Layton, J. M. Harrelson.
Manning—H. Benbow—471—C. S. Land, S. J. Bowman.
Marion—Camp Marion—641—S. A. Durham, E. H. Gasque.
McClellanville—Edward Manigault—1002— ———.
Martins—Horrall—896— ———.
McKay—J. Hendricks—535—J. M. Hough, J. E. Sowell.
Mt. Pleasant—Wagner—410—S. P. Smith, J. R. Tomlinson.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Newberry—J. D. Nance—336—J. W. Gary, C. F. Boyd.
 Ninety-Six—J. F. Marshall—577—Thomas L. Moore, J. Rogers.
 North—North—701—G. W. Dannelly, S. A. Livingston.
 Orangeburg—Orangeburg—457—J. F. Izlar, S. Dibble.
 Parksville—J. Tillman—741—R. Harling, S. E. Freeland.



MISS SARAH DONELSON COFFEE,
 Sponsor for Tennessee.

Pelzer—Kershaw—743—L. P. Harling, T. A. McElroy.
 Pendleton—Sally Simpson—1006—J. C. Stribling, R. E. Sloan.
 Pickens—Wolf Creek—412—J. A. Griffin, H. B. Hendricks.
 Piedmont—Crittenden—707—F. J. Poole, J. O. Jenkins.
 Poverty Hill—M. C. Butler—968—J. J. Bunch, H. H. Townes.
 Rock Hill—Catawba—278—Cade Jones, I. Jones.
 Ridgeway—Camp Rion—534—John D. Harrison, G. W. Moore.
 Salley—Hart—697—D. H. Salley, A. L. Sawyer.
 Saluda—Mitchell—764—James M. Forrest, A. L. Wyse.
 Seneca—Doyle—893—O. F. Bacon.
 Simpsonville—Austin—454—W. P. Gresham, D. C. Bennett.
 Socastee—Con. Surv. Ass'n—418—J. Smith.
 Spartanburg—Walker—335—D. R. Duncan, Moses Foster.
 Springfield—L. M. Keith—786—J. W. Jumper, John C. Fanning.
 St. George's—Stephen Elliott—51—R. M. Minus, J. Otey Reed.
 St. Stephens—C. I. Walker—732—A. W. Weatherly, R. V. Mathews.
 Summerville—Gen. Jas. Conner—374—Geo. Tupper, W. R. Dehon.
 Sumter—Dick Anderson—334—J. D. Graham, P. P. Gaillard.
 Sunnyside—Jeffries—889—G. W. McKown, J. Rufus Poole.
 Sycamore—C. J. Colcock—928—B. R. Lewis, Dr. J. M. Weekley.
 Timmons ville—Confed. Vet.—774—D. H. Traxler.
 Traveler's Rest—T. W. West—824—M. L. West, J. J. Watson.
 Union—J. R. Giles—708—James T. Douglass, J. L. Strain.
 Walterboro—Heyward—462—John D. Edwards, C. G. Henderson.
 Waterloo—C. R. Holmes—746—R. N. Cunningham, A. E. Nance.
 Westminster—Haskell—895—S. P. Dendy, H. A. Terrill.
 Winnsboro—Rains—698—Robert H. Jennings, John J. Neil.
 Yorkville—Micah Jenkins—702—Maj. J. F. Hart, Jas. F. Wallace.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, Commander, Memphis.
 Col. John P. Hickman, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Nashville.
 J. E. Carter, Brigadier General, Knoxville.
 G. W. Gordon, Brigadier General, Memphis.

Postoffice. Comp. No. Officers.
 Alamo—Joseph E. Johnston—915—F. J. Wood, D. B. Dodson.
 Arlington—John C. Carter—899—R. S. Donelson, W. B. Stewart.
 Auburn—William C. Hancock—944—J. R. Hancock.
 Bateville—Confed. Vet.—935—John R. Donaldson.
 Bristol—Fulkerson—705—H. C. Wood, N. D. Bachman.
 Brownsville—H. S. Bradford—426—A. H. Bradford, H. J. Livingston.
 Chattanooga—Forrest—4—J. F. Shipp, L. T. Dickinson.
 Clarksville—Forbes—77—John D. Moore, Clay Stacker.
 Cleveland—J. D. Traynor—590—S. H. Day, L. Shingart.
 Columbia—W. H. Trousdale—495—H. G. Evans, J. L. Jones.
 Cookeville—Pat Cleburne—967—Walton Smith, J. H. Curtis.
 Dayton—J. W. Gillespie—923—C. V. Allen, W. G. Allen.
 Decatur—Confed. Vet.—934—Robert Spradling.
 Decaturville—McMillan—994—John McMillan, J. J. Austin.
 Dickson—Bill Green—933—W. J. Mathis, A. B. Williams.
 Dresden—J. A. Jenkins—998—E. E. Tansil.
 Dyersburg—W. Dawson—552—W. C. Nixon, L. C. McClerkin.
 Eagleville—Sam B. Wilson—970—William A. Bailey, W. J. White.
 Fayetteville—Shackleford—Fulton—114—J. T. Goodrich, W. H. Cashion.
 Franklin—Gen. Starnes—134—J. H. Akin, G. L. Cowan.
 Gainesboro—S. S. Stanton—909—Sam A. Smith, N. B. Young.
 Gallatin—Donelson—539—John T. Branham, T. L. Vinson.
 Greenfield—Greenfield—972—Thomas Campbell.
 Henryville—Confed. Vet.—992—W. H. Skillman.
 Humboldt—Humboldt—974—W. N. L. Dunlop, J. D. Vance.
 Jackson—John Ingram—37—Clifton Dancy, J. W. Gates.
 Jasper—Confed. Vet.—931—J. A. Walker, P. G. Pryor.
 Kenton—Confed. Vet.—936—Dr. P. N. Matlock.
 Knoxville—Fred Ault—5—R. L. Teasdale, John S. Robbins.
 Knoxville—F. K. Zollicoffer—46—John F. Horne, Chas. Ducloux.
 Lebanon—Wilson Co.—941—S. G. Shepherd, W. M. Harknader.



MISS MEDORA CHEATHAM,
 Maid of Honor for Tennessee.

Lewisburg—Dibrell—55—W. G. Loyd, Henry K. Moss.
 Martin—A. S. Johnston—892—W. T. Lawler, J. L. Wilkes.
 Manchester—Frank Ragsdale—917—J. H. S. Duncan, S. S. Cook.
 Maynardville—Johnston—722—B. L. Donelew, J. J. Sellers.
 McKenzie—S. Jackson—42—J. P. Cannon, J. M. Null.
 McMinnville—Savage—Hackett—930—J. C. Biles, W. C. Womack.
 Memphis—Con. His. Ass'n—28—C. W. Frazier, J. P. Young.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Morristown—	W. B. Tate—	725—	T. J. Speck, J. H. McClister.
Murfreesboro—	Palmer—	81—	M. E. Neely, H. H. Norman.
Nashville—	Cheatham—	35—	R. Lin Cave, J. P. Hickman.
Nashville—	J. C. Brown—	520—	W. C. Smith, Joseph H. Dew.
Petersburg—	Confed. Vet.—	993—	G. C. Gillespie, —.
Pikeville—	H. M. Ashby—	458—	L. T. Billingsly, Z. M. Morris.



MISS TINA L. CLEVELAND,
Sponsor for Texas.

Pulaski—Wooldridge—586—Field Arrowsmith, Charles P. Jone.
Rattlesnake—Confed. Vet.—926—Joe T. Fletcher, —.
Ripley—John Sutherland—890—H. T. Hanks, A. J. Meadows.
Rogersville—Kyle Blevins—777—W. S. Armstrong, F. A. Shotwell.
Sharon—Jeff Thompson—987—W. E. Thomas, G. M. Terry.
Shelbyville—W. Frierson—83—H. C. Whiteside, L. H. Russ.
Somerville—Armstrong—910—T. B. Yancey, Robert Locke.
South Pittsburg—Confed. Vet.—672—J. Bright, —.
Sweetwater—Confed. Vet.—693—John M. Jones, J. C. Warren.
Tracy City—S. L. Freeman—884—W. P. Morton, J. M. Johnson.
Trenton—Col. R. M. Russell—906—William Gay, W. F. McRee.
Tulahoma—Anderson—173—W. H. McLemore, W. J. Travis.
Union City—W. McDonald—997—P. N. Matlock, F. B. Taylor.
West Point—Confed. Vet.—927—J. W. Welch, —.
Winchester—Turney—12—T. D. Cherry, N. R. Martin.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. H. Phelps, Commander, La Grange.
Col. H. B. Stoddard, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Bryan.

NORTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. T. M. Scott, Commander, Melissa.
Col. W. M. Abernathy, A. G. and Chief of Staff, McKinney.
John W. Webb, Brigadier General, Paris.
J. M. Pearson, Brigadier General, McKinney.

NORTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Robert Cobb, Commander, Wichita Falls.
Col. Wm. Parke Skeene, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Wichita Falls.
W. B. Plemons, Brigadier General, Amarillo.
A. T. Gay, Brigadier General, Graham.

SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. W. G. Blain, Commander, Mexia.
Col. Thomas T. Gibson, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Mexia.
W. N. Norwood, Brigadier General, Navasota.
T. D. Rock, Brigadier General, Woodville.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. W. C. Kroeger, Commander, San Antonio.
Col. J. R. Gordon, A. G. and Chief of Staff, San Antonio.
T. W. Dodd, Brigadier General, Laredo.
H. L. Bentley, Brigadier General, Abilene.

WESTERN TEXAS SUBDIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. James Boyd, Commander, Belton.
Col. W. M. McGregor, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Cameron.
H. E. Shelley, Brigadier General, Austin.
Robert Donnell, Brigadier General, Meridian.
Joe D. Harrison, Brigadier General, Willow City.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Abilene—	Abilene—	72—	C. N. Leake, T. W. Daugherty.
Abilene—	Taylor Co.—	69—	H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyek.
Alpine—	Guthrie—	888—	H. O'Neal, H. L. Lackey.
Alvarado—	Alvarado—	160—	J. M. Hill, J. R. Posey.
Alvin—	John A. Wharton—	286—	J. T. Cobb, W. L. Orr.
Almi—	J. A. Wharton—	286—	I. T. Cobb, S. M. Richardson.
Alvord—	Stonewall—	362—	J. M. Jones, W. P. Wright.
Archer City—	S. Jackson—	249—	A. H. Farmer, T. M. Cecil.
Antelope—	Christian—	703—	A. U. McQueen, W. E. Wallace.
Anson—	Jones Co.—	612—	J. D. Piekens, T. Bland.
Archer City—	S. Jackson—	249—	A. Llewellyn, T. M. Cecil.
Athens—	H. Martin—	65—	D. M. Morgan, T. J. Foster.



MISS MARGARET SEALY,
Maid of Honor for Texas.

Atlanta—S. Jackson—91—W. P. Edsley, J. N. Simmons.
Aurora—R. Q. Mills—360—P. F. Lewis, R. S. Ellis.
Austin—J. B. Hood—103—J. G. Booth, A. F. Robbins.
Baird—A. S. Johnston—654—John Trent, J. E. W. Lane.
Ballinger—McCulloch—557—J. M. Crosson, H. D. Pearce.
Bandera—Bandera—643—V. T. Sanders, A. L. Scott.
Barlett—Dock Belk—645—D. B. F. Belk, J. H. Lineberger.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Bastrop	Bastrop	569	F. K. Gray, J. C. Buchanan.
Beaumont	A. S. Johnston	75	Dr. B. F. Calhoun, W. L. Rigsby.
Beeville	Walton	575	W. S. Duggat, R. W. Archer.
Bells	J. Wheeler	692	P. F. Ellis, George Goding.
Belton	Bell Co. C. A.	122	W. R. Wallace, J. G. Whitsett.
Bend	Hardee	653	Tom Hollis, J. A. Skipper.
Bentonville	Cabell	89	D. R. McKissack, N. L. Henry.
Bellville	Austin Co.	606	W. L. Springfield, K. W. Reese.
Bertram	Bertram	961	W. J. Gardner, A. M. Witcher.
Bristol	Fulkerson	705	H. C. Wood, N. D. Bachman.
Big Springs	J. Wheeler	330	J. W. Barnett, R. B. Zinn.
Blossom	J. Pelham	629	W. E. Moore, A. W. Black.
Blum	Polignac	509	W. H. Faucett, R. H. Sawyer.
Bosqueville	G. B. Gerald	598	—, J. B. Waddell.
Bonham	Sul Ross	164	S. Lipscomb, J. P. Holmes.
Bowie	The Bowie Pelhams	572	R. D. Rugeley, —.
Brady	B. McCulloch	563	W. H. Jones, L. Ballou.
Brazoria	Clinton Terry	243	J. W. Hanks, J. P. Taylor.
Breckinridge	Frank Cheatham	314	J. T. Camp, John L. Davis.
Brenham	Washington	239	M. A. Healy, J. R. Holmy.



MISS BESSIE ROSS,
Maid of Honor for Texas.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Cleburne	Pat Cleburne	83	M. S. Kahle, John D. Mitchell.
Colorado	Johnston	113	L. H. Weatherby, T. Q. Mullin.
Columbia	J. J. Searcy	717	Capt. M. G. Guinn, Col. E. Hodge.
Columbus	S'shire-Upton	112	G. F. McCormick, B. M. Baker.
Coleman	J. Pelham	76	J. J. Callan, M. M. Callen.
Conroe	P. P. Porter	608	L. E. Dunn, W. A. Bennett.
Cold Springs	San Jacinto	599	G. W. McKellar, G. I. Turnly.
Collinsville	Beauregard	306	J. B. King, W. H. Stephenson.
Comanche	J. Pelham	565	J. T. Tunnell, G. A. Bruton.
Commerce	R. E. Lee	231	G. G. Lindsey—W. E. Mangum.
Cooper	Ector	234	D. H. Lane, A. M. Steen.
Corpus Christi	Johnston	63	M. Downey, H. R. Sutherland, Jr.
Corsicana	C. M. Winkler	147	A. F. Wood, H. G. Damon.
Cresson	Joe Wheeler	581	J. R. Lay, W. M. Crook.
Crockett	Crockett	141	N. B. Barbee, E. Winfree.
Cuero	Emmett Lynch	242	V. Hardt, George H. Law.
Daingerfield	Brooks	307	J. N. Zachery, J. A. McGregor.
Dallas	S. Price	31	E. G. Bower, Charles L. Martin.
Decatur	B. McCulloch	30	Ira Long, M. D. Sellers.
DeKalb	Tom Wallace	289	L. H. Hall, J. D. Stewart.
Denison	Denison	885	James Moreland, F. F. Dillard.
Denton	Sul Ross	129	W. J. Lacey, R. B. Anderson.
Devine	J. W. Whitfield	560	R. C. Gossett, O. A. Knight.
DeLeon	J. E. Johnston	566	W. Howard, A. M. Barker.
Del Rio	Marmaduke	615	S. H. Barton, J. K. Pierce.
Del Rio	John S. Ford	616	F. M. Pafford, L. F. Garner.
Deport	W. N. Pendleton	579	C. C. Jackson, J. R. Pride.
Dodd City	Camp Maxey	281	W. C. Moore, —.
Douglasville	Confed. Vet.	591	R. H. Williams, H. R. McCoy.
Dripping Springs	McCulloch	946	M. L. Reed, W. T. Chapman.
Dublin	Erath and Comanche	85	J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
Dublin	A. S. Johnston	564	W. L. Salsberry, L. E. Gillett.
Eagle Lake	S. Anderson	619	—, J. B. Walker.
Eastland	S. H. Stout	583	J. Kimble, R. M. Jones.
Edna	C. L. Owen	666	W. P. Laughter, G. L. Gayle.
Elgin	Jake Standifer	582	E. A. Smith, J. M. Quirm.
El Paso	J. C. Brown	468	W. Kemp, P. F. Edwards.
Emma	Lone Star	198	J. W. Murray, —.
Fairfield	W. L. Moody	87	G. T. Bradley, L. G. Sandifer.
Flatonia	Killough	593	C. Stoffers, W. A. Beckham.
Floresville	Wilson Co.	225	W. C. Agee, A. D. Evans.
Forney	Camp Bee	130	T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.
Fort Worth	Lee	158	K. M. VanZant, W. M. McConnell.
Frost	R. Q. Mills	106	A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield.
Gainesville	J. E. Johnston	119	J. M. Wright, W. A. Sims.
Galveston	Magruder	105	T. N. Waul, H. H. Johnson.
Gatesville	C. A.	135	W. C. Brown, P. C. West.
Georgetown	Lessure	663	S. K. Brown, R. H. Montgomery.
Gilmer	Confed. Vet.	Ass'n-622	—, J. E. Rawlins.
Gilmer	Upshur Co.	646	A. B. Boven, J. E. Rawlins.
Glen Rose	Private R. Wood	584	S. Milam, G. L. Booker.
Goldthwaite	Jeff Davis	117	D. S. Kelly, J. H. Rutland.
Goliad	H. H. Boone	597	J. P. Kibbe, J. G. Patton.
Gonzales	Key	150	F. M. Harwood, Green De Witt.
Gordonville	Hodges	392	W. Hodges, W. Bassingame.
Gramham	Young Co.	127	O. E. Finley, G. H. Crozier.
Granbury	Granbury	67	M. Chadwich, I. R. Morris.
Grand View	Johnston	377	S. N. Honea, J. W. Meador.
Greenville	J. E. Johnston	267	S. R. Etter, A. H. Hefner.
Groveton	Gould	652	G. B. Frazier, P. J. Holley.
Haskell	Haskell Co.	W. W. Fields, S. L. Robertson.	
Hallettsville	Col. J. Walker	248	V. Ellis, B. F. Burke.
Hemstead	Tom Green	136	Lite Johnson, G. W. Ellington.
Henderson	Ras Redwine	295	J. M. Mays, C. C. Doyle.
Henrietta	Sul Ross	172	J. C. Skipwith, J. E. Freet.
Hamilton	A. S. Johnston	116	J. C. Baskin, W. L. Morrison.
Hillsboro	Hill Co.	166	George W. McNeese, Dr. N. B. Kennedy.
Honey Grove	Davidson	294	J. H. Lynn, J. L. Ballinger.
Houston	Dick Dowling	197	C. C. Beavens, Sr., Will Lambert.
Huntsville	J. C. Upton	43	J. T. Jarrard, W. H. Woodall.
Jacksborough	Morgan	364	S. W. Eastin, W. J. Denning.
Jacksborough	Hughes	365	J. A. Hudson, W. C. Groner.
Jewett	R. S. Gould	611	J. E. Anderson, J. W. Waltmon.
Johnson City	M't'n Remnant	986	W. H. Withers, J. R. Brown.
Junction City	Confed. Vet.	996	W. J. Cloud, —.
Kaufman	G. D. Manlon	145	M. Haynie, D. Coffman.
Kerrville	Kerrville	699	R. H. Colvin, D. G. Horn.
Kilgore	Buck Kilgore	283	W. A. Miller, R. W. Wynn.
Kingston	A. S. Johnston	71	J. F. Puckett, P. G. Carter.
LaDonia	R. E. Lee	126	W. B. Merrill, E. W. Cummins.
LaGrange	Col. B. Timmons	61	W. W. Walker, N. Holman.

Bridgeport	Bridgeport	568	R. T. Raines, T. W. Tunnell.
Brownwood	Jackson	118	F. R. Smith, A. D. Moss.
Bryan	J. B. Robertson	124	R. K. Chatham, W. G. Mitchell.
Buffalo Gap	L. F. Moody	123	R. C. Lyon, L. F. Moody.
Burnet	David G. Burnet	960	J. B. Sherrard, W. Humphrey.
Burnet	Mt. Remnants Confed. Vets.	526	J. D. Harrison, J. M. Smith.
Caddo Mills	Caddo Mills	502	W. L. Cooper, J. T. Hulsey.
Caldwell	Rogers	142	W. L. Wommack, J. F. Matthews.
Calvert	Townsend	111	F. F. Hooper, Harvey Field.
Cameron	B. McCulloch	29	J. H. Tracey, J. B. Moore.
Campbell	Camp Ross	185	R. W. Ridley, T. G. Smith.
Canton	J. L. Hogg	133	T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage	Randall	163	J. P. Forsyth, J. M. Woolworth.
Chico	Camp McIntosh	361	L. S. Eddins, W. B. Turner.
Chicota	Camp Texas	667	T. B. Johnson, N. L. Griffin.
Childress	Johnston	259	R. D. Bailey, George R. Allen.
Cisco	Camp Preveaux	273	T. W. Neal, J. S. McDonough.
Clarksville	Forbes	77	Butler Boyd, Clay Stacker.
Clarksville	J. C. Burks	656	A. P. Corley, James W. Colcock.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Lampasas—R. E. Lee—66—D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie.			
Laredo—S. Brunavides—637—T. W. Dodd, E. R. Tarver.			
Lexington—T. Douglas—555—T. S. Douglass, E. A. Burns.			
Lexington—Lexington—648—J. A. Wilson, T. S. Chandler.			
Livingston—Ike Turner—321—S. B. Tacksberry, A. B. Green.			
Liberty—E. B. Pickett—626—B. F. Cameron, —.			
Llano—Johnston—647—J. S. Atchison, E. H. Alexander.			
Lockhart—Pickett—570—M. R. Stringfellow, J. N. L. McCurdy.			
Lone Oak—Confed. Vet.—695— —, —.			
Longview—J. B. Gregg—587—S. T. Nelson, Ras Young.			
Lubbock—Lubbock—138—W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.			
Lufkin—Camp Lane—614—A. W. Ellis, E. L. Robb.			
Madisonville—Walker—128—J. C. Webb, G. H. Hubbard.			
Manor—Manor—664—J. J. Parsley, B. J. Kopperl.			
Marlin—Willis L. Lang—299—G. A. King, John M. Jolly.			
Marshall—W. P. Lane—621—E. J. Fry, W. G. Rudd.			
Mason—Fort Mason—618—W. L. Leslie, Wilson Hey.			
Matador—S. B. Maxey—860—P. A. Cribbs, J. M. Campbell.			
Mathis—Buchel—808—N. C. Howard, A. W. Horton.			
Mathews—Lane Digs—750—J. B. Donovan, Sands Smith.			
Memphis—Hall Co.—245—F. M. Murray, G. W. Tipton.			
Menardville—Menardville—328—L. P. Sleker, H. Willson.			
Meridian—Johnston—115—H. C. Cooke, H. M. Dillard.			
Merkel—Merkel—79—J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.			
Mexia—J. Johnston—94—R. J. Bryant, H. W. Williams.			
Minneola—Wood Co.—153—J. H. Huffmaster, T. J. Goodwin.			
Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner, B. Birdwell.			
Mt. Pleasant—D. Jones—121—C. L. Dillahunty, J. D. Turner.			
Montague—Bob Stone—93—John W. Bowers, R. F. Crim.			
McGregor—274—J. D. Smith, W. P. Chapman.			
McKinney—Throckmorton—103—Col. F. M. Hill, H. C. Mack.			
Mt. Vernon—B. McCulloch—300—W. T. Gass, J. J. Morris.			
Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner.			
Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—R. Ransom, H. H. Norman.			
Nacogdoches—Raguet—620—G. B. Crain, R. D. Chapman.			
Naples—Confed. Vet.—938—J. L. Jolly, —.			
Navasota—Wiley G. Post—102—T. C. Buffington, J. H. Freeman.			
New Boston—Sul Ross—287—G. H. Rea, T. J. Watlington.			
Rockwall—Rockwall—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.			
Oakville—J. Donaldson—135—A. Coker, T. M. Church.			
Orange—W. P. Love—639—B. H. Nosworthy, P. B. Curry.			
Palestine—Palestine—44—J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.			
Paradise—P. Cleburne—363—A. J. Jones, L. T. Mason.			
Paris—A. S. Johnston—70—H. O. Brown, S. A. Griffith.			
Paint Rock—Jeff Davis—168—W. T. Melton, J. A. Steen.			
Palo Pinto—Stonewall Jackson—772—J. M. Bly, J. P. Howard.			
Pearsall—Hardeman—290—R. M. Harkness, H. Maney.			
Pleasanton—Val Verde—594—A. J. Rowe, J. R. Cook.			
Pilot Point—Winnie Davis—479—W. S. McShaw, A. M. Doran.			
Portsmouth—Stonewall—758—L. P. Slater, J. Thomas Dunn.			
Purcell—Robert E. Lee—771—F. M. Fox, W. H. Owsley.			
Quanah—R. E. Rodes—661—H. W. Martin, W. H. Dunson.			
Richmond—F. Terry—227—R. P. Briscoe, James P. Jones.			
Ringgold—J. C. Wood—719—G. G. Buchanan, J. W. Long.			
Ripley—Gen. Hood—280—W. R. M. Slaughter, J. H. Hood.			
Rising Star—J. McClure—559—B. Frater, J. T. Armstrong.			
Rockwall—Rockwall—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.			
Roby—W. W. Loring—154—A. P. Kelley, V. H. Anderson.			
Robert Lee—R. Coke—600—J. L. Robinson, H. H. Hayley.			
Rockport—Rockport—610—P. H. Terry, G. F. Perrenot, Sr.			
Rockwell—Rockwell—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.			
Rogersville—Kyle Blevins—777—L. N. Lyle, F. A. Shotwell.			
Rusk—Ross Ector—513—M. J. Whitman, T. S. Townsend.			
San Antonio—A. S. Johnston—144—Hart Messey, W. W. Sloan.			
San Augustine—J. Davis—386—J. T. Caldwell, G. E. Gatling.			
San Saba—W. P. Rogers—322—G. Harris, A. Duggan.			
Santa Anna—Lamar—371—G. W. Lappington, Will Hubert.			
San Angelo—S. Sutton—605—M. Mays, J. R. Norsworthy.			
San Marcos—Woods—609—Ferg Kyle, T. J. Peel.			
Seguin—H. E. McCulloch—649—J. E. Legette, Joseph Lorn.			
Sealy—San Felipe—624—Sam Stone, N. P. Ward.			
Seymour—B. Forrest—86—T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browning.			
Sherman—Mildred Lee—90—J. H. Dills, Robert Walker.			
Smithville—Jos. D. Sayers—825—M. A. Hopkins, Wm. Plummer.			
South Prairie—South Prairie—393—W. L. Hefner, —.			
Strawn—J. N. Boren—601—William Graham, J. C. Mills.			
Sweetwater—E. C. Walthall—92—J. M. Foy, J. H. Freeman.			
Sulphur Springs—Ashcroft—170—W. H. Vaden, I. H. Harrison.			
Taylor—A. S. Johnston—165—J. R. Hargis, M. B. McLain.			
Tazewell—Brown—Harman—A. J. May, T. P. Bowen.			
Terrell—J. E. B. Stuart—45—J. A. Anthony, V. Reinhardt.			

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Texarkana—A. P. Hill—269—J. M. Benefield, J. D. Gaines.			
Trinity—J. E. B. Stuart—603—W. W. Dawson, I. N. Parker.			
Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Sareny.			
Tyler—A. S. Johnston—49—J. P. Douglas, B. W. Roberts.			
Uvalde—John R. Baylor—585—O. Ellis, W. H. Beaumont.			
Van Alstyne—W. Davis—625—C. C. McCorkle, C. J. McKinney.			
Velasco—Velasco—592—J. R. Duke, Thomas E. Douthitt.			
Vernon—Camp Cabell—125—J. E. McConnell, M. D. Davis.			
Victoria—Scurry—516—H. S. Cunningham, W. C. Carroll.			
Waco—Pat Cleburne—232—J. D. Shaw, W. C. Cooper.			
Waxahachie—Parsons C. Ass'n—296— —, A. M. Dechman.			
Waxahachie—W. Davis—108—J. B. Wilson, W. J. F. Ross.			
Weatherford—Green—169—B. W. Akaid, M. V. Kinnison.			
Wellington—C. County—257—J. H. McDowell, J. M. Yates.			
Wharton—Buchell—228—R. M. Brown, Bat Smith.			
Whitesboro—Reeves—288—J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright.			
Wichita Falls—Hardec—73—W. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.			
Will's Point—Will's Point—302—A. N. Alford, W. A. Benham.			
Wolf City—Ben McCullough—851—J. W. Rymer, J. J. Vaughn.			
Woodville—Magnolia—588—J. B. F. Kincaid, J. D. Collier.			
Yoakum—Camp Hardeman—604—F. M. Tatum, T. M. Dodd.			



MISS MARY E. RUSSELL,
Sponsor for Virginia.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Brander, Commander, Richmond.
Col. Joseph V. Bidgood, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Richmond.
T. S. Garnett, Brigadier General, Norfolk.
Micajah Woods, Brigadier General, Charlottesville.

Postoffice.	Camp.	No.	Officers.
Abingdon—W. E. Jones—709—A. F. Cook, T. K. Trigg.			
Appomattox—Appomattox—700— —, —.			
Ashland—W. B. Newton—854—Richard Irby, —.			
Baywood—A. M. Davis—871—H. W. Fielder, T. J. McCamit.			
Berkley—N'yer-Shaw—720—L. M. Wingfield, R. Randolph.			
Berryville—J. E. B. Stuart—1001—Thomas D. Gold, J. S. Ware.			
Charlottesville—J. B. Strange—464—R. C. Vandergrift, W. N. Wood.			
Culpeper—A. P. Hill—951— —, W. P. Hill.			
Freeshade—Healy Claybrook—812—Wm. S. Christian, J. H. Fleet.			

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Gloucester C. H.—Page Puller—512—Chas. Catlett, Maryus Jones.
 Gordonsville—Grymes—724—C. L. Graves, R. H. Stratton.
 Hague—Westmoreland—980—James P. Jenkins, John W. Davis.
 Hampton—Lee—485—J. W. Richardson, W. T. Daugherty.
 Harrisonburg—Gibbons—438—D. H. L. Martz, J. S. Messerly.
 Heathsville—Betts-Ball-Stokes—904—H. E. Coles, J. W. Anderson.
 Independence—Peyton N. Hale—669—K. C. Cornett, E. T. Kirby.
 Jenkins' Bridge—H. West—651—F. Fletcher, —.
 Lebanon—McElhanney—835—H. H. Dickenson, J. D. Bausell.
 Lancaster—Lawson-Ball—894— —, T. A. Pinckard.
 Mathews—Lane Diggs—750—J. B. Donovan, Sands Smith.
 Petersburg—A. P. Hill—831—O. B. Morgan, C. R. Bishop.
 Petersburg—A. P. Hill—837—O. B. Morgan, C. A. Bishop.
 Portsmouth—Stonewall—758—L. P. Slater, J. Thomas Dunn.
 Pulaski City—J. A. Walker—721—C. L. Teany, R. B. Roane (act.).
 Pulaski—James Breathed—881—James Macgill, J. R. Miller.
 Radford—Wharton—443—G. C. Wharton, E. M. Ingles.
 Reams Station—Stuart—211—M. A. and A. B. Moncure.
 Richmond—Lee—181—John M. Warren, J. T. Stratton.
 Richmond—Pickett—204—W. T. Woody, P. McCurdy.
 Roanoke—Grand Camp C. V. Dep't Va.—521—J. Cussons, T. Ellett.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Charleston—R. E. Lee—887—J. Z. McChesney, M. W. Venable.
 Charleston—Stonewall Jackson—878—E. H. Easley, Levi Welch.
 Charlestown—J. W. Rowan—908—W. F. Brown, W. B. Gallagher.
 Franklin—Pendleton—857—S. Cunningham, J. E. Pennybacker.
 Huntington—Garnett—902—P. H. Seamands, H. B. Stewart.
 Lewisburg—David S. Creigh—856—B. F. Eakle, James Knight.
 Marlinton—Pocahontas—873—A. C. L. Gatewood, —.
 Marlinton—Moffett Poage—949—Henry A. Yeager, Geo. M. Kee.
 Martinsburg—Confed. Vet.—963—J. W. McSherry, W. B. Colston.
 Moorefield—Hardy Co.—877—J. V. Williams, Benjamin Dailey.
 Parkersburg—Jenkins—876—G. H. Moffatt, Marcellus Clark.
 Romney—Hampshire—446—C. S. White, J. S. Pancake.
 Union—Mike Foster—853—C. S. Peyton, J. H. Nickell.
 Wheeling—Shriver Gray's—907—Robert White, Martin Thornton.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DIVISION.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Washington—Washington City Confed. Ass'n—171—R. Byrd Lewis, C. C. Ivey.

FIDELITY OF NEGRO WAR SERVANTS.

Mr. L. M. Blackford, of Alexandria, Va., formerly adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Virginia Infantry, writes:

Observing in recent issues of the *VETERAN* mention of the fidelity of negro servants during the war, I give you my experience.

Returning to my command near Richmond in the winter of 1864-65, after a short leave spent in Lynchburg, I took with me a young man named Alfred. I had gone to school on the plantation where Alfred was born and had known him as a child and afterwards, but never well; and, as he was of unprepossessing demeanor, did not suspect his worth. In camp and on the march he was an excellent servant. On my going into action at Five Forks, as usual unmounted, he took charge of my horse, which, in view of the disastrous defeat there, I had the best reason for expecting never to see again. Alfred appeared, however, next day, horse and man both safe, and I was assured by men in the regiment who saw him leading the animal through thickets and brushwood within the Yankee fire that he had saved my property at the risk of his life.

I was captured at Sailor's Creek April 6, but was detained prisoner only a week. Shortly after my return to Lynchburg Alfred presented himself one day, bringing what he considered the most valuable of the few effects that I had left in a valise in our headquarters wagon, with which he remained on the retreat until its contents were destroyed by our own people to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. He told me somewhat sheepishly when he handed them over that they were all the things he could save "when dey was spikin' de baggage." I had no idea of ever recovering them.

Two pleasing features are noted in connection with the last memorial day at Winchester, Ky.: the veterans present were photographed and the Sons of Veterans took an active part in the parade.

Expressions of appreciation were recorded to Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean, who has been an untiring worker in these services for twenty-five years, and to Dr. M. S. Browne for a gavel made of part of a flag-staff that was hid in a well, and which was gotten out only a year or so ago. The handle is from a dogwood cut from the spot in East Tennessee where Daniel Boone, Richard Henderson, and Nathaniel Hart concluded a treaty with Indians March 17, 1775.



MISS MAMIE MILLER,

A Maid of Honor for Louisiana, and Sponsor for Camp 229, U. C. V.

Roanoke—W. Watts—205—Thomas P. Buford, E. T. Beall.
 Staunton—Jackson—469—S. D. Timberlake, F. B. Berkeley.
 Tazewell—Brown-Harmon—726—A. J. May, James O'Keefe.
 West Point—Cooke—184—A. W. Eastwood, W. W. Green.
 White Top—L. J. Perkins—872—William M. Baldwin, —.
 Winchester—T. Ashby—240—J. J. Williams, P. W. Boyd.
 Williamsburg—McGruder-Ewell—210—J. H. Moncure, H. T. Jones.
 Woodstock—Shenandoah—680—Jonn H. Grabill, G. W. Miley.

WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Robert White, Commander, Wheeling.
 Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, A. G. and Chief of Staff, Linwood.
 David E. Johnston, Brigadier General, Bluefield.
 S. S. Greene, Brigadier General, Charleston.

Postoffice. Camp. No. Officers.
 Academy—Burgess—929—M. J. McNeel, E. L. Beard.
 Beverly—S. Jackson—879—W. H. Wilson, S. N. Bosworth.
 Bluefield—Mercer—858—D. E. Johnston, H. G. White.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH.

Address: Box 397, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

Space in the valuable pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has been set aside for the use of the Sons of Veterans as a special department, and, by request of its editor, the writer will endeavor to conduct it.

Mr. Cunningham has thus given a fresh proof of his devotion to the cause he has served so long and so well. Having established a magazine that is filled with interesting reminiscences and information for the veterans, he is now striving to make it equally valuable to their sons. His desire is to give them a means of inter-communication, and thus to build up and develop their organization, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. In both these efforts he surely deserves the praise and support of all Southern people.

It will be the especial object of this department to promote the advancement of this organization, to interest all Sons of Veterans in its work, and to urge and promote the establishment of camps of Sons in every city and town of the South. We ask the hearty co-operation of all Sons.

The United Sons of Confederate Veterans, as stated in their constitution, have for its great aim and purpose the following:

To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve relics and mementoes of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the services of every member of the United Confederate Veterans and all living Confederate veterans, and, as far as possible, of those of their comrades who have preceded them into eternity.

To see that the disabled are cared for; that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that Confederate widows and orphans are protected and assisted.

To urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders and heroic soldiers, sailors, and people, and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of Confederate dead wherever found.

To instill into the descendants a proper veneration for the spirit and glory of their fathers, and to bring them into association with our organization, that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes.

Surely this must commend itself to all sons of veterans, and we hope that during the coming year they will everywhere organize camps and join the united federation.

The first annual convention of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans assembled in the Hume School, Nashville, Tenn., at ten o'clock, Tuesday, June 22, 1897. In the absence of Mr. J. E. B. Stuart, Commander in Chief, Mr. Robert A. Smyth, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, called the meeting to order. He introduced Mr. W. H. William-

son, a member of the Nashville Camp, who delivered a most eloquent address of welcome. Mr. Smyth responded on behalf of the Sons, thanking them for the cordial welcome extended. A Committee on Credentials was appointed and placed in charge of the papers of the delegates, and they were instructed to report as soon as possible as to the delegates present.

Mr. Jesse W. Sparks, of Tennessee, was called on, and responded with a very pleasing speech full of patriotism. Mr. Leland Hume, Commander of Joe Johnston Camp, Nashville, also made a short address.

The Committee on Credentials reporting, the regular business was then taken up, and Adj. Gen. E. P. Cox, Richmond, Va., read the minutes of the last meeting, at Richmond, and these were then adopted. The constitution was then thoroughly discussed, and was shown to be inadequate for the needs of the organization. Upon motion, a committee of five was appointed to revise the constitution and report at the next annual meeting. The Chair appointed as a committee Daniel Ravenel, of South Carolina, Chairman; W. A. Jacobs, of Virginia; Leland Hume, of Tennessee; R. C. P. Thomas, of Kentucky; and C. A. Durham, of South Carolina.

At the afternoon session the convention was opened with a prayer by Bishop T. F. Gailor, the Chaplain General; after which, by special request, he delivered one of the most eloquent and fervent addresses the convention had the pleasure of hearing. Mr. Weston, of South Carolina, also delivered a stirring address. Mr. Cox, the Adjutant General, then read his annual report.

The following morning the session was devoted to some arrangements as to the parade and the discussion of matters looking to the betterment of the organization. After this the annual election of officers took place. Mr. Robert A. Smyth, of Charleston, S. C., was elected Commander in Chief; Mr. Robert C. Norfleet, of Winston, N. C., Commander of Army of Northern Virginia Department; Mr. T. Leigh Thompson, Nashville, Tenn., Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department; Mr. W. C. Saunders, Belton, Tex., Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, after which the convention adjourned.

According to the constitution, the Sons of Veterans hold their convention at the same time and place as the Veterans. They will therefore assemble in Atlanta, Ga., next year.

In the appointment of his staff the Commander in Chief has followed the precedence established by his predecessor, having for his Adjutant General a resident of his own city. This, of course, is absolutely necessary, for the work of the organization could not be attended to by these officers, if living in different cities, with that dispatch which it requires. The following is the official staff:

Daniel Ravenel, Charleston, S. C., Adjutant General, Chief of Staff.
 J. Gray McAllister, Richmond, Va., Quartermaster General.
 T. Larkin Smith, M.D., Nashville, Tenn., Surgeon General.
 W. H. Merchant, Fredericksburg, Va., Inspector General.
 E. P. McKissick, Asheville, N. C., Commissary General.
 Rev. Theron H. Rice, Jr., Atlanta, Ga., Chaplain General.
 Jesse W. Sparks, Murfreesboro, Tenn., Judge Advocate General.
 R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green, Ky., Aid.
 S. O. Le Blanc, Plaquemine, La., Aid.
 Hugh Boyd, Scottsboro, Ala., Aid.

The roll of camps of the organization is as follows:

1. R. E. Lee Richmond, Va.
2. R. S. Chew Fredericksburg, Va.
3. A. S. Johnston Roanoke, Va.
4. Camp Moultrie Charleston, S. C.
5. George Davis Wilmington, N. C.
6. State Sovereignty Louisa C. H., Va.
7. W. W. Humphrey Anderson, S. C.
8. J. E. B. Stuart Berryville, Va.
9. Pickett-Buchanan Norfolk, Va.
10. Turner-Ashbey Harrisburg, Va.
11. Hampton Hampton, Va.
12. Shenandoah Woodstock, Va.
13. Pickett-Stuart Nottaway, Va.
14. John R. Cooke West Point, Va.
15. Johnston-Pettigrew Asheville, N. C.
16. John Pelhem Auburn, Ala.
17. ——— Norfleet Winston, N. C.
18. Thomas Hardeman Macon, Ga.
19. Kemper-Strother-Fry Madison, Va.
20. Page Valley Shenandoah, Va.
21. Clinton Hatcher Leesburg, Va.
22. Maxcy Gregg Columbia, S. C.
23. Stonewall Jackson Charlotte, N. C.
24. Marion Marion, S. C.
25. John H. Morgan Richmond, Ky.
26. A. S. Johnston Belton, Tex.
27. Wade Hampton Mt. Pleasant, S. C.
28. Joe Johnston Nashville, Tenn.
29. Maury Columbia, Tenn.
30. John H. Morgan Bowling Green, Ky.
31. Cadwallader Jones Rock Hill, S. C.
32. W. H. Jackson Culleoka, Tenn.
33. Stone's River Murfreesboro, Tenn.
34. William B. Brown Gallatin, Tenn.
35. John M. Kinard Newberry, S. C.
36. Camp O'Neale Greenville, S. C.

The annual reunion for 1897 of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., will be held at Greenville, commencing August 25. The low rate of one cent per mile will be given from all railroad points within the state. All Confederate veterans are invited to be present. This reunion of ex-Confederates is expected to be the largest ever held in that state. Each camp is directed to appoint one young lady as sponsor. The foregoing notes are from General Orders No. 29.

Among the most welcome guests at the reunion was the mother of our efficient Adjutant General, George Moorman. It is not generally known that Gen. Moor-



GEN. MOORMAN'S MOTHER.

man's father gave up home, fortune, and finally his life for the Confederacy. He was a wealthy merchant of Owensboro, Ky., and volunteered in 1861 in defense of the South as a private in the First Kentucky Cavalry, commanded then by Col. Ben Hardin Helm. He was afterwards promoted and put on the staff of Gen. Helm and then Gen. John C. Breckinridge. He died on the field in Georgia in 1863. He left

his home in "neutral" Kentucky to assist the people of the South in their struggle for freedom. The *Marion County (Ky.) Messenger*, in an account of a reunion which occurred last May, referred to the honor paid Mrs. Moorman. After a fine tribute to her husband in the sacrifice of his life, it said: "No maiden was ever toasted and complimented as this good woman who had made so many sacrifices was by these grizzly old veterans."

H. H. Andrew, colonel of the Second Regiment, West Virginia Militia, now of Union, W. Va., wrote to Gov. R. L. Taylor, of Tennessee:

Dear Sir: I have in my possession an old battle flag of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of Tennessee, which was in the battles of Chickamauga, Fort Donelson, Chattanooga, and Missionary Ridge before its capture. It was sent to my father, John A. Andrew, War Governor of Massachusetts, who, if he had lived, I am sure would have returned it.

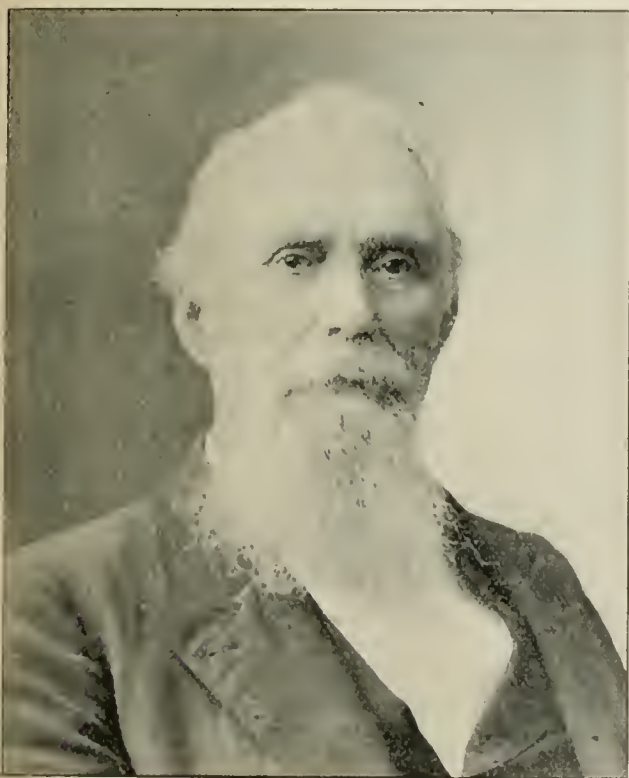
Gov. Taylor sent Col. Andrew's letter to the VETERAN, with this note: "I wish you would find out about the contents and write Col. Andrew." An exchange states: "The flag, which is in the form of the Southern Cross, is begrimed with smoke and powder stains and torn by bullets, but it bears upon its folds the names of historic fields of glory upon which it was borne as the guidon of Southern heroes." Col. Andrew desires communication with members of the regiment.

H. B. Crosier, of Union, W. Va., writes that they have a flag up there which belonged to the Twenty-sixth Tennessee Regiment. It is a battle flag, and has two or three holes shot in it. Any information that can be given about it may be addressed to Mr. Crosier.

SERVICE OF GEN. W. G. SMITH.

A short history appeared in the April number of the VETERAN of Gen. W. G. Smith, present Commander of the "Reunion" Brigade (Dibrell's).

In July, 1861, he raised a large company in White County, which was attached to the Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiment (Stanton's). He served as captain in that regiment until after the battle of Shiloh, when he resigned, on account of ill health. In the September following, having regained his health, he organized, in connection with Col. S. S. Stanton, what was known as the Eighty-fourth Tennessee Regiment, and was elected lieutenant colonel, and served as such until after the battle of Murfreesboro, at which time the Eighty-fourth and the Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiments were consolidated. In order to remain in the field, he resigned as lieutenant colonel of the Eighty-



GEN. W. G. SMITH.

fourth, and was elected major of the consolidated regiment. In this capacity he served through the battles at Chattanooga and Chickamauga and until the battle of Resaca, where Col. Stanton was killed, when he was again promoted to lieutenant colonel.

He was in every battle in which these regiments were engaged, including the one hundred days' fighting from Dalton to Jonesboro. He was captured just before the surrender by Gen. Wilson's command. He is now engaged in the practice of law at Sparta, Tenn.

John Burke, 307 Fourth Street, Vincennes, Ind.: "I would be thankful to some Confederate veteran for a history of the military service of one Thomas F. Burke, who was with Gen. Cleburne when he fell at Franklin. After the close of the war Burke was an active Fenian organizer and agitator in New York and Ireland."

An article concerning the Jefferson Davis monument, prepared for the June VETERAN, did not appear, although some of the illustrations were printed on pages 294 and 295. The "accepted design" had been published before. The two views of Noland's design, showing how it would appear from the Franklin Street and the Main Street entrances, is ardently advocated by some Richmond people, who naturally take the deepest interest in it. Unhappily, the design adopted is so much beyond the probable procurement of funds that the outlook for its completion in a reasonable time is not at all encouraging. The amount so far is less than twenty thousand dollars of the two hundred and fifty thousand in the contemplated expenditure.

FOURTH GEORGIA.—At the Birmingham reunion the writer picked up a piece of red bunting with the above figures painted white upon it. Happily for the owner, W. F. Gay, of Georgia, it was soon in his possession. It was a relic that Comrade Gay treasures very highly. His brother, John W. Gay, had carried it from the consolidation of certain regiments over many a hard-fought field to the end. The late Capt. F. T. Snead, who served as adjutant general of Cook's Georgia Brigade, wrote that on April 11, 1865, during a charge at a most trying time, he "gave the colors to Gay, who bore them gallantly."

Adjutant Thomas L. Moore, of the New York Confederate Veteran Camp, sends out a list of the recently elected members of the Camp, a list of special committees, including one on resolutions in honor of the late W. W. Tayleure, and one to prepare a ritual to be used at interments. Secretary Edward Owen advertises by circular applications for positions by comrades in need. He adds: "These parties are all very worthy, and the camp can fully indorse them. They desire work, and their comrades, one and all, are asked to help in securing it."

It is impossible to publish all leading papers this time. That of the Historical Committee is of those deferred. Friends of the VETERAN will appreciate this extract from it: "In this connection your committee re-asserts with pleasure its commendation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville by Comrade S. A. Cunningham, which is cordially accepted by all fair-minded men as a faithful exponent of facts pertaining to the great war."

To Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, the VETERAN and Gen. George Moorman were indebted for a srenade by the Louisville brass band. Not only was the music exquisite, but the handsome trumpeters in their fine uniforms would have given "pat-a-pat" to eleven thousand Nashville girls and women who pine "to be something."

W. W. Tayleure, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has passed away. Comrades will remember the notice in a recent number of the VETERAN about the return of his sword, in which his picture is given. The New York Camp's eulogy upon him was: "A brave soldier, a polished and Christian gentleman, beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

SOUTHERN GIRL AT CLOSE OF THE WAR.

The picture here printed is that of a young lady who wrote, February 4, 1866, in reply to expressions of gratitude to her noble father for kindness to a young Confederate soldier. Although zealous for the Union, as were the Whigs generally up to the breaking out of the great war, this gentleman did everything possible for his native Southland by producing cereals instead of cotton, and helping the individual soldiers who happened to be accessible to him. The letter illustrates vividly the spirit of the time. During Wilson's raid through middle Georgia a Dutchman demanded of this young lady that she go to the kitchen after food for him, and, upon refusal, he drew his pistol upon her. He was killed that day.



Notwithstanding all that was done to alleviate their condition—all the valuable lives that were sacrificed, the beautiful and fertile land that was laid waste and made desolate, the beautiful cities that were destroyed, the stricken hearts of widows and the lamentations of orphans, the prayers of the righteous and ungodly, and last, but not least, the cool and determined bravery of our soldiers—it could not suffice to avert the dreadful fall of our beloved Confederacy. With its fall the heart of every true Southerner was made to bleed whenever they allowed their minds to take a retrospective glance to the happy days when our arms were crowned with victory and when we were blessed with wealth and with friends and could gather around the fireside and enjoy their society without fear of being molested.



But alas! time, with its ever rolling wheels, has wrought a sad change. Our cities are garrisoned with a vile and degraded set of ruffians, our property taken, and our brothers and fathers and friends have alike fallen by their dastardly hands. In looking around we behold the vacant chair of a dear brother, an idolized father, and an affectionate, true friend—all of

whom are gone; and in our heart of hearts, as if by instinct, a hatred as deep as the ocean and as poisonous as the "deadly upas" voluntarily springs up. There is an ocean of pure Southern blood which years will never eradicate. I try to forgive and forget, but O no! were I to try ever so much, our desolate country would not permit me to do so, by recalling to memory the past and instantly that antipathy which can't be avoided arises in my heart.

LIEUT. JOHN NOYER'S TESTAMENT.

A comrade from Texas sends an interesting sketch of historic Johnson's Island, when used for Confederates as a prison. It describes how the entire island is now under cultivation, and that by use of spade, hoe, and plow many interesting relics have been recovered. The story contains the following:

The finding of a little time-worn Testament reveals a story of more than ordinary interest, and there is shown upon almost every page of the little book chapters of a most pathetic phase of the life of one of the 3,200 officers who were prisoners of war on the island. County Commissioner John Hauser, of Sandusky, was on the little island on a pleasure jaunt, and while roaming about his attention was attracted to a snake of uncommon species. The reptile glided under a rock, and as Mr. Hauser had decided upon finding to what particular family the snake belonged, he made an effort to capture it. A lever was necessary to remove the large rock under which the snake had gone, and when Mr. Hauser had accomplished the task his snakeship had disappeared, but to his surprise he found, solidly imbedded in the dirt directly under where the large rock had rested, a small copy of the New Testament.

The book was published by the American Bible Society, and was the sixth edition of a 32mo. On the title page is inscribed in excellent handwriting the name of its owner, places of imprisonment, etc. It appears that the person named was also a prisoner at Camp Chase, near Columbus, O. The writing on this page is as follows: "Lieut. John Noyer, Jr., Prisoner of War. Prison No. 1, Camp Chase, Ohio—Lieutenant of Byrne's Artillery, Brigadier General John H. Morgan's Cavalry Command, C. S. A."

The inside cover is the pathetic part. It is in a woman's handwriting: "Presented to John Noyer, Jr., compliments of ——— friend, Nellie G. (or S.) ———." Here follow a few lines entirely undecipherable, after which the appended quotation is given:

Years have not seen, time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

The old records of those who passed away at Johnson's Island have been examined, but no such name as the one given above has been found, and the conclusion may be drawn that prisoner Lieut. Noyer, Jr., did not die while in captivity, but was one of the three thousand who were given their liberty at the close of the war, and it is possible that he is now among the living. The little testament is now in the possession of Mr. John Hauser, and he prizes it highly.

"Not the first Confederate monument in Texas," writes Dr. J. C. J. King in commenting upon the superb structure erected at Sherman, and illustrated in the June VETERAN. He states:

Pat Cleburne Camp, of this city, erected a very neat shaft on their own lot in Oakwood Cemetery, and unveiled it May 2, 1893, which was our annual Memorial Day. We do not know that this was the first in the state, but it was about four years prior to the Sherman monument. I rejoice that the Camp at Sherman has erected a monument, but regret that they should persist in saying that it is the first erected in Texas.

James P. Travis, who was murdered during the Nashville reunion, was born in Franklin County, Tenn., August 27, 1846. His father, J. E. Travis, who was a wealthy farmer, died in 1857. He left his family considerable property. When the war came on James P. Travis had two older brothers to enlist in the Confederate army, and they were gallant soldiers. When the country was overrun by the Federals, the Travis family, on account of their intensely Southern principles, were robbed of almost everything. At this time James, a mere youth, made his way through the Fed-



eral line and joined Forrest's old cavalry regiment. He served with that command until the close of the war. He married Miss Nannie Coldwell, an excellent lady, in 1869. They had one son and six daughters. Mr. Travis was comparatively a poor man at the close of the war, but by hard labor and economy had reared his family comfortably and accumulated some property. His death is not only a great loss to his immediate family, but he will be missed by his entire neighborhood.

The foregoing was furnished by Comrade David Lynch, of Winchester, who also procured the only picture in the family.

William Kinkead, Blevins, Tenn.:

During the war two sick soldiers from South Carolina were brought to my house, Alfred Jamison and — Barrett. I do not know to what command they belonged. I was off in the army at the time. Barrett got well enough to be taken away, but Jamison died and was buried at the Kinkead Church. If any of his friends or relatives should see this notice, we would like to hear from them. If they do not care to remove his remains to South Carolina, we wish to get a tombstone and put it at his grave.

Dr. J. C. J. King, of Waco, Tex., reports the death of Comrade Tyler D. Harn, who "was stricken suddenly while at his work on the morning of May 28, and died that evening." Dr. King states truly that he was one of the most active, earnest, and zealous members of their camp (Pat Cleburne, 222, U. C. V.), and will be much missed by its members.

Comrade Harn's interest in the VETERAN will be a cherished memory. It will be recalled that his daughter was sponsor for the great state of Texas at the Houston reunion.

SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE "ABBEY."

High praise for the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in giving *six thousand dollars* of net proceeds from reunion days at the Exposition. This money will be held in trust until the Confederate Memorial Institute—the Battle Abbey—is located. This Memorial Institute is a sacred theme in the South.

REDUCTIONS OF THE SAM DAVIS BUST.

S. A. Cunningham, custodian of the Sam Davis Monument Fund, has only thirty of the small busts left. Some are light and others are bronzed in color. They will be sold on first orders at *five* dollars each, and one dollar will be applied as a subscription to the monument fund. When these are sold no others can be had. State what color is desired when ordering.

Lloyd Cecil, a member of Leonidas Polk Bivouac, Columbia, Tenn., would like the address of a Mr. Myers, belonging to the Fourth Kentucky Federal Cavalry, or some one belonging to that regiment who knows his address. He says: "My horse was killed in a fight near Franklin, Tenn., and Myers and another man galloped up and ordered me to throw up my hands. I threw up one, when, with an oath, one of them ordered me to throw up the other or they would kill me, and up it went. Mr. Myers then took charge of me, and after our men had retreated and all danger was over, he took me back to my horse and let me get my shawl, oil-cloth, three days' rations, and a bottle of whisky (bitters, I told him, that I was using as a medicine), which my father had given me only two days before to use as bitters, but it was pure. Dark soon came on, and the soldiers took the prisoners up behind them, as it was raining and muddy, but an officer came along and told them to make the — rebels walk. So I soon became tired carrying all that I had, and asked Mr. Myers to carry them for me, which he kindly did. On our arrival at the fort, they turned us over to the guards. It being so dark that I could not tell one from another, I called for Mr. Myers. He responded, and handed over to me everything, then asked me for part of my rations, saying that he was nearly starved, having been on a forced march all day and night, with nothing to eat. I gave him nearly all I had, including a half-gallon can of butter given me only two days before by my mother. As he treated me so nicely and gentlemanly as a prisoner, I am anxious to hear from or about him."

A Kentucky girl writes from Louisville: "Will you excuse me for writing to tell you how much I enjoy the VETERAN? Of all the monthlies taken by me it is the most interesting and satisfactory. It entertains and it strikes a deep chord of sympathy, reminding me of the times when I sat on my mother's knee while she told me stories of the war and her soldier brothers (all killed) until my poor little heart throbbed and burned with the injustice of our defeat. I have ever hoped for a hero who would in a pleasant way make a record for this generation. We live so much for the pleasures of to-day that sometimes we forget to be grateful for the brave deeds of the past."

DECKING SOUTHERN SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

A Baltimore Daughter sends the following clipping from Pomeroy's *Democrat*, wishing it "preserved" in the *VETERAN*. It was written by A. W. Slayback.

Beautiful feet! with maidenly tread,
Offerings bring to the gallant dead;
Footsteps light press the sacred sod,
Of souls untimely ascended to God.
Bring spring flowers, in fragrant perfume,
And offer sweet prayers for a merciful doom.

Beautiful hands! ye deck the graves
Above the dust of the Southern braves,
Here was extinguished their manly fire,
Rather than flinch from the Northman's ire.

Bring spring flowers! the laurel and rose,
And deck your defenders' place of repose.

Beautiful eyes! the tears ye shed,
Are brighter than diamonds to those who bled.

Spurned is the cause they fell to save,
But "little they'll reck," if ye love their grave.

Bring spring flowers! with tears and praise,
And chant o'er their tombs your grateful lays,

Beautiful lips! ye tremble now,
Memory wakens the sleeping one's vow:
Mute are the lips, and faded the forms,
That never knelt down, save to God and your charms.

Bring spring flowers! all dewy with morn,
And think how they loved you, whose graves ye adorn.

Beautiful hearts! of matron and maid,
Faithful were ye when *apostles* betrayed!
Here are your loved and cherished ones laid.

Peace to their ashes; the flowers ye strew
Are monuments worthy the faithful and true.

Bring spring flowers! perfume their sod,
With annual incense to glory and God.

Beautiful tribute at valor's shrine!
The wreaths that fond ones lovingly twine.

Let the whole world their ashes despise,
Those whom they cherished, with heart, hands, and eyes,

Will bring spring flowers, and bow the head,
And pray for the noble Confederate dead.

C. S. N. BUTTONS.

A lady living in Nashville has a small number of navy buttons made in London. They are in excellent condition, and are believed to be of a small lot ordered by Admiral Raphael Semmes for his crew on the "Alabama." The lady offers to sell them at \$10 each, for money to mark the grave of her hero husband.

A FREE SCHOLARSHIP.

The principals of Gunston Institute offer a scholarship in their school to some young daughter of the South, on the following terms and conditions:

1. Preference is given to an applicant who is the daughter or granddaughter of a Confederate veteran, and whose mother is a widow—*other things being equal*.

2. Applicants shall be over sixteen and under nineteen years of age, and shall give evidence that they are of good character, of studious habits, and ambitious to excel in some particular branch.

3. Young ladies who desire to enter for special studies, as Vocal Music, Instrumental Music, Elocution, or Art, will be required to furnish certificate of talent and proficiency, or to exhibit some work of their own in some one of these branches.

4. No charge will be made for Professor's fees in any of these departments. The entire charge for the year will be \$200 for board, fuel, lights, laundry, and pew rent. The applicant selected will be entitled to enter any classes in the Academic or Collegiate Department, besides having one special branch.

5. The special branches are: Vocal Music, Drawing or Painting, Instrumental Music either Piano or Violin, and Voice Culture or Elocution scientifically taught. The very best masters in these branches are employed and the work done in this school during the past two years gives evidence of their skill and thoroughness.

6. Applicants will forward application and testimonials to S. A. Cunningham, proprietor of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, who will kindly appoint a committee of three competent persons to select several whom they consider most worthy and to forward testimonials of same to B. R. Mason, Principal of Gunston Institute, Washington, D. C., by whom the final selection of one applicant will be made.

THE "BLACK HAWK" CORN-PLANTER.

In the northeast corner of the Agricultural Building, Tennessee Centennial, the D. M. Sechler Carriage Co., of Moline, Ill., has an interesting exhibit of their new corn-planter, the "Black Hawk."

The efficiency of this device is guaranteed to be over 85 per cent of the hills accurately seeded. In the experimental tests a considerably higher efficiency was shown. The exhibit is in operation, so that visitors may see for themselves the precision with which it does its work, and may investigate the device for counting out the seed. This device is the new departure. Grains of corn vary considerably in length and breadth, but the thickness of the grain is very uniform. On this fact the operation of the "Black Hawk" depends, and in it lies the resulting accuracy.

As if to illustrate their versatility, the D. M. Sechler Carriage Co. is also exhibiting a self-acting swing, the means of much pleasure and comfort.

For full information regarding these articles, and their carriages, bicycles, etc., call at the exhibit, or address their Moline office.

In connection with the beautiful illustrations in the June number of the *VETERAN*, special attention is called to those of Stone's River battle-grounds. These views were selected from a most excellent collection made by Albert Kern, Esq., a prominent lawyer of Dayton, O., who does amateur photographic work just for the love of it. They were furnished the *VETERAN* by Jesse W Sparks, Esq., of Murfreesboro, Tenn. Those interested in his battle-ground will be satisfied with any selection made from these views. The Association has twenty-five of these views at the Exposition, framed in red cedar which came from the battle-field.



After.... Taking

a course of Ayer's Pills the system is set in good working order and a man begins to feel that life is worth living. He who has become the gradual prey of constipation, does not realize the friction under which he labors, until the burden is lifted from him. Then his mountains sink into mole-hills, his moroseness gives place to jollity, he is a happy man again. If life does not seem worth living to you, you may take a very different view of it after taking

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

WAR AND INDIAN RELICS

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Old Confederate flags, swords, guns, pistols, old letters with the stamps on, Confederate books, papers, etc. Twenty-five years in the Relic Business.

THOMAS H. ROBERTSON,
Boynton, Catoosa County, Ga.

THE SAM DAVIS DRAMA.

Press comments are complimentary:

A true story, sympathetically and effectively told, in a well-written drama.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

An interesting drama and written with much dramatic power, and will no doubt be a success.—*Knoxville Sentinel*.

It is constructed well, is filled with good language, has enough of humor, and not a few of the sentences are thrillingly beautiful.—*Nashville American*.

Mr. Fox has done, in its dramatization, as fine a piece of work as was ever done by a Southern man.—*Chicago Horse Review*.

A strong and stirring drama, in which the horror of war is blended with the tender emotions that belong to love and peace.—*Nashville Banner*.

In its construction and execution of the plot, its unflagging interest from the opening scene to the final exciting climax, it is simply superb.—*Nashville Sun*.

Copies of the book can be had of the VETERAN, postpaid, for 30 cents. The price has been reduced from 50 cents.

OUR GENERALS.

Having secured some fine engravings of Gens. Lee, J. E. Johnston, Beauregard, Longstreet, Sterling Price, R. S. Ewell, and A. P. Hill, the following offer is made: Either picture will be sent with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for \$1.25, or as a premium for two subscriptions. Price, 50 cents each.

These pictures are 22x28 inches, and would ornament any home.

SOUTHERN HISTORIES.

A leading business feature of the VETERAN is to supply Southern histories, and especially that class of war histories which treats of the valor of Southern men who served the Confederacy, or in any other patriotic service, and the constant zeal of Southern women in what their hands have found to do. In the catalogue of such books, to be published from time to time, special rates will be given when procurable, to be supplied with the VETERAN, singly or in clubs. Friends of the VETERAN may do it a service, as well as the owner of books designed to honor the South, on merit, by mentioning this feature in its business.

GLEANINGS FROM SOUTHLAND.

By Miss Kate Cumming, of Alabama. Price, \$1.

Gen. S. D. Lee, of Columbus, Miss.: "I have read 'Gleanings from Southland' with pleasure, and it recalled many of the sad scenes and sacrifices incident to Southern society during the great war between the states." Rev. T. J. Beard, rector, Birmingham, Ala.: "Gleanings from Southland" is a truthful, realistic account of the times gone by. Its perusal brought back vividly to my mind the scenes, thoughts, anxieties, and hopes of that eventful period."

MOSBY'S RANGERS: A history of



the Forty-third Battalion, Virginia Cavalry (Mosby's Command), from its organization to the surrender. By one of its members. Svo., cloth, 512 pp. Over two hundred illustrations. Price reduced from \$3.50 to \$2.50. Through a specially liberal offer of the publisher this

thrilling narrative will be sent post-paid, together with the VETERAN for one year, at the price of the book, \$2.50. The book will also be sent post-paid in return for a club of six subscriptions.

CAMP-FIRES OF THE CONFEDERACY. By Ben LaBree. Price, \$2.75.

This book contains humors of the war and thrilling narratives of heroic deeds, with a hundred illustrations of humorous subjects.

VIRGINIA ANTIQUITIES.

The Association Organized for Their Preservation Diligent in the Service.

THE founding of the colony at Jamestown in 1607 was the first of the English settlements on this continent, from which have grown the United States. Scattered throughout Virginia are numerous ruins of those colonial days. Time and neglect are making sad havoc with these landmarks. The association for their preservation was formed January 4, 1888, in Williamsburg, the colonial capital of Virginia. They have purchased and restored the old colonial magazine in Williamsburg commonly known as the "Powder Horn;" then the Mary Washington house in Fredericksburg, the house in which the mother of Washington had lived and died, and now the association is rescuing "from the hungry waves" historic Jamestown itself. When it is known that in the last twenty years 180 feet of the island have been washed away, the necessity for a breakwater is apparent. They are, through the munificence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Barney, of "Homewood," Va., the sole owners of that portion of the island on which are located the tower and graveyard.

The association has also materially aided in the restoration of old St. Luke's Church at Smithfield, Isle of Wight County, Va. This church, built of brick in 1632, is the oldest Protestant church in the Western Hemisphere.

The officers of the association are Mrs. Joseph Bryan, President, Mrs. J. D. Blanton, Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. B. Wallace, Recording Secretary, Richmond, Va.; and Mrs. R. S. Hollins, Nashville, Vice-President for Tennessee. Memberships are sought as follows: Life, \$10; Annual, \$1.

Subscribe for the VETERAN.

THIRTEENTH TENNESSEE.

SKETCH OF THIS GALLANT COMMAND BY GEN. VAUGHAN.

Gen. A. J. Vaughan had remarkable identity with the Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry Regiment, for, while promoted from one of its companies to the command of a brigade, it was ever in his command.

Gen. Vaughan has gone into this work as he went into the army—not for the hope of reward, but for the hope of doing some good in life. The manuscript is all prepared. When it is published it will be in limited numbers, sufficient only to meet the wants of those who are particularly interested in it. So all subscriptions will be received before the book goes to press, and no other copies will be issued. The cost of the publication will depend upon the amount of subscriptions, and all families who had representatives in this regiment should secure it.

Gen. Vaughan gives only a veracious history, strictly a narrative of engagements and skirmishes, of marches, charges, and retreats. Dates are given with every regard for accuracy, and the list of killed at each important engagement is given fully. In cases of exceptionally brilliant conduct the writer pays tribute to the memory of the dead by relating the circumstances surrounding the fatality.

The regiment was organized and mustered into service on June 3, 1861. It was made up of the flower of young men of West Tennessee and North Mississippi. Capt. John V. Wright was elected colonel and Capt. A. J. Vaughan lieutenant-colonel. Later Col. Wright was elected to the Confederate Congress and Vaughan was elected to the full command. The narrative relates the campaigns of the regiment up and down the river. The regiment first went to New Madrid, Mo., and then over to Hickman, Ky., where the boys for the first time smelt the gunpowder of the enemy. Over at Columbus, Ky., the regiment had a severe encounter, and the death list is a formidable one. The fight took place alongside the river. A very amusing story is related of Col. Vaughan in this fight. He had two horses shot from under him, one of the horses having been captured from the enemy. When the last horse fell and he found himself on foot, he jumped on a flatboat that stood out toward the enemy's position and called to the Yankees: "Shoot this from under me if you can!"

"Watts's Official Railway Guide," published at Atlanta, for July is the "Mid-Summer" number, and is one of the most complete numbers of this valuable publication. It reflects credit upon the management of Mr. Watts that the "Guide" has succeeded for a decade despite the manifest indifference of even Southern railroad managements.

Setliff & Co., Booksellers, issue the most complete catalogue of Confederate war books published since the war. Sent free. Address SETLIFF & CO., Nashville, Tenn.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDIN, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

LAND AND A LIVING

Are best and cheapest in the great New South. The Northern farmer, artisan, merchant, manufacturer, are all hurrying into this rapidly developing country as pioneers. The open climate, the low price of land, and its steady increase in value; the positive assurance of crops, with but little effort to raise them, all combine to turn all eyes southward.

To assist in this movement, low railroad rates have been inaugurated over the Queen and Crescent Route from Northern towns and villages, both round-trip and one-way tickets being on sale on the first and third Tuesday of each month until October, 1897. Round-trip tickets, one fare, plus \$2. One-way tickets, two cents per mile.

Now is the time for you to go and see. Much has been said and written about the fruit, grains, and grasses along the Queen and Crescent Route, and about its climate—no blizzards and no sun-strokes. Summer nights are cool. Grass grows ten months in the year. Less wear and tear in living than you've known in the North. A million acres at \$3 to \$5 an acre, on easy terms. Now is the time to go and see for yourself. Write to W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A. Queen and Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O., for such information as you desire before starting.

SUMMER TOURS

Via the Big Four Route to the Mountains, Lakes, and Seashore.

Special low rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England resorts, New York, and Boston; to the Great Lakes, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Benton Harbor, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac, and Michigan resorts; to the Northwest and West, via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains, and full particulars apply to any agent "Big Four Route," or address

E. O. McCormick, —
Passenger Traffic Manager,
"Big Four," Cincinnati.

COMFORT.

No smoke, dust, or cinders on Queen and Crescent Route limited trains north. Rock ballast. Superb trains, with every comfort. Fast time, and the short line to Cincinnati.

Wright Bros. Tobacco Co., of St. Louis, Mo., whose advertisement may be seen in this number, have displayed most commendable enterprise in behalf of unfortunate Confederates. They give two cents per pound on all sales of their "Lost Cause" tobacco for the year. The sales in each State are being kept separate, and the fund so created will be disposed of according to the votes of Camps in the several States. They will decide which particular fund is to receive the contribution. A thousand samples of this tobacco were distributed to the Veterans during the great reunion in Nashville, free of charge. In that way specimens of this tobacco will evidently have been carried into every Southern State.

A feature of interest in the reunion numbers of the VETERAN for years is that of Belmont College, Nashville. It is a coincidence that in securing its most attractive page—the back cover—there has been no occasion to change even the wording of the announcement. Its "near remoteness," while possessing "accessible seclusion," is a strong feature in its favor.

Belmont is on the finest elevation about the city; its many acres of highly improved ground make it a very Eden for girls. This college has prospered continuously since it was established by Misses Hood and Heron.

An error occurred in the advertisement of E. P. Willard—whose card appears elsewhere—in the June VETERAN. Mr. Willard's Electric Belt is the DR. DOW instead of "Davis," as printed.

The Memphis and Charleston R. R.

*The Short Line (310 miles) Between
Memphis and Chattanooga.*

EAST.	WEST.
Shortest Line	Shortest Line
and	and
Quickest Time	Quickest Time
to the East.	to the
Through	Great West.
Pullman Sleeper	No Changes to
and Coach	Memphis, and
Between	Close Connection
Memphis and	with All
Washington.	Roads West.

*Maps and all information on application
to any M. and C. agent.*

C. A. DeSAUSSURE, G. P. A.,
Memphis.

Illinois Central R. R.

MAINTAINS UNSURPASSED

Double Daily Service

FROM	FROM
NEW ORLEANS,	MEMPHIS,
TO	TO
MEMPHIS,	CAIRO,
ST. LOUIS,	ST. LOUIS,
LOUISVILLE,	CHICAGO,
CINCINNATI,	CINCINNATI,
CHICAGO,	LOUISVILLE,

AND FROM

ST. LOUIS TO CHICAGO.

making direct connections with through trains for all points

North, East, and West,

including Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Hot Springs, Ark., and Denver. Close connection with Central Mississippi Valley Route Solid Fast Vestibule Daily Train for

Dubuque, Sioux Falls, Sioux ... City, ...

and the West. Particulars of agents of the I. C. R. R. and connecting lines.

WM. MURRAY, Div. Pass. Agt., New Orleans.
JNO. A. SCOTT, Div. Pass. Agent, Memphis.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., W. A. KELLOND, A. G. P. A.
Chicago. Louisville.



SOUTHERN
RAILWAY.

...THE...

GREAT HIGHWAY OF TRAVEL,

Reaching the principal cities of the South with its own lines and penetrating all parts of the Country with its connections,

OFFERS TO THE TRAVELER

Unexcelled Train Service,
Elegant Equipment, Fast Time.

Short Line Between the East, the North,
the West and the South.

W. A. TURK, G. P. A., Washington, D. C.
S. H. HARDWICK, A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.
C. A. BENSOTER, A. G. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

LADIES! Upon the receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps, we will send either of the following books, or three for 25 cents. Candy Book—50 receipts for making candy. Sixteen different kinds of candy without cooking; 50 cent candy will cost 7 cents per pound. Fortune-Teller—Dreams and interpretations, fortune-telling by physiognomy and cards, birth of children, discovering disposition by features, choosing a husband by the hair, mystery of a pack of cards, old superstitions, birthday stones. Letter-Writing—Letters of condolence, business, congratulations, introductions, recommendations, love, excuse, advice, receipts, and releases, notes of invitation and answers, notes accompanying gifts and answers.

BROOKE & Co., Dept. V., Townsend Block,
Buffalo, N. Y.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES OF THE Tennessee Centennial Prize March,

BY MAURICE BERNHARDT,

Have just been printed and are now ready for sale. The publishers of this piece offered a cash prize of \$100 for the best musical composition, to be known as the Tennessee Centennial Prize March, and this piece secured the prize in competition with nearly three hundred manuscripts, received from almost every State in the Union.

The title is a beautiful and artistic lithograph in four colors, showing a BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION and a HANDSOME PORTRAIT OF MRS. VAN LEER KIRKMAN, who is President of the Woman's Board, and to whom the piece is dedicated. Each page of music also has an ornamental heading of some one of the main buildings.

As a musical and artistic souvenir of Tennessee's great Exposition, it is unsurpassed by anything of the kind heretofore attempted. The retail price is 60 cents, but we want every lover of music to have a copy, and as we are going to devote this page to special low-price offers on popular copyright music we shall include it with the rest.

READ THE FOLLOWING OFFERS.

OFFER NO. 1.

Six of the Most Popular Two-Step Marches.

*Tennessee Centennial Prize March.....Bernhardt	\$0 60
Centennial Exposition March.....Fischer	50
Vanity Fair.....McKee	60
*Phi Delta Theta.....McCarthy	50
*Pickaniny Patrol.....Strauss	50
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\$3 20

The above is a collection of the most popular marches of the day and will be a treat to all lovers of "Two-steps." Any single piece sent post-paid for one-half of the marked price, or all six for..... \$1 40

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Six Waltzes, All of Which Can Be Played on the Organ.

Dream of Sunshine. Waltz.....Jones	\$0 50
*Love's Golden Dream. Waltz.....Bonheur	50
*Waltzing With the One You Love.....Hemmersbach	60
Summer Night at the Gulf Coast.....Hemmersbach	50
Gulf Breezes. Waltz.....Hemmersbach	50
*Southern Beauty. Waltz.....Valisi	50

\$3 10

These are written in a dreamy, flowing style and none of them are difficult. Any single piece post-paid for half price, or this entire lot for..... \$1 35

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Six Waltz Songs by Well-known Composers.

*She Wont Name the Day.....Bernhardt	\$0 50
If You Were Only Here.....Rutledge	50
*Give Me Your Heart.....Daughtry	40
Sweet Bird of Song.....Holst	50
*Two Little Blue Little Shoes.....Pensley	50
My King of Hearts.....Valck	40

\$2 80

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Newport Waltz.....Wishon	\$0 30
Call Me Back Scottische.....Fisher	40
Little Folks Waltz.....Lovejoy	25
Blue Bell Polka.....Lovejoy	25
Little Folks Polka.....Lovejoy	25
Never Tire Waltz.....Lovejoy	25

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*Write to Me, Katie.....Vernon	40
Little Sweetheart.....Gilbert	40

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Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour. Variations..Throop	\$0 75
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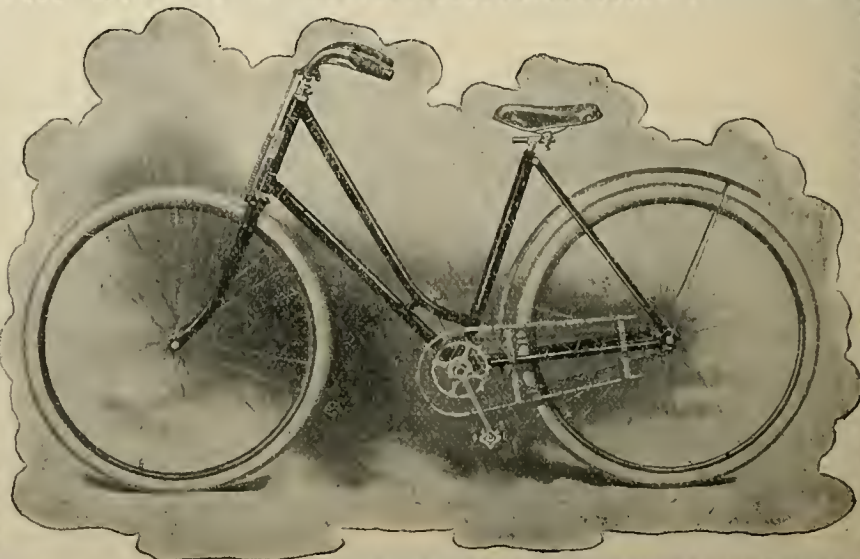
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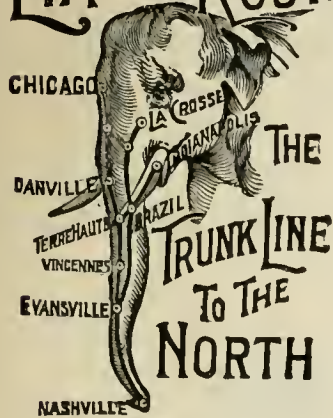
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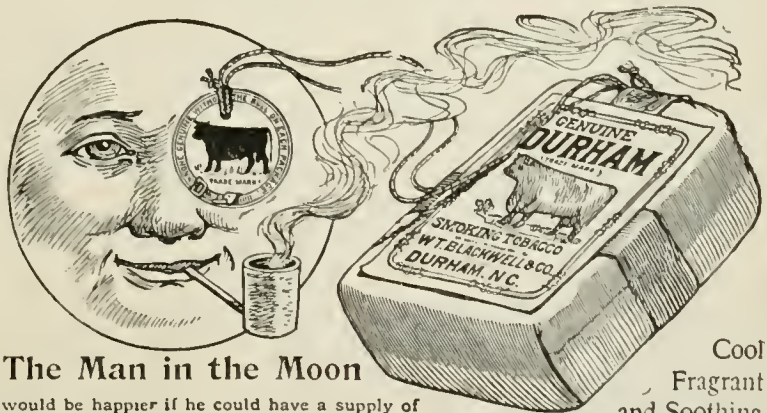


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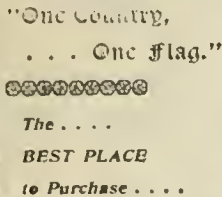
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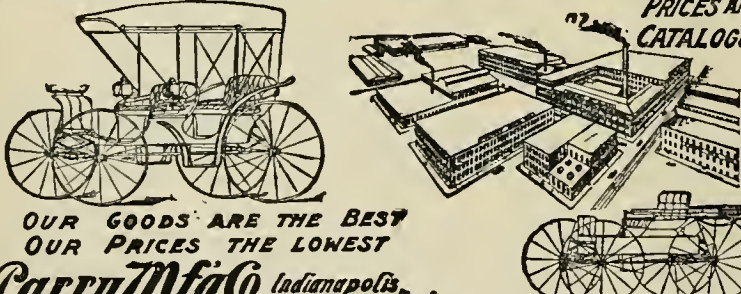
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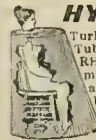
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The "evil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1897.

No. 8. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
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"THE OLD GUARD," OF RICHMOND, VA., CAPT. E. LESLIE SPENCE, ATTIRED AS THEY WERE IN 1865

Every reader and friend of the VETERAN will be pleased to learn that its business office, printing, binding, and mailing departments have been concentrated under one roof in the Methodist Publishing House Block, Public Square, Nashville, because it gives opportunities to make the publication better than ever and to have it appear more promptly. The large and elegant office furnishes fine views of the Cumberland River and its superb highway bridge in the city.

GOV. HARRIS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

Robert Adamson, in the *Atlanta Constitution*, August 1, gives a most interesting interview with Col. George W. Adair, of Atlanta, concerning Gov. Isham G. Harris' escape from the United States at the close of the war. W. G. Brownlow, who was Governor of Tennessee when the armies of the Confederacy capitulated, offered \$100,000 reward for Gov. Harris, "a fugitive from justice, with all the state's belongings." Harris saw the notice, and was prompt in making his escape to Mexico. The following quotations from the article will be read with interest:

It was a great exigency that the fiery Harris had to meet when Nashville, the capital of his state, fell before the Federals' great march to the sea. He shipped the state's property to Georgia, locating the various de-



GOV. ISHAM G. HARRIS.

partments at Griffin, Madison, and other towns of the state. He himself came to Atlanta.

It was not in Harris's nature to believe that the South would ultimately fail. He had firm faith in the righteousness of her cause, in the strength of her arm. A few days after he came here he met Col. George W. Adair, who had a twofold importance then. He was merchant in a considerable mercantile firm and was the editor of a very loyal journal, then known to fame as the *Southern Confederacy*. It came to pass that Harris went to live with Col. Adair, and the friendship between the two grew strong. Forrest had come to Atlanta, and stopped with his old friend, Col. Adair. "Forrest felt that he had not been treated with the proper consideration," said Col. Adair. "He was disheartened and dispirited when he came to Atlanta, but the matter was settled to his perfect satisfaction when he was given a commission to take a command into Central Mississippi. He gathered up his command and stationed

himself at Como, Miss. Before he left Forrest asked Gov. Harris and myself to join his staff. Harris had been with me about six months, and he was pining for action. He liked action, excitement. All the time he had been here he had looked after the affairs of his state, giving direction concerning the keeping of its property and seeing that nothing was misappropriated.

"Together we went to Como and joined Forrest. The day after we got there Forrest commissioned me to go near Memphis and find out the plans of the large Federal forces concentrated there. With three scouts I rode through the country to within a few miles of Memphis, where I stopped, and sent the men into the town. They were gone about two days, and came back with the important information that shortly Sherman was to move down the Mississippi River to Vicksburg, and that a cavalry force was to move in a southeasterly direction down through Tennessee and Mississippi. I hurried back and communicated this information to Gen. Forrest.

" 'Write the substance of that and telegraph it to Gen. Polk, at Demopolis, Ala.,' said he. I did as he directed, and Barney Hughes, our telegraph-operator, got it off without delay. Then Gen. Forrest decided that it was better for Gen. Polk to have more detailed information, and he had me prepare a full statement of all we had learned of the Federal plans. The next morning he called Gov. Harris and myself in and said he wanted us to take the message to Gen. Polk at Demopolis. We were to go across the country some forty miles east, where we were to take the train for Meridian. When we got to Tupelo all our plans were upset by finding that the railroad had heard of the approach of the Federal cavalry and had withdrawn all trains.

"What were we to do? It was over two hundred miles, and it was foolish to think of covering it on horseback. Finally, by accident, a solution to the difficulty was had through an idle hand-car. The section man let us have two big negroes, and, putting our small stock of provisions on the little flat-car, we got aboard. What a trip that was! Jolting, jolting, bouncing, we went all day and then all night, making such progress as we could. Frequently we struck some terrific grades, and the big, iron-muscle negroes could scarcely propel the car. We stopped, and Harris and I got a stout hickory pole each, and in that way slowly and painfully worked the car up and over the big grades. I have frequently thought of that trip since—the governor of a great state, with coat off and perspiration rolling down his face, pushing a dirty hand-car. Through one long day and night we rolled on, finally reaching Macon, Miss. Here we stopped for a rest. Securing a larger and better car, we resumed our journey, and after another twenty-four hours reached a point on the road to which trains were being run. At a station just off from Meridian we left the train, and, after scouting about an hour or so, managed to get a horse, the only one to be obtained at the place. This Harris mounted and proceeded on his journey to Polk, leaving me behind. He carried the message safely through. Months later I again saw him in Atlanta. Forrest met the cavalry forces that had marched out of Memphis and drove them back, thus preventing the junction with Sherman's forces near Meridian. Sherman gave up the trip and returned.

"When I got back it looked dark for Atlanta. Both

Harris and myself were put on the staff of Gen. Hood, who was camped right where Hood Street now runs into Whitehall—I had the street named for him afterward. Harris and myself visited the General's quarters every day, and, with my knowledge of the state's topography, I was of no mean service, of which I was very glad.

"Those were stormy days. I had foreseen all this, and had sold my paper and my interest in the mercantile establishment. I had bought gold with the money I had received. You will be surprised when I tell you what I got for my paper: a cool \$200,000. My wife took the gold pieces and sewed them into her skirt, just far enough apart to keep them from rattling, and kept them so for many months.

"One incident that occurred during this long siege of Atlanta which I have not told before, and which will be very interesting now, impressed me deeply at the time. Harris and I went to Hood's headquarters every day. One morning as I was going down Whitehall Street I met a tall, strapping soldier—a lieutenant, as I saw—and when I got near him I recognized him as Lon Livingston, none other than the present Congressman from this district. Livingston said: 'I want to tell somebody from Gen. Hood's quarters what I saw this morning. I was coming up from home when a negro told me that a party of Stoneman's raiders were coming down the road. I hid in the bushes until they passed, and then followed them for a mile or two. They are going through by Milledgeville to Macon, and I thought Gen. Hood ought to know about it.'

"The news surprised me, and I hurried back and told Gen. Hood. He didn't believe it. Harris said confidently, 'I am inclined to believe Adair's friend is right,' but Gen. Hood would not believe it; and it was not until a few days later that we got confirmation of it by telegrams, telling of a conflict at Macon between Stoneman's raiders and the Confederate forces.

"I shall never forget the night we left Atlanta. The old rolling-mills were on fire, and four hundred bales of cotton belonging to old man Wells were burning. On going up a big hill below Atlanta the fire was blazing so brightly I could count the hairs in the horse's tail by its light. Gen. Hood had placed me in charge of the headquarters wagons. I had a wagon of my own, an old-fashioned North Carolina tobacco-pedler's. Just as we were pulling out, Henry Watterson, the Louisville editor, who had refugeed here and had been conducting his paper from this point, and 'John Happy,' of the Nashville paper, came up and climbed into my wagon. Gov. Harris, his body-servant, Ran, myself, and my 'nigger,' Wash, Watterson, and 'Happy' made up the party. We drove all night. It was a sick crowd, sick in heart and mind. Atlanta had fallen; Hood was pushing on toward the sea, and the relentless Sherman was following. There seemed nothing left but to surrender. Harris, proud, defiant man that he was, was the sickest man I have ever seen. He sat there, gloomy and quiet, but without a thought of surrender. I had old Wash to make some coffee for us, which he could do better than any human I have ever seen before or since, and this somewhat revived our drooping spirits.

"A few weeks later Harris and I were detailed to go to Rough and Ready, to accompany Maj. Sinclair, Hood's staff officer, just below East Point, to represent

the Southern army in effecting the exchange of those who sympathized with the respective armies. We there worked with the Federal forces, and many women and children and much property were thus safely passed through the lines, going both ways.

"St. Philip's Church, on Washington Street, was then in charge of a very distinguished rector named Johnson, a big, bluff fellow who had come out of West Point, and, in addition to clerical airs, he had all the ways of West Point. He was a very learned man and had written lots of fine sermons, which he had preserved in manuscript, and many fine magazine articles. He had nothing on earth that he prized more than his manuscripts, and he had carefully packed these away in a big barrel, so as to be easily moved. He was more anxious, it seemed to me, for the welfare of his barrel of manuscripts than for the safety of his wife and daughter, who were still in Atlanta. He watched every



COL. GEORGE W. ADAIR.

day, and finally one morning here came Mrs. Johnson and her daughter with a wagon-load of things. Mrs. Johnson, good, worthy soul, found that she must leave considerable behind. It happened that she had a barrel of excellent soft soap, and when she came to load her things she reasoned that they would have more need of this than a barrel of sermons, so she left the sermons and took the soap. Preacher Johnson was waiting impatiently when they came in sight. He had told Harris and me much about the manuscripts, and had added that his wife would bring them out. When the wagon stopped the daughter jumped out and ran and threw her arms about her father's neck. The old man was glad to see his daughter, of course, but his mind was on those manuscripts, and he hurried to his wife just as four big soldiers lifted a barrel out of the wagon. 'You brought my barrel of manuscripts?' he said. The soldiers heard him, and just at that moment the feet of one

of the four rascals slipped, and down came the heavy barrel of soap. There was a loud noise, and every one within ten feet was spattered with Mrs. Johnson's soap. Speechless with disgust and indignation, Johnson turned and walked off without a word, leaving his wife and daughter standing there. Whether he ever came back or not, I do not know.

"Harris and I left Hood's army shortly after leaving Atlanta, and went back to Mississippi and joined Forrest. We were stopping in Grenada. Late one afternoon a messenger came and said that Harris wanted to see me in his room. I went over at once, and found him sitting alone. He handed me a paper which announced Gov. Brownlow's reward of \$100,000 for his capture. 'I must leave, Adair,' said he. 'How much greenback have you?' 'I have \$75,' I said. 'That is not enough,' said he. I went out and talked with the boys. They were all anxious to help him. Billie Forrest had \$50 and another one of the fellows had \$75, but all that was not enough. There happened at that time to be a gambler in town named Sherman, whom we all knew. He was a striking character, with a great black beard covering his shirt front. I told Sherman what I wanted, and he pondered for a while, then told me he would see his wife about it, and call on us at the hotel. About an hour later he came to Harris's room, where I was sitting. He smilingly said: 'Governor, what sort of game is this Adair is telling me about?' He sat down on the bed, laughing. Gov. Harris explained it to him, saying that he would give him orders on friends in Memphis, who would pay on sight. Sherman let him have \$1,000, and Harris gave him the order, as he gave to all of us for the amounts we let him have. That night, accompanied by the faithful Ran, he left us to become a fugitive—not from justice, but from the political punishment that would have been visited upon his head. I saw him no more for a long while. That was in May. I had returned to Atlanta when I received this letter from him in November."

Col. Adair drew from his pocket a long letter, written on faded blue paper. It was a letter from the Governor, written while he was in exile:

"CORDOVA, MEXICO, November 12, 1865.

"I lingered near Grenada, endeavoring to arrange some business matters, until the 14th of May. In the meantime I had had a skiff built, and on the morning of the 14th I embarked some six miles east of Greenwood and set sail for the transmississippi. The party consisted of Gen. Lyon, of Kentucky, myself, and our two servants. We navigated the backwater for one hundred and twenty miles, and on the morning of the 21st, just before daylight, crossed over to the Arkansas shore. I crossed at the foot of Island No. 75, just below the mouth of the Arkansas River, proceeded westward as far as the backwater was navigable, and on the morning of the 22d I left my frail bark, bought horses, mounted the party, and set out for Shreveport, where I hoped to find an army resolved on continued resistance to Federal rule; but before reaching Shreveport I learned that the army of the transmississippi had disbanded and scattered to the winds and all the officers of rank had gone to Mexico.

"Having no further motive to visit Shreveport, I turned my course to Red River County, Tex., where a portion of my negroes and plantation stock had been carried some two years ago. I reached there on the

7th of June, was taken sick and confined to my bed a week. On the 15th of June, with my baggage, cooking utensils, and provisions on a pack-mule, I set out for San Antonio, where I expected to overtake a large number of Confederate civil and military officers *en route* for Mexico. I reached San Antonio on the 26th, and learned that all Confederates had left for Mexico some ten days or two weeks before. On the morning of the 27th I started for Eagle Pass, on the Rio Grande, the Federals holding all the crossings below there. I reached Eagle Pass on the evening of the 30th, and immediately crossed over to the Mexican town of Piedras Negras. On the morning of the 1st of July I set out for Monterey; arrived there on the evening of the 9th. There I overtook Gen. Price and ex-Gov. Polk, of Missouri, who were starting to the City of Mexico the next morning with an escort of twenty armed Missourians. As I was going to the city, and the trip was a long and dangerous one to make alone, I decided to go with them, though I was literally worn out with over fifteen hundred miles of continuous horseback travel. I exchanged my saddle-horse, saddles, etc., for an ambulance, put my two mules to it, gave the whip and lines to Ran, bought me a Spanish grammar and dictionary, took the back seat, and commenced the study of the Spanish language. We made the trip at easy stages of about twenty-five miles per day, and reached the City of Mexico on the evening of the 9th of August. The trip was one of the longest, most laborious, and hazardous of my life, but I will not tax your time or mine with its details, many of which would interest you deeply if I were there to give them to you.

"Our reception upon the part of the government officials here was all that we could have expected or desired. We were invited to an audience with the emperor at the palace, the far-famed halls of the Montezumas. We were mostly kindly received by the emperor and empress, and were assured of their sympathy in our misfortunes and of their earnest hope that we might find homes for ourselves and friends in Mexico. The empress was our interpreter in the interview. She speaks fluently the French, Spanish, German, and English languages, and is in all respects a great woman. We overtook at the City of Mexico Gen. Magruder, Com. Maury, Gov. Allen, and Judge Perkins, of Louisiana; Gov. Reynolds, of Missouri; and Gov. Murrah and Gen. Clarke, of Texas, with many other and lesser Confederate lights. On the 5th of September the emperor published a decree opening all of Mexico to immigration and colonization, and Com. Maury and myself and other Confederates were requested to prepare regulations to accompany the decree, which we did, and which were approved by the emperor on the 27th. The decree and regulations offer very liberal inducements to immigration, among which are a donation of public lands at the rate of six hundred and forty acres to each head of a family and three hundred and twenty to each single man, a free passage to the country to such as are not able to pay their own expenses, freedom from taxation for one year, and from military duty for five years, religious toleration, etc.

"Com. Maury has been appointed Imperial Commissioner of Colonization, which makes his authority in the matter of colonization second only to that of the emperor. Gen. Price, Judge Perkins, and myself were appointed agents of colonization, and requested to ex-

amine the lands lying upon and near the line of railroad from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, for the purpose of determining whether they were suited to American colonization. We are engaged at this time in the discharge of that duty. We find in the vicinity of this place the most beautiful and, all things considered, the best agricultural country that I have ever seen. The climate is delightful—never hot, never cold, always temperate, always pleasant; the soil richer and more productive than the best of the prairie lands of Mississippi in the Okolona country, yielding large crops of corn, barley, rice, tobacco, sugar-cane, and coffee, with all the fruits of the tropics, and the best that you ever tasted.

"In a calm review of the past I am glad to be able to say that I have nothing to regret but the failure of the revolution. My course was dictated by strong and clear convictions of duty. Had I faltered in following those convictions, it would have been at the sacrifice of principle and self-respect. It is better, far better, for me that I should have lost position, fortune, and home and stand here to-day a penniless exile than to have violated principle and forfeited self-respect for these miserable and paltry considerations. I thank God that I did not falter. . . . No; there are no terms or conditions upon which I could ever consent to live in that country, except the independence of the South. . . .

"Where is Forrest, and what is he doing? And where and how is everybody else? for I have heard from none of our friends since I left Mississippi.

"Give my kind regards to Mrs. Adair, Robbin, Jack, and Forrest, and kiss Mary for me and tell her that it would give me great pleasure to have a romp with her this evening.

"My health is excellent, and I feel that it can not be otherwise in this charming climate. Write me at Cordova, Mexico, and enclose to Henry Denis, Esq., at New Orleans. Denis will forward it to me."

ABOUT CAPITULATION AT APPOMATTOX.

The following paper in pencil manuscript has been preserved by Lieut. Col. S. G. Shepard, and was in his possession at the Nashville reunion. He commanded the Seventh Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade:

APPOMATTOX C. H., April 10, 1865.

Agreement entered into this day in regard to the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia to the United States authorities.

1. The troops shall march by brigades and detachments to a designated point, stack their arms, deposit their sabers, pistols, etc., and from thence march to their homes under charge of their officers, superintended by their respective divisions and corps commanders, officers retaining their side arms and their authorized number of private horses.

2. All public horses and public property of all kinds to be turned over to the staff officers designated by the United States authorities.

3. Such transportation as may be agreed upon as necessary for the transportation of the private baggage of officers will be allowed to accompany the officers, to be turned over at the end of the trip to the nearest United States quartermaster, receipt being taken for the same.

4. Couriers and mounted men of the artillery and cavalry whose horses are their own private property will be allowed to retain them.

5. The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia shall be construed to include all the forces operating with that army on the 8th inst., the date of the commencement of negotiations for surrender, except such bodies of cavalry as actually [Here a line of the manuscript is not discernible] of artillery as were more than (20) twenty miles from Appomattox C. H. at the time of surrender, on the 9th inst.

Signed: J. Longstreet, Lieut.-Gen.; John Gibbons, Maj.-Gen. Vols.; J. B. Gordon, Maj.-Gen.; Charles Griffin, Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Vols.; W. N. Pendleton Brig.-Gen. and Chief Artillery; W. Merrett, Bvt. Maj.-Gen.

A true copy. V. Latrobe, Lieut.-Col. and A. A. G.: R. H. Finney, A. A. G.

Official. Polk G. Johnson, A. A. A. G.

For Lieut.-Col. Shepard, Commanding Seventh Tennessee.

WAR TIMES MAIL SERVICE.

There was carelessness in direction, but experts traced out the men whose names were misspelled and whose regiments were confused with some other, etc., until finally the letter reached the right man.

The custom then was for a letter to be addressed to the company, regiment, brigade, and division of the army in which the soldier was supposed to be. Mail for a certain division went to the headquarters, was distributed to the brigades and regiments, and by the regimental headquarters to the companies, and by the company officers to the men. The government provided that all letters from the soldiers be forwarded without postage if they bore the frank of the adjutant or colonel. This was a great convenience to the men, because it was almost impossible for them to secure or carry postage-stamps. Packages of papers sent to the boys were more conscientiously delivered than they are in these times. In fact, the postal system of the army was a wonderful thing.

The pathetic side of the letter business occurred when the message of affection and love from sweethearts, sisters, and mothers came to the men who had been shot, maybe fatally wounded, or who were sick in the hospitals. The most trying duty of company or regimental officers was the handling of such correspondence. It required tact, sympathy, and understanding of human nature and a heart full of consideration and tenderness.

Joe Blankenship, Lake Como, Miss.: "I was a member of the Jeff Davis Artillery, from Selma, Ala., A. N. V. John Mitchell, of Tennessee, lieutenant of our company, was my friend. There was not a braver man in Stonewall Jackson's corps. He lost his right arm at Chancellorsville. I have not heard from him since the war, but would like to do so, or to hear from any other member of our battery."

At the suggestion of Comrade S. J. Corley it was declared to be the sense of his camp that the parades of Confederate Veterans heretofore practised at their annual reunions be hereafter abandoned, and that in place thereof a review of the Confederate veterans be arranged for at some convenient and accessible point.

OLDEST AND YOUNGEST OFFICERS.

Gen. M. J. Bulger, whose picture appeared in the last VETERAN, and who honored Alabama and the South at the Nashville reunion, is evidently the oldest Confederate general living. His commission as brigadier was sent almost too late for value, but he had already done his state service. At the jubilee at the closing exercises of the last day of the reunion this venerable Confederate, on rising to deliver an address, had to be supported on each side, and stood trembling with old age and palsy as he was introduced. The crowd seemed to go wild at his appearance on the platform. Old men threw their hats into the air and gesticulated wildly, while fair women screamed and waved their handkerchiefs to the old hero, who is as devoted as ever to the cause for which he fought and bled.

Col. Alfred H. Baird, of North Carolina, wrote the following letter to his sister, the wife of Gov. Robert L. Taylor, of Tennessee, at her request for data concerning his career in the Confederate army. It contains some interesting incidental data:

I enlisted as a private in Capt. W. W. McDowell's Company, in April, 1861, and was made corporal of the company. We were assigned to the First Regiment of North Carolina, which was organized at Raleigh soon after we reached there; and at the organization of the regiment, under Col. (afterward Gen.) D. H. Hill, I was made color-sergeant. We were sent to Richmond,



COL. ALFRED H. BAIRD.

and ordered from there to Yorktown. We were the first troops to reach there, June 9, 1861. Lieut. Gregory, with a detail of about twenty-five men, including myself, drove in the Federal pickets in front of Fortress Monroe, capturing one of their men—the



ROBERT AND DAVID, SONS OF GOV. TAYLOR, OF TENNESSEE.

first prisoner of the war. The Yankees, being a little nettled at our seeming boldness, said they would teach us a lesson. Consequently, on the following morning, about sunrise, Gen. Butler made an attack with about six thousand men. We were encamped at Big Bethel Church. The fight lasted from about sunrise until 4 P.M., when they gave it up and fell back under their gunboats, leaving about three hundred dead on the field. We lost one man killed, a brave, good soldier by the name of Wiat.

I was afterward made first lieutenant of a cavalry company. When I was but seventeen years old our company was ordered to report to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, and when we reached Knoxville—my captain, L. M. Allen, having been promoted—I was made captain of the company. Gen. Kirby Smith ordered me to take my company to Clinton and relieve Capt. King, and to report by letter to Col. Palmer, who was at Jacksboro. This I did, and he wrote me to report at his headquarters in person at once. I did so, and he informed me that there were three companies of North Carolina cavalry at Big Creek Gap, and he desired to form a battalion; and, as a result, I was commissioned

major of the battalion. This occurred before I was eighteen years old.

Col. Scott commanded our brigade up to the time of the battle of Chickamauga. My battalion (the Fifth North Carolina) had been in active service all the time, and I had lost about half of my men. After the battle of Chickamauga we were consolidated with the Seventh North Carolina Battalion (commanded by Lieut.-Col. G. N. Folk), and formed the Sixth North Carolina Regiment of Cavalry. I was commissioned lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, with Folk colonel and John I. Spann major. The regiment was sent to the eastern part of North Carolina, and served under Gens. Dearing, Baker, and Hoke. We surrendered under Gen. J. E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C.

It would be impossible for me to tell the many engagements I was in, but will say that the last fighting I did, and I think the last that was done east of the Mississippi River, was six miles below Raleigh, just before sundown the evening before Johnston evacuated Raleigh.

I have never heard of an officer of the same rank younger than myself. I was lieutenant-colonel at nineteen, commanding a regiment. I will let others tell how I earned the promotions. I will only say that I was in the first fight on land and I think the last, and I always tried to do my duty. I served under Morgan, Forrest, Pegram, and Hampton.

OLDEST AND YOUNGEST SOLDIERS.

John Roy was born in Roanoke County, Va., March 3, 1785. He had three uncles in the Continental army, who fought under Greene and Morgan at King's Mountain and at Guilford Court-House, Va. He came from Virginia to Tennessee in 1809, and settled near Nashville. He enlisted under "Old Hickory" for the Creek war. He had seven teeth shot out at Talladega, and was within a few feet of Maj. Montgomery when he was killed in the battle of the Horseshoe.

Again, when Jackson called

for troops to go to New Orleans, Roy's desire to go was so great that he gave a horse and one hundred Spanish silver dollars for the place of a man who drew the lucky number to go. In the battle on January 8, 1815, he was near a British officer, Maj. Renne, who exhibited great courage and was killed in that battle.

After that war he married, and settled near Brentwood, Tenn., and reared a family of three daughters

and two sons. Three grandsons took part in the civil war: J. G. and W. H. Moody, of Company D, First Tennessee Infantry, and John Roy (born May 5, 1848), who enlisted in Company L, First Tennessee Infantry, in November, 1861, and was killed October 8, 1862, at the battle of Perryville. This picture was taken at nine years of age.

John Roy, Sr., enlisted in Company B, Twenty-fourth Tennessee Infantry, at the age of seventy-six years and four months; but his service was brief, because of afflictions. He died November 6, 1868.



JOHN ROY, JR.

R. B. Freeman, adjutant of P. M. B. Young Camp, at Cartersville, Ga., recently in Nashville to arrange for his camp at the reunion, was asked for data concerning his age in service, and said:

Being a newspaper man, I have noticed in exchanges much of the comment about youngest soldiers, some claiming distinction, as their ages were fifteen, fourteen, and thirteen years when they entered service. It had never occurred to me that it was a matter of any interest to the public. Mr. W. B. Morris, of Richmond, who was a drummer boy, claims his age to have been ten. Of course the question should be as to who was the youngest regular soldier. I have thought my claims best, taking into consideration my age and the length and importance of my service. I went in at ten, entering in April, 1862 (my eleventh birthday being in May), as marker for the Sixth Georgia Cavalry; but, as there was practically no drilling to do, in a month or two I was in the regular ranks, and did all the duties of a soldier—was on the regiment roll, rode, slept, etc., with the other members of my company; and, unless legitimately on some detachment or other mission, never missed an engagement in which the regiment figured while I was with it, which was nearly three years. I was armed with a short saber and two saddle pistols. Messrs. A. B. Coggins, of Canton, Ga.; R. L. Sellers, Cartersville, Ga.; and H. F. Lester, of Atlanta, besides others I might name, who were with me, can testify to my services.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, of McAlester, I. T., wrote that the Indian Territory Division, U. C. V., desired to exhibit at the general reunion in Nashville last June the youngest living ex-Confederate soldier, or rather the youngest regularly enrolled sworn-in soldier who was in the Confederate army at the time of the surrender. His name is George W. Pound, and he was enrolled at Okalona, Miss., in March, 1863, in Company —, Capt. Tom Gill commanding, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., on the 8th of May, 1865. He was forty-seven years old on the 8th of February, 1897, hence was only thirteen years and one month old when he enlisted, and fifteen years and three months when he was



JOHN ROY.

paroled. Pound was transferred and attached to the Eighteenth Mississippi Cavalry, and served in the Oxford raid. He then attached to the Third Kentucky Cavalry, then to the Second Tennessee Cavalry (Company B), and was in the battles of Athens, Ala., Sulphur Trestle, Pulaski, and Columbia, Tenn., and Martin's Factory, Ala. He was after that transferred to Company B, Sixth Mississippi Cavalry, and was in the skirmish at Selma, Ala. The Second Tennessee Cavalry will remember the little "kid" who rode the little mule across the Tennessee River on the Middle Tennessee raid.

Let us hear from your baby soldiers. If you beat us, we will relinquish our claim; but if not, we want the champion belt.

Col. Josiah Patterson writes from Memphis, Tenn., under date of June 26, 1897, to Mr. Douglas Anderson, of Nashville, concerning B. H. Binford, one of the youngest soldiers, whose services were published in the *VETERAN* for June, page 304:

I am in receipt of your favor, and in reply will say that B. H. Binford came to my regiment when a mere



B. H. BINFORD.

child. I would say that he was not exceeding twelve years of age. He was the son of Dr. Binford, a well-known physician in North Alabama, whom I knew well. The father, when I saw him, represented that the boy had such a passion for the army he thought it best not to attempt to control him, because otherwise he might run away and join some other command. Binford was certainly the youngest soldier I ever saw, and he performed the duties of a soldier with alacrity. He was a child in arms, but bore himself in an astonishingly manly way.

Zeb Berry, Houston, Tex., gives the name of a young Confederate soldier, Willie Harder, aged thirteen. He came from Tishomingo County, Miss., and was a member of Company A, Thirty-second Mississippi Regiment. He was captured at Nashville, Tenn., December 16, 1864. Mr. Berry says: "I have not seen or heard of him since. He was a brave soldier, and I would gladly have carried him out on my back, but I was wounded, and barely got out myself. I had to go, as I had on a Federal uniform; was a Confederate spy. I had to 'bush it' from there to Lynnville, Tenn., wade creeks, and sleep on frozen ground for several nights. If this comes under his notice, I hope he will write me."

A correspondent of the *Nashville American*, from Tullahoma, Tenn., states:

Mr. F. B. Martin, cashier of the Traders' National Bank at this place, was probably the youngest Confederate soldier paroled at the close of the war. He was a member of the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, Dibrell's Brigade, and was one of President Davis's escort when he was captured. Mr. Martin was eighteen on April 1, 1865, and his parole dates on the 18th.

I am the youngest Rebel in existence; was fourteen months of age when, on the 19th of May, 1863, I lost my right arm while held to my father's breast when fighting in the saddle for our dear but lost Confederacy.

The above is by W. R. Johnson, of Nashville, Tenn.

New York Evangelist: The Veterans of the Confederacy have been holding a grand reunion at Nashville this last week, and to do honor to the occasion the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, their official organ, appears double its usual size and with many portraits and illustrations that make the June number very attractive. We can not wonder that these Southern men and women wish to hold fast to the traditions and records of their brave soldiers who won the respect of their opponents not only by their splendid fighting, but by the manliness with which they bore the misfortunes of war, and now, as this magazine truly says, "Many Southern people—old soldiers, as also younger men—have come to believe that in our defeat we met our greatest victory; that the freeing of the negro freed the white race also, in a larger sense; and as the ruin then seemed 'never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow, horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvests in June. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. Women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made trousers for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, they gave their hands to work.'" We can not read such words without a thrill of pride that these were our own countrymen and women, to whom we are so united now that the bonds only grow stronger as we recall the thrilling events of the great war. We Northerners are glad to see such a collection of brave Southern faces as are found in these pages.

BOOTS AND SADDLES.

BY W. A. M. VAUGHAN, KANSAS CITY, MO.

An unfortunate lapse occurred in the series of articles indicated above, which give record from a participant in one of the most thrilling scouts on record during the great war. The VETERAN for April, pages 163-165, stated: "Continued in next number." It may be well to refer to that number and reread, in order to a better appreciation of this.

September 22: One of the men, expecting and hoping to find friends close by, at once sought to verify his expectations. Returning soon, he said, "All right, boys, the drought is broken;" and added, "You all go to sleep, and I will furnish rations and feed and provide guards for camp." There never came to stranded mariner more welcome relief than did this promise to the worn-out men. Horses were stripped to cool their chafed and burning backs. Their riders lay down beside them, and soon a deep sleep rested on camp and grove.

The sun hung low in the west when the sleepers awoke to find the bivouac invaded by women armed with buckets and baskets filled with a bounteous repast—a feast such as only great-hearted women would provide and half-famished soldiers enjoy. How relished, let empty vessels and unbuckled belts give evidence and express the soldiers' thanks and gratitude.

This remnant of the original detail had now been in the saddle four days and nights and six hours; had halted for feed and rest but five times, occupying for that purpose but nine hours; had fought a battle, and had eaten but one meal during the one hundred and two hours, the greater portion of the ride having been made without guides, save that furnished by the sun during the day and the stars at night.

Again on the trail, night overtakes the riders at Chapel Hill, where houseless chimneys and broken walls furnish no hosts, save the owl and bat, to greet the wandering guests; and they go deep into the gloaming and find peaceful rest in the solitude crime had left behind.

September 23: With the morning came another separation. A detachment rode away in the direction of Carrollton, north of the river. With it rode "Black" Bill Peery and Munroe Williams. On reaching Carroll County, and while eating a luncheon in the woods, a squad of militia came upon them and murdered them. Retribution came later. On the march of Gen. Price up the river Gen. Shelby sent a detachment of men under Capt. D. A. Williams (brother of Munroe) over the river, and on reaching Carrollton they captured it with its garrison. The very noted black horse belonging to Peery and the handsome buckskin suit taken from Munroe Williams gave the culprits away. The truth of the murder having been established and verified, five minutes were given the company to deliver up the men guilty of the murder. Seven men with blanched cheeks stepped from their line and out of sight into the shadows of the forest, and when the smoke from the platoon of guns had cleared there was work for the grave-digger.

The detail continued to go to pieces, with the men dropping out of line as their interests and duty guided them, leaving but sixteen to pursue their journey into the maelstrom of the western border.

On approaching a farmhouse in Lafayette County, at some distance in advance were two cavalymen, clad in full Federal uniform, accompanied by two females, standing on the lawn in front of the house. Neither of the party showed any uneasiness nor anxiety, but remained quiet until the advancing party had reached the gate, where their horses stood; then, leisurely approaching, one of them called out: "Hello, boys! who are you?"

"Confederates," was the reply.

"I told you so," said one of the two, addressing the girls.

"Now tell us who *you* are," was asked of them.

"Bushwhackers," they answered promptly, when one of the command recognized one of the "whackers" as being his brother, and exclaimed: "Bill Chiles! and who is this with you?"

"Fletch Taylor." We belong to Quantrell's outfit."

They were then asked why they permitted themselves to be thus approached by a body of unknown men, dressed, like themselves, in Federal clothing.

"When you first came in sight," said Chiles, "and there being but two of us, and you fellows making no demonstrations, such as the Federals usually make on such occasions, we knew you were not Yankees."

We explained that we were from Dixie Shelby's Brigade, and going into North Missouri, that "Old Pap," with the boys, was now on his way there, and that they might expect a war-dance without feathers soon.

The prospects for crossing the river at Sibley's was discussed. "You can make it all right," said Taylor. "We have a skiff there, buried in the sand, but on the opposite side of the river.

On reaching the crossing it was found that Sibley had disappeared. Improvising a raft, Mose McCoy went over and soon returned with the skiff, but narrowly escaped a river steamer, laden with soldiers, fluttering down-stream. It was now very dark, and, the crossing being hazardous, it was determined not to undertake it before morning, when the guide said: "You boys now turn in for the night, and we'll keep watch. Your only disturbance will likely be from some old owl asking: 'Who, who are you?'"

September 24: Daylight filled the skiff with men and saddles, and by it swimming horses. This was repeated until all were safely over, escaping another steamer booming down the river. The last load over, the men had mounted and gone behind a bunch of young cottonwoods, when a company of Federal cavalry, following the trail, appeared at the crossing. Another day in the woods and another night in the saddle caused the last break in ranks, and gave pleasing anticipations for the morrow, though under the frowning guns above Kansas City's broken heights.

The remaining five, with Col. Jim Cundiff, rode another day and night, when, as a detail, the ride here had an ending, near St. Joseph. Before the morning the squad had separated, yet keeping in touch and sympathy with Gen. Price.

Officers elected for the ensuing year for William P. Rogers Chapter, at Victoria, Tex.: Mrs. B. Martin, President; Mrs. W. A. Wood and Miss M. Crain, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. J. L. Hill, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. L. Dupree, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. Vandenberge, Treasurer.



CAPT. WILLIAM FRANCIS CORBIN.

Capt. J. C. DeMoss, of Newport, Ky., pays tribute to his friend and associate, William Francis Corbin, who was born in Campbell County, Ky., in 1833.

In the summer of 1860 DeMoss raised an independent military company, of which he was chosen captain and his friend Corbin was made first lieutenant. Gen. Buckner was in command of the state forces. This company was received, armed, and equipped in the "regulation gray."

In the summer of 1862 the company was called into camp, with many other companies, near Cynthiana, for state drill and general military instruction. This was during the period of "armed neutrality," a position, however, not respected by either side in the great war. During this encampment the chivalric spirit took possession of the soldiers, nearly all of them determining to join the Confederate army. DeMoss induced his company to deliver their arms to the state authorities, but Corbin and a score of the company made their way through the Federal lines to Paris, Ky., where, on September 25, 1862, they were sworn into the Confederate States service, and joined Capt. Tom Moore's company of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry. Corbin was at once commissioned as captain, but had no com-

mand, and he spent that winter with Moore's company in the mountains of Virginia.

In March following Capt. Corbin was sent to Kentucky to raise a company. On his way out of his native state with the recruits secured he was captured near Rouse's Mill, in Pendleton County, April 8, 1863, with Jefferson McGraw. They were assured that they should have terms as regular prisoners of war, but it was given out May 5, from Johnson's Island, that they had been tried by court martial, and were to be shot in ten days. This action by the authorities was in pursuance of an order from Gen. Burnside, issued at Cincinnati, April 13, after they were captured.

Intensest zeal was maintained by Miss Corbin, the sister, who enlisted many prominent Union people, but without avail. She appealed to Gen. Burnside, but in vain. His only reply was that he had determined to make an example of those two men, and that he would not even recommend clemency to the President.

There are pathetic reminiscences in connection with efforts to save Capt. Corbin and Comrade McGraw. While Miss Corbin and Mr. DeMoss were en route to Washington to see President Lincoln dastardly soldier recruits made it perilous for the lady in the car. An officer from the Army of the Tennessee commanded consideration, and they were about to attack him, when he threw open his overcoat, revealing his rank. His name was Benjamin Abrams. Rev. Dr. Sunderland, pastor of the church at which Mr. Lincoln worshiped in Washington, sought his consideration, but Mr. Lincoln declined to be informed upon the subject, claiming that these men were bridge-burners, etc.

Hope was maintained until the last, and the officers in charge at Johnson delayed the execution until the last moment. Mr. DeMoss had gone there, and reports the events. He describes the little church where prisoners were permitted to worship. ". . . After reading and prayer Capt. Corbin said, speaking of himself, that life was just as sweet to him as to any man; he was ready to die, and did not fear death; he had done nothing he was ashamed of, but had acted on his own convictions, and was not sorry for what he had done; he was fighting for a principle, which in the sight of God and man, and in the view of death which awaited him, he believed was right, and, feeling this, he had nothing to fear in the future. He closed his talk by expressing his faith in the promises of Christ and his religion. To see this man, standing in the presence of an audience composed of officers, privates, and prisoners of all grades, chained to and bearing his ball, and bearing it alone, presenting the religion of Christ to others while exemplifying it himself, was a scene which would melt the strongest heart, and when he took his seat every heart was softened and every eye bathed in tears.

Mr. Morgan Perkins, of Murfreesboro, made zealous friends for the unfortunate ex-Confederates and the families of such in a public address at Kansas City some weeks ago. It is gratifying to find the younger generation taking up this important charity. Later on there will be the greater need for our young men to take the special work in hand.

SERMON BEFORE THE REUNION.

Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, pastor of the First Baptist Church, widely known through his ministry in Atlanta, preached specially to the Veterans. Hon. John H. Reagan, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, and other distinguished visitors marched to the church in a body. Dr. Hawthorne's theme was

CHRIST IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

his text being, "The children of Israel wept for Moses." After referring to the generous sentiment of the people of Nashville generally toward the Confederate survivors in connection with the approaching reunion, Dr. Hawthorne said:

On the threshold of this event it has occurred to me that it would not be inappropriate to express not only our admiration for the patriotism of these men, but our appreciation of the Christian faith and fortitude which thousands of them so nobly illustrated amid all the temptations, privations, and perils of the protracted struggle through which they passed.

We will neither deify nor canonize our dead comrades, but simply commemorate with grateful hearts and reverent spirits their manly deeds and resplendent virtues. We should honor them not only because they deserve it, but for the ennobling effects of it upon ourselves and our posterity.

My countrymen, we can do more than bury our fallen heroes. We can praise them and claim for them the homage and admiration of the world. We can make annual pilgrimages to their graves and cover with earth's loveliest and sweetest flowers the sod beneath which their ashes sleep. We can record their names on towering monuments of imperishable stone, and celebrate their valorous deeds in the rapturous effusions of immortal song.

I am sometimes confronted by a cold-hearted, self-seeking, mammon-worshiping man who wants to know what good will come to us from keeping alive such sentiments. He wants to know how much these reunions of the veterans at the North and veterans at the South, and these memorial orations, sermons, and songs, and this multiplication of monuments will advance the material interests of the country. He wants to know how many debts they will pay, how many factories and railroads they will build, and how much new capital they will bring to our cities and towns. My reply is that the poorest, weakest, and meanest country on God's footstool is the country without sentiment. A nation without sentiment is a nation without character, without virtue, without power, without aspiration, and without self-respect.

Patriotism, in its last analysis, is the love of one spot or section of earth more than any other. The late Gov. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, in one of the greatest orations of his life, said: "I am a New Englander, and I am bound by the strongest ties of affection and blood to assert and vindicate here and elsewhere the just renown of New England's sons." You may call that sectionalism, but I call it patriotism. All honor to the man who, while he upholds his nation's flag and stands ready to shed his heart's blood in defense of every inch of her soil, loves his own section of that nation more than any other section, his own state more

than any other state, his own neighborhood more than any other neighborhood, and his own home more than any other home. That sentiment deserves and will receive the unqualified endorsement of every truly patriotic mind.

This is not the occasion to discuss the issues upon which the two great sections of this country went to war with each other. It is enough to say that the people of both sections believed they were right, and from the beginning to the end of the struggle fought for what they believed to be the best interest of their country. They submitted their differences to the arbitrament of war. The decision of that tribunal has been rendered, and every honorable and patriotic citizen of the republic on either side of Mason's and Dixon's line will stand by and uphold it to the last extremity.

I have it directly from the lips of the man who was the instrument which God honored more than any other in that glorious work that there were more than fifteen thousand conversions in the Army of Northern Virginia. These wonderful displays of divine grace among the soldiers of the South were not confined to the army commanded by Robert E. Lee. Revivals attended the faithful preaching of the gospel in almost every regiment that fought under Bragg and Breckenridge and Kirby-Smith. Thousands of brave men in these armies who had publicly professed Christ proved by their meekness and patience in suffering, and by their joy in death, that their professions were not spurious. I recall the case of Lewis Minor Coleman, a gallant young officer, who received his mortal wound at Fredericksburg. For more than three months his sufferings seemed to be all that any mortal could possibly bear, yet it was endured with the utmost patience and resignation. When convinced that there was no hope of recovery, he was more than patient; he was happy; he was jubilant. He said to friends weeping at his bedside: "Tell Gen. Lee and Gen. Jackson they know how Christian soldiers can fight, but I wish they could be here that they might see how one of them can die." When his sinking pulse indicated the speedy termination of his sufferings, his brother bent over him and said: "Lewis, you are dying." His response was: "Come, Lord Jesus! O come quickly." Rallying all the strength that was left in him, he sang, but faintly:

"I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death."

The history of this century will contain nothing along the line of Christian philanthropy more beautiful than some of the deeds of our Confederate soldiers.

Permit me to refer to an incident which furnishes a very signal illustration of the grace of Christian magnanimity: Richard Kirtland was a sergeant in the Second Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. The day after the great battle of Fredericksburg Kershaw's Brigade occupied the road at the foot of Marye's Hill. The ground about Marye's house was the scene of the desperate struggle which occurred the day before. One hundred and fifty yards in front of the road, the stone facing of which constituted the celebrated stone wall, lay Sykes's division of the United States Army. Between these troops and Kershaw's command a skirmish fight was continued through the entire day.

The ground between the lines was literally covered with dead and dying Federal soldiers. All day long the wounded were crying, "Water! water! water!" In the afternoon Serg. Kirtland went to the headquarters of Gen. Kershaw, and, with an expression which betokened the deepest emotion, said: "General, all through last night and to-day I have been hearing those poor, wounded Federals out there cry for water. I can stand it no longer. Let me go and give them water." "Don't you know," replied the General, "that you would get a bullet through you the moment you stepped over that wall?" "Yes, sir," he answered, "but if you will let me, I'm willing to try it." After some reflection the General said: "Kirtland, I ought not to allow you to take this risk, but the spirit that moves you is so noble I can not refuse. Go, and may God protect you." Not only with curiosity, but with painful anxiety, did his comrades watch this brave man as he climbed the wall and proceeded upon his mission of mercy. Unharmed and untouched, he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently on his noble breast, and poured the cooling, life-reviving fluid down the parched throat. This done, he laid him carefully down, placed his knapsack under his head, straightened his broken limbs, spread his overcoat over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his conduct was well understood by both sides, and all danger was over. For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his work of mercy, and ceased not until he had relieved all on that part of the battle-field. He returned to his post unhurt. How sweetly did the hero sleep that night beneath God's stars! I have told this story in Gen. Kershaw's own words. I challenge the world to find anything in the annals of our race more Christlike and more worthy of the admiration of men and angels.

Veterans, in the few years that remain to us let it be our constant endeavor to emulate the virtues of these men. Let us follow them as they followed Christ, so that when life's battles are over we may sleep serenely, and in the morning of the resurrection awake to answer the roll call of those who fought the good fight and were faithful unto death.

There was nothing that did more to promote the growth of Christian feeling and rectitude in the Confederate army than the spirit and bearing of its leaders. Never did an army march into battle officered by men more loyal to Christ than Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, and many of their subordinates. Who can calculate the power of Jackson's religious influence upon the men whom he led to battle? Gen. Fowell was so impressed by it that he was heard to say: "If that be religion, I must have it." After making a profession of faith in Christ, he confessed that his rebellious heart and will had been conquered by the power of Jackson's godly life.

Never did the angels of God descend from their starry heights to hover over a more touching scene than Stonewall Jackson's death or to catch from human lips language more beautiful and significant than his dying words: "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

Though dead, he yet speaketh. The sun has gone

down, but there still lingers a blaze of glory on every mountain peak, and the clouds that hover about the scene of his departure are turned to amber and gold.

No eulogy that my poor feeble lips could pronounce would be worthy of the exalted character and deathless fame of Robert E. Lee. All the great virtues were harmoniously and beautifully blended in him, making an almost perfect man.

HONORING THE GREAT TEXAS.

Texas Day at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition was an event delightfully memorable in connection with the great reunion of Confederate veterans. Hon. S. A. Champion, of Nashville, was master of ceremonies. The venerable Mr. Reagan represented the Governor of Texas. Mr. Champion introduced Gov. Taylor, of Tennessee, who said:

As the Centennial Governor of the Volunteer State, in the name of over two millions of people I give a cordial welcome to Texas. [Applause.] There is not another state in the Union better loved by Tennesseans than the great Empire State of Texas. We are inseparably bound together by ties of blood. Tennessee gave Texas old Sam Houston to lead the little republic into the sisterhood of states, and Davy Crockett to teach Texans how to die for their country. [Applause.]

I have seen Texas from Texarkana to Galveston and from Marshall to Wichita Falls. I have felt the warmth of its sunshine and the rigors of its blizzards. An old Texan once told me it was the quickest climate in the world. He said an old farmer was driving two oxen along the road, and it was so hot that one of the oxen fell dead, and while he was skinning him the other one froze to death.

I am glad to welcome this delegation of Texans to Tennessee, where the women are as beautiful as Mohammed's vision of heaven. Tennessee is especially glad to receive to her bosom the last surviving member of the Confederate Cabinet, whose name will live forever in the history of his country, John H. Reagan, whom Tennesseans loaned to Texas, and whom Texas has loved too well to ever return the loan. [Applause.] I trust that the evening of his life may be calm and beautiful, and that the twilight may reach far into the twentieth century. [Cheers.]

Ladies and gentlemen of the Lone Star State, we welcome you to our hearts and homes. [Applause.]

JUDGE WALTER ACKER.

Mr. Champion next introduced Judge Walter Acker, as an ex-Texan, now a Tennessean, who would welcome the Texans.

Judge Acker said it afforded him great pleasure to be able to extend a welcome to the men and women of his native state. Tennessee and Texas were bound in bonds which should be forever insoluble. He mentioned Sam Houston, whom Tennessee furnished at the right time to fight for the independence of Texas.

At the conclusion of Judge Acker's speech, and after music by the band, Hon. Joseph H. Eagle, of Texas, was introduced. He spoke of Texas history.

He said that Texas and the South stands for the fraternity of the American people. Brave men fight

for conviction and accept the result without complaint. We bury our passions with pathos like we bury our heroes with love. The heart of the South is as broad as this American country. For fifty years the South led in every forum. The brave Southern soldiers who went down in defeat fought for what, according to their best convictions, was just and right, for principles which unto this blessed hour are held to be right by Southern men and women.

Judge Reagan spoke briefly, responding to Gov. Taylor's welcome. He said it was the purpose of Gov. Culberson to have been present to join in the celebration of Texas Day. Sickness in his family had prevented his presence. He said he was incapable of representing Gov. Culberson as an orator.

He was glad to be present and join with Tennesseans in celebrating her Centennial. He was surprised at the scope of the Exposition. It was greater even than he had expected to see. When he saw the Exposition he felt prouder of his mother state than he had ever felt before.

Texas's remarkable growth was touched upon by the speaker. The Lone Star State had grown more rapidly than any other portion of the world. He wished that he had the power to express the tenderness of the feelings between Texas and Tennessee. Judge Reagan closed with a pretty tribute to Tennessee.

The exercises closed with a song by Mr. Cooper, an ex-Tennessean, now of Texas, dedicated to Texas and Tennessee. He sang the song to the tune of "Dixie," and it made the hit of the occasion.

STORY OF OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

An exchange contains the following:

June 14, 1897, was our flag's one hundred and twentieth birthday. Every nation has its flag; but not long ago, when our country was first settled, there was no flag for us to raise and for our men to rally about. At last, in response to the demand of the people, Congress, on June 14, 1777, resolved that "the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field." The people were delighted to think they should now have a flag that would be their own, and not like that of any other nation. George Washington took a pencil and paper and made a drawing of it. Then, with two men, he took his drawings to a bright woman, Mrs. Ross, to ask her to make the first flag. Mrs. Ross kept a little upholstery-store in Arch Street, in Philadelphia. Washington had drawn the stars with six points, like those on our coins, but Mrs. Ross folded a piece of cloth and with one little snip of her scissors made a five-pointed star. Then Washington told her how to make the stripes of red and white and where to sew the square of blue. The flag was soon completed, and was hoisted at once in Philadelphia, and copied everywhere over the country as soon as the patriots heard of it. In 1818 there were twenty stars and thirteen stripes. It was then voted to add a new star whenever a state should be admitted, but the stripes should remain thirteen.

Now, in 1897, we have forty-five stars, arranged in alternate rows of eight and seven. The red tells us to be brave, the white tells us to be pure, and the blue tells us to be true.

VALUABLE HISTORIC SUGGESTIONS.

J. W. Ramsey, Trenton, Tenn.:

Feeling a very great interest in the perpetuation of the name and fame of the Confederate soldiers, I suggest that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and other papers friendly to the cause and the different camps and bivouacs undertake it by counties, requesting each Confederate veteran in their county to write as complete a list of the officers and privates of his company as possible; then compare this list with those of other members of the same company, and make any and all necessary corrections. Have these company rolls contain place, date, name, and letter of company, names as fully as procurable of commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates in alphabetical order, giving date of resignations, promotions, deaths, wounded, killed, or discharged; also the present address of living members as far as practicable. The bivouacs or camps could appoint committees from the different companies represented in the county to look over company rolls and get them all in good shape for printing. They could also get much of the history of these different companies which otherwise would never be done at all. They could take up the matter of regimental organizations, etc. I can give the name, etc., of nearly every member of the company to which I belonged; others can do as well or better.

MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

H. H. Townes, Adjutant Camp M. C. Butler No. 968, U. C. V., reports the following:

Comrade H. H. Scott proposed that it is incumbent upon the Confederate veterans and sons of veterans to provide a fund for the erection of a monument commemorative of the heroism, courage, and devotion of the women of the South, and resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Gen. George Moorman, to be laid before the next meeting of the Confederate Veterans.

H. S. White died some months ago at McLondons, Tex. He was assistant commissary for Starnes. Had been a member of Carter's Scouts, but was detailed for duty to gather supplies for the army during first week of service. Was prisoner at Camp Chase for eighteen months. It was said by Hon. L. D. Trice, of Lebanon, Tenn., that he (White) was the only man he ever saw in prison offer to divide his small ration with another. Comrade White looked through the window in Georgia and saw the last meeting of the Confederate Cabinet. President Davis, Gen. Breckinridge, Mr. Benjamin, and others were present. For the remainder of his life he kept a silver dollar paid him then. He wanted this dollar sold and the proceeds given to the Battle Abbey or Jeff Davis Monument Fund.

Col. John S. Mosley, whose health was so precarious after an accident at the University of Virginia that his friends were extremely anxious about him, has quite recovered. The loss of his eye, it is said, has not injured the fine contour of his face.

J. A. Sheetz, of Calvary, Va., wishes information of Thomas (?) Moore, a soldier from North Carolina, who was killed during the war.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The wife of Capt. Thomas Day, Memphis, writes:

At a recent meeting of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Mathes, the inclosed paper was read by Mrs. M. E. Wormeley, one of our beloved Southern mothers. As secretary, I was instructed to send it to the VETERAN. Our meetings are monthly, and we try to have some personal reminiscences of the war, and when they are written we preserve them as history in our copies of the VETERAN. Capt. W. W. Carnes, the youngest artillery captain in the service, gave a delightful extemporaneous address on the battle of Perryville. His personal modesty caused so many omissions regarding Carnes's Battery that Miss Mathes felt forced to supply them from a volume of the "Military Annals of Tennessee," for the enlightenment and pleasure of the company. We see no reason why living heroes may not be honored as well as those who have passed to the great beyond.

Robert Black, of La Fayette, Ala., has written a pathetic story of his experience in playing "doctor" for Tom Brown, a fellow-soldier under John H. Morgan. During a march through a mountain region of Tennessee Brown was taken so seriously ill that a detail of a companion to care for him was necessary, and at his request Black was selected. Placing Brown on a bed by the roadside, he started out to find shelter in the sparsely settled region. Finding a house, he was refused the favor, the family expressing fear that it was some contagious disease — "soldier disease," as they termed it. He was, however, referred to an old schoolhouse in the vicinity, with permission to occupy it. Taking his sick comrade to the place, he made as good "blanket spread" as he could. Then he secured clear, cold water from a spring and food from the residents. After weeks of careful nursing Brown recovered. Comrade Black writes: "No pen can ever tell the utter loneliness of our situation or the anxiety and suspense I experienced as day and night followed each other, till at last the fever had broken or run its course." They journeyed on and joined Morgan in his march to Ohio. Brown was captured, and, after the tortures of prison life, he died of smallpox.

A movement to erect a monument to Confederate women has been inaugurated at Milledgeville, Ga., with the following-named officials: Mrs. L. C. Rogers (President), Mrs. J. W. Supple, Mrs. C. P. Crawford, and Mrs. Jacob Caraker, for Daughters of the Confederacy; Joseph E. Pottle (President), Louis H. Andrews, Robert L. Wall, and T. F. Newell, Jr., Committee on the part of the Sons of the Confederacy.

William L. Ritter, surviving captain of the Third Maryland Artillery, writes from Baltimore: "In the June number of the VETERAN, page 297, Frank Anderson says that Gen. Hood gave an order for the commander of a battery to stay at his guns until he and all his men were killed. That battery was the Cherokee Artillery, of Rome, Ga., then commanded by Capt. M. Van Den Corput, and belonged to Johnston's Battalion of Artillery. Anderson further states that he was immediately in the rear of a battery. That was a

Tennessee battery, which also belonged to Johnston's Battalion, and was commanded by Capt. Lucius G. Marshall. The remaining battery of the battalion was the Third Maryland Artillery, occupying a position on the left of the Dalton road, and was then commanded by Capt. John B. Rowan."

ALL HONOR TO SAM DAVIS.

The heroic death of Samuel Davis deserves attention in the VETERAN until every son and daughter of the South is elevated by his sacrifice. It is typical of the Confederate soldier's valor and character. However, while his name deserves the highest place on the scroll of fame, it should not be isolated from his fellow Confederates. Under a similar test, many others would have sacrificed life deliberately and "in cold blood" as he did.

M. V. Moore asserts that Davis was arrested after getting into a boat to cross the Tennessee River; that the Federals waylaid him at the crossing and hailed him as he was being rowed up-stream near the bank.

Mr. D. M. Gordon, of Nashville, son of a Confederate officer, who gave the first dollar for the Sam Davis monument, having subsequently married, called again recently, asking that his wife be listed as a subscriber, and, as fitting its appropriateness, with tremulous voice said: "I think she is the best woman that ever lived."

Dr. Elbert A. Banks, New York City, writing of young Davis, "the patriot who was hanged as a spy:" "It was nothing derogatory to his character as a patriot and a soldier that he was a spy, and as such became a martyr to his country's cause. Spies are a necessary and important part of every army. I suggest that the name of some one of the counties of Tennessee be changed from its present name to that of 'Davis' County, in his honor. Such a county might well be proud of its new title."

P. G. Robert, chaplain of the Thirty-fourth Virginia Infantry, writes from St. Louis, Mo.: "The July number of the VETERAN has just come to hand. I can not read it straight through. My old eyes get so dim with the tears that will come unbidden that I take it by detachments. But I write now to say that I looked for my name in the list of contributors to the Sam Davis fund in vain. I thought I had sent all I could afford, but evidently I mistook the intent for the deed, and in this case the doctrine of intention does not hold good. But I can not lose the honor of having an interest in the memorial to that magnificent hero. I enclose \$5."

W. L. Granbery, Esq., of Nashville, contributed to the Sam Davis Monument Fund in the name of his two sons, and writes in reference to it: "If at any time my boys are ever reminded of the importance of maintaining their integrity in the time of some great temptation, I shall feel that the money could be put to no better use. I feel and believe that if our children can be reminded of the courage, in its true meaning, exhibited by this young man by constantly seeing the monument erected to his memory, or, rather, in commemoration of his heroic conduct upon the one occasion, it must result in strengthening their moral courage in resisting temptation, and make them better and more useful citizens."



COL. KIRKWOOD OTEY.

C. T. writes from Lynchburg, Va., August 6, 1897:

The death of Col. Kirkwood Otey occurred on the morning of June 1, 1897. Col. Otey was born in Lynchburg, Va., October 19, 1829, graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1845.

After the John Brown raid he was one of the associates of Samuel Garland, Jr., in the organization of the Lynchburg Home Guard, which was mustered into the Confederate service April 22, 1861, as Company G, Eleventh Virginia Volunteers. The company left Lynchburg with Samuel Garland as its captain and Kirkwood Otey first lieutenant. Both were soon promoted, Otey succeeding Garland as captain. Few men in the Confederate service were more gallant than Capt. Otey, and few companies saw more service than the Lynchburg Home Guard. It made the following remarkable record: Fought in 13 pitched battles and 22 affairs and skirmishes; killed and died from wounds, 38; died in service of disease, 6; seriously and severely wounded, 27; wounded slightly, 33—total, 104. The company furnished the Confederate States service 1 general (Garland), killed; 2 colonels, 4 majors, 13 captains, 14 lieutenants.

Capt. Otey was several times wounded, once in the celebrated charge of Pickett's Division at Gettysburg. He commanded his regiment, the Eleventh Virginia, on this memorable occasion. In this battle the Lynchburg Home Guard had seven men killed and fifteen wounded. Capt. Otey was made colonel soon after this battle, and commanded the Eleventh Regiment until the close of the war. He was reelected captain of the Lynchburg Home Guard after the war, and, except a brief period, served until October 19, 1889, at which time, owing to failing health, he was forced to retire from active connection with his old company, after a long and honorable service to his state of over forty years.

At the time of his death Col. Otey was Commander of Garland-Rodes Camp Confederate Veterans, Auditor of the city of Lynchburg, and a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity. He was buried with military and Masonic honors in the uniform of the Home Guard.

In the death of Col. Otey the city lost one of its best citizens, the camp a true and tried comrade, the Lynchburg Home Guard its best friend, and the commonwealth of Virginia what she can least of all afford to lose: a typical "old Virginia gentleman."

After the beautiful and touching services at Court Street Methodist Church, conducted by Rev. A. Coke Smith, D.D., assisted by Rev. J. J. Lloyd, D.D., Chaplain of the Home Guard, the procession proceeded to the cemetery, headed by a band of music, followed by the active and honorary pall-bearers, the Garland-Rodes Camp Confederate Veterans, visiting veterans, Masonic fraternity, city officers, and friends and fam-

ily of deceased. The Home Guard carried the tattered and torn flag of the old Eleventh Virginia, under which Col. Otey on so many occasions gallantly fought and shed his blood for his country.

After the impressive Masonic ceremonies, a salute of three volleys was fired by the military over the grave, which was literally banked with magnificent floral designs. The sad but sweet "taps" was sounded by the trumpeter.

Gen. Lafayette McLaws, of Savannah, Ga., whose picture was given in the June VETERAN, died recently. He formerly resided in Augusta. He was born at Augusta January 15, 1821, attended the schools of that city, and from the University of Virginia was appointed to the United States Military Academy. He was graduated from the academy in 1842, and gained his first experience on the Indian frontier. He was under Gen. Taylor in the Mexican war, and was at the occupation of Corpus Christi, the defense of Fort Brown, the battle of Monterey, and the seizure of Vera Cruz. In 1851 he was made captain of infantry, and took part in the expeditions against the Mormons and Navajo Indians.

In 1861 he resigned his commission to enter the Confederate army as a brigadier-general. His services in the battle of Lee's Mill, his maneuvers on the retreat to Richmond, and at the battle of Williamsburg brought his advancement, and he was made major-general. At the battles of Savage Station and Malvern Hill he commanded divisions.

His division was with the Army of Northern Virginia in its march into Maryland. He captured Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights and rejoined the main army at Sharpsburg in time to restore the Confederate line. Gen. McLaws was in the fighting at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Knoxville. He defeated Gen. Sedgwick's assault at Salem Church and opposed Sherman's march through Georgia. Gen. Johnston's surrender included his command, and after the war Gen. McLaws established himself in business in Augusta. He was appointed collector of internal revenue in 1875 and collector of the port of Savannah in 1876.

Gen. McLaws was buried at Savannah with military honors. The First Regiment Infantry, First Battalion Georgia Volunteers, the Chatham Artillery (the oldest artillery company in the country, except one), a troop of the First Regiment of Cavalry, the famous Jeff Davis Legion, and two divisions of naval militia escorted the body from the church to the cemetery.

Gen. Daniel Ruggles died at his home in Fredericksburg, Va., recently, after a lingering illness of several months. Gen. Ruggles was born in Barre, Mass., in 1810; entered West Point as a cadet July 1, 1829, and graduated June 30, 1833. He resigned his commission in the United States army and tendered his services to the state of Virginia at the beginning of the civil war. He had served in the Seminole war, also in Florida in 1836 and 1840.

Robert Spradling, Adjutant of Camp J. W. Gillespie No. 923, U. C. V., writes that its annual reunion and that of John M. Lillard Camp No. 934, Meigs County, will be held at Decatur, Tenn., Wednesday, September 29, 1897. All comrades are cordially invited.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

CAN DO WITHOUT IT.

"I subscribed for the VETERAN through R— H— to help him get a bicycle. I saw all the copies, and like it very much; but I *can* do without it."

To the lady who made the foregoing remark the editor said: "Yes, ma'am; I will have it discontinued."

The conversation is reported here to predicate a comment. The cost of premiums is greater than can be afforded if patronage is extended in the spirit of this lady. Offers are often extravagant to induce people to try publications. This is a general rule, and adopted here in a measure. However, this comment is not to make issue with those who subscribe for the VETERAN to help out some person who is working for a premium or a commission. It is done to place the VETERAN in the hands of some who *can* do without it and others who *will not* do without it. Is there a more important principle than to give money and influence to help that which has merit and to at least withhold that which is pernicious? There is no periodical in existence which appeals so directly for the maintenance of a principle as this VETERAN. With its splendid circulation and its high character and the very low advertising rates, a large proportion of the general advertisers can not be induced to consider it. The idea of discontinuing advertisements altogether, except for advancing circulation, has been considered.

Aside from advertising, its sole other dependence is pay for subscriptions. While the circulation for this year has been between fifteen and twenty thousand, it ought to be doubled, and could be in a month. The determination is settled upon to put forth a heroic effort to increase the circulation largely. A better list of premiums than ever before is offered, with the major premium of an elegant piano in addition. This piano cost the VETERAN \$450, the net cash price, and will be given to the person who sends in the largest list of new subscriptions by December 15. The watches, books, pictures, and other premiums all continue, so that competitors for the piano can get full and rich pay through any of the offers made. In this excellent premium offer there is an advantage to localities in the South where there are not many taking it, and specimen copies, with subscription-blanks, will be sent to any recommended solicitor.

In connection with the piano proposition, the best offer ever made, we will furnish the VETERAN from June, 1897, to June, 1900, for \$2. Special importance is attached to this offer. No commission is offered on this proposition, but friends who want to aid the VETERAN by their influence are requested to commend this proposition. The date on any subscriber's copy denotes *when it expires*, and all can have the benefit of this special offer. If a subscription ends in December, 1896, for instance, the subscriber can remit fifty cents for the remainder to June, 1897, and \$2 from then to

1900. Every friend is authorized to state that anybody who will remit \$2 for these thirty-one numbers can have the three numbers sent, and if not perfectly satisfied the money will be returned.

A PLEA FOR THE RICHMOND MUSEUM.

Mrs. Kellar Anderson, Memphis, Tenn.:



In the ceaseless march of time, the destroyer, the battle-scarred veteran defenders of the Southland are steadily and surely passing to the great beyond, bidding a final farewell to all things earthly. In the meantime we are devising ways and means for the preservation of the truth of history, of the records of the lost cause, of building a grand monumental memorial hall or institute to contain such records, relics, and symbols. But while time is relentlessly passing, we are *still planning* the receptacle. Are we not losing, day by day, golden opportunities of collecting souvenirs, relics, records, letters, orders, and other data of priceless value?

By all means let the planning and preparation for the noble structure go on. Take all the necessary time, talent, and means to perfect every detail, for it should tower to the skies and stand alone and preeminent in its grandeur. But let us *now* collect and preserve the precious memorials in the already established museum in Richmond as a *loan* there till the time of their final disposition in the to be Confederate Memorial Institute. Get the souvenirs and relics together, have a short descriptive sketch of same or of battle, march, siege, person, or event which they commemorate written, to accompany each, by the donor or soldier himself if possible, or by one next best in that knowledge, and deposit them without further delay in this fire-proof, safe depository—the White House of the Confederacy.

The Tennessee Room is ready and waiting for these precious links of our Volunteer State's glorious past history. Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Vice-Regent for Tennessee, is in charge of this apartment, and will receive and receipt for all loans or contributions. Let the records of Tennessee heroism rest beside those of her sister states and beside those of Lee, of Jackson, of Hill, of Stuart, and other knightly leaders.

For some unknown cause our state has fallen behind others in availing of this generous privilege, and but little is to be seen, comparatively, in the room set apart for our use. The whole property is owned and controlled by the Confederate Memorial Literary Society of Richmond (with representatives in each Southern State), which was organized to preserve and perpetuate this noble undertaking. A catalogue of exhibits is soon to be issued by those in charge, and, in view of this, will not patriotic Tennesseans fall in line for the credit of our state and forward their contributions at once direct to Mrs. N. V. Randolph, 512 East Grace Street, Richmond, or to Mrs. Kellar Anderson, Regent for Tennessee, 368 Vance Street, Memphis, Tenn.?

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN A. WHARTON.

From a comprehensive and deeply interesting sketch of Gen. John A. Wharton, by Judge James J. Wharton, of Jackson, Miss., the following extracts are made:

He rapidly forged his way to the front in his profession. Probably no young man in the state had in so short a time established such a reputation as an orator and jurist. Fortune was beckoning him on to the highest honors of that profession when the war broke out between the states. Inspired with the martial spirit born of Southern chivalry, and which nothing can satisfy but liberty or death, he immediately enlisted as a private in a company which he aided in organizing. His law partner, Col. Terry, also aided in raising it. He was elected captain of the company, and Terry was elected colonel of the regiment of which that company was a part.

In the battle of Shiloh Col. Terry was killed. In the reorganization of the regiment Capt. Wharton was elected colonel of the regiment. He also was wounded in the battle of Shiloh. It is believed that he was promoted for gallantry in every battle in which he was engaged, including the last in which he participated, Chickamauga, where he was advanced to a full major-general's commission, after which he was ordered to report to Gen. Magruder, of the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he was assigned to command of all the cavalry of that department. It was there, and shortly after assignment to that command, that he met his tragic death at the hand of a brother Confederate officer, with whom he had previously been on terms of fraternal intimacy, in a sudden personal difficulty.

As early as October 7, 1862, his gallantry was so conspicuously displayed on a memorable occasion as to call for special compliment from the commanding general and be made the subject of a special order, as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

"HARRODSBURG, KY., October 7, 1862.

"General Order No. 12:

"The general commanding takes pleasure in bringing to the notice of the army under his command the gallant and brilliant charge made by Col. John A. Wharton, commanding the cavalry of the right wing, against a large force of the enemy, near Bardstown, Ky., on the 4th inst. Being posted four miles on the Louisville pike, which, as he believed, Col. Wharton occupied and guarded the town of Bardstown and its approaches, Col. Wharton received sudden intelligence that the enemy in force were within half a mile, to the east of the pike, between him and Bardstown. Immediately ordering his battery to follow after as soon as possible, he put himself at the head of the Texas Rangers and rode at half speed to the point of danger. In thirty minutes he passed the four miles and then found the First and Fourth Kentucky, Third Ohio, and Third Indiana regiments of cavalry—four times his own number—drawn up on the road and behind houses to receive him. In their rear, but not in supporting distance, was a battery of artillery and a heavy force of infantry. The enemy's cavalry was partially drawn up in columns of eight, prepared for a charge, and the rest as a reserve. The enemy was allowed to approach within forty yards, when Col. Wharton ordered a charge. The fearless Rangers responded nobly to the

order, and in a few minutes the whole force of the enemy was drawn in confusion from the field with a loss of fifty killed and forty prisoners, among the latter a major. To this gallant action not only were the dangerous consequences of surprise obviated, but a severe chastisement was inflicted on the enemy and new luster added to the Confederate army. In complimenting Col. Wharton and the brave men under him for this daring feat of arms, the general commanding can not but mark the contrast with that which resulted so differently at New Harbor a short time before. Col. Wharton and the Texas Rangers have wiped out that stain. Their gallantry is worthy of the applause and emulation of their comrades of all arms in the army.

"By command of Gen. Polk.

"GEORGE G. GARNER, A. A. G."

His gallantry, displayed on every field in which his



MAJ.-GEN. JOHN A. WHARTON.

command had met opposing forces, aroused the admiration and enthusiasm of his political friends, who clamored for him to represent them in the Confederate Congress. Far removed from and now indifferent to political honors, his only ambition being to aid in securing the great prize for which the mighty contest was waged (the independence of the seceding states): oblivious to, if he ever heard, the clamor of his political friends at home, in the uncertainty of mail communication—his noble mother, not waiting to take counsel of her noble son, assumed to act for and in his behalf, and responded to the call upon him to become a candidate for Congress. In a card to the public—which became historic, and every word of which should be inscribed upon the tomb over her and his remains—she said, in effect, that she knew the blood that was in

her son's veins; that her own heart was in full sympathy with his, and that there was no political honor in the gift of the people of the state of Texas or of all the seceding states which would induce him to lay down the arms he had taken up in her and their defense until victory had crowned their army.



COL. BEN FRANKLIN TERRY.
(See sketch in June VETERAN, page 253.)

Following his own tragic death in quick succession was that of daughter, wife, and mother, until that honored name is forever lost in all that preceded or succeeded him. Can it be said that it was the irony of fate that—after he had faced and defied death on so many bloody fields, had borne himself so proudly, so reckless of life as to court rather than avoid danger, leading and cheering on his heroic command where the missiles of death were falling thickest and fastest, and escaping as if he bore about a charmed life—that it should be reserved for him to fall at last by the hand of one always recognized as a friend?

But his name is secure. What though his genealogical tree is stripped of every bough and not one left to transmit his name to future ages? As long as history is faithful to its sacred trust and a record of human valor is preserved his name and fame will be cherished with increased and ever-increasing jealousy and pride by the descendants of the heroes and martyrs of the Lone Star State.

DEATH OF JUDGE GUSTAVE COOK.

One of the sad announcements that came as the July VETERAN was sent to press was that Judge Gustave Cook, last colonel of Terry's Texas Rangers, was dead. Many thousands who read the June VETERAN must

have had stirred in them the profoundest sympathy in reading his letter, in which he said: "My picture flatters me very much now, for I am in very weak health, quite thin, and am getting very white. I have been confined to bed and room for nearly seven months. I hope to get well, but am prepared for the result, whatever it may be. God bless my old comrades!"

THE LATE JUDGE GUSTAVE COOK.

Many a reader of the VETERAN who read the personal sketch of Col. Gustave Cook, of Texas, will read with more pathetic interest the following:

At a meeting of P. C. Woods Camp No. 609, U. C. V., held at San Marcos, Tex., on July 23, 1897, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of Col. Gustave Cook another hero of the gray has gone to join the silent majority; and that, while his great services to his country were unrequited here, we believe that in the great beyond he will meet his reward.

That the story of this brave man's life is a precious heritage to his family, in which we, his comrades, share, and that it shall be our highest duty to keep his memory green and his fame unsullied.

That, as a mark of respect to our dead comrade, the usual badge of mourning shall be worn by the members of this camp for the period of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family.



COL. GUSTAVE COOK.

Judge Cook had two brothers who were captains in the Confederate army. Walter, the elder, was killed at Chancellorsville; the other served in Rhodes's Brigade. They were all reared in Alabama, Gustave going to Texas when fifteen years old, without friend or relative to take an interest in him. He grew up among Texans, "imbibing their spirit and daring." He mar-

ried at eighteen years of age, and was elected County Judge at twenty-one. In 1861 he enlisted as a private soldier, and was promoted successively to be sergeant, captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel. He joined Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky., and remained with the Army of Tennessee up to the surrender, in 1865. He was in over two hundred engagements, among them Woodsonville, Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, Marietta, Atlanta, Smithville (N. C.), and Bentonville (N. C.). At Shiloh his right leg was broken by a musket-ball; at Farmington, Tenn., he was shot through the right arm and received a shot through the right hand, which fractured every bone in it; at Buck Head Church, Ga., he was wounded by a Minie ball through the right ankle, and at Bentonville he was shot through the right shoulder, the ball lodging in the rear of the lungs. He had voted for secession, and offered his life to secure it.

The reunion of the survivors of Terry's Texas Rangers, which took place at Nashville in June, calls to memory the names of a few Rangers under Gen. Hood, known as Shannon's Scouts, and left by him at Atlanta when he started on his Nashville campaign in 1864. Our orders were to harass and punish the enemy at every chance, and that duty was well performed. From the time Sherman left Atlanta until Johnston's surrender we killed or captured over twelve hundred Federals, and fully half were killed, as Gen. Joe Wheeler and many survivors of the Scouts would testify. We also captured over one thousand horses and mules and destroyed three hundred wagons. I recall the following members of Terry's Rangers: Capt. A. M. Shannon, Felix Kennedy, Lon Compton, Coon Dunmon, William Kyle, C. Barnett, Tom Burney, Sam Mavic, Emit Lynch, Bill Lynch, Carter Walker, Joe Rogers, W. H. Smith, Dick Oliver, W. E. Moore. John Hogerty and Dick Pinkney were of the Fourth Texas; Homer Barnes, Evan Walker, of Georgia; while a few of them were of the Eleventh Texas Cavalry. Our last fight was made after Johnston's surrender, and we lost one of our best and bravest men when Emit Lynch was killed not far from Chapel Hill, N. C. The Scouts at no time had over twenty-five men for duty.

CONFEDERATE AND OTHER POSTAGE-STAMPS.

It is singular how entirely Confederate postage-stamps have disappeared. Advertising purchasers can hardly ever get any. Confederate money is very different. There are stacks and stacks of it awaiting redemption day(?). The first U. S. stamps issued and sold were under the administration of a Southern President, James K. Polk, with a Tennessee Postmaster-General, Hon. Cave Johnson. Mr. Johnson's predecessor in that office, Hon. John M. Niles, had urged upon Congress to enact a law providing for the printing and the sale of postage-stamps, but it was not done. Hon. Cave Johnson again urged it, and was successful. The act was approved by President Polk on March 3, 1847, but no stamps were issued until the following August. Prior to the passage of this act, letter postage was not prepaid, the postage being collected when the mail was delivered, the rate being governed by the distance it had been carried. There are many persons yet living who remember that correspondence with one's friends in those days was an expensive luxury.

A ROOSTER IN CAMP AND IN PRISON.

Buford McKinney, Mossy Creek, Tenn.:

The recent great reunion was replete with interesting bits of byplay, and one of those features was the exhibition of an oil-painting of a game rooster standing among the tents on the field, a veritable lord of everything in sight. This historic rooster was known to the soldiers of the Third Tennessee Regiment by the sobriquet of "Jake," though his full name was Jake Donelson, and he was the property of Jerome B. McCannless, first lieutenant of Company H, Third Tennessee, then commanded by Col. John C. Brown, of Pulaski. Jake joined the company at Camp Cheatham, May 25, 1861, and his admission cost Lieut. McCannless a silver dime. His intended fate was the mess-pot, but when his attenuated form had rounded its shape it was seen that he was game, and it was apparent that he was a born fighter, and the regiment was glad to offer him



enlistment and immunity from every danger, save the enemy's bullets.

From that day he became the pet of his immediate commanding officer and was the pride of the regiment. Many a day in camp he made sport with a rival from some mess-coop, and on the march he found a comfortable perch on the knapsack of some accommodating private; or, if the tramp was a long one, he took the seat of honor with the driver of the baggage-wagon.

From Cheatham he went with his company to Camp Trousdale, Bowling Green, Russellville, and to Fort Donelson. Here, during the siege, he was to be seen on the breastworks, and at frequent intervals gave vent to lusty crows of defiance to the enemy and of encouragement to the besieged. Many of the company begged that he be removed from so dangerous a position, but the lieutenant refused, for he knew how Jake

would pine if he could not share the dangers of his comrades. When there was the shriek of a shell Jake sounded that low, guttural warning so common to chickenkind, and would hug close to the breastworks.

At the surrender he fell in with his company, and made the long trip to Chicago without special incident, until, marching through the city streets, where the populace lined the sidewalks and jeered at the ragged "Rebs," he mounted his master's knapsack and gave the old familiar "cock-a-doodle-doo," as a cheer to the downhearted boys. It was the signal for a regiment to give the old Rebel yell, and give it they did, as only brave and unconquered hearts could.

In Camp Douglas prison Jake found it lonely, and, by a happy thought, took to himself a mate, "Madame Hen," and from this union resulted three sturdy sons, who soon strutted about in honest pride under the respective names of "Jeff Davis," "Stonewall Jackson," and "Gen. Morgan." On being discharged from prison, these three, with Jake, went with the boys down the river to Vicksburg, where they were exchanged; and here the family was broken up, Gen. Morgan going with Lieut. McCanless's brother; "Jeff Davis," with Will Everly to Pulaski; and "Stonewall Jackson," with Col. Harvey Walker to Lynnville. "Jake" was mustered out, and went to Cornersville, Tenn., where his fame had preceded him, and citizens came for miles to see and welcome the old warrior. Here, in 1864, he died suddenly, and on the following day, encased in a handsome casket and attended by many old friends, he was buried.

During "Jake's" eventful career he made the acquaintance of thousands of soldiers, hundreds of whom, now living, will recognize this picture of him, which is reproduced from Mr. McCanless's oil-painting, which was made from an old tintype taken of "Jake" while he languished in Camp Douglas's gloomy prison.

LIVING MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

WASHINGTON, July 14, 1897.

As a Daughter of the Confederacy, I write in regard to the building of a university as a more enduring and useful monument than marble or brass in memory of the self-denying devotion of our noble women, who experienced four long years of weary, anxious waiting, suffering, hardship, and privation, while their nightly vigils and weary, anxious watchings relieved many a sufferer or soothed the dying. The climax of their sorrow came when they realized that all their great sacrifices were fruitless.

Over thirty years have passed since that sad, dark day, and these matrons ask now to be remembered by this needed gift to their children, many of whom are too poor to get the instruction they so much need, and without which their lives will be worse than useless. As the years go by so swiftly this question becomes more momentous, and can be best answered by the donation from each distinguished veteran of one dollar. That would make this matter, of vital importance to us all, a success; and your beautiful city, the "Athens of the South," would this Centennial year of our loved Tennessee be crowned with the proud honor of having first inaugurated in loving remembrance this living monument, which would inspire with gratitude its recipients now and in ages to come.

Friends of this sentiment may address this Daughter of the Confederacy at 1620 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

The foregoing paper was read at a meeting of the Nashville Daughters, and was most cordially approved.

John H. Bingham, McKinney, Tex.: "In the May number of the VETERAN Gen. C. I. Walker, of Charleston, S. C., asks of Garrity's Battery if they carried off the Federal guns captured at the battle of Atlanta. Memory is indistinct, and it seems almost a dream, but my recollection is that on July 22, 1864, when Douglass's Texas Battery reached the Federal breastworks on the Augusta road, at the square, two-story brick house, Deas's Brigade was in the trenches fighting with the bayonet; that, the reserves coming up, the Federals were pushed back, our troops remaining there some time; and that, upon falling back, Douglass hung those captured guns on behind his caissons. As they were new, and his about worn out, he appropriated and used them until the close of the war. As already stated, these guns were captured at the square brick house where the Augusta railroad cut the Federal breastworks."

Robert Wiley, Fairfax, Va.: "I would be glad indeed to hear through the VETERAN from any of the old Confederates with whom I have been associated in other days, but especially from the survivors of the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment (infantry), which, by the way, was associated part of the war with the First, Seventh, and Fourteenth Regiments, in Archer's Brigade, A. N. V. In a little over a year they had experiences at Yorktown, Williamsburg, West Point, Seven Pines, seven days' fighting around Richmond, Cedar Mountain, the march around Gen. Pope, four days' fighting at Second Manassas, march to Maryland and back to Virginia, and the capture of Harper's Ferry, Antietam, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and the Wilderness."

Capt. E. O'Neill, Columbia, Tenn.: "In the June VETERAN I notice a request for information about Gen. Lytle's sword and side arms, captured at the battle of Perryville. I captured Gen. Lytle at that time, and he had no side arms. The only weapon on his person was a little dagger, presented to him by some lady in Cincinnati, which I left in his keeping, as he requested the favor. I had him carried off the field, as he was disabled by a flesh-wound. When we parted he thanked me, and requested that I write to him if ever captured, and he would see that I was well treated."

T. A. Morris, of Bransford, Tenn., desires to hear from any comrades who were with him in prison at Newport News. He belonged to Company B, Eighteenth Virginia Battalion. He would especially like to hear from George Haislip, of the same company, who was with him in prison.

Lieut.-Col. E. I. Golladay, who served with distinction in the Confederate Army and was a member of Congress from his native Tennessee after the war, was a lawyer, and until a few years since, when health failed him, was prominent in the profession. Col. Golladay's is of the recent names to go on "Last Roll."

MAJ. THOMAS ABRAHAM HUGUENIN.

An Address by Rev. John Johnson, D.D., of Charleston.

A name recently entered on the register of Camp Sumter's dead is one among the first on the Confederate roll of honor. His comrades of this camp followed to the grave with sorrowing hearts the body of their former presiding officer, Thomas Abraham Huguenin, major of the First Regiment South Carolina Infantry (regular) Provisional Army, Confederate States. He was as devoted a son of this his native state as ever lived, as well-trained and gallant a soldier of the Southern Confederacy as ever fought, as faithful a friend, as genial a spirit, as was ever known. This camp, this city, this state, may well lament the loss of such a man.

Born on the 18th of November, 1839, in the old Beaufort District of our seacoast, educated for four years in the South Carolina Military Academy, at Charleston, he was graduated there in 1859 with high honors, and was appointed to act in the Faculty as Assistant Professor of Mathematics. But, upon the outbreak of hostilities, he entered the service of the state, in January, 1861, soon to pass into that of the Confederacy as first lieutenant of Company A, in the First Regiment of South Carolina Infantry, and to be advanced to a captaincy in July of the same year. This fine regiment, serving as artillery under Col. William Butler, was stationed on Sullivan's Island during the greater part of the war. It garrisoned Fort Moultrie and the many other heavy batteries on the same island, sharing largely in the defense of Charleston Harbor.

Capt. Huguenin commanded his company in Fort Moultrie on the 7th of April, 1863, when the ironclad squadron met its disastrous repulse; and it was while in command of Battery Beauregard, Sullivan's Island, on September 3, 1863, that he was ordered to report immediately for duty on Morris Island, where the siege of Battery Wagner had reached its fifty-fourth day, and was then nearing its close with an unprecedented bombardment by land and sea. The journal of personal service as chief of artillery at Battery Wagner, written by Capt. Huguenin soon after the evacuation of Morris Island by the Confederate troops, and covering the last days of the siege, has been printed, and will ever remain one of the most graphic and valuable papers of our history. He had scarcely returned to his post in command of Battery Beauregard, Sullivan's Island, when the furious naval attacks of the 7th and 8th of September upon that island were delivered by the ironclad squadron, and the works there engaged had the entire honor of driving it back a second and a third time from making entrance into the harbor. Fort Sumter had been silenced before these dates, though, like a wounded lion, it sprang to repulse the enemy's assault from a swarm of small boats of the fleet, made in the night of that very 8th day of September.

As time wore on, and this ruined old fort hoisted defiant flags, soon to be cut down by the enemy's fire, yet to be again and again replaced and always saluted by its garrison's evening gun, the command of Fort Sumter had passed from Col. Rhett to Maj. Elliott, and from him to Capt. Mitchell. A second great bombardment of forty days under Elliott had been endured by its patient garrison, and then the third great bombard-

ment of sixty days and nights came on. On the fourteenth day of this bombardment, being the 20th of July, 1864, Capt. Mitchell was mortally wounded, and expired before night. Seeing the crisis of Fort Sumter, now become the post of honor, the commanding general sought a man to succeed the lamented Mitchell, and found in Capt. Huguenin an officer worthy of his highest confidence. Not a moment was lost by the new commander in reporting for duty at Fort Sumter. There he found, during the long six weeks that the bombardment continued, a garrison as capable as himself of bearing the terrible strain of body and mind attending such arduous service; and his own high-spirited example, judicious management, and incessant vigilance availed to keep the fame of the indomitable fortress bright and inviolate to the last.



MAJ. THOMAS A. HUGUENIN.

Except two vain attempts to blow up the fort by means of powder-rafts, and the desultory firing upon it from Morris Island, the incidents of Capt. Huguenin's seven months' command of Fort Sumter were of no further military interest until the order was given for its evacuation; and he had the satisfaction, if so it can be called, of being the last Confederate to leave it, on the night of the 17th of February, 1865.

Under Lieut.-Gen. Hardee, the column of troops withdrawn from the coast of South Carolina and Georgia marched northward from Charleston to Cheraw; there they crossed the Pedee River, closely pursued by the Union army of Gen. Sherman, more than five times their number, and entered the state of North Carolina. Capt. Huguenin, on leaving Charleston, rejoined his regiment under Col. Butler, then included in a temporary organization known as Rhett's Bri-

gade of Regulars. He commanded his own company until the regiment left Cheraw, when Maj. Warren Adams having been wounded, he acted in his place until the battle of Averysboro, N. C. In consequence of the capture of Col. Rhett, the day before this battle, the brigade was commanded on the field by Col. William Butler; and, Lieut.-Col. De Treville having been mortally wounded that day, Capt. Huguenin took command of the regiment, continuing as senior officer in command through the three days' fighting at Bentonville. Then, upon the return of Maj. Adams to the regiment, this officer acted as colonel; Capt. Huguenin, as lieutenant-colonel; and Capt. C. H. Rivers, as major. Before the surrender of the army under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Greensboro, N. C., Capt. Huguenin was promoted to the rank of major, and was so paroled at that time, May 2, 1865.

During his active service in the war he received four slight wounds. He was never detailed, except to serve on a court martial, and he never had a leave of absence but once, and then only for forty-eight hours.

On his return home after the war Maj. Huguenin, in the vicinity of Mt. Pleasant, was engaged a while in farming and surveying; but the need of such a man in the city of Charleston was felt by the public, and it was not long before he was elected Superintendent of the Street Department. This office he filled under the administrations of four Mayors, or during about fifteen years. A new period in the paving of the city with Belgian blocks, in place of cobblestones, was marked by his incumbency in that office. Other improvements long desired took shape under the stress of earthquake, cyclone, and difficulties unexpected. His fellow citizens honored him with the command of the Fourth Brigade of South Carolina Militia, and he showed in many ways a vigor of civil administration equal to his military record.

Gen. Huguenin was elected President of our Survivors' Association at its anniversary meeting of 1892, and he filled the office one year, declining at its close to be reelected. This was the period just preceding the passage of the Association, as Camp Sumter, into the larger organization of the United Confederate Veterans.

When his health began to fail, two years ago, his friends were all touched at seeing his fortitude under trial, combined with his efforts to continue the discharge of duty; and when the fatal ending of his long illness came, February 28, 1897, it was with widespread sorrow that this community heard the intelligence. At St. Paul's Church, the next day, his funeral services were attended by a concourse of people, who crowded that spacious building. The Mayor and Council united with the Veterans, with numbers from the Fourth Brigade and other organizations, in doing honor to our dead soldier-citizen. His remains were then laid to rest in Magnolia Cemetery, accompanied to the last by a numerous and honorable escort.

So departed this life, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, our distinguished comrade, Thomas A. Huguenin, one of those typical young officers given to the Southern Confederacy by the South Carolina Military Academy. It was his part to survive the war and to pass the greater portion of his life in the avocations of peace. In the one, as in the other, he occupied a prominent place and filled it with honor. He has deserved our

lasting gratitude for duty well done, and he will have our faithful and lasting remembrance.

A committee, comprised of Dr. Johnson, Charles Inglesby, and C. H. Rivers, submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the officers and comrades of Camp Sumter do accept the above tribute to Maj. Huguenin as their own, and desire to preserve it on their archives.

Resolved, That a copy thereof, with official signatures, be sent to his family, accompanied by the assurance of the heartfelt sympathy of Camp Sumter with the widow and children of the deceased.

The foregoing extracts from the minutes of Camp Sumter of April 12, 1897—signed by J. W. Ward, Adjutant, and R. L. Brodie, Commandant—were sent to the VETERAN.

HOW THE "PATAPSCO" WENT DOWN IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

The following was related by the late Maj. T. A. Huguenin to his friend, Miss Claudine Rhett:

During the last seven months of the siege of Charleston, while I had command of Fort Sumter, I made it a rule to rise at four every morning, and required each man at the post to be ready for active duty at a moment's notice from that time until sunrise; for I was confident that if an assault was made upon us it would occur during the dark hours just before dawn, and I was determined not to allow my garrison to be surprised. The feeling of responsibility that weighed upon me was very great, and I endeavored to exercise a constant vigilance and to be prepared to meet any attempt which might be resorted to by the enemy.

It may be remembered that the winter of 1864-65 was particularly cold and rainy, and that the consequent sea-fogs made the difficulties of our situation extremely hard and guard-duty a ceaseless and most imperative necessity. Indeed, when I lay down to rest I fancied myself upon the ramparts and that I was still peering into the darkness and the gloom.

One misty night I was aroused by the officer on duty and informed that a low-lying craft was approaching Fort Sumter from seaward. Hearing this, I immediately ascended the watch-tower, and, after looking steadily through my field-glass, observed what might have been taken for a phantom ship slowly and silently creeping up toward us. This stealthy visitor, I surmised, was nothing less than a monitor, and I presumed that, coming in so unusually close, she must have some evil intention. I thought that either she would open fire at short range to attract our attention while an attack of some kind would be made upon the rear of the fort, or that she was bringing in men to make a sudden dash by barges upon the sea-face, where the debris made by the bombardment shelved down toward the water's edge, inviting assault.

We were prepared to meet either attempt, and got ready to meet whatever might ensue as silently as herself, for I wished to induce her to come as near as possible to the fort, hoping to surprise her by a very warm welcome. Capt. Hal Lesesne's Company, of the First South Carolina Regular Artillery, was doing guard-duty at Fort Sumter just then, and I knew that our only gun-battery, which was mounted on a bomb-proof be-

low, would do effective work in the hands of those experienced artillerymen.

A speaking-tube ran from the ramparts to this embrasure where the guns lay, quietly waiting to be used. I therefore called through this tube to Capt. Lesesne, and said: "Look toward the sea at an approaching object; train your guns upon it, and at the word of command fire, aiming the largest one in the battery yourself."

"Very well, sir," replied Lesesne. "I will open fire on her as soon as you are ready."

Returning to the watch-tower, I waited several minutes, to let the monitor get within range; then, hastening to the tube, gave the order: "Fire!"

Holding my breath, I stood motionless, expecting to hear the quick, responsive roar of the guns; but, to my intense surprise, the silence remained unbroken. Supposing that Capt. Lesesne had not heard my voice, I repeated the command in louder tones, burning with impatience at this delay, fearing that the ironclad might withdraw before we could get a chance to send her to the bottom of the sea, as we had done her companion, the "Keokuk," with the cannon of Fort Sumter. In the silence which still ensued my heart beat so loud that it sounded in my ears like a drum summoning Lesesne to do his part, for I was sure that he could sink her where she then stood. Yet the same unaccountable inaction continued. Calling for the third time, I exclaimed: "Lesesne, in God's name, why don't you fire?"

"I have lost sight of the monitor, sir," answered the artillery captain."

Almost beside myself with excitement and disappointment, I hurried below, raised my field-glass, and gazed seaward; but nothing could I see of this unfriendly visitor, the ghostly war-ship having vanished as completely as if she had been an optical illusion.

To say that we were amazed is to express our feelings very mildly, and we continued to scan the ocean, searching for the missing craft in every direction until dawn began to break over the cold gray sea.

Meanwhile, the tide had gone down during this period of anxious expectancy, and as daylight approached one of us observed what looked in the mist like a post projecting out of the water where nothing had appeared the previous afternoon. Then did we realize the reason of the sudden disappearance of the missing ironclad. She had struck a torpedo and had gone down into the water as silently as a spirit, her smoke-stack alone revealing the fate that she had met in Charleston Harbor on January 15, 1865, carrying with her to a seaman's burial sixty-two men of her crew.

The consequent result of this catastrophe to the "Patapsco" was of great service to us in the defense of Charleston, as it made an approach to our works to be regarded as an extremely hazardous enterprise, and not one to be lightly undertaken. Torpedoes had just been invented, and their use was not well known at that time, and this was a most successful example of their value as a means of defense. Now the whole world has learned their importance in war. In Tonquin, some years after the Confederate war had ended, a French gunboat met a similar fate at the hands of the Chinese, going down, with every soul on board, without a moment's warning—so great a danger are they to the attacking party.

SWAPPING HORSES IN MID-STREAM.

An exchange mentions as a most wonderful exhibition of presence of mind and instantaneous action in the presence of great danger an act of Col. Sid Cunningham, of Gen. John H. Morgan's command, during the Ohio raid. It was when the attempt was made to escape from the Buckeye State into Virginia by swimming the Ohio River. The river at that point was about half a mile wide and very deep. A long string of cavalymen extended entirely across the stream, generally in twos, each encouraging his gallant steed. Col. Cunningham



COL. "SID" CUNNINGHAM.

and a comrade were swimming their horses side by side, Cunningham being on the lower side and in mid-stream, when a Federal gunboat hove in sight around a bend in the river, and without ceremony fired a shell into the swimming column, shooting off the head of Cunningham's horse and killing his comrade. Cunningham grabbed the dead man's horse by the mane and held on like grim death, while the noble steed bore him safely across to the Virginia shore.

Many inquiries have been made as to whether "Sid" Cunningham is editor of the VETERAN. That gallant Confederate was never known by the editor, whose first name is "Sumner."

A very successful Confederate reunion and barbecue was held at San Marcos, Tex., on July 7. It is estimated that four thousand people were present. Capt. Ferg Kyle, Commander of Camp P. C. Woods, was master of ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by Judge W. L. Davidson, of Georgetown, and Gov. Wheeler (the latter on the "Women of the Confederacy"), which were highly appreciated. Resolutions were passed by the camp in honor of our brave women, and it was also resolved to take in hand the matter of erecting a monument to them. Proper committees will be appointed by the camps in Texas, and Gen. W. L. Cabell is requested to take charge of all funds for that purpose, and he is also asked to take proper steps to secure the cooperation of all United Confederate Veterans on this subject. Hons. George T. McGehee, W. D. Wood, and A. W. Hilliard compose the committee appointed for Camp P. C. Woods.

J. B. Mobley, of Lubbock, Tex.: "Many of the old boys of the 'K. M. M. S.' of Yorkville, S. C., would be glad to see something from the pen of their old commander and principal, Col. A. Coward, who commanded the Fifth South Carolina Volunteers, Bratton's Brigade, A. N. V."

R. E. Walur, of Vicksburg, Miss., desires the address of Mr. Oscar Estill, a veteran who attended the reunion at Houston two years ago. Some Texas readers of the VETERAN may be able to supply it.

A MUTE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

G. W. Tipton, of Memphis, Tex., writes that J. H. Jernigan was a member of a militia company when the civil war broke out, but was forced to resign on account of not being able to hear. He tried to join another company, but was refused. He tried again, and succeeded. He went with his captain, John Avirett, and company to Goldsboro, N. C., and Gen. Walker (who lost a hand in the Mexican war) ordered Jerni-



J. H. JERNIGAN.

gan enlisted for the war. The company belonged to Maj. Northcutt's North Carolina Battalion, and they were ordered to help Bragg's army. This company afterward served with Company I, Fifty-eighth Alabama Regiment of Infantry, Bate's Brigade, A. P. Stewart's Division. Jernigan drilled as though he heard the commands, depending entirely upon the movements of his comrades.

Comrade H. M. Cook, Belton, Tex., furnishes an interesting report of the ninth annual reunion of the Bell County ex-Confederate Association, Camp No. 122, which was held July 14, 15, and was a brilliant success in every way:

Our beautiful Confederate Park was a perfect paradise in its decorations, made so by the hands of patriotic women. Twelve to fifteen thousand veterans and visitors were greeted by booming cannon and sweet strains of music. The parade was formed on the public square, and marched to the reunion park. An ovation of music, addresses, recitations, and bursts of enthusiastic joy caused the countenances of all to beam with pleasure. At noon a scene that was rarely ever

equaled occurred when the magnificent dinner was spread all over our spacious park. Sparkling drinks and peals of laughter told of the joy prevailing. All were satisfied. So the afternoon, evening, and the 15th continued. Our worthy and efficient Adjutant, Maj. J. G. Whitsett, who had labored most arduously in perfecting the program and plans for entertainment, was so overcome by heat and labor as to be prostrated, and was unable to enjoy the occasion with us. Notwithstanding thirty years have passed since the incidents of war, the interest in these reunions is greater now than at the beginning; and veterans have bequeathed to their children and instilled into their being the principles for which they fought. Under the organizations of the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, the children will take up the acclaim where their fathers laid it down in death, and they will continue to grow, to widen, and deepen so long as the constitution continues to authorize such a construction. The officers elected were: J. H. Killingsworth, Commander; and Maj. J. G. Whitsett, Adjutant.

A. P. Flack, Leavenworth, Kans.: "As the next reunion is to be at Atlanta, I would like to go and carry an old battle-flag that was taken from the battle-grounds of Atlanta July 20-22, 1864, just thirty-three years ago. I have kept it all these years, and it is well preserved. No soldier can look at that tattered banner without pathetic memory, as he recalls what sacrifices were made in that great battle. It heard, as it were, the last faint whispers of those who fell beneath it, and in its silence yet speaketh. The flag is about twenty-four inches square and made of blue silk, with white silk fringe three inches deep. On one side is a large eagle with outstretched wings, with shields and spears, and letters cut out of white silk and sewed on the blue field. The letters and date are 'M. L. D., 1850.' On the other side is the seal of Georgia and her motto: 'Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation,' which is all hand-painted. The lower part of flag and fringe was shot away, and it is also pierced by balls through the center. I interpret the letters to stand for 'Macon Light Dragoons,' and would like to know what they really mean."

Col. J. H. Burk, of Clarksville, Tex. (who lost a brother in the battle of Murfreesboro, the body being interred in the Confederate lot at Shelbyville, but was removed from there two years ago) contributes twenty-five dollars for the building of a monument at the place of his long interment and to perpetually honor the memory of his dead comrades.

G. W. Tipton, Memphis, Tex.: "I was a private in Company C, Sixtieth Georgia Infantry, and in the fight at Strausburg, or Cedar Creek, Valley of Virginia, on October 19, 1864, captured a flag from the color-sergeant and two guards. I think it was a New York flag, and would like to hear of either of them."

Camp Jeff Lee No. 68, U. C. V., McAlester, Ind. T., recently lost a member in the death of James M. Bragg, who was second lieutenant of Company B, Ninth Mississippi Infantry. He was murdered by unknown parties on the 29th of July.

J. B. POLLEY TO "CHARMING NELLIE."

His Letter of July 6, 1864, Continued.

Just as I had finished the foregoing I was handed your letter of June 15, and had scarcely read it when a sergeant notified me that my turn had come for a little practise at the enemy. The hostile lines are so near each other that picketing is impossible, and, in self-defense, one-third of our command is on watch night and day. Were powder and lead as abundant with us as with the Yankees, we should, like them, keep up a continuous fire during the day; for, while practically useless, it would give us employment. Simple peeping over the breastworks, at the risk of our lives, is not the most pleasant pastime in the world. As a compromise between economy and consequent monotony on the one side, and desire for sport on the other, we do shoot some; but rarely except when there is a chance to kill. All through the night firing is maintained from both sides—the Yankees shooting both to prevent an unexpected attack and to hide their mining operations; but we, mainly to prevent sudden assault.

Your most amusing account of the fright recently given to the gallant defenders of the Texas coast reminds me of an anecdote told on Roddy's Cavalry, a regiment said to be always more ready to run than to fight. Whether there be any truth in this imputation—that particular command serving in the Western army—I simply tell the story as I heard it. It appears that a railroad-train passing through Alabama carried a large number of soldiers. One at the front end of a car rose to his feet, gun in hand, and inquired in a loud voice if there was any member of Roddy's Regiment on board. No one answering, he repeated the inquiry with a solicitude that demanded response, and immediately a little fellow at the other end of the car arose, and modestly acknowledged himself a member of the regiment. "That's all right, then," said the inquirer with an air of great relief, as he cocked his gun and poked the muzzle out the window. "I just wanted to tell you not to be scared, honey, for I ain't a bit mad; I'm only gwine ter pop a cap."

But, honestly, "Charming Nellie," when I think of those poor Confederate soldiers quartered in the stores and warehouses at Galveston, each mess occupying a room to itself and their officers boarding around in private families, my tender heart fairly dissolves in its overflow of sympathy. They have a rough time, even if the rations furnished them are supplemented by the daily contributions of citizens, friends, and relatives; and, because of the manly fortitude with which they endure such grievous and disheartening hardships, deserve the plaudits of a grateful country. Should we fellows up here in Virginia and down in Georgia and Tennessee ever succeed in winning Southern independence, they may rely confidently upon me—always provided I am not called upon to be a martyr—to do all in my power to secure them their just deserts. After pampering and petting them so long and assiduously, it would be criminal in the Confederate Government not to continue it. They are not inured to danger and hardship as we are, and should be placed in no position to incur either. Ladies deserve consideration too; for, if the war continues much longer,

there will be an appalling scarcity of men physically capable of bearing their ends of the marriage yoke.

A queer character is Jordan, of Company I, a fast friend of Pokue. He is not a coward by any means, but he is utterly and indescribably lazy. Since the incident of Pokue's capture both Pokue and Jordan have been objects of intense interest and solicitude to the whole brigade, and scarcely a day has passed that they have not received proof of it. To relieve in some measure the dull monotony of life in the trenches, it has become a custom to call upon them for a daily exhibition of their prowess and marksmanship. Men are only children grown up, you know, and must have amusement. Suddenly the cry arises, "Jordan! Jordan! Pokue! Pokue! Jordan and Pokue!" and although it starts from one or two, it is taken up by others, until it becomes a volume of sound and an imperative demand upon the parties named. Caring nothing for ridicule, and remarkably good-natured, Jordan sits still and irresponsible. No amount of talking will persuade him to his feet; but, when on them, with a cocked gun laid across the breastworks in easy reach, he always finds the energy to take deliberate aim and pull the trigger; and then, woe betide the bluecoat at whom he shoots! His aim is unerring. Pokue, however, needs no urging, for he is too proud when out of danger to willingly betray his arrant cowardice. Waiting until Jordan has performed his part of the program, and laughing as heartily as any one at him, Pokue, with a great show of alacrity and desire to please, lays his gun across the breastworks at an angle that will carry the ball high over the heads of the Yankees in the neighboring works; and, let alone, he shoots at that angle. Our friends across the way are ever on the alert, and send a compliment in the shape of a Minie ball at every head that exposes itself above the safety-line. Pokue is never let alone, but receives cautions and advice from all sides. "Lower the muzzle of your gun, Pokue," one will say; "for you will hit nothing but a quartermaster or commissary that way, and they ain't worth killing." "Take good aim, old fellow," another cries; "ammunition is mighty scarce in these here Confederate States." "But don't wait to see if you get your man," chimes in a third; "it's dangerous." And, anxious to demonstrate his profound appreciation of these and a hundred or more similar remarks, Pokue hugs his gun to his shoulder, and bobs his head and the muzzle of the weapon alternately up and down, like the ends of a seesaw, until, in a sudden access of courage or desperation, rising high enough to catch a glimpse of the top of the enemy's breastworks, he pulls the trigger and sinks back, exhausted, pale, and perspiring, into the arms of his friends, ready to receive their laughing congratulations.

It is not likely you have any definite idea of the trenches. Imagine a ditch eight feet wide and three or four deep, the dirt from which is thrown on the side next to the enemy and forms an embankment just high enough for a man to stand erect and look over. This embankment is the breastworks which protects us from the shots of the Yankees. The ditch extends for miles to the right and left; or, at any rate, as far as there is a necessity for protection. Leading back from the main ditch at acute or obtuse angles, according to the nature of the ground and situation of the enemy's works, and with the dirt likewise thrown on the side next to the

enemy, are smaller ditches, called traverses, in which the soldiers sleep and do their cooking, washing, starching, and ironing. Here at Petersburg we found the lines of defense already prepared for occupancy, but, until we reached those about Richmond, we had to do our own digging; sometimes, too, in an emergency so great that resort was had to bayonets and tin cups, in the absence of spades, shovels, and picks. Often there was neither time nor inclination to construct traverses, and then men who objected to sleeping in the main trench, to be run over and annoyed by wanderers, dug square, shallow holes in the ground just back of the main line. At Cold Harbor our brigade worked all night with only bayonets, cups, two or three picks, and as many shovels with which to throw up a breast-work; and next day several of us excavated sleeping-places in the rear. When night came on, in a cloud of almost palpable darkness, I groped my way out to mine, and in a little while was fast asleep—if one can be that while dreaming. Whether the fancies which flitted through my passive mind were grave or gay, tender or savage, of home or of war, has escaped my memory; but I do know that “a change came o’er the spirit of my dream” with alarming suddenness when a belated straggler going up the line landed one of his huge feet fairly and squarely on the side of my head. My first thought was that it was one of the immense hundred-pound shells which the Yankee gunboats occasionally shoot at us; and, expecting an instant explosion, and strangely unwilling to be buried in a grave of my own digging, I sprang to my feet with a celerity not at all usual with me. Then, discovering the truth, I gave loud and appropriate expression to my wounded feelings in language not fitting, I am sorry to say, to be repeated to a lady. But, seemingly conscious that he had offended beyond hope of forgiveness, my assailant waited not to apologize. On the contrary, he went stumbling on up the long line of sleeping soldiers; and, judging from the innumerable cuss words that for the next ten minutes broke the silence of the night, and even attracted the attention of our Yankee friends across the way, must have made stepping-stones of the heads and bodies of every man along his tortuous route. The print of a nail that was in the heel of the shoe which dropped down upon me shows yet on my left ear.

Bill Calhoun always finds some compensation for an injury inflicted upon him by the Yankees in a joke on a Confederate. Some weeks ago a bullet buried itself in the fleshy part of his thigh, and, after gouging it out with his fingers, he limped back to the rear. There encountering a surgeon new in the business of attending to gunshot wounds—in fact, a gentleman whose practise at home had ceased to be lucrative enough to support him, and who had recently decided to take pay from the Confederate Government for the exercise of his limited abilities—Bill thought it prudent to have the wound examined. The surgeon probed here and cut a little there, until patience, fortitude, and silence ceased to be virtues. “What the —— are you carving me up so for, doctor?” inquired the victim.

“I am searching for the ball,” explained the doctor.

“Searching for the ball?” exclaimed Bill with inimitably sarcastic inflection of voice, as, diving with one hand into a pocket, he produced a battered piece of lead and held it out. “Here it is, if that’s all you want.”

Proud of being a Texan, I rejoice exceedingly that I am “to the manner born,” a native Texan. Being that, I am foolish enough to arrogate to myself an extra modicum of consequence when I remember that the impress of a star was first used as the seal of an independent nation at the house of my father in Brazoria County. Gov. Henry Smith—a near neighbor, by the way—happened to be there on the day he signed the first official document which required such an authentication. Whether it was at his own or the suggestion of another person, I know not; but it is a fact that he detached from his coat a button on which was stamped in relief a five-pointed star, and with it and old-fashioned sealing-wax furnished the design for the seal, first of the republic and then of the state of Texas.

Yet, proud as I am of these mere accidents, I am more proud of being a member of a brigade which, inspired by the memory of the Alamo and San Jacinto, not only has added luster to the “lone star” on many a hard-fought field of battle, but never displayed greater soldierly qualities than at Bermuda Hundreds on the 17th of last month. Occupying an old and abandoned line of works in a hollow, the privates of the brigade discovered that by an immediate attack they could recover from the Yankees a portion of the line from which, that morning, the Confederates had been driven; and, waiting not for orders, sprang forward with one simultaneous impulse and accomplished the undertaking. “Now’s our time, boys,” shouted a private so unconsciously and involuntarily that not a soul remembers who it was, and then away the boys went. Half-way between the two lines Col. Winkler did manage to overtake them and cry “Forward,” but it was a useless expenditure of breath; every man of the brigade was already running forward at the top of his speed. Reaching the works, it was discovered that the Yankees had leveled them almost to the ground, and that to be tenable they must be reconstructed. Scarcely two hundred yards beyond frowned a Federal fort and the gaping mouths of twenty or more huge cannon, and from sundown until twilight deepened into the blackest of darkness round shot, grape, canister, and shells rained upon us so fast and furiously that “we wished we hadn’t.” And when the terrible and demoralizing fire ceased and orders came for us, the gallant captors, to do the reconstructing, the wail of regret for our hastiness would have melted even the war-calloused hearts of your gallant coast-guard friends, Tom and Dick, could they have heard it; for the order meant not only the most laborious toil, but working in the dark—the Yankees would not suffer lights used. There was no escape, and, putting our whole souls into the business, we finished the job by daylight. Then, just as we began to feel good over the day’s rest certainly in store for us, the order came to march, and that day, the 18th, we came to Petersburg, the sleepiest and weariest set of “Corn-fed” mortals imaginable.

· Maj. Bailey Davis, of Richmond, served in the Virginia army in the early part of the great war as a lieutenant of artillery. Later he was at Port Hudson in the siege there, and afterward was confined in the Johnson’s Island prison until near the close of the war. He was a member of Dr. Hoge’s Presbyterian Church, and died in Richmond August 5, 1897.

REUNION OF HOOD'S TEXAS BRIGADE.

George A. Branard, Secretary of the brigade:

The reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade, at Floresville, Tex., on the 30th of June and 1st of July last, will long be remembered by its members present. The large and tastefully decorated opera-house, in which the days were spent; the absence of any marching and parading, that would have wearied; the delicious barbecued beef, mutton, and pork furnished us for our dinners; the watermelon feast of the second day, and the inspiring serenade which was given members on the second night of our stay—all conspired to make the event a pleasure.

While the gentlemen did so much to make the reunion pleasant, it is to the ladies that we owe most. With unexampled fortitude and devotion Southern women stood by us in the dark days of civil war, and, thank God! they stand by us yet. Miss Mettawee Blanton recited the "Conquered Banner" so eloquently and touchingly as to bring the tears to eyes long unused to weeping. Miss Lenore Paschal responded so charmingly and cheerfully to every call upon her for a recitation that she captured a place as an adopted daughter of Hood's Texas Brigade. And last, but far from least, Mrs. Samuel Maverick, a patriotic woman of 1836, who witnessed the fall of the Alamo, yet finds strength and heart to be proud of Hood's Texas Brigade.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned that the Third Arkansas, in the persons of Capt. Thrasher and Judge Alexander, of Malvern, Ark., came down on us with such force and eloquence that our next reunion will be held at that place.

Comrade J. B. Polley was elected President of the association for the ensuing year, Capt. T. J. Thrasher, Vice-President, and the other old officers reelected.

Comrade Branard writes of having to hasten from the Nashville reunion to attend that of his old brigade, and he adds:

The open and kind reception to the Texans will never be forgotten by them. Where did Nashville get all of those beautiful ladies? I thought Texas was noted for beauty of the fair sex, but Nashville takes the cake. I am sorry I had to leave so soon.

THE LATE COL. F. S. BASS.

Col. F. S. Bass, last commander of Hood's Texas Brigade, died in the Texas Confederate Home last month. Gov. Culbertson pays tribute to his memory:

He was a man of high character and attainments and a gallant soldier. Born in Virginia, in 1831, in 1851 he graduated from the Virginia Military Institute with distinction, ranking third in a class of twenty-nine. A few years after graduation he removed to Texas, settling at Marshall, where he engaged most successfully in teaching. At the first call to arms in 1861 he enlisted under the Southern cross, and surrendered at Appomattox. Enlisting in the First Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, he shared throughout the war its suffering, its privation, its heroism, and at the close of hostilities was its commander. As the senior colonel, he commanded Hood's Brigade at Appomattox. He had been made a brigadier-general for gallant and conspicuous service in battle, but, in the confusion at-

tending the last days of the Confederacy, his commission was not delivered to him. After the surrender he returned to Marshall; and there and at Jefferson, where he successively resided, he held that place in the esteem of the people to which he was entitled as an exemplary citizen and distinguished educator. Two years ago he came to the Confederate Home. Crippled in body and broken in health, unable to pursue his vocation, too sensitive and proud to accept the generosity of friends or relatives, he sought the retreat which the gratitude of the state had provided for her heroes, and which, having periled his life in her cause, he could accept without sacrifice of his pride or his manhood. A rare and perfect gentleman, the golden age of the South produced few gentler and nobler men and the gray wrapped no more dauntless and intrepid spirit.

ABOUT THE NASHVILLE REUNION.

Every Confederate and every person interested in Nashville, and even in the Volunteer State, may feel pride in echoes from the reunion of United Confederate Veterans which occurred at the capital of Tennessee in this Centennial year. The most succinct and careful report received is that of Gen. J. A. Chalaron, Chairman of the Army of Tennessee Association in Louisiana. Gen. Chalaron has ever been an active participant in the Confederate cause:

Comrades: As chairman of your delegation to the United Confederate Veteran reunion, held in Nashville, June 22-24, I beg leave to make the following report:

Quarters had been retained in advance by the quartermaster of the division, and no trouble was experienced in obtaining comfortable lodging.

The convention was largely attended, the representation exceeding twelve hundred delegates. The attendance of veterans reached certainly fifteen thousand, and, with their families and friends, who had followed them in large numbers, made a great concourse of Confederate veterans and sympathizers, which has not been surpassed at any previous reunion.

The beautiful city had put on appropriate and profuse Confederate attire, and her hospitable and cultured citizens dispensed a whole-souled hospitality that nowhere in our experience with reunions has been excelled. It was from the heart, intense, unassuming, modest, and it captivated the veterans. Accommodations were more than ample in the many hotels and magnificent college buildings that abound in the city. The moderate charges for everything were truly surprising and refreshing. All arrangements for the reunion and for the comfort, information, enjoyment, and gratification of the veterans had been admirably planned, and were carried out to perfection. The weather was more agreeable than could have been expected in the summer, and even the showers that marred and dispersed the great parade on the last day served otherwise to cool the atmosphere and to increase our enjoyment.

Your delegation, in the convention and in the parade, was noticed for its numbers and spirit. The division delegation, as a whole, attracted much atten-

tion also. The bevy of young ladies that accompanied it as sponsor and maids, under the care of that "grande dame," Mrs. Blake, daughter of the great fighting prelate of the Confederacy, Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk, by their beauty, their graces, and their charms of manner and mind, captured the hearts of all who met them, and shone resplendent in the simple and tasteful adornment of person that so distinguishes our Louisiana girls.

The labors of the convention were not all that was desired. Enthusiasm prevailed to the greatest extent, and in its indulgence the business of the organization was set aside and serious matters put off that should have had attention. Of the four standing committees under the constitution, but one reported; the Historical Committee, through its chairman, Lieut.-Gen. Stephen D. Lee. Its report adds another brilliant page to the record of invaluable recommendations and contributions it has presented at our successive meetings since its creation, which have already had so marked an effect in stimulating the Southern mind to historical research and vindication and in checking and counteracting the baneful misrepresentations of the Lost Cause and of the South in histories of the United States emanating from Northern sources.

No reports were presented and read from the Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, or other general officers. The Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association presented its report, which, stripped of promised amounts, showed that since the Richmond reunion the sum of thirteen hundred dollars cash had been received in addition to the sum then reported by the old committee. Your delegation voiced on the floor of the convention the unanimous decision of the Louisiana Division, in convention assembled, declaring the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association . . . [An omission is made here for time to investigate accuracy of a statement. The conditions of this great movement deserve to be perfectly understood by the Southern people, and they must be.—ED. VETERAN.]

The proposed amendments to the constitution were not taken up, with the exception of the one to change the name of the organization. This amendment was defeated. That to change the button was not brought up, nor were several others.

Gen. John B. Gordon was reelected Commanding General of the organization, and Lieut.-Gens. Lee, Hampton, and Cabell were likewise reelected.

After handsomely recognizing and praising the disinterested and valuable services and labors of Gen. Moorman, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff, and with due resolutions of thanks to the liberal, patriotic people of Nashville, the convention adjourned to meet at Atlanta, which city had been selected for the place of meeting of the eighth reunion by a large majority of the assembly.

Despite the inexpressible sentiments and emotions of pride, of glory, of tenderness, that were aroused in every veteran's bosom on this occasion, it has been disappointing to a great many and to your delegation in so much that so little consideration was given to matters of business in the convention. Though the camps have been pushed into existence until they now number ten hundred and twenty-five, still the veterans are drop-

ping off in more rapid and yearly increasing ratio, and many think that there are other objects of the United Confederate Veterans organization that should be pushed through the committees designated in the constitution and be made to bear fruit before too many of us have been called away. Meeting but once a year, the convention should have its business prepared through these committees, and take it up and carry it through before indulging in all the paroxysms of joy, of feeling, of sentiment, of emotion, of laudation, of glorification, of enjoyment which the hearts of the veterans can still muster. Such an order of proceeding, it strikes your delegation, is necessary to preserve the association and make it productive of all the good the organizers intended it should accomplish.

The report was adopted with enthusiasm.

An Arkansas exchange states: "Arkansas did herself proud. No division of the veterans made a better showing than that of Maj.-Gen. Shaver. The latter and his four brigadier-generals—Eagle, Cravens, Morgan, and Knox—with their respective staffs, about fifty in number, were dressed in Confederate gray, and when mounted made an imposing appearance in the veterans' parade. In numbers, Helena took the lead. She had eighty-two ex-Confederates in line and more ladies present than any other city in the state. Arkansas had in the parade, including mounted and foot soldiers, about five hundred, while she had one hundred and eight delegates in the convention. A beautiful silk flag, made especially for the occasion, was carried at the head of the column, and a band marched with the boys. Much credit is due Col. V. Y. Cook, the Chief of Staff of Gen. Shaver, for the fine appearance Arkansas made on this occasion. A native of Kentucky, he fought with that great cavalry leader, Gen. N. B. Forrest."

In a letter to the VETERAN since his return, enclosing subscriptions, Col. Cook writes: "Never did a people acquit themselves better than did your Nashville people on the occasion of the late reunion, and long will those who attended that great gathering remember with pride and pleasure their treatment at your hands. It was characteristic of Nashville and Tennesseans."

Comrade W. G. Mitchell, Adjutant of Camp J. B. Robertson, Bryan, Tex., wrote a series of articles about the reunion for the *Brazos Pilot*, in one of which he paid tribute to Gov. Robert L. Taylor: ". . . The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with enthusiastic veterans, their wives, sons, and daughters, to listen to a fervid prayer by that grand Confederate chaplain, John William Jones, and to the sweet words of welcome delivered with the eloquence of that matchless, sweet singer of the South, Gov. Robert L. Taylor, who, with a divinely poetic genius, can play upon the hearts of his people, calling forth the purest and most ecstatic impulses of the soul, as did David of old with his inspired lyre. After describing the South, her people, and his love for them and theirs in the most beautiful poetic language it has ever been my good fortune to hear, he soared to the climax by saying, 'But the music that thrills me most is the melody that died away on the lips of many a Confederate soldier as he sank into the sleep that knows no waking,' then suddenly burst into the song, 'I am so glad I am in Dixie.' There was not a dry eye in that vast audience. He is simply wonderful. Poetry and music flow from his soul as beautifully and naturally as water to the sea."

It is said that "Fighting" Joe Hooker, after the laborious fighting from Chattanooga to Atlanta, was asked by one of his command, after the fight at Atlanta, what had become of the "Rebs." "Fighting Joe" replied to him that some were in — and the balance in Atlanta. Had Joseph been in Nashville at the Confederate reunion, he must have thought from the enthusiastic greetings of the surviving "Johnnies" that some were in heaven and all the others in Nashville.

W. C. Dodson writes from Waco, Tex.: "I did have a pleasant time about my old boyhood home and with old schoolmates, who, it appeared, God had spared that we might meet again. It was indeed like the renewing of my youth. I examined very closely the old battle-ground and positions at Franklin, and was rather surprised to find that there are discrepancies in some maps of the battle-ground. I also went over the Confederate Cemetery, and noted every grave, with its inscriptions and the number from each state. That cemetery will be a perpetual monument to the patriotism, to the manhood and womanhood, of Franklin and of glorious old Tennessee."

The N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., No. 430, Scottsboro, Ala., through a committee comprised of W. H. Payne, J. H. Young, and J. H. Thompson, adopted unanimously resolutions in recognition of the kindness shown the camp at the Nashville reunion. They say that they anticipated a cordial reception and a hearty welcome, but that their highest anticipations had fallen short of what they realized. They tender heartfelt thanks for the very kind treatment by the people of Nashville generally and to Confederate comrades especially. They compliment the committees on their excellent arrangements and for their successful management of every department for the entertainment and the ample provision made. They request their town papers and the VETERAN to publish their action, which they send officially to the chairman of the committee.

Concerning the reunion, the *Bonham (Tex.) News* says: "It was fortunate that the old soldiers selected Nashville as their gathering-place this Centennial year. This was one of the largest reunions of the U. C. V. ever held. The gates of the White City of 1897 were thrown wide open, and the veterans who were there can never doubt that their four years of living sacrifice is appreciated. At all the gatherings 'Welcome! welcome!' sounded from the lips of our most eloquent orators. 'Welcome' blazed in electric lights on every side, and a very hearty welcome was extended with the many other hospitalities shown this throng of visitors. They had their love-feasts, told their old war-tales, laughed and cried together. Many scenes of sadness as well as of joy were witnessed among the old soldiers. When they marched into the Centennial grounds the bells from the tower chimed, 'Shall We Gather at the River?' and surely the time-worn soldiers could almost catch a glimpse of that other reunion up yonder where the armies of heaven follow Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords."



GEN. ARCHIBALD GRACIE.

Sketch by his son, Archibald Gracie, of New York:

Many incidents have been published in connection with the death of my father, Gen. Archibald Gracie, and I have been spoken to so frequently about them that a recapitulation of the circumstances is submitted as interesting, particularly to those who knew him and served with him in the great civil war. A sketch of his life is also embodied.

Gen. Gracie was killed at Petersburg, Va., near the site of the "Crater," December 2, 1864. The newspapers of that time recount the gloom that pervaded the army on the news of his death, and letters from some of the most prominent men in the Confederacy speak of it as a national calamity. The severity of his loss to the Army of Northern Virginia is shown by the testimony of its great commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee, who referred to it quite as he did to the loss sustained by the death of the immortal Stonewall Jackson. In a letter, in my



possession, from Gen. Lee to his wife, December 11, 1864, he says:

"The death of Gracie was a great grief to me. I do not know how to replace him. He was an excellent officer

and a Christian gentleman. I had been all over his line with him the day before his death, and decided on some changes I wished made. He had just received the telegram announcing the birth of his daughter, and expected to visit his wife the next day. Our loss is heavy, but his gain great. May his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, be comforted in the recollection of his many virtues, his piety, his worth, his love! . . . I grieve with her and for her daily."

In another letter, written to my mother, and enclosing a photograph of himself, Gen. Lee wrote:

"It may serve to remind you of one who from his first acquaintance with your noble husband, then a cadet at the U. S. Military Academy, discerned his worth and high sense of honor, and whose esteem and admiration for him increased to the day of his death."

Despatches in the "Records of the War," which passed between the Federal leaders, recount his death:

Maj.-Gen. John G. Parke, commander of the Ninth

Corps, telegraphed on December 4, 1864, to Gen. S. Williams, Adjutant-General:

"Everything remains about the same along our lines. The heavy firing of yesterday was caused by our people endeavoring to put a stop to the enemy's working-parties. They were planting a new mortar battery on the Fort Rice and Sedgwick front. Two deserters came in last night and report that Gen. Gracie was killed yesterday by a shell; also a captain and two men."

On the same day Gen. George G. Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, telegraphed to Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant:

"Gen. Parke yesterday afternoon opened his batteries on some working-parties of the enemy in front of Fort Sedgwick. From deserters he is informed that the Confederate general Archibald Gracie was killed by one of our shells."

Gen. Grant telegraphed from City Point the next day to Maj.-Gen. Meade that he had read in a Richmond paper a full account of the death of Gen. Gracie; also that the same shot killed a captain, a private, and wounded one other.

These despatches indicate the importance that Gens. Meade and Grant attached to Gen. Gracie's death. I have heard various incorrect statements concerning how Gen. Gracie was killed. One report is that he was shot by a sharpshooter; another, that his head was severed from his body by a cannon-ball, etc.

Some years ago I was accosted by a young man on the grounds of our athletic club, who asked me my name, and said his father was the commandant of Fort —, New York harbor, and he had often heard him speak of Gen. Gracie. They were friends at West Point, and he would be much pleased to meet me. Always glad to meet any one who knew my father and who might tell me of incidents in his life, I soon drove over to the fort with my wife and called at the commandant's house. Shortly after being ushered into the parlor we were welcomed very cordially by the colonel, a weather-tanned soldier of about sixty years, who asked us to be seated, and began the conversation with the remark: "I killed your father." I was startled by this abrupt and extraordinary greeting, of course. Only a man in a like embarrassing position can appreciate my feelings. I was not angry, but could scarcely retain my seat. My blood boiled, while my arms and legs seemed to rebel against keeping still. I calmed myself, knowing that no offense was intended. My wife was also perturbed, and tried to change the subject of conversation, but the Colonel went on to tell me that he was in command of the battery that fired the shell, and that he saw the effect of it. He had been stationed, he said, during four years of the war on the Pacific Coast, and he was impatient to be ordered East into active service. He was ordered to Petersburg just before this event.

VISITING PETERSBURG—FAMILY HISTORY.

Some seven years ago I made a visit to Petersburg and the spot where my father was killed. The old town, with its narrow streets and old-style buildings, seemed to be a relic of greater days, where once big ships discharged their rich cargoes for the early planters of Virginia. It was here that the first Archibald Gracie, Gen. Gracie's grandfather, arrived with his ship's cargo from Dumfries, Scotland, shortly after the

close of the revolutionary war, established himself as a merchant, and became one of Petersburg's prominent citizens. His house was the only brick house in his part of the city, and was situated near the foot of Sycamore Street. It was designated "the brick house." Petersburg at that time was one of the principal commercial cities in America. Mr. Gracie was induced by business interests to move to New York, where he married Miss Rogers, of that city, who was descended from "Rogers, the martyr." Here he became the leading merchant prince of his day, so accounted in the works of Cooper and Washington Irving. He was also the founder of benevolent and banking institutions, now the pride of the metropolis, and one of the first promoters of the public-school system of our country.

Only a few days before Gen. Gracie was killed he viewed, in Petersburg, this old house of his ancestor. Here, also, in St. Paul's Church, the Sunday before his death, he partook of his first communion, having for many weeks before prepared himself and studied the obligations incumbent upon him as a member of Christ's Church. It seems as if Gen. Gracie had felt a premonition that his end was near; that the command "Prepare to meet thy God" had been literally given him. Nothing was left undone for such preparation. No martyr ever walked more heroically to his death for the cause he loved.

His father, mother, brothers, and sisters in New York managed, just before his death, to have letters conveyed to him, as if all were bidding him good-by forever. His devoted mother, of an old South Carolina Huguenot family—before marriage, Miss Bethune, of Charleston—died suddenly the very morning her son was buried. She had been spared the news of his death. From the double shock a few months thereafter also died the old father, who idolized him, who had planned every step in the young man's career. He had sent him to Heidelberg, Germany, to be educated, and on his return home, after six years, he had obtained for him a cadetship at West Point, where he graduated and was sent to the Pacific Slope as a lieutenant in the Fourth U. S. Infantry, to command an expedition against the Indians of Oregon and Washington. Because of his many miraculous escapes from death, the Indians gave him a name signifying that he was invulnerable to bullets. He resigned from the army to manage important business affairs for his father in Mobile, until the war broke out. With his father's approval also he joined the Confederacy, and was made captain of the first company enrolled in the state of Alabama.

The last letter written by Gen. Gracie to his father was found on a table in his tent the day of his death. It contains the following:

"Once having placed my hand to the plow, I have never yet looked back. Although I have passed through dangers and what other men call hardships, I have never regretted the course I have pursued. However, I do regret conditions which have robbed me of parents, friends, and home. My heart yearns more and more with the same warmth as when I was a child to my parents, my brothers, my sisters. The consolation in my distress is my conviction of rectitude, of having followed the course my conscience pointed out to me as right; and, my dear father, I am right, and if I be shot down to-morrow, may my last

words be: 'I was right.' But would to God that the war would end—not in subjugation, but in an acknowledgment of our rights, our independence! O that that hour may come, and that right speedily, when I may again be restored to my family!"

I note—with pardonable pride, I trust—that when but twenty-six years old he decided, like other Northern-born men who lived in the South at the outbreak of the war, to take the Southern side of the controversy, which their consciences dictated was right. I have heard how his father suffered during those four terrible years, torn with conflicting emotions, proud of his son and his record as a soldier, cherishing and preserving whatever the newspapers reported of him. Being nearly related through his wife—Miss Mayo, of Virginia—to Gen. Winfield Scott, commander of the U. S. army in the beginning, and also connected with the King family, of New York, both James G. and Charles King having married aunts of Gen. Gracie—James G. King one of the most influential members of Congress and his brother, John A. King, the Governor of New York state—he would have had exceptional advantages for promotion, while he had nothing to expect from the South. He was even a stranger in the South, having lived there only two years; and his being Northern-born made against his more rapid promotion. He might have gone to Europe, where he was educated and had many friends.

It is a matter of record that Gen. Gracie never asked his men to go where he did not lead. No one deprecated the war more than he, and no man had been more loyal to his country. He sacrificed for the South all he had, even his life.

The following is a letter found among Gen. Gracie's effects, which he undoubtedly treasured as showing his father's approval of his course:

NEW YORK, November 30, 1860.

"My Dear Son: I have read with interest yours of the 23d, and it seems to me that you have managed our business with excellent judgment. I do not think that it would have been better managed if I had been with you. You have given entire satisfaction to all interested, and I do not feel as if I were wanted in Mobile. I can do the house more good by remaining here; still, if you write me that you want me, I will join you. . . .

"Your course in military matters meets my entire approval; and, holding a commission in the Alabama Volunteers, you could not do otherwise than yield to the call requesting Capt. Ledbetter and yourself to go to Montgomery. It is a great compliment to you to have been selected and to have been associated with Capt. Ledbetter. I feel confident that, whatever situation you may be placed in, you will do your duty in a way creditable to yourself and to your name; and, although I can not believe that there will be bloodshed, it is right to be prepared for any emergency. . . .

"I am, my dear son, your devoted father,

"ARCH GRACIE."

On my way to the scene of the fortifications and trenches east of Petersburg I stopped to see the celebrated old Blandford Church, of which nothing now remains save the bare walls and clinging vines—a most romantic and picturesque ruin. It is the "Gretna Green" of the Old Dominion, where many romantic marriages occurred. Bishop Meade records that Archibald Gracie was one of its trustees. If ever the

dead could anywhere have been awakened from their slumbers by the noise and power of man, it was here among these solemnly silent surroundings.

The slopes of this hill and its connecting links formed the last barrier-lines of the Confederates driven to bay, the Federals occupying the opposite chain of hills, the ravine between the armies. It was here, on June 15-17, that Beauregard, having no entrenchments and with but ten thousand men, opposed successfully Grant's army of ninety thousand, beating them back, killing and wounding more of the enemy than his own entire force numbered. However, he was finally forced to give way in the unequal contest, and a break in the lines occurred which would have been irreparable but for the timely arrival of Gen. Gracie with his Alabama brigade, which promptly sprang into the breach and changed the tide of defeat into a victory, wherein they captured two thousand prisoners; and, as Gen. Beauregard told me (and his written account states), my father's command on that day saved Petersburg and Richmond from capture. The rest of Gen. Lee's army, having crossed to the south side of James River, came up during the night and occupied the lines.

From June 18, 1864, to March 15, 1865, these lines of battle and formidable forts confronted each other, with armed men and artillery engaged in a nearly nine months' duel, day and night, of constant, ceaseless battle. The earth was torn up to make habitations for the living. They mined and countermined, fighting each other under ground as well as above it. In subterranean chambers, standing half erect, working with pick and shovel, they heard each other approaching, and as the cannon on the fortifications above them thundered, the earth shook, and they expected to be engulfed.

The terrible tragedy known as the "crater" fight and "Burnside's mine" occurred at daylight on the morning of July 30, 1864. A few days previous the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment of Gracie's Brigade had moved out of that part of the trenches where the explosion occurred and another regiment of South Carolina soldiers, which had replaced it, was blown into the air by the artificial earthquake, which formed an enormous pit of death for hundreds of men and inaugurated a battle in which over seven thousand were killed and wounded. A pair of candlesticks in the form of monuments, made by an Alabama soldier from the clay thrown up at the mine, was presented by Gen. Gracie to Mrs. William Cameron, at whose house, in Petersburg, he was often a guest. One of these candlesticks she gave to me, which has an inscription thereon: "On the 30th of July the Yanks undermined our works at Petersburg, Va. At half-past five in the morning they put fire to the fuse, and we went up. They charged our lines and kept them till evening, when we drove them out with a loss to them of four thousand, mostly negroes."

The point where the line of trenches crossed the Norfolk railroad—the nearest point between the hostile lines about one hundred feet—was known as "Gracie's Mortar-Hell." "The pump which stood on the railroad had frequently to be repaired one or twice a day, in consequence of the rough treatment which it received from exploding shells; and the ground in that vicinity, from the same cause, resembled very much a potato-patch freshly hilled up." ("History of the Six-

tietin Alabama Regiment," by Lewellyn A. Shaver. This spot is where Gen. Gracie was killed. It was for some years fenced about to mark the place. At this point I told my polite guide that I was Gen. Gracie's son, when he took a renewed interest in the subject. He said he "lived in that house," pointing to one in the distance, and as a boy he delivered the newspapers every morning to Gen. Gracie. He pointed out the way my father took in approaching the lines just before he was killed, and how he came down the slope in the open, and not through the way that was covered for protection. A dispatch had shortly before been handed to him, granting leave of absence to visit his wife and daughter, the latter born the day before in Richmond. Instead of going immediately, he went into the fight, and, with glass in hand, was inspecting the enemy's works when, the upper portion of his head being exposed, he was instantly killed by the explosion of a shell. By the same explosion Capt. Hughes and Private Norwood, of his old regiment, the Forty-third Alabama, were also killed.

GEN. GRACIE SHIELDED GEN. LEE.

A short time before Gen. Gracie's death Gen. Lee was reviewing the lines, and while on Gen. Gracie's front he very imprudently thrust his head above the parapet and commenced inspecting the enemy's works. This was one of the most dangerous portions of the lines, being known as "Gracie's H—," and was the nearest point between the opposing armies, a distance of some hundred feet. A young man was killed here but a few days previous while looking through a port-hole. He had received a sixty days' furlough, on account of a severe wound, and, previous to starting home, he had gone out to see some of his friends on the line. He bade all his friends good-by, and was just returning to Petersburg, when he suddenly turned around, remarking in a jovial manner: "I must take a look at my friends over the way before I go." He put his eye to a port-hole near by, and had hardly done so when a bullet came through, killing him instantly. It was near this same spot that Gen. Lee was now so imprudently exposing himself. His officers stood horrified, expecting every moment to see him killed. Finding all entreaties to be in vain, Gen. Gracie jumped up and interposed himself between his commanding general and the enemy. Gen. Lee remarked immediately: "Why, Gracie, you will certainly be killed." Gen. Gracie replied: "It is better, General, that I should be killed than you. When you get down, I will." Gen. Lee smiled, and got down, followed by Gen. Gracie. This incident is related in verse by Dr. F. O. Tichnor, and is in his collection of poems. It is headed, "Gracie, of Alabama," and dedicated to Gen. R. H. Chilton:

On sons of mighty stature,
And souls that match the best,
When nations name their jewels,
Let Alabama rest.

Gracie, of Alabama!
'Twas on that dreadful day,
When hurtling hounds were fiercest
With Petersburg at bay,

Gracie, of Alabama,
Walked down the lines with Lee,
Marking, through mists of gunshot,
The clouds of enemy;

Scanning the Anaconda
At every scale and joint,
And halting, glasses leveled,
At gaze on "Dead Man's Point."

Thrice Alabama's warning
Fell on a heedless ear,
While the relentless lead-storm,
Conveying, hurtled near;

Till straight before his chieftain,
Without a sound or sign,
He stood, a shield the grandest
Against the Union line.

And then the glass was lowered,
And voice that faltered not
Said in its measured cadence:
"Why, Gracie, you'll be shot!"

And Alabama answered:
"The South will pardon me
If the ball that goes through Gracie
Comes short of Robert Lee."

Swept a swift flash of crimson
Athwart the chieftain's cheek,
And the eyes whose glance was knighthood
Spake as no king could speak.

And side by side with Gracie
He turned from shot and flame;
Side by side with Gracie
Up the grand aisle of fame.

In October, 1864, an application was addressed to Gen. Bragg, with a request signed by friends of Gen. Gracie, requesting his promotion as a major-general. At the time of his death it was on file in the office of Adj.-Gen. Cooper, and on it was the opinion of Gens. Beauregard and Johnston that "he had no superior of his rank in the army."

When only thirty years of age he was in command of a division.

Resolutions were sent to his family by the officers and men of Gen. Bushrod Johnson's Division, of which he was in command. The division was composed of Gracie's Alabama Brigade and Johnson's Tennessee Brigade. The resolutions are as follows:

"GRACIE'S BRIGADE, IN THE TRENCHES NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., December 7, 1864.

"At a meeting of the regimental officers and men of the brigade, called for the purpose of expressing their sentiment in regard to the death of Brig.-Gen. Gracie, on motion of Col. Stansel, Maj. H. Cook (Sixtieth Alabama) was called to the chair and Adj. Hall (Fifty-ninth Alabama) was appointed Secretary and the following committee was appointed to draft resolutions, viz.: Lieut.-Col. D. S. Troy (Sixtieth Alabama), Lieut.-Col. Jolly (Forty-third Alabama), Maj. N. Stallworth (Twenty-third Alabama Battalion), Capt. H. H. Sengstak, A. I. G. Capt. J. M. Jeffries (Forty-first Alabama), Capt. R. F. Manly (Fifty-ninth Alabama). On motion of Lieut.-Col. Troy, Col. M. L. Stansel, commanding brigade, was added to the committee as its chairman. After a short retirement the committee presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Our beloved commander, Brig.-Gen. Archibald Gracie, Jr., has fallen by the hand of the enemy while in the discharge of his duty. At the first signs of danger to his country he offered his services to its cause, though in so doing he had to rend family ties the most tender and affectionate in their nature. He devoted

all his energies and his faculties to the good of his country, to the strictest and most successful performance of his duty. He was a brave and excellent soldier, a fond husband and father, a devoted son and brother, a sincere friend. Without selfishness and without any trait to detract from a noble nature, he was always anxious for the safety and comfort of his men, always ready to apologize for any offense he might have unwittingly given. He sacrificed his own pleasure for that of his friends. A member of the Church, a consistent Christian, he possessed the confidence and love of the officers and men of his command and the high esteem of his commanders. Therefore,

"Resolved, That his noble example shall continue to live in our memories and never cease to exert its beneficial influence on our actions; it shall cheer us on in our endeavors to do our duty to God, our country, and our fellow men.

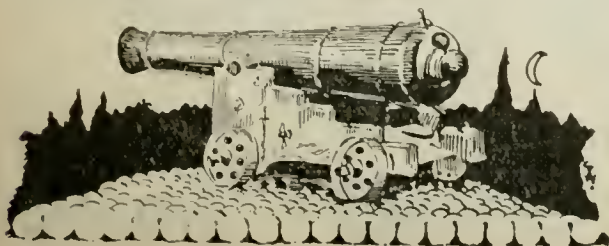
"On motion of Lieut.-Col. Jolly, it was resolved that the papers in Richmond, the *Petersburg Express*, the *Mobile*, *Montgomery*, and *Selma*, Ala., papers be requested to publish these proceedings, and that they be spread upon the brigade order-book.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

"JOHNSON'S BRIGADE, CHAFFIN'S FARM, DEPARTMENT OF RICHMOND, December 3, 1864.

"On hearing of the death of Brig.-Gen. A. Gracie, Jr., of Mobile, Ala., from the explosion of a hostile shell, while he was inspecting his lines in front of Petersburg yesterday (December 2, 1864), this brigade having been temporarily under his command at Petersburg, we, the undersigned, on behalf of the officers and men of Johnson's old brigade, desire to express our appreciation of the deceased. It is with much pain that we realize the hand of Providence in the demise of so gallant an officer, one whose coolness and courage had on so many occasions made him prominent, whose gallantry and intelligence had won so proud a place in the hearts of his followers, and who had so often elicited their admiration. In the hottest portion of the field, where his men were falling thickest and the missiles of death were shrieking for victims, he was there, joining in the carnage, dealing heavy blows upon his adversary, and encouraging his brave 'Alabama boys' forward. He was ever on the alert and ready to meet the foe, leading his men. We deplore this loss, and join with the members of his brigade in sympathy for his bereaved family.

"Signed: John M. Hughes, Colonel Commanding Johnson's Brigade; Horace Ready, Colonel Commanding Seventeenth and Twenty-third Tennessee Regiments; A. A. Blair, Captain Commanding Sixty-third Tennessee Regiment; J. E. Spencer, Captain Commanding Forty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiments; R. B. Snowden, Lieutenant-Colonel Twenty-fifth Tennessee Regiment."



MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. C. V.

Col. J. L. Power reports the meeting at Jackson:

The eighth annual session of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., was held at Jackson on the 10th, Gen. William D. Holder presiding, S. B. Watts, Adjutant-General, and most of the staff being present. The attendance was small, only about a dozen camps represented; but it was one of the best business sessions yet held. The report of the Adjutant-General shows that several dormant camps have been revived, and several that have been careless about making reports and paying per capita are now in good standing. We have about four thousand enrolled in this division, and yet the reports received at division headquarters do not aggregate more than twelve hundred. This is the result of camps being permitted to report direct to Gen. Moorman instead of through the Adjutant-General of this division. As the efficiency and life of the Grand Camp depends upon the state divisions, the latter should be strengthened by the observance of rules that recognize their interdependent relations. No new camp should be organized in Mississippi, or in any other state division, without the knowledge or approval of the division officers.

The matter of pensions was quite freely discussed. There is no Confederate soldiers' home in Mississippi, the Legislature having twice refused to establish one; but the annual appropriation for pensions is \$75,000. This gives less than \$20 a year to each beneficiary. The list increases annually, notwithstanding repeated purgings. A committee suggested several amendments to the form of application, so that the fund shall be distributed only to the destitute Confederates, their widows, or the servants of soldiers or sailors who served through the war.

The division ordered that the Legislature be again memorialized to provide for the completion and preservation of the records of Mississippi troops. There is much valuable material that would be contributed if some one was authorized to collect and put it in shape.

A delightful entertainment of music, recitations, etc., by the Daughters of the Confederacy, followed the business sessions, and this was succeeded by an elegant and bountiful lunch, furnished by the ladies of Jackson, the members of Grand Lodge Knights and Ladies of Honor being among the invited guests.

The next meeting of the Mississippi Division will be at Atlanta, on the day preceding the next annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

W. J. Whitthorne, Company H, First Tennessee Infantry, Columbia, Tenn.:

After the death of my brother, Gen. W. C. Whitthorne, a note was found in his papers requesting me to find and return to the proper owner a small gold ring and gold locket which were handed to him on the battle-field of Chickamauga by young Henry Walthrop, of Kosciusko, Miss. The locket contains the picture of one of the loveliest faces I ever saw, that of a young lady apparently about eighteen years of age. My brother was Adjutant General of Tennessee, but at Chickamauga was acting as aid upon the staff of Gen. Hardee. Previous efforts to find out anything about young Walthrop have failed, and I earnestly appeal to readers of the *VETERAN* to aid me in discovering him or his relatives.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

(Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH.)

Address: Box 397, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

During the past month the work of the organization has progressed very satisfactorily. The several departments have been thoroughly organized and the staffs of their Commanders appointed and set to work. Some of the states, not having the requisite number of camps, in accordance with the constitution, have had Commanders appointed for them. Thus the various positions are filled, and everything ready for an active campaign for the establishment of camps during the fall and winter months.

The following is the staff appointed by Mr. Robert C. Norfleet, Winston, N. C., commanding the Army of Northern Virginia Department: Garland E. Webb, Winston, N. C., Adjutant-General, Chief of Staff; C. C. Stanley, Columbia, S. C., Quartermaster-General; Edward F. Parker, M.D., Charleston, S. C., Surgeon-General; R. C. H. Covington, Richmond, Ky., Inspector-General; Junius Davis, Jr., Wilmington, N. C., Commissary-General; Rev. T. P. Epps, Blackstone, Va., Chaplain-General; Minitree Folkes, Richmond, Va., Judge Advocate General.

The only two divisions in this department having sufficient number of camps to elect their State Commanders are Virginia and South Carolina. Mr. R. S. B. Smith, Berryville, Va., is Commander of the Virginia Division. The list of his staff has not yet been published.

Mr. M. L. Bonham, Anderson, S. C., is the Commander of the South Carolina Division. This division is the only one in the association which is thoroughly organized. The division held a meeting on the 30th of December, 1896, and their second reunion will be held in Greenville, S. C., on the 25th of August. It is expected that several new camps will join at this reunion. The following is the staff of Commander Bonham: H. H. Watkins, Anderson, Adjutant-General; Julian L. Wells, Charleston, Inspector-General; W. A. Hunt, Greenville, Quartermaster-General; T. T. Talley, Columbia, Commissary-General; D. L. Smith, Mt. Pleasant, Judge Advocate General; James H. McIntosh, M.D., Newberry, Surgeon-General; Rev. J. W. C. Johnson, Rock Hill, Chaplain-General; F. W. McKerrall, Marion, Aid; A. S. Thompkins, Edgefield, Aid.

The division is divided into three brigades, each composed of an equal number of counties. The following are the Commanders of the brigades: F. H. McMaster,

Charleston, Commander First Brigade; Frank Weston, Columbia, Commander Second Brigade; F. F. Capers, Greenville, Commander Third Brigade.

Upon the recommendation of Mr. Robert C. Norfleet, the Commander of the department, the following gentlemen have been appointed to command their respective divisions: Dr. Charles A. Bland, Charlotte, North Carolina Division; Mr. R. C. P. Thomas, Bowling Green, Kentucky Division.

As yet the organization has been unable to enter Maryland, but it is expected that very soon there will be a camp in Baltimore.

Mr. T. Leigh Thompson, Lewisburg, Tenn., commands the Army of Tennessee Department. The staff of this officer has not yet been appointed. Upon his recommendation the following have been appointed to command the divisions of the department: T. L. Hardeman, Macon, Georgia Division; S. O. Le Blanc, Plaquemine, Louisiana Division; P. H. Mell, Auburn, Alabama Division.

Both Georgia and Alabama have but one camp each, so that their Commanders will have to go to work at once in their states. Tennessee has six camps, members of the United Sons, and they will organize the division very soon.

The Transmississippi Department is commanded by Mr. W. C. Saunders, Belton, Tex. The following is a list of his staff: J. Hall Bowman, Belton, Tex., Adjutant-General, Chief of Staff; Lee M. Whitsitt, Fort Worth, Tex., Quartermaster-General; Dr. W. T. Davidson, Jr., Belton, Tex., Surgeon-General; Maury Spencer, Galveston, Tex., Inspector-General; W. D. Cole, Jr., Conway, Ark., Commissary-General; James K. Blair, Pinos Altos, N. Mex., Chaplain-General; Carlos Bee, San Antonio, Tex., Judge Advocate General.

This department covers a large field, and there is but one camp in the entire department, and that is the one at Belton, Tex. Mr. Saunders, however, has gone to work with great zeal, and reports that very shortly he will forward applications from some half-dozen or more camps in his department.

Thus, while the actual number of camps in the organization has not been increased during the past month, all its departments have been well organized and placed on a good basis, and we expect in the next issue of the VETERAN to give the names of a large number of new camps. In the list of camps in the July issue the following camp was inadvertently omitted: No. 37, Camp James H. Lewis, Lewisburg, Tenn.

Charleston, S. C., has the honor of being the only city having two camps of Sons of Veterans. On July 30 Camp Henry Buist, Sons of Confederate Veterans,



was organized in that city with forty charter members. The organization has not been perfected, and so their application for membership in the United Sons has not been filed. Before this issue is in print, however, this camp will be a duly constituted member of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

With reference to the organizing of camps of Sons of Veterans, we desire to suggest a plan whereby camps can easily be formed in nearly all the cities of the South. Certainly one thousand camps can be organized immediately. In the July issue a valuable list of the one thousand camps of the United Confederate Veterans, with the names of the officers of each camp, was published. If one or two active Sons in each of these towns where there is a Veteran camp will consult the Adjutant of the camp, he can secure the names of the members of this camp. A letter sent to the sons of these men, asking them to meet at a certain place and time, for the purpose of forming a camp, will, we feel sure, meet with a prompt response. The Veteran camp being already established will make it easy for the Sons to get the record of their ancestors to file with their own camp. This makes it very easy to organize, as the eligibility of applicants is readily proved. As soon as the motion to form a camp is made a constitution should be adopted. In this matter again the help of the Veteran camp can be asked, for their constitution can be copied, with very few changes. After this the officers should be elected and application should be made to the headquarters of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at Charleston, S. C., for a charter. This should be mailed immediately, and on its receipt the charter will be issued and the camp will be a duly constituted member of the united organization. In this way any camp can be organized within a week's time, if some young man in each town will only undertake the work.

Surely the sons of those who wore the gray and who suffered and fought so long and so hard for their country should wish to preserve the records of their noble deeds. Unless the sons organize camps now, when they can learn from the lips of the veterans the history of those scenes, a great deal of valuable information will be lost. The sons should organize camps at once and keep a close touch with the veterans, in order to learn the many unwritten stories of the great struggle, which, when collected together, will make valuable history of our great South.

We earnestly trust that this appeal will meet with a cordial response from many sons, and that during the next month active work will be done by them. In this connection we would say that any suggestions needed or any information desired will be promptly and gladly furnished from the headquarters of the organization, Charleston, S. C. We trust, therefore, that any one will feel free to write for any information concerning the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

THE LATE GEN. MCGOWAN.

In the death of Gen. Samuel McGowan, of Abbeville, S. C., the Palmetto State loses one of her most distinguished sons. He was for more than a decade a Justice of the Supreme Court of the state, and was generally admired and respected. He went to Abbeville when a young man, and engaged in the practise of law. He started out poor, but was successful in his

profession and rose rapidly to eminence. He enlisted in the army at the beginning of the Mexican war, and was made quartermaster, with the rank of captain, in a South Carolina volunteer regiment. He made a fine record as a soldier, and when war was declared between the North and South he entered the army of the Confederacy. He rose to the rank of brigadier-general. His career as a soldier was brilliant. He was with the Army of Virginia in its many battles, and distinguished himself for courage and gallantry.

In the practise of law Judge McGowan was equally successful. His reputation for integrity and ability soon landed him on the supreme bench, where for a number of years he served with honor and credit, but he retired when the Tillman party gained control of state affairs. Gen. McGowan was eighty years old.

A committee comprised of J. M. Allen and W. J. Courtney, for the Thomas M. Carty Camp, Liberty, Mo., publish resolutions in honor of Comrade George W. Hayes, who died July 1, 1897. He was one of the first to assist in the organization of the ex-Confederate Association of Clay County, and was always ready to perform any duty assigned him. He was a brave and patriotic soldier, a tried and true comrade, and was always willing to extend all the assistance possible to distressed Confederate soldiers, their widows and orphans, as well as to persons of his neighborhood.

T. A. Head, Buffalo Valley, Tenn.: "A most remarkable wound was inflicted upon a Confederate soldier by Yankee bullets during the great war. Corporal H. I. Hughes, of Company F, Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment, was in the opening attack at Perryville, when Donelson's brigade of Tennesseans was making a charge at the extreme right of the Confederate line. The brigade was subjected to a fearful cross-fire, both of infantry and artillery. In the midst of the charge, while our men were giving the old Rebel yell to perfection, this man Hughes received a wound in the mouth which broke out all of his lower teeth. When taken from the field it was found that he had been hit in the mouth by two bullets at a cross-fire. They had met in his mouth and each ranged with the teeth of the lower jaw, lodging one on each side of his neck. His face was not marked on the outside."

R. H. Rogers, Plantersville, Miss., seeks information in regard to four soldiers that were buried about a quarter of a mile north of that little town, which was then in Itawamba County, and about fifty yards west of the public road leading to Tupelo. It is thought they were buried there when Gen. Bragg's army was captured at Tupelo, in 1862. Plantersville is about seven miles southeast of Tupelo. The citizens of that community have taken up the Confederate dead at this place, put them in new cases, and interred them by the side of other unknown Confederates in the Union Cemetery.

Comrade Ridley ascertains that that part of his article in the VETERAN for June, entitled, "The Old General and the Little Pony," relating to Joe Malone contains errors. Upon investigation he finds that Mr. Malone was not a detective, but a regular soldier, and that he did not escape on a hand-car. This statement is cheerfully made in justice to Mr. Malone, who is yet living.

ORIGIN OF THE "CONQUERED BANNER."

Perhaps no poem ever touched and thrilled the hearts of the people of the South as did the "Conquered Banner," by Father Ryan. It came from the heart of the poet at the time when the Southland stood in grief and in untold sorrow. Though his face wore a serious and almost sad aspect, he dearly loved to gather children about him, as he seldom spoke to older people. He always held that little children were angels and walked with God, and that it was a privilege for a priest to raise his hand and give spotless childhood a blessing, writes "Aquila," in the *Colorado Catholic*.

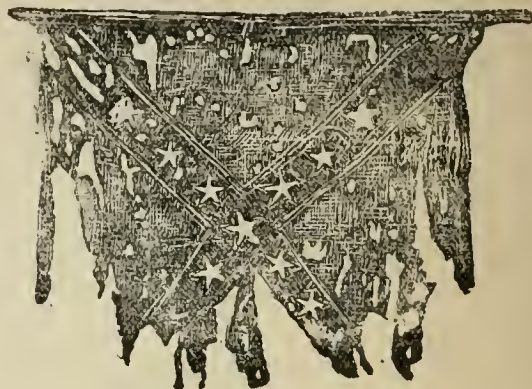
It was several years ago that "Aquila" met with a young lady from the South, who related to him the following beautiful and touching incident in the poet's life. The little story is as follows:

"One Christmas—I was then a little girl," says the young lady—"I came to Father Ryan with a book-mark, a pretty little scroll of the 'Conquered Banner,' and begged him to accept it. I can never forget how his lips quivered as he placed his hands upon my head and said (a little kindly remembrance touched him so): 'Call your little sisters, and I will tell them a story about this picture. Do you know, my children,' he said as we gathered about his knee, 'that the "Conquered Banner" is a great poem? I never thought it so,' he continued in that dreamy, far-off way so peculiarly his own; 'but a poor woman who did not have much education, but whose heart was filled with love for the South, thought so, and if it had not been for her this poem would have been swept out of the house and burned up, and I would never have had this pretty book-mark or this true story to tell you.'

"'O you are going to tell us how you came to write the "Conquered Banner!"' I cried, all interest and excitement.

"'Yes,' he answered, 'and I am going to tell you how a woman was the medium of its publication.' Then a shadow passed over his face, a dreamy shadow that was always there when he spoke of the lost cause, and he continued: 'I was in Knoxville when the news came that Gen. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Court-House. It was night, and I was sitting in my

room in a house where many of the regiment of which I was chaplain were quartered, when an old comrade came in and said to me: "All is lost; Gen. Lee has surrendered." I looked at him. I knew by his whitened



THE "CONQUERED BANNER."

face that the news was too true. I simply said, "Leave me," and he went out of the room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them. That banner was conquered; its folds must be furled, but its story had to be told. We were very poor, my dear little children, in the days of the war. I looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that cried out within me. All that I could find was a piece of brown wrapping-paper that lay on the table about an old pair of shoes that a friend sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote the "Conquered Banner." Then I went to bed,



leaving the lines there upon the table. The next morning the regiment was ordered away, and I thought no more of the lines written in such sorrow and desolation of spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them appear above my name in a Louisville paper! The poor woman who kept the house in Knoxville had gone, as she afterward told me, into the room to throw the piece of paper into the fire, when she saw that there was something written upon it. She said that she sat down and cried, and, copying the lines, she sent them to a newspaper in Louisville. And that was how the "Conquered Banner" got into print. That is the story of this pretty little scroll you have painted for me.

"'When I get to be a woman,' I said, 'I am going to write that story.'

"'Are you?' he answered. 'Ah! it is dangerous to be a writer, especially for women; but if you are determined, let me give you a name,' and he wrote on a piece of paper 'Zona.' 'It is an Indian name,' he said



in explanation, 'and it means a snowbird—to keep your white wings unsullied. A woman should always be pure, and every mother should teach her boys to look upon a woman as they would upon an altar.'

Thus was the incident related to me by my Southern friend. Many and many a time in the hurry and bustle of the noisy world the words of the gentle poet-priest came back to me, and in writing this little sketch of how it was through a woman's thoughtfulness that the great Southern epic was given to the world I can not refrain from repeating this little talk, which was the outgrowth of this story, and which might prove a help and a benediction in many a woman's life.

No inspiring column marks the spot where the priest, patriot, and poet is sleeping, but his words still live in the hearts of the people, and the regard, the respect, the high esteem he held for woman bespeaks the purity of his soul.

Rest there, saddest, tenderest, most spiritual poet heart that has sought our hearts and breathed in them a music that the lapse of years can not still, sleep and rest on! The visions that came to the mind of the priest as he "walked down the valley of silence, down the dim, voiceless valley alone," are living on, for they are prayers.

Upon reading this account of the origin of the "Conquered Banner," Mrs. J. William Jones (wife of our Chaplain-General, and a devoted Confederate from that day in the early spring of 1861 when she buckled her husband's armor upon him and sent him to the front down to the present day) has written the following lines:

HOW FATHER RYAN'S CONQUERED BANNER WAS RESCUED FROM OBLIVION.

He shared their every hardship, as he did their hopes and joys, Inspiring faith and courage as he cheered those ragged boys, Our soldier-priest and poet stood unflinching at his post, Till the news of Lee's surrender told the story: "All is lost."

He could bare his breast to bayonet, be torn with shot and shell; With victorious, tattered banner, he could bleed and die so well, But when those dreadful words, "All lost," broke o'er him like a flood, His very heart seemed weeping, and his tears all stained with blood.

How illy could he bear it all, so sudden was the blight, But for the poet's genius, which filled his soul with light. He sought in vain material his burning words to give To future generations, and to hearts where he would live.

A crushed brown paper on the floor served then his purpose well, For though it seemed a conquered cause, he must its story tell. He wrote it out and fell asleep; next morn thought of it not, New troubles filled the poet's heart, his poem was forgot.

The morning dawned; that broken priest, but soldier nevermore, Was gone, but left, all blurred with tears, that paper on the floor. A woman, loving well our cause, found, and its folds unfurled, The "Conquered Banner," and it floats unconquered to the world.

At last he bivouacs in peace; no monument stands guard To point us where the poet-priest sleeps sweetly 'neath the sod. His glorious rhythmic poems rare a monument will stand; He was its architect, and built both gracefully and grand. Miller School, Va., August 9, 1897.

THE POEM AS IT WAS WRITTEN.

The "Conquered Banner" has been frequently published and recited, and is familiar to all, and yet we deem it appropriate that we should reproduce it in connection with the beautiful story of its origin:

Furl that banner! for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping, dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best:
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
O, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner! furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like their's entwined dis sever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And, O, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.
Furl that banner! softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE VETERAN WANTED

The following numbers of the VETERAN are needed to fill out volumes on hand, and those who can supply them will be credited one month on subscription for each copy sent. Remember that only copies in good condition are wanted:

1893—January, February, March, April, May, June.

1894—January, February, March, June.

1895—December.

1896—January, February, March, August, September.

1897—February.

THE GRAVE OF A SOUTHERN SOLDIER.

BY JOHN KNOWLES BISHOP.

[The following pathetic story was told to the author by an old darkey who was a slave during the civil war. The young Confederate soldier was his master. While relating this event in his own life the old man was deeply moved:]

A gentleman was passing by
An old farmyard one time—
'Twas on a verdant mountain high
In Georgia's sunny clime.

While strolling thus, absorbed in
thought,
He saw a faithful slave
Standing near a marble slab
Which marked his master's grave.

The old man saw him drawing near,
And made a graceful bow.
"My dear old friend, why stand'st thou
here?
Thy heart is sad, I trow."

He lifted up his hoary head,
A tear coursed down his face.
"O gent'man, sah, ain't yo' dun hea'
De his'try ob dis place?"

'Twuz on dis spot, long time ago,
One pleasant summah day,
De Yankees shot po' Massa Joe,
En dis am whar he lay.

Yo' see Mars Joe wuz comin' home
To see his maw and paw,
'Cause he be'n fightin' fo' de Souf
Since fust de 'gin de wah.

W'ile he wuz wa'kin' lazy like,
His face towa'ds de groun',
He thought he heare'd de bushes crack,
En' tu' nin, looked aroun'.

Law bless ma soul! w'at he see den
Among dem cedah trees
Wuz 'nough to meck de blood ob e'en
De bravest sojer freeze.

De Yankees swaumed all th'ough de
woods,
Like bees aroun' de hive;
W'ere e'er you'd look a sojer stood—
De place wuz jes alive.

Po' massa dun fell in a trap,
But 'twasn' none his fault;
He did'n' see no Yankees dere
Till some one called out: 'Halt!'

'Good mawnin', gents!' Mars Joe den
say,
W'ile passin' by de ranks.
Den he tu'ned en' run'd away—
Close 'hind 'im run'd de Yanks.

Da run'd en' yelled en' shot at him,
But he did'n' min' none dat.
De bullets went all th'ough his coat,
En' one tuck off his hat.

He run'd right straight on pas' his
doo—
He knew to stop meant deaf—
But jes' ez he got neah de woods
He fell, all out'er breafe.

Quick ez a thought da had 'im bound,
En led 'im pas' his dooh.
He looked so sorry at his home
He neber saw no mo'.

Den come his pooh ole feeble maw
To beg fo' his release:
But dey jes' tole 'er he mus' die,
His noble life mus' cease.

Pooch massa hear, den tu'ned en' say:
'Den, men, ef I mus' die,
Release me from dese cruel bonds,
En' please mah hands untie.

Yo' all well knows de Southe'n men
Will fight yo', one en' all.
Gib me a swo'd, no murder's noose;
W'ile fightin' let me fall.

Dey only laugh en shake dey heads.
'No, Reb, yo' knell am rung.
Yo' hab yo' choice: will yo' be shot?
Or maybe yo'll be hung?

'No sahs; ef I'm to lose ma life,
I choose a sojer's deaf.
Long lib de Souf! I'll always cry,
E'en wid mah dyin' breafe.'

Dey led 'im to dat big ole tree.
Po' massa called me dere.
'Good-bye, ole Sam; gib lub to maw.
I place 'er in yo' care.'

Jes' den de cap'n called out, 'Load!'
Den, 'Aim!' en 'Fire!' he cried.
An awful bang—de smoke clar'd off,
En' dar's w'ere massa died."

He pointed to the little grave
Beneath the sad old oak.
'It wuzn't long 'fo' missus died;
Her po' ole heart wuz broke."

The man was silent for awhile;
He seemed absorbed in thought.
His mind went back to scenes of war,
Of battles he had fought.

"I feel much touched," at length he said,
"And all you say is true.
O God forgive me for that sin!
I led those boys in blue."

THREE GREAT PATRIOTIC MEETINGS.

Three great meetings occur this Fall in the North: The G. A. R. Encampment, Buffalo, August 23 to 28; the Sons of Veterans Encampment, Indianapolis, September 9 to 11; and the Union Veteran Legion, Columbus, O., Sept. 21 to 24.

The Queen and Crescent Route is the official line to Buffalo and the most convenient route to all three cities. Its vestibuled trains run from Chattanooga to Cincinnati solid, on fast schedules, *via* the short line over the most perfectly equipped road-bed.

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A NEW BOOK.

"Southern Survivors of the Civil War—from Generals to Privates." Edited by Eugene L. Didier.

The American Press Company, of Baltimore, Md., proposes to collect in permanent form the names, rank, branch of service, and present homes and occupations of those who wore the gray. It will be a monument to the living heroes of the lost cause, and all who love the South and honor its heroes should subscribe to this publication.

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Write to C. A. Benseoter, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, Chattanooga, Tenn., for a copy of this folder.

POPULAR STORY OF THE WAR.

Capt. James Dinkins's new book is thus referred to by Rev. Dr. Joseph E. Martin, of Jackson, Tenn.:

I have just finished reading a new book, written by an old "Johnnie," with the title "Personal Recollections and Experiences in the Confederate Army," a most delightful and fascinating story well told. The author begins with his boy life in the Army of Northern Virginia, and his experience is exactly my own and every other boy's who left home and suffered from homesickness and the awful scenes ere he hardened into a soldier. The book does not deal with discussions of places of battles, nor does it try to account for any failures when victory seemed so certain. Nor does the author attempt any philosophy of the causes of the war. Nor does he become prophetic in his view of the future; but he tells his personal story—the camp, the march, the fight, the humor and the sadness of those heroic days are blended into actual life, and I have never seen a picture of the soldier equal in its painting.

There are descriptions of battles, notably the great battle of Fredericksburg, which brought the whole scene back and made it as fresh as yesterday. There are amusing bits of soldier-boy pranks, such as breaking up the preaching with a dog with a tin can tied to his tail, and tender bits of sentiment, as the beauty of some fair girl sketched, and there is not a bitter word in the book.

The writer served in Virginia and in Forrest's Command, being only a boy when he enlisted. Ere two years he became a man and reached honorable rank in the army of the Confederate States.

It is a great book for a boy, the best I know of. It will teach what loyalty and bravery mean. Without meaning to do so, the author has written the best book published on either side. Every soldier should read it, and pass it down the line. The price of the book is \$1.50. It will be sent free with five subscribers to the VETERAN.

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Rev. E. C. Faulkner writes from Searcy, Ark.:

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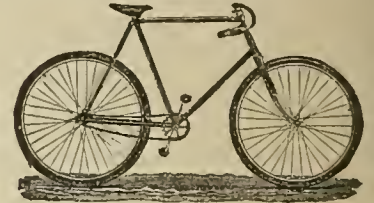
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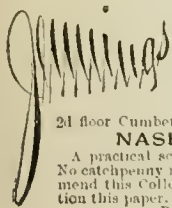
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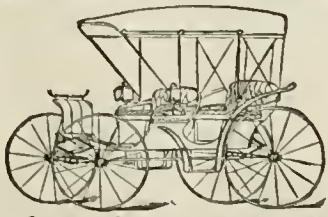
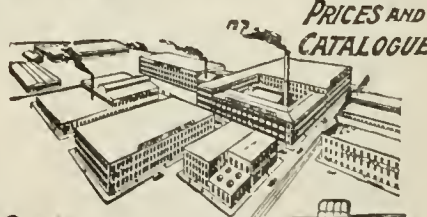
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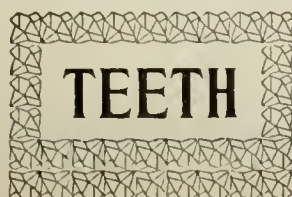
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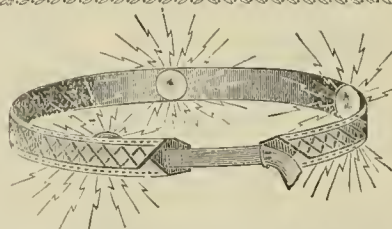
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Visitors to the reunion can have them sent by mail without the trouble to carry home.

The blanks will be filled by expert penmen employed for the purpose, at an additional expense of twenty-five cents. Printed blanks will be supplied for this purpose upon request with stamp inclosed.

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These flags will be a creditable and beautiful exhibit in any collection, the print being on gray ground, with border in black scroll, and the "red, white, and red" have the blue field in happy contrast. A historic description of the flags is appended. It will be sent to subscribers renewing with two new names.



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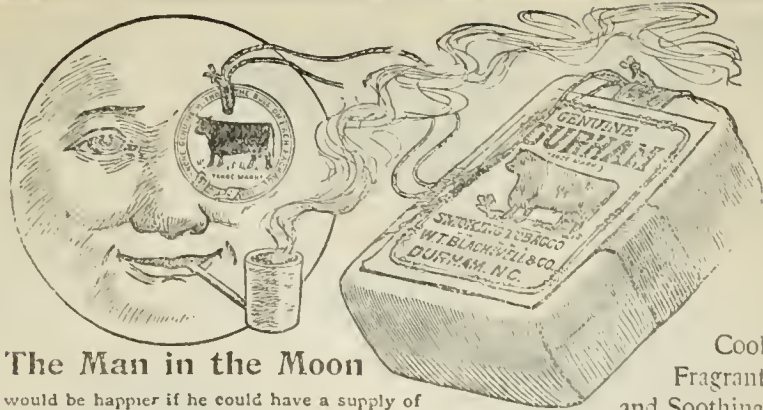
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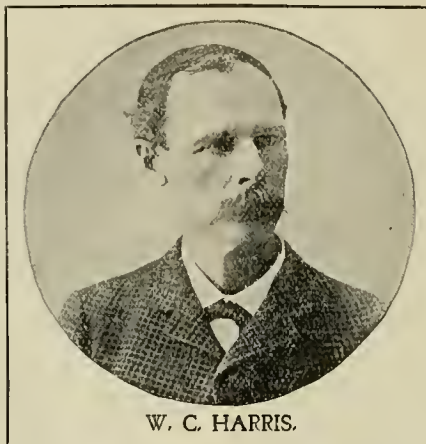
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Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 151,992; '96, 161,332.

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PATRIOTIC SCHOOL HISTORIES.

The report of the History Committee of United Confederate Veterans at Nashville contains the following:

Your committee recognizes that no sectional history is wanted in the schools of this country, and they



GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

desire to have no history taught in the schools of the South but what ought to be taught in the schools of the nation everywhere. They would be more than willing to have the facts taught without comment if such a course were possible. But they protest against the presumption of those historians who teach their own views as God's truth on all doubtful questions, and especially where such teaching is of a nature calculated to alienate the affections of the Southern people from the nation of which they are loyal citizens. The historian must, indeed, endeavor to write the truth as he sees it. Nothing is to be gained by a colorless compromise of opinions about matters as to which the facts may be ascertained. The teacher must also teach what he believes to be true. For that very reason it is not expected that Southern teachers will instruct the children that their fathers were traitors and rebels, and it would be a curse to the nation if they did. The Southern people desire to retain from the wreck in which their constitutional views, their domestic institutions, the mass of their property, and the lives of their best and bravest were lost the knowledge that their conduct was honorable throughout and that their submission at last to overwhelming numbers and resources in no way blackened their motives or established the wrong of the cause for which they fought.

It is not to be expected that those who fought on the

Southern side will admit that they were wrong simply because they were beaten, or that the highest and noblest purposes of their lives are worthy of the execration of mankind. The nation can not afford to have the people of the South lose their self-respect or the future citizens of that large and most promising section of the country brought up without that pride in their ancestors which leads to noble and patriotic action. Those who endeavor to undermine the faith of the Southern youth in their ancestors and to perpetuate teaching in this country which indicts a noble people, an integral part of the nation, for treason and rebellion are the real enemies of the republic, the plotters against its glory and the perpetuation of its liberties. How short-sighted are those who think it contributes to the glory of the Union soldier to make odious the brave men they overcame! Remembering the victories of both, each army is made more glorious by every deed of valor, every act of pure and consecrated heroism exhibited by the other. The soldiers of the Union, having the prestige of success, can afford to be generous in this matter. They have, of all others, most to lose by invoking upon the Southern soldier the condemnation of history.

Your committee is of the opinion that it is desirable that in future no more school histories or historical works of any sort receive their official commendation. They have suggested a list of books for library purposes, useful as material for writing history, with a



MISS ROBERTA DAVIS FARISH,
Sponsor for Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

correct understanding of the motives and feelings of the Southern people before, during, and immediately after the civil war and of the events themselves as they

were understood to be by that people. To this list it may be well to add others from time to time.

In this connection your committee reasserts with pleasure its commendation of the CONFEDERATE VET-



MISS LOUISE BROUSSARD,
Maid of Honor for Louisiana at Nashville Reunion.

ERAN, published at Nashville by Comrade S. A. Cunningham, which is cordially accepted by all fair-minded men as a faithful exponent of facts pertaining to the great war.

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The desire of your committee is to secure such histories as can be read or taught in every part of the Union, with justice toward all, histories that will put an end to prejudice and sectional feeling; and histories designed as Southern histories solely will cease so soon as a broad, catholic, and true historic spirit prevails in current histories for schools and libraries. Until that time Southern teachers will not instruct Southern youth in a way to destroy Southern self-respect and manhood.

The would-be historian who sets out to make a history which will conform to the views or win the commendation of a committee, however patriotic or eminent, is morally unfit to write history or anything else

which undertakes to be true. The proper field for such a writer is romance, and he will do well if his so-called history escapes an excess of the imaginative quality. The only views with which a historian is concerned are those which are the conscientious result of his investigations, free from the color of preconceived opinions.

Your committee therefore concludes that a history gotten up by a committee of educators representing the North and South respectively would be a bleached compromise. They think it best to rely on that true historic talent which is now developing itself both at the North and South to rise gradually above the prejudices of section and to take on that spirit of fairness and truth which will form the essence of true Americanism, a spirit which will tend to consider the good of coming generations of youth in perpetuating American self-respect and manhood, and that Anglo-Saxon spirit which would make them retain a true love of liberty, regardless of consequences.

The fact that people at the North and South are not entirely satisfied with the histories now used in the public schools is evidence that the truth of history is asserting itself in hewing closer to the facts than prejudice would permit. It is expecting too much of the generation which took part in the greatest struggle of modern times to be removed entirely from the passions of the period, but we are gradually approach-



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ered the ruse, and marched rapidly toward Fayetteville and Lovejoy's. McCook continued his march through Fayetteville to Lovejoy's, with Jackson's troopers, consisting of Ross's and Harrison's Brigades, in hot pursuit. At Fayetteville the enemy burned our reserve wagon-train, captured several hundred extra duty men, as also the members of Gen. Stewart's military court—viz., Cols. Campbell, of Mississippi; Ewing, of Tennessee; and Worthington, of Kentucky, all of whom, however, were on the following day recaptured.

Gen. Wheeler, taking in the situation, sent Gen. Iverson in pursuit of Stoneman, going in the direction of Macon; and moved with the remainder of his command—inclusive of Ferguson's Brigade—from Latimer's to the assistance of Jackson, and forcing Gen. Garrard, who was at Flat Rock for the purpose of covering Stoneman's movements, to return to his infantry's left.

Without further pursuing the details of these movements of the enemy's cavalry to destroy our main line of communications—the Macon railroad—and to release at Andersonville thirty-four thousand Federal prisoners to ravage and pillage the country, suffice it to say that Jackson and Wheeler intercepted and turned back McCook at Lovejoy's and, keeping him in the van, surrounded his command two miles south of Newnan, and captured such of them as did not slip through and recross the river. While Iverson, with the aid of Gen. Cobb, succeeded in breaking up Stoneman's command and capturing him and five hundred of his officers and men near Clinton.

On bringing the McCook prisoners into Newnan next (August 1) morning, Gen. Wheeler telegraphed to army headquarters as follows:

We have just completed the killing, capturing, and breaking up of the entire raiding party under Gen. McCook. Some nine hundred and fifty (950) prisoners, two field pieces of artillery, twelve hundred horses, and equipments captured.

And received the following from army headquarters in reply:

ATLANTA, Aug. 1, 1864, 5 P.M.

Major-Gen. Wheeler, Newnan, Ga.

Gen. Iverson telegraphs to Macon that Stoneman, after being routed, surrendered with 500 men to him; that the balance of his command are dispersed and flying through the country.

J. B. Hood, *General*.

Soon thereafter Gen. Jackson received the following:

Atlanta, Aug. 1, 1864, 9:50 P.M.

Brig.-Gen. W. H. Jackson, Commanding, etc., Newnan, Ga.

Stoneman's raiders have come to grief. Stoneman and 500 of his braves surrendered to Gen. Iverson yesterday near Clinton; balance of his command routed and being captured.

J. B. Hood, *General*.

In speaking of these large and splendidly mounted raiding expeditions, Gen. Sherman afterward said: "The damage done by them scarcely compensated for the severe loss sustained by Gens. Stoneman and McCook, amounting to upward of fifteen hundred of their men. Owing to the failure of Gen. Stoneman to concentrate with Gen. McCook at Lovejoy's, the communications with Atlanta were only temporarily interrupted, and the enemy gained a month's respite from their final catastrophe." It was these failures of his cavalry that subsequently determined Gen. Sherman to turn our left with the main body of his infantry, resulting in the battle of Jonesboro and the evacuation of Atlanta.

Does not the foregoing recital of facts, which find their

verification in the "Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies," serial No. 76, pp. 923, 924, 927, 935, 938, and 939; and in "Advance and Retreat," by Gen. J. B. Hood, pp. 193-197, disprove the statement in the purported interview of Col. Adair, that Gen. Hood did not know of Stoneman's raid until "informed by telegrams of a conflict at Macon between Stoneman's raiders and the Confederate forces?"

Gen. Hood, in his "Advance and Retreat," p. 197, says: "Gen. Shoup, in recording these two telegrams (reporting result of the Stoneman and McCook raiders) in his diary, remarks that the 1st day of August deserves to be marked with a white stone."

CONFEDERATE ENCAMPMENT AT PULASKI, VA.

The first annual encampment of the James Breathed Camp, U. C. V., was held at Pulaski on the 25th and 26th inst. Commander James MacGill was in control, and there was no interruption to the well-conceived and splendidly executed program. Of seven hundred people, the womanhood of the county was brilliantly represented.

The proceedings were opened with prayer by Rev. S. T. Martin. He was followed with addresses by Comrades J. R. Miller, Thomas Cecil, Judge Selden Longley, D. S. Pollock, William Wheeler, and James A. Pratt. On the original fife and drum of Company C., Fourth Regiment Virginia Volunteers, some of the veterans executed familiar strains. The day closed with a dress parade, which was reviewed by Gen. G. C. Wharton, and a roll-call, at which eighty-two members responded. The camp-fires were then lighted, and around them gathered the veterans, their wives, sons, and daughters. Coffee was boiled, corn and potatoes roasted in good old Confederate style, and rations distributed. The ladies were assigned to the woman's pavilion, and retired at an early hour; but those rascally old vets, sleeping only upon straw, passed the hours with joke and anecdote, song and story, until the dawn of day.

The program on the 26th was inaugurated with prayer by Rev. J. A. Smith, of Baltimore. There were over one thousand in attendance. Addresses were delivered by George W. Walker, Rev. J. A. Smith, and Walden Jordan. These were followed by the "Old Rebel" being sung by the veterans. Then there was an address on behalf of the Sons and Daughters of Veterans by Walter E. Addison, of Richmond. The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was sung by the Daughters of the Confederacy present.

It is the purpose of the James Breathed Camp to hold an encampment of this nature each year, as this one has proved so signally successful.

J. A. Gammon, of Rome, Ga., thinks the distinction of being the youngest officer belonged to Capt. Edward Gammon, First Regiment (Carter's) Tennessee Cavalry. He was born June 11, 1846, and was killed at Morristown, Tenn., November 16, 1864.

W. H. Tondee, Lumpkin, Ga.: "I have recently gotten possession of a canteen, doubtless the property at one time of a Federal soldier. It has the initials 'J. E. C., Co. K.' carved on the mouthpiece. I will be pleased to return it to the original owner, if he can be found."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL, COLUMBUS, O.

Col. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.:

One of the first military prisons established in the United States was that of Camp Chase, near Columbus, O.; named after Solomon P. Chase. It was first used as a recruiting-station for the Federal army, and later on turned into a military prison. It is situated four miles directly southeast of Columbus, along the extension of one of its great streets, Broadway. The land was flat, a sluggish creek or branch ran close to the prison, and through this was a ditch, used for drainage. The buildings were about sixteen feet square, had three tiers of bunks, which accommodated three men. There was little light in these houses. They were not plastered, but stripped, and in each was a large barrel stove, and each cabin accommodated from sixteen to twenty-four men. A street sixty feet wide ran through the middle of the prison, which was oblong, and from this cross streets and cross alleys ran off at convenient points. There were no sidewalks, but the streets were raised in the center and drained to a ditch on either side. Around the prison, of about ten acres, was erected a high plank fence, probably sixteen feet high. At the main gate, where entrance was had to the prison, steps ascended to the parapet, three feet below the top of the fence, and on this parapet the guards walked. They were placed about sixty feet apart, and walked up and down their beats during the night and day. It can thus be seen that in the rigid cold of this latitude, in the winter season, these cabins were not very comfortable. Hospitals were placed near the entrance to the gates. Rations were served daily. In the early part of the war quite a large number of soldiers were brought to Camp Chase from Virginia and West Virginia. Subsequently the armies in Kentucky and Tennessee furnished the larger proportion of prisoners. Camp Chase was maintained as a prison to the end of the war, many remaining until the middle of 1865. Some, too feeble to leave this prison home after the cessation of hostilities, died and were buried in the cemetery.

The land upon which Camp Chase was built was leased by the government during the war. It reverted to the owners after the cessation of hostilities, and the buildings either rotted down or were destroyed.

Immediately south of the prison, and across the little stream which ran along its edge, was the cemetery in which the dead were laid to rest. Two thousand two hundred and sixty Confederate soldiers died in the prison and were buried in this little enclosure. After the capture of Gen. Morgan's command, quite a number of them were placed in Camp Chase, although the larger number were subsequently removed to Camp Douglas, at Chicago. Many of the Kentucky dead were removed and carried to their homes during the war.

The cemetery covered about ten acres, in the shape of a parallelogram, fronting the country road and running back to the little creek. It was held by the government under a lease until the 13th of April, 1879, when the ground was bought by the United States, and formally set apart as a Confederate cemetery.

Shortly after the war, when the buildings were torn down, the planks were used to build a fence around the burying-ground. The land belonged to Mr. Joseph M. Briggs, and the prisoners received a great many

kindnesses from this good man and his wife during the war. The lady was a Southern sympathizer.

Originally wooden headboards, with the name, company, regiment, and state, were placed over each grave. They were subsequently replaced with other wooden headboards, and in a little while these decayed, but a numerical catalogue was kept, and if one number was gotten, all the graves could probably be located now. Three only of the graves are marked. Small marble headstones were placed over one soldier from Kentucky, one from Alabama, and one from Tennessee. The rest are nameless, and their graves known now only to God.

For a number of years Camp Chase was allowed to go to decay. When ex-President Hayes was Governor, he entered into an agreement with Mr. Briggs, who knew more of the place than any living man, to pay

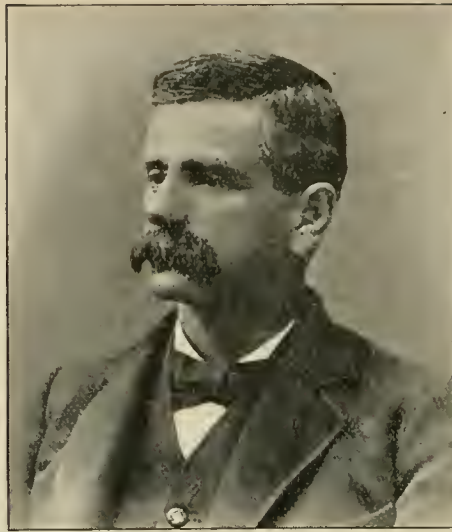


him out of the contingent fund twenty-five dollars a year to take care of the ground. This was done for quite a while, until Gov. Bishop was elected, when his Adjutant-General stopped the payment of the twenty-five dollars from the contingent fund. Later, when Gen. J. B. Foraker became Governor, he directed the Adjutant-General to correspond with the United States government and explain to them the condition of the cemetery and its disgraceful appearance. This interference from Gov. Foraker procured from the government an appropriation to build a handsome stone wall around the place, and to put up iron gates.

In this enclosure there are buried two thousand two hundred and sixty Confederate soldiers. From Virginia, 337; Kentucky, 158; Tennessee, 239; Alabama, 431; Texas, 22; Georgia, 265; South Carolina, 85; North Carolina, 82; Arkansas, 25; Mississippi, 202; Florida, 62; Maryland, 9; Missouri, 8; Louisiana, 52; and unknown, about 280. It will thus be seen that all the Southern states have dead who sleep within this little enclosure. All the Confederate states made contri-



COL. WM. H. KNAUSS.



CAPT. W. B. ALBRIGHT.

butions to this desolate cemetery. After the stone wall enclosed it, none seemed to care for these dead from distant states; their graves received no loving touch, and were apparently barred from any kind of remembrance.

Two years since, a Federal soldier, Col. William H. Knauss, removed from New Jersey to Columbus, O. He had commanded the Second New Jersey Infantry, and had been a valiant and courageous defender of the stars and stripes. Passing this desolate and weird cemetery, his heart was touched with its neglect. He had on the field of Fredericksburg received a terrible wound, but his heart was as broad as the world, and his soul as great and as kind as if it had come but fresh from the hand of God. This man said within himself: "These are Americans; they have died for what they thought was right; they were loyal to their convictions." Gathering a few friends about him in Columbus, he suggested the holding of appropriate services over these Confederate graves. Many refused to unite in these services, some from political reasons; but this true-hearted, noble man resolved to show honor to these stranger dead, and in June, 1896, with a few people, gathered in this Confederate cemetery and spread some flowers on their graves and spoke kind words of those whose dust slumbered so far from their homes.

The happy consciousness which comes from a noble deed filled the heart of this good man. All over the South widows, mothers, sisters, and orphans thanked Col. Knauss for what he had done; and so, in 1897, he resolved to again do honor to them. The nobility of his act touched the heart of the people in all parts of the country, and from every part of the South came generous pecuniary responses. On Saturday, June 5, 1897, a large crowd assembled and engaged in this beautiful and touching ceremonial. Col. Knauss was kept busy

answering letters, acknowledging remittances, and receiving the flowers which were sent from all parts of the country. The street-cars run within a mile of the grounds. Free transportation was provided for all who chose to go. Col. Coit and Capt. Biddle, of the Fourteenth Regiment, arranged for the attendance of Company C. These fired a salute over the dead, the bugle-call and taps were sounded. At three o'clock in the afternoon Col. Knauss assumed charge of the ceremonies, and around him on the platform were some of the most distinguished men in Ohio. He gave a brief account of the cemetery and the interment.

Col. Knauss presented to the audience Hon. D. F. Pugh, one of the judges of the Superior Court of Columbus. Judge Pugh's address was marked by an eloquence, kindness, and nobility of sentiment which thrilled every heart. While not unmindful of the great results of the war, and not forgetful of the principles for which it was fought, he did not ignore the grandeur of the courage and gallantry of the Southern soldier. Judge Pugh showed himself to be a man whose heart was full of the truest nobility, the noblest philanthropy, and the highest appreciation of justice and sincerity. His speech was heartily and sincerely applauded. He demonstrated that wherever the higher sentiments of the human heart are appealed to men are always quick to respond.

Capt. W. B. Albright, of the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., who commanded the artillery attached to Morgan's Division, and was a gallant soldier, and now lives at Columbus, helped Col. Knauss in making arrangements for the dedication, cooperating cordially and with worthy pride.



MAYOR BLACK, OF COLUMBUS.



JUDGE D. F. PUGH.

ADDRESS ON THE OCCASION BY COL. YOUNG.

The citizens of Columbus, many of whom knew Col. Bennett H. Young, who had himself been a prisoner at Camp Chase in 1863, and who was also for a short while in the penitentiary at Columbus after Gen. Morgan's capture, invited him to deliver an address on behalf of the Confederates of the South. Certainly no man in the South could have been better fitted for this task. A bold and outspoken Confederate, yet mindful of the proprieties, Col. Young's speech was remarkable both for what he said and what he did not say. He was careful in the outset to assure his hearers that he came as a Confederate, that he was invited as a Confederate, and, therefore, he must speak as a Confederate. The Columbus papers praised both the eloquence and the propriety of Col. Young's speech, and he left in the capital of Ohio a most delightful impression of Southern men.

After describing the firing upon Fort Sumter and the results which came from that event, Col. Young said:

"We are gathered this afternoon to contemplate one of the sequences to the happenings of that crucial period in human history.

"I should be wanting in a conception of the proprieties of this occasion if any reference were made to the causes of that great struggle upon which the people of the North and South entered at that hour.

"Around and about us are the mounds which cover more than two thousand of my dead, who gave their lives for the defense of a political conviction. The sorrows, the privations, and the destructions of the war, in the thirty-two years which have gone since its close, have passed from the recollection of two-thirds of the American people, but from these graves of these Southern soldiers here in your midst comes the spirit of eloquent voices, which speaks of the grandeur and glory of the peace that followed that great struggle.

"These graves over which you are here to scatter beautiful flowers—heaven's sweet messengers—are peaceful but eloquent witnesses of the awful sacrifices the war entailed. That struggle lasted one thousand five hundred days. The deaths from all causes averaged three hundred each twenty-four hours.

"In the South, whence these dead warriors came, there were no exempted communities, and few unstricken households, and the tidings which came from the scenes at the front always came freighted with woe and sadness. Every breeze that sighed in the trees was a requiem for some one's dead, and every rustle of the wind that floated among the pines was a mourning song for some one who was sacrificed for that Southern land. If we had some quantity by which we could measure grief or despair, or figures by which we could calculate the worth of sobs or the value of tears, what countless treasures the people of America could lay aside as the possession of those who bore the trials of the civil war!

"The scene which we witness here to-day in this great state of Ohio, which also made tremendous sacrifices in the war, and gave much of its best and noblest blood to maintain the Federal cause, has but few parallels in the history of the world.

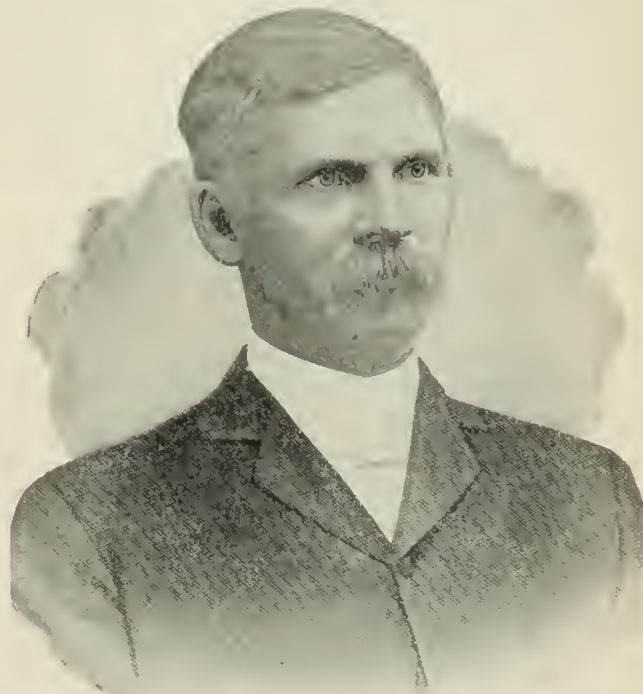
"It is nearly thirty-four years since, as a prisoner of war, I was confined in Camp Chase, and at this moment I recall with vivid recollection the surroundings

when several hundred Confederates were summoned from the enclosure for transportation to Camp Douglas, at Chicago.

"We had come, in a few months of prison life, to realize some of the most distressing phases of war. The excitement, commotion, and the din of a great war then encompassed this city on every side, and the uppermost thought in every mind was the prosecution of hostilities and the enforcement of Southern submission.

"Surely there can be no higher testimonial to republican institutions, or to the breadth and nobleness of American manhood, than that I—as one who fought those you loved and sent to do battle for your cause—should, on this beautiful summer afternoon, find you decorating the graves of those who opposed you, and listening to the kindly and generous words which I speak at the sepulchers of departed comrades.

"That great contest, the most stupendous the world ever saw, is ended. There are none but freemen in this



COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG.

great land. The shackles of the slave have been broken, and the principles for which the Federal army fought have prevailed; but, though Federal armies triumphed, and the doctrines maintained by the Northern people have now become the accepted law of our land, yet the magnanimity and humanity of a free people remain untouched and undimmed, and I defy human history to produce record of an event similar to this.

"It would be untrue to that great Confederate host whom I represent, if here there were any expression of sorrow or regret for the loyalty and faithfulness of the Southern people to their section in that conflict; but I should be equally untrue to the highest sentiments of a brave and chivalrous people if I did not, with the most grateful words and with the highest admiration and profoundest gratitude, offer sincerest praise and unmeasured thankfulness for such magnanimity to these Southern dead.

"Far-away states are represented by these soldiers who fill these graves in your midst, and your records show that many are nameless and few have ever been visited by those who mourn their occupants, and this simple truth will speak in more eloquent words than tongue can command how complete the desolation that stalked through the South as a result of the civil war.

"They made the costliest sacrifice men can make for any cause, and the mournful fact that few who loved them have come to weep at their sepulchers or place fresh flowers on their graves pleads with irresistible eloquence to the generosity of those within whose gates they died, and among whom they so sadly and so touchingly find a place of burial. Somewhere in the stricken land whence they came loving hearts mourn their loss. There are vacant chairs that never will be filled; there are firesides which will never be the same, because these young warriors will never return, and these broken circles, these faithful ones who will love on to the end in silence and in tears, appeal to you by the truest and most beautiful of all human emotions to watch over these graves and to keep green the mounds which cover their sacred dust. They can not rest among kindred, nor 'neath the parent turf,' nor can 'the sunshine of their native sky smile sweetly on them here,' but sympathetic, though stranger, hearts will watch by these sepulchers and keep and guard them till the great call from on high shall bring them once again into communion with those from whom war and death so cruelly and so harshly parted them.

"Around us this afternoon are women of Ohio engaged in this loving and beautiful task of decorating with flowers the graves of Confederate dead. God alone can measure how wide the sympathy and how glorious the benevolence which fills woman's heart. Our Lord himself recognized this when on earth, and women, who have in all ages felt the touch of his divine grace, bear about with them the sweetness and fragrance of his divine nature. From the hour when, on the roadside in Galilee, nearing Nain, his great heart was touched with mercy, and he brought to life a young man and delivered him to his mother, who was a widow; or when, in the regions beyond Jordan, his soul was touched with the sorrow and tears of Mary and Martha, and he hastened to their home to breathe again into the body of their dead brother, Lazarus, and bring him again to earth; or when, looking down from the cross and in the anguish of death, he turned his eyes upon his mother and commended her to his beloved disciple, woman seems to have been earth's truest depository for that tenderness, gentleness, and devotion which creates the noblest and grandest and most unselfish of all human action.

"This assemblage here to-day evinces in most beautiful form the true greatness and grandeur of the human soul, and in thus honoring these strangers, and in many cases unknown dead, who gave up their lives in defense of what they believed to be right, and who offered all on their country's altar, and yet who differed from you, we find this same glorious spirit of woman coming forth to undertake this godlike mission. The mothers who mourn their sons here buried in your midst, the sisters who weep for the return of the manly forms of the brothers who here went down in the war to the oblivion of unknown sepulchers, and all who long for the sight of vanished forms and the sound of silenced

voices, which found the end in these Confederate graves, will rise up and call you blessed, and somewhere in the register of heaven there will be a place to record the graciousness of these unselfish and benignant acts.

"If it be true, as science tells us, that sound waves never cease, that when once we speak words they vibrate and move on and live forever, may we not believe that into the ear of those who loved these whose graves we cover with flowers may come the words of kindness which we speak over the sepulchers of those who here died, and who, though in one sense unhonored and unsung, were part of that host who made the untarnished record of courage which belongs to the Confederate soldier!

"To send such assurances does no discredit to the manhood and womanhood of the state of Ohio. They are the sweetest and most godlike messages which have ever gone from the North to the South. They exalt humanity, evidence the truest nobility of soul, and as they go upon their mission of love and compassion they will create among your Southern countrymen and countrywomen a gratitude which shall be as beautiful and as eternal as heaven itself."

Col. Young was enthusiastically cheered at the close of his oration. Hundreds of people crowded around him and congratulated and thanked him for his coming, and for what he had said. More than a hundred ex-Federal soldiers came and shook his hand warmly and cordially welcomed him to Ohio.

Col. Young unfolded in the presence of the audience a faded gray jacket, and repeated, as he only can repeat Confederate poetry, two verses of that exquisite poem:

Fold it up carefully, lay it aside;
Tenderly touch it, look on it with pride.

No part of the ceremony was more appreciated than this, and as the speaker reverently folded his gray jacket and hung it by his side the entire audience broke forth in one great shout.

Hon. Samuel L. Black, Mayor of Columbus, expressed the pleasure it gave him and his fellow-citizens to engage in such service, and he recited that exquisite poem, "The Blue and the Gray," beginning:

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep lie the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one the blue,
Under the other the gray.

Rev. D. DeBruin pronounced the benediction. In the whole history of America there has been no more touching ceremonial than that displayed at Columbus, O., on Saturday, June 5, 1897.

J. H. Hollingsworth, 3214 East 10th Street, Kansas City, Mo., wishes to know where he could procure the song running thus:

I loved him as I did my life;
And while on bended knee
Look up and let the angels hear my prayer:
God bless our Lee.

W. H. Robbins, of Partlow, Tenn., can give information in regard to the deaths of J. Piper and — McCormick, members of Gen. Wheeler's Cavalry, killed on Sugg Creek in August or September, 1863. Relatives or friends may write to him.



GEN. A. P. STEWART.

THE BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.:

It was the beautiful afternoon of May 25, 1864, when that noted battle of New Hope Church, in the famous Dalton-Atlanta campaign, was fought. The memory of it is peculiarly interesting to me, because it marks an epoch in the history of Stewart's Division that is pointed to as a memorial of heroic valor, just as Cleburne's men point to Ringgold and Cheatham's to near Kennesaw.

Gen. Thomas, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, was moving from Burnt Hickory for Dallas on three roads, his object being to flank Johnston from Altoona Hills. Sherman ordered Hooker's Corps in advance, three divisions strong, to make a bold push to secure the strategic point known as New Hope Church, where three roads met from Acworth, Marietta, and Dallas. Sherman says: "Here a hard battle was fought. Gen. Hooker was unable to drive the enemy from these roads, but he did drive them to New Hope Church." The latter sentence in Gen. Sherman's report is calculated to mislead, as only a force of skirmishers was driven to our lines. Stewart's Division never gave back an inch, but stood there from 5 p.m., for three hours, and whipped Hooker's entire corps, three lines deep. As the advancing line would break we could only greet their departure with a yell before another line would come. Our division had just reached New Hope, and was resting, when Gen. Johnston rode up and called for Gen. Stewart. He told us that the enemy were "out there" just three or four hundred yards, to "throw out skirmishers and put the division in line," and to tell Gen. Stewart that if the line should break we would lose Stevenson's Di-



GEN. P. R. CLEBURNE.

vision, back of us on that road. As quick as it could be done, the division, composed of Stovall's Georgia Brigade, Clayton's and Baker's Alabamians, Gibson's Louisianians, Brown's Tennesseans, and a brigade of Stevenson's Division, just arrived, were placed in line. Soon Gen. Hooker rushed upon us. He must have lost heavily, for the mortality from our view was frightful. He reported his total loss that evening of killed and wounded at sixteen hundred and sixty-five, and that he had not been able to recover the dead between the lines. Gen. Stewart's report, taken from the "Rebellion Records," states: "On Wednesday evening, May 25, being in line of battle near New Hope Church—Baker's Brigade on the right, Clayton's in the center, Stovall's on the left, Gibson in reserve, except Austin's Battalion and the Sixteenth Louisiana, under Col. Lewis, who were in front as skirmishers—the enemy, after firing a few shells, advanced and attacked along our entire front. Baker's and Clayton's men had piled up a few logs; Stovall's Georgians were without any defense. The entire line received the attack with great steadiness and firmness, every man standing at his post. The force opposed to us was reported by prisoners to be Hooker's Corps of three divisions, and their loss was stated at from three to five thousand. Eldridge's Battalion of Artillery, consisting of Stanford's, Olliver's, and Fenner's Batteries—sixteen guns—was admirably posted, well served, and did great execution. They had forty-three men and forty-four horses killed and wounded. Our position was such that the enemy's fire, which was very heavy, passed over the line to a great extent, and that is why our own loss was not greater. The calm determination of the men during this engagement of two and one-half or three hours deserves all praise. The

enemy's advance seemed to be three lines of division front without artillery. No more persistent attack or determined resistance was anywhere made. Not being allowed to advance and charge, we did not get possession of the ground occupied by the enemy, who intrenched, and during the two following days kept up a severe, galling skirmish fire, from which we suffered considerably, especially losing a number of valuable officers."

Eldridge's Battalion of Artillery is said to have fired fifteen hundred and sixty rounds in that three hours' fight; but Hooker was more disastrously worsted by us than our Gen. Breckinridge could have been in his fatal charge against fifty-one pieces of artillery at Murfreesboro. When the division found that New Hope was the key to the movement and that their break would cause the loss of Stevenson's Division it was the grandest spectacle to see their heroism. The spirit of chivalry displayed by that impregnable line furnished an example for Southern manhood to point to. Like surging waves against the beach, line after line vanished when "our angry rifles spat their fire and hungry cannon belched their flame."

Stewart's old roan was seen all along the line. His quiet way enlisted the love of the division. They begged him to get back, fearing he might be killed, but he rode along as unconcerned as ever. Gen. Johnston sent to know if reinforcements were wanted. The reply was: "My own troops will hold the position." And they did.

An episode connected with the battle of New Hope brought sorrow and tears to the old division and sympathy from the Army of Tennessee after the fight. In Fenner's Louisiana Battery three brothers handled one gun. The oldest was rammer. He was shot down, and the second brother took his place. In a short time he was shot down, and the third brother took his place, when shortly he was shot, but stood there till a comrade came to relieve him. A beautiful poem was written concerning this in war times. I wish so much that you could reproduce it through the VETERAN. The Yanks said that we carried our breast-works with us.

On Friday evening, the 27th, at New Hope, after our fight of the 25th, when the enemy tried to flank us on the right, another heartrending scene of death and destruction took place. Granbery and Lowry, of Cleburne's Division, met the flank movement, and in one volley left seven hundred and seventy Yankees to be buried in one pit. Had a Tamerlane been there, a pyramid of human skulls could have been erected at New Hope. Lieut. R. C. Stewart and I went the next evening to see the dead in front of Granbery and Lowry's line. Had Ahmed, the Turkish butcher, seen it, he would have been appalled at the sacrifice. Sherman himself winced when he said it was "all a failure," while the name of Joe Johnston still loomed up a tower of strength to his army. This was a part of the fourteen hundred that Gen. O. O. Howard says Woods's Division alone lost.

I have so often thought of two little boys that we saw among the dead Federals. They appeared to be about fourteen years old, and were exactly alike. Their hands were clasped in death, with "feet to the guns and face to the sky." Although they were enemies, my heart melted at the idea that the little boys

must have been twin brothers, and in death's embrace their spirits had taken flight away from mother and home in the forefront of battle.

The grape-vine in our army on the evening of the 25th, after the battle, was that Stewart had annihilated "Fighting Joe" Hooker, once the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and on the 27th Pat Cleburne had hardly left any of Woods's Division to tell the tale, and that old Joe Johnston was still happy over his game of chess with Sherman. The staff moved up and down Stovall's line during the fight, cheering the men, when Lieut. Mathews, volunteer aid, received a shot in the left wrist. Strange to say, we found that night that Dr. Thornton had taken out the ball just under the armpit. It had struck the bone and followed up to the shoulder.

On returning home after the surrender I came through New Hope battle-field, and when I saw the trees literally embedded with shot and shell I wondered how it was possible for any human being to get out of that battle alive. Between the dead-lines I recalled the seething mass of quivering flesh, the dead piled upon each other, and the groans of the dying. And now, after thirty-three years, when I recall the experiences of the Dalton-Atlanta campaign, the sudden and unlooked for attack upon us at New Hope, and the determination with which Gen. Stewart's command so successfully met it, I can see "Old Joe" and the Army of Tennessee happy, Stevenson's Division saved, the strategic point held, Sherman baffled, Hooker's Corps of three divisions whipped in a square fight by the artillery and three brigades who bore the brunt, and Alexander P. Stewart, the genius of the battle of the 25th, and Patrick Cleburne and Frank Cheatham, the heroes of the 27th.

John T. McLeod, a comrade, writes: "Considerable interest has been manifested in the 'unknown grave' on or near the embankment of railroad at Altoona. I will give what I think is its true history. The battle was fought on October 4, 1864, Gen. French commanding the Confederate forces. On going into the fight A. J. Houston, a private of Company I, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi Volunteers, was killed by a canister ball, I think, just as we were crossing the railroad embankment, about thirty or forty yards from the cut, and was buried where he fell. As we had no other men killed nearer than one hundred and fifty yards of that place, I believe that it is the remains of A. J. (Jack) Houston which molder in the unknown grave so beautifully kept by the men who work on the railroad there."

Mr. Ed Rodgers, of Hillsboro, Tex., writes: "Dr. N. B. Kennedy, Adjutant of Hill County Camp, died very suddenly of heart-disease on August 10. He was very enthusiastic in arranging the details of reunion for the 13th, but was promoted three days before, and we had to move on without him. Dr. Kennedy was born in Sumter County, Ala., in 1837. He joined the Twenty-Seventh Alabama Regiment, but was soon detailed as assistant surgeon of it, and later was sent to the hospital service at Lauderdale Springs, Miss., and then to the same service at Uniontown, Ala. Dr. Kennedy came to Hillsboro in 1871. He was intelligent and zealous in all his work."

ONLY A PRIVATE.

Capt. J. M. Null, of McKenzie, Tenn., sends this poem by the murdered editor, F. W. Dawson, of Charleston, which was reproduced in the *News and Courier* on the day of Capt. Dawson's funeral. The pathetic story of his death and the noble principle that induced the sacrifice will be recalled by many. The poem was written a few days before he left Virginia to seek a home in South Carolina. It appeals with peculiar tenderness to the old Confederate soldiers with whom he fought.

Only a private! His jacket of gray
Is stained by the smoke and the dust;
As Bayard, he's brave; as Rupert he's gay;
Reckless as Murat in heat of the fray,
But in God is his only trust.

Only a private! To march and to fight,
To suffer and starve and be strong;
With knowledge enough to know that the night
Of justice and truth and freedom and right
In the end must crush out the wrong.

Only a private! No ribbon or star
Shall gild with false glory his name;
No honors for him in braid or in bar,
His Legion of Honor is only a scar,
And his wounds are his roll of fame!

Only a private! One more here slain
On the field lies silent and chill!
And in the far South a wife prays in vain
One clasp of the hand she may ne'er clasp again,
One kiss from the lips that are still.

Only a private! There let him sleep!
He will need not tablet nor stone;
For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,
And at night the stars through the clouds will peep,
And watch him who lies there alone.

Only a martyr who fought and who fell
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!
But still as he lies in his lonely cell,
Angel and seraph the legend shall tell
Such a death is eternal life!

Richmond, Va., Oct. 24, 1886.

A MEMORIAL CHAPEL AT FORT DONELSON.

Patriotic Christian people living at Dover, Tenn., and in that vicinity have done themselves much credit in erecting a house of worship at that place. Rev. Dr. Kelley, whose gallantry as a commander of a regiment under Forrest is well known, officiated with the pastor, Rev. S. M. Cherry, Jr. Dr. Kelley, in writing of the enterprise, says:

The pastor had shown himself a very Gideon in his leadership; no collection to be taken; house complete in every respect. Confederate and Federal soldier alike had contributed to the enterprise. Sixty of these old veterans sat in one body to the left as the speaker occupied the pulpit. With equal devoutness and cordiality they entered into the service.

The young pastor, born since 1865, is a man fully typical of the era upon which we have entered. Every passion of the past is buried beneath a mighty hopefulness for the future. In front of the speaker was a memorial window. Burned into the glass were two soldiers; the one in Confederate gray and slouch hat; the other neatly attired in blue and military cap—each figure with the right hand extended to the other. Above them the two flags mingled their folds; between them at one point a laurel wreath with two hands tightly clasped in the center; above these a crown circling a cross. Below all,

Fold up the banners, smelt the guns;
Love rules—her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

On either side of these lines stood the dates 1862, 1897.

The preacher who stood in the pulpit had taken part in the great Fort Donelson battle in 1862, on the Confederate side. As he closed the service his hand was grasped by veterans of either army, which, taken in connection with the commingling of their names in the list of Church officials recorded on the rear window, is typical of the era to which we have come—love hath triumphed.

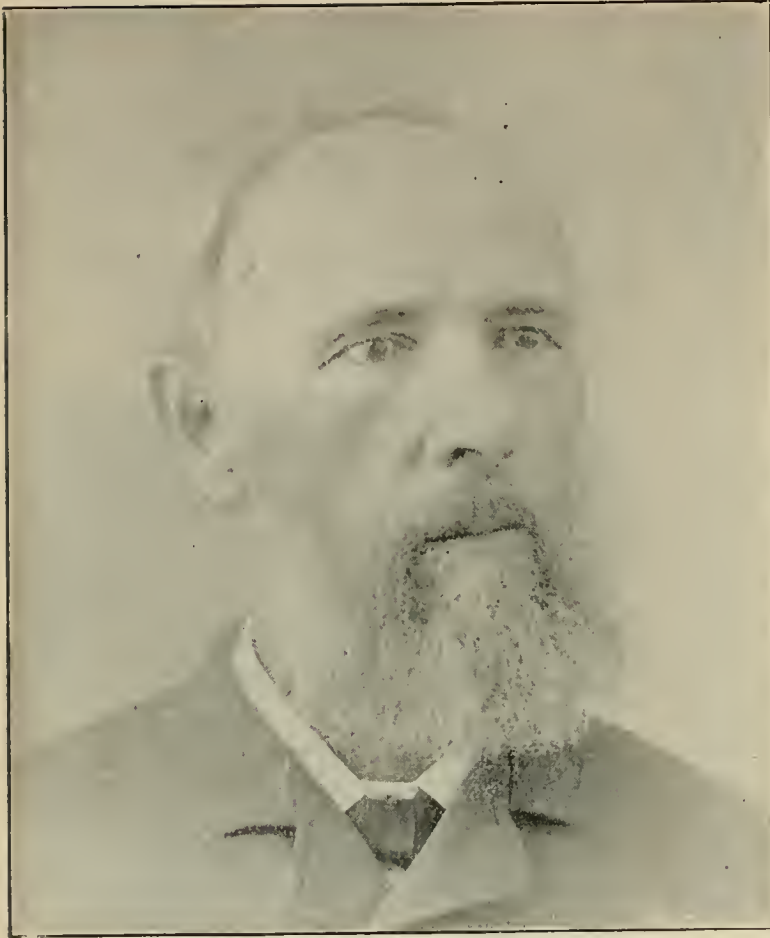
The village is small; the membership financially



MEMORIAL WINDOW IN THE CHAPEL.

weak; the memorial window costly; everything else has been paid for. If any friend of the veterans, or, better still, of Christ, cares to help the young pastor bear this burthen of love, he may remit to Rev. S. M. Cherry, Jr., Dover, Tenn. He does not know that this is written, but the writer knows how he has been and is struggling. His father, four years a chaplain in the Confederate army, was with us, and spoke his hearty blessing.

The church is located near the center of the battlefield, about a half-mile from the National Cemetery, which is on top of the hill above the court-house. It overlooks the ravine where Forrest passed back and forth frequently during that terrific conflict between the water batteries and the gunboats. Frequently in passing his esteemed officer Kelley, he would ask if he was praying, and said that, unless God helped them, all would be lost.



COL. T. C. STANDIFER.

The *Monroe* (La.) *Bulletin* publishes as an interview with Capt. J. L. Bond, Adjutant of the camp at Ruston, an interesting sketch of the late Col. T. C. Standifer, who died August 10, 1897, and with it, in brief, much of the service of his regiment, the Twelfth Louisiana, during the war. Capt. Bond said:

I was mustered into the Confederate service as a member of the Jackson Grays, at Camp Moore, June 21, 1861. We went with the Ninth Louisiana Regiment to Virginia, and served under Dick Taylor until we were detached from that regiment and sent west. We were captured at Huntsville in May, 1862, and kept in prison five months at Camp Chase and Johnson's Island, in Ohio, until October 1, 1862. We were exchanged at Vicksburg and ordered to report to the Fiftieth Tennessee at Jackson, Miss. Thence we moved up to Holly Springs and there joined the Twelfth Louisiana Regiment.

Here we found Col. Standifer, who was captain of Company B, the Arcadia Invincibles, which had been mustered into service at Camp Moore in July, 1861. They had already seen active service at Columbus, Ky., and at Corinth. When we joined the Twelfth T. M. Scott was colonel; Boyd, of Columbia, La., was lieutenant-colonel; and Noel Nelson, of Claiborne, was major. It belonged to Villiepeg's Brigade and Loring's Division, then an independent command. About No-

vember 1, 1862, we retreated from Holly Springs to Grenada. At Coffeeville there was a hot fight and Capt. Standifer commanded the skirmish-line of our brigade, consisting of about six hundred men. Col. Scott had great confidence in Standifer. A good skirmish-line is the salvation of an army, as it protects the troops from surprise. In the skirmish at Coffeeville Standifer drove back the enemy and demonstrated his high qualities as a commander. He was not only cool and brave, but possessed wonderful magnetism with his men.

From Grenada we receded to Jackson. From there we moved up to Canton and went into winter quarters about January 1, 1863. We did nothing but picket duty until April, when the hard battle of Baker's Creek occurred. In this battle the Twelfth Louisiana took a prominent part, being in the thickest of the fight.

Before this battle Lieut-Col. Boyd resigned. In December, 1862, Nelson was promoted to lieutenant-colonel and Standifer to major from Company B. His company strenuously opposed his promotion, because they loved him. He maintained strict discipline in his company, and yet was very kind. There was no company superior to Company B for all soldierly qualities throughout the war. This was the result of Standifer's character. It is a rule without exceptions that all companies take their character from their captain. He imparted his make-up to his men.

At Baker's Creek Standifer commanded the left wing of the regiment and Nelson the right, Scott serving as brigadier-general, Villiepeg having died. We were in the hottest of the fight, having relieved a Georgia brigade that was run over by the enemy. At first Sherman was driven back with great loss, but, being reinforced by two new corps, we were compelled to retire. It is a singular fact that the only time Grant was driven back was at Columbus, Ky., and the only time Sherman was driven back was at Baker's Creek. On both occasions the enemy was in front of the Twelfth Louisiana. [A question here.—ED.]

After three days' fighting Loring was ordered to carry his division into Vicksburg to aid Pemberton, but he disobeyed orders, and, I think, acted wisely. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in charge of the troops, and tried to relieve Pemberton by operating outside of Vicksburg, and we saw a great deal of hard service in this work.

We spent the fall and winter of 1863-64 at Meridian and Columbus, Miss., Demopolis and Montevallo, Ala., and at Rome, Ga. From Rome we marched to Resaca, where we joined the Army of Tennessee in April, 1864. Then began the one hundred days of continual fighting, in which the old Twelfth took an active part.

A few weeks after the battle of Baker's Creek Scott was made brigadier-general; Nelson, colonel; and Standifer, lieutenant-colonel of the Twelfth. In this capacity he commanded the skirmish-line of Scott's Brigade in the one hundred days' battle. There were

five regiments in the brigade, and two companies were selected from each regiment to act as a skirmish-line, making one thousand picked men, who formed a line a mile long. Standifer was in command every other day, and probably saw more active service in that campaign than any other official. The principal battles were Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, and the two battles of Atlanta.

After the battle of Jonesboro Col. Standifer was detailed to come to the Trans-Mississippi Department and gather up men who had joined other commands. It required an active and discreet officer to do this. The officers over here were disposed to retain the men, and Kirby Smith rather winked at their doing so. Col. Standifer was the most successful officer ever sent on this business. He forwarded one hundred and fifty men to the Twelfth Regiment, incurring great dangers and difficulties in the discharge of his onerous duties. After Col. Standifer left we went on the Tennessee campaign, and at Franklin, the hardest fight of the war, Nelson was killed. He was a brave officer. I saw him dying at the hospital, where I went to have a bullet taken out of my mouth. Both of his legs and arms were shot off. His only murmur was: "What will become of my wife and little girls?"

Upon the death of Nelson, Standifer became colonel of the Twelfth Regiment under a general order of the government. I suppose his commission was regularly signed by the Secretary of War, but not forwarded because of the confusion toward the close of the war.

Col. Standifer was always cool in battle, but very energetic and swift in action; he was self-possessed, but as rapid and terrible as an avalanche. In business he was slow and methodical. At Lost Mountain a Federal brigade charged our regiment and run right through it. I was on the right and Standifer was on the left. The last we saw of the left they were surrounded by the enemy, and we had no doubt but that they were destroyed or captured. We fell back about a mile and a half; were in deplorable confusion and almost panic-stricken, when, to our utter astonishment, we saw the left come marching up with Standifer at the head, and Gen. Scott said: "I knew he would bring them out." He had a fine horse killed in doing it. As soon as Standifer rode up his bravery and magnetism calmed the confusion, and perfect order was restored.

In hundreds of episodes the military genius of the man was shown. Scott and Loring both had the greatest confidence in him. Ask Gov. Lowry and Gen. Lombard about him. They will tell you what a glorious record was made by the Twelfth Louisiana. It went into the service fifteen hundred strong, and came out about four hundred. My company had over two hundred men enrolled, and came out with fifty-six.

Col. Thomas C. Standifer was a grand man, who always helped a soldier in need.

STRIFE AGAINST ERROR.

The VETERAN fails to contain as much humor as is desirable, but while it seeks improvement in this respect, its diligence is untiring to be accurate in all statements, even in "non-essentials." Despite diligence, however, humiliating mistakes occur. In the last VETERAN Guilford Court-House was located in Virginia, after so many years the pride of North Carolina; the

article by Judge Thomas J. Wharton, of Jackson, Miss., was given as by Judge "James" Wharton; Hon. John H. Reagan is mentioned as attending service with Cheatham Bivouac the Sunday before the U. C. V. reunion, through an impression of having seen him on the street with Gen. S. D. Lee and other visitors en route to the service. Col. John S. Mosby's return to California was recorded as "Mosley."

Graver errors occur as to general statements of historic events. Col. E. T. Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., corrects such an error with official data concerning Gen. Hood as commander in the Atlanta campaign. So many thousands of copies are bound and preserved that corrections are all the more important, and they will ever be cheerfully made.

COMMENT ON NASHVILLE REUNION.

It will be recalled that a partial account of the great Nashville reunion was published in the July VETERAN from the pen of Dr. E. E. Hoss. An addition to that report here follows:

But the parade itself, what shall we say of it? First of all, there was not a young man in it; and there could not be, for it is more than thirty-two years since Lee and Johnston surrendered. Secondly, there was not a discontented or seditious man in it. The utmost good humor prevailed from one end of the line to the other. A few of the companies and divisions carried arms, and kept the military step; a good many, though without arms, were uniformed in gray jackets; but the majority wore citizen's clothing. Here and there a detachment was mounted, but by far the larger part trudged along on foot. Once in a while we caught sight of an old fellow on a wooden leg manfully trying to keep up with his comrades. At long intervals a black face might be seen, wearing a look of conscious elation. One venerable colored man in particular wore a battered silk hat, and bowed right and left to the spectators. The young ladies who were sponsors and maids of honor for the different states rode in tally-hoes or carriages, except the thirteen who constituted a guard of honor to the Commanding General and were all on horseback. Among the new flags, Federal and Confederate, a few of the "tattered standards of the South," rent with bullets and shells, and worn with age, were held aloft, and were everywhere greeted with cheers. All the bands played "Dixie," nothing but "Dixie," but none grew tired of it. The various commanding officers, from Gen. Gordon down, were saluted thousands of times as they rode along the streets. Gen. Evans, who was at the head of the Georgia contingent, looked like a cross between a cavalry commander and a Methodist circuit rider. The rank and file were greeted with as many demonstrations as the superior officers. It was a glad, great day, and we are only sorry that we can not write of it with the amplest detail.

J. H. Combs, of San Marcos, Tex., wishes the address of Comrade V. B. Hamblin, Capt. White's company, Sixth Texas Infantry.

Jessie Kerr, of Era, Tex., desires to hear from some one who belonged to the Lookout Battery, from Chattanooga, of which he was a member.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

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This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

SERIOUS WORDS WITH COMRADES.

For some time past a sense of obligation has impelled the motive to have a serious conference with comrades about record-making in these closing years of our lives, about duty to our dead and to posterity.

Publication of the VETERAN was begun with very little hope of achieving such results as already belong to it. There were so many failures of similar enterprises that many good friends began their patronage with misgivings. The "rank and file," however, were favorably inclined in its beginning, and they have since become so ardent and indefatigable that so long as duty is faithfully performed in this office these comrades, their sons and daughters, will sustain the publication. It is successful. All "cash discounts" in purchase of supplies are secured and even tenor is expected to be continued. Then why complain? Why not let doing well alone?

Comrades! comrades! do you remember your olden-time discipline? Do you recall "Fall in!" and "Here?" Of course you do; and you remember the importance of every man doing his duty then, and you must concur that it is equally important still. The motive of this publication is as void of mercenary purpose as it was with us to fight for Confederate money. Its purposes are too high to blend with that which is merely for pecuniary gain. As proof of this the size was increased from thirty-two to forty-eight pages more than a year ago, involving a direct expense for paper of \$51.20, and composition \$28, to say nothing of the increased cost of press-work, binding, and postage—say \$100 for each number—when the publication was giving universal satisfaction as it was. The very best possible is done with every issue, and gratifying expressions of approval come from North as well as South, by patriots who fought for the Union as well as those who fought for constitutional rights. For these reasons appeal is boldly made to act as herein requested.

Sixteen thousand subscriptions is not half enough. Many a comrade has gone about advancing its interests until death claimed him. It will claim many more ere long; and if you sincerely feel it is accomplishing great good, you should *do your part* to strengthen it—not simply in renewing your subscription, but in telling others about it. Zealous friends prize it sacredly, and yet do not call their neighbors' attention to it, who would esteem the opportunity of subscribing. Nearly always, in remitting, when a statement has been sent to some one a year or so behind, regret is expressed

at the "neglect." Then others will write for statements of what they owe, which they could compute from date given on label, which shows time of expiration. It is the simplest possible mathematics.

The extraordinary proposition to supply from June, 1897, to December, 1899 (1900), for \$2 would make the subscriber whose label indicates March, 1896, for instance, owe \$1.25 to June, 1897, and then \$2 to end of century—making the full amount \$3.25.

Why not give this attention just as if the writer had called upon you in person? Suppose you write a letter, whether you remit or not, and give a word of encouragement; and, if you remit, consider how easy and proper a thing it would be to call on a friend and say that you are going to buy a post-office order or get bank exchange for the VETERAN, and that there would be no increase of expense to include his or her subscription. Think of what it means to renew promptly and to induce other subscribers to pay promptly, and then think how it would be to discontinue! *Your part is of much consequence.*

The VETERAN depends upon its subscriptions. Its advertising is at so low a rate, being the same as when the circulation was but five thousand, that there is serious doubt whether it pays at all.

Comrades, please answer "Here!" Let us renew our diligence for the most important publication that ever had an existence, a publication that not only gives comfort as a medium of communication between us and enabling us as well to learn something of those whose memory is dear, but to teach our children and the children of our associates, who went down in the strife, our reasons for serving the Confederacy and why death was better than dishonor; also that their ancestry did most to establish American independence.

This appeal is as intense as was that of our truest heroes in battle. The VETERAN is not half as good as it should be, and there ought to be printed one hundred thousand copies of each number. There ought to be sent into the Northern States twenty-five thousand copies each month. Think of how much good that would accomplish! "Let us be up and doing before the night cometh." Yes, comrades, the purpose deserves the most persistent and the most sacred zeal until the end of our lives.

If the correspondence from both sections of the country concerning the VETERAN could be seen by its friends, they would be much exercised. Of recent letters received, one from a lady at Springfield, Ill., states: "I readily see that we look at the war and its consequences through different eyes. . . . The war is too far in the past to be fighting its battles over again." Another lady writes from Jackson, Miss.: "I renew my subscription to your ever-delightful CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I also send money for back subscription, begging pardon for the delay." Suppose every subscriber would send \$3, as did she. It would be unprecedented in the history of journalism, and amaze those who would ignore the glory of a people who do not despise Life's Lost Causes. Another lady, writing from New York City, states that the VETERAN is a plea for and a vindication of our sacred dead.

THE ELEVENTH MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY.

John P. Moore, Helena, Ark.:

On the last day of the three days' battle at Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, many of the Eleventh Mississippi were left on the field where the last struggle was made on the part of Pickett's Division. Capt. J. H. Moore, of Company H, was killed that evening, and in his breast-pocket, saturated with his life-blood, was found a little pocket diary, which contained, among other things, statistics of the regiment's engagements in the battles of Seven Pines and others before Richmond.

"On the first day at Gettysburg the Eleventh Mississippi lost 192 killed and wounded. Moore's company lost Lieut. E. R. Reid, S. A. Gates, and S. F. Pender, killed; J. G. Lofton, mortally wounded; R. T. Hobson, wounded in the head; R. G. Steele, in the arm; R. N. Lyon, in the side; George Shaw, in the hip; J. M. Ca-



CAPT. J. H. MOORE.

ruthers, in the hand; J. C. Caruthers, in the hip; J. M. Freeman, in the foot; W. R. Holland, in the knee; J. H. Jackson, in the foot; I. J. Knox, middle finger shot off; J. G. Marable, in the leg; N. J. Marable, in the side; George M. Mathews, in the arm; W. P. Moffat, in the back, by a shell; B. F. Owens, through the legs; W. M. McBee, in the side, by a shell; A. E. Robertson, in the leg and breast; T. W. Rowland, twice in the leg; D. N. Smith, in the side.

"Friday, June 27, the regiment lost 166 killed and wounded: R. T. Johnson, C. J. Wilson, P. H. Sims, George Reid, and John Helenthal, killed. They were buried on the field. Lieut. B. McFarland, wounded, supposed mortally; J. D. Dulon, wounded in the mouth; William Hyell, wounded by a shell; S. H. Irby, in the neck and chin, mortally; I. N. Knox, in

the leg; B. K. Marion, in the cheek and mouth, R. B. Marion, in the leg; W. M. McBee, through the hips; Joseph McCulloch, in the foot; J. M. Smith, in the leg; H. Stevens, thumb shot off; W. A. Sheffield, in the hand; T. T. Boatner, in the breast; J. M. Harris, in the arm; Maj. T. S. Evans, in the side.

"July 1: We were exposed for ten hours to artillery fire and occasionally to musketry. John S. Marable, wounded in the thigh; W. O. Martin, through the shoulder, mortally. Twenty killed and wounded in the regiment to-day.

"August 28: Company H lost in battle William Robertson, mortally wounded, and died about four o'clock; George H. Steen, wounded, and died about noon on the 30th; Lieut. T. W. Hill, wounded in the neck; John Hightower, through both arms; William Griffin, in arm and hip; George Mathews, in the knee; George Thomas, in the neck; A. L. McJunkin, shot through the thigh; T. W. Wilson, middle finger shot off.

"On the 30th J. M. Caruthers wounded, supposed mortally; John Davis, through the jaw; L. Lyon, slightly, by a shell; J. L. Robertson, in the head; William P. Marion, in the head; Thomas Holliday, in the thumb; R. A. Laughlin, in the leg; A. E. Robertson, in the foot.

"September 3, Sharpsburg, Md., Lieut.-Col. Butler badly wounded, and left on the field.

"September 16: Col. P. F. Liddell mortally wounded by a Minie ball in the side, and died on the morning of the 20th.

"September 17: The regiment was engaged early this morning near Sharpsburg. Company H lost R. A. Laughlin, killed; P. F. Stribbling, J. M. Pulliam, and H. J. Applewhite, all mortally wounded; W. D. Reid, R. T. Hobson, William Marion, John Davidson, all in the leg; John Young and Samuel Wilson, each in the side; M. J. Murphy, in the shoulder; L. N. Reid, in the arm. The noble Maj. T. S. Evans was killed by a ball in the breast, and his body lost. The fighting continued nearly all day, and there was not a single field officer left in our entire brigade."

These bloody fields are now numbered in the long ago, but "our friends are not dead to us until they are forgotten." There are some of the Eleventh and a few of Company H yet living, who will take a great interest in reminiscences of these sad days, and, as the VETERAN is read all over Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas, the names of the above gallant young Mississippians will be read and remembered with sad pleasure. The Eleventh was composed of the best material that the great state of Mississippi ever produced, and this is saying a great deal; but too much can not be said for those who thus passed into the land of memories.

Dr. J. C. Roberts, Pulaski, Tenn.:

After the battle of Fort Pillow I was commissioned by Gov. Harris to take charge of the sick and wounded in Nashville. Afterward I was engaged as surgeon by Dr. Ford, medical director of Bragg's army, and was on his staff and in the various skirmishes around Corinth. I was surgeon to the Sixteenth Louisiana a while, and also served as brigade surgeon to Gen.

Maxey's Texas Brigade while his surgeon was at home on sick leave. On the retreat from Corinth I was ordered South to inaugurate hospitals, which I did at Columbus, Miss., Aberdeen, Reagan, and Baldwin. After the reorganization of the army I was transferred to Price's command and reported to Dr. Wooten, his medical director. I was on Gen. Price's staff at the battle of Iuka, and directed the officers on the right roads to Iuka, as I had practised medicine in that section and knew the country. After the battle Dr. Wooten ordered me to enter the Federal lines and serve the Confederate wounded. After closing up the hospitals the fight at Corinth took place, the 4th of October, 1863. I went down under a flag of truce, negotiated an agreement with Gen. Grant's medical director to move the sick and wounded to Iuka, as I had rooms and water, and by this arrangement I could clothe the wounded and secure many advantages. Many of the wounded had lain in their blood, and flies had blown them. The Federals agreed to supply us with medicines and such other necessities as were possible, and we agreed to protect the railroad. So Gen. Price detailed a battalion of cavalry for that purpose, and it all worked admirably. On arrival at Iuka we had some four thousand sick and wounded to be cared for by thirty-four surgeons and assistant surgeons. They called a meeting and elected me to take charge.

Please publish what Dr. T. D. Wooten, medical director of the army, and Dr. John Bond, of Little Rock, Ark., say in reference to my work, as my papers and commission were lost and my reports to Dr. Wooten were burned in the academy at Spring Hill. I don't know what became of my reports made to the Federal army.

Dr. Wooten says: "I heartily recognize the signal success attending the neutrality instituted through the instrumentality of Dr. J. C. Roberts after the battle of Corinth." Dr. Bond endorses the foregoing, and Dr. Roberts desires testimony from other surgeons and assistant surgeons who may be familiar with the facts.

Dr. J. C. Hall, Anguilla, Miss., who was surgeon of the Thirty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment, writes to Maj. W. T. Blakemore, New Orleans, La., concerning Gen. Lytle in the battle of Perryville, Ky.:

Your description in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of the capture of Gen. William H. Lytle, of the Federal army, by the Confederate forces at Perryville, Ky., and the seizure of his sword by some one while a prisoner sheds new light upon the events of that battle.

When Gen. Lytle reached the brigade hospital Dr. W. M. Gentry, the brigade surgeon, made a careful examination of the wound you accurately locate in the cheek, and assured the General that it was not a serious injury and that he would soon recover. Gen. Lytle had a different opinion, and frankly expressed the belief that it was a penetrating wound of the skull and involved the brain. Dr. Gentry felt sure that he was correct in the opinion he himself had rendered, but was too regardful of the feelings, the fears, and hopes of a wounded man and captive to differ with him at such a moment, and informed him that he would call in consultants to examine the injury. My operating-table was situated only a few feet from

where this examination was made, and Dr. Gentry invited me to examine the wound and express an opinion concerning it. As I now remember the incident, it was in the afternoon, probably as late as four or five o'clock. I walked over to the chair where Gen. Lytle was seated, and was introduced to him by Dr. Gentry. The General was sitting with his back toward the sun, his head turned slightly toward the right, while the strong rays of the sun played over the right side of his face, bringing out every lineament of the wound you particularly describe as a "ragged tear in his cheek." At the time my mind was occupied with the diagnosis of the wound, and not with the rank and dignity of the wounded officer. Dr. Gentry had not informed me of the nature of his diagnosis, and I had to proceed *de novo*. However, there was nothing intricate and no difficulty in arriving at a correct opinion touching the nature and severity of the injury. I observed that it had been inflicted by a small missile, such as a pistol-ball or a shot from one of the buck and ball cartridges, then in use by some of our troops. The ball had grazed the side of the cheek in front of the ear for a distance of a half-inch or more, completely denuding the skin of the outer cuticle, thus indicating the course from which it came, and then entered the soft parts of the cheek, ranging forward and downward. I remarked to Dr. Gentry that the index of the shot indicated that the ball entered from the rear, and that if it had not escaped was lodged somewhere in the anterior part of the face, probably near the chin.

Gen. Lytle was so sensitive that he misconstrued the remark, and promptly replied: "No, sir; you are wrong in your diagnosis. I was wounded from the flank while I had my sword aloft trying to rally the men, and the bullet is in the base of my brain."

I promptly assured the General that I had no thought of reflecting upon his honor or courage; that I was cognizant of the fact that a general officer occupied every attitude on the battle-field, and was liable to be wounded in the back as in the face while discharging his duties; that I was simply tracing the course of the missile, so as to arrive at a definite opinion touching its entrance and final lodgment. This so far reassured him that he frankly acknowledged that he had misconstrued the meaning of the remark. A few moments later the shot was located by Dr. Gentry in the soft parts near the point of the chin, when I withdrew and resumed duty at my own table.

I passed the General some time during the forenoon of the following day, seated on one of our caissons while on the march. He feelingly alluded to the events of the previous day, and paid the Confederate soldier the highest compliment for dash, courage, and unflinching discharge of duty in the face of danger it has ever been my good fortune to hear fall from the lips of friend or foe. I afterward met Gen. Lytle in Murfreesboro, after the battle before that place in 1862-63, and received many courtesies at his hands.

D. F. Wright ("an unwhipped Confederate, but law-abiding"), Austin, Tex., desires to find out which brigade or brigades first entered the town of Gettysburg on the first day's fight, July 1, and adds: "I was in the charge, and know that Battle's Alabama Brigade and Ramseur's North Carolina Brigade, led by Ramseur, charged and took the town."

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Col. B. L. Farinholt, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division:

The writer commenced his military service for the Confederacy at West Point, Va., where for some months during the spring and summer of 1861 some four or five companies were put through such drills and guard duties as were incident to all camps where soldiers were being prepared for more active and serious duty.

Early in the fall of 1861 our battalion was ordered to historic Yorktown and thence to Ship Point, to form a part of the command of the famous Col. Sulakowsky, who came to the Peninsula in charge of a fine regiment from New Orleans. The Colonel had seen much service in European wars, especially at the siege of Sebastopol, and on his sagacity and ability Gen. Ma-



COL. B. L. FARINHOLT.

gruder, then in chief command of the Peninsula, confidently relied. He was a most exacting military commander, disciplinarian, and organizer.

At Ship Point we passed the winter of 1861-62 in building quarters, burning brick and lime kilns, erecting a bakery, making good roads, uniting and protecting our front by covered bomb-proof rifle-pits, and converting a low, almost tide-covered, point of land, nearly surrounded by water, into a handsome, healthy, convenient, well-equipped camp. In the early spring our battalion changed camp from Ship Point to Grafton, nearer Yorktown, and after a few short weeks, just as we had completed another set of comfortable log houses for winter quarters, we were ordered to cross to the south side of the James River and go to Petersburg, whence we were taken by cars to Suffolk,

placed under the command of the handsome and chivalrous Gen. Loring, who had lost an arm in the Mexican war, and later under Gen. George Randolph, who afterward became Secretary of War for the Confederacy.

Our trip to Suffolk was just at the time of the battle between the Confederate ironclad, "Merrimac," and the Federal war-ships, "Cumberland" and "Congress," and we could plainly hear the booming of the guns in this great naval fight as they delivered their broadsides at close quarters, the Federal war-ships bravely and defiantly meeting their doom, as they were quickly blown up by their own magazines or sunk with colors flying and decks bloody, burdened with their dead and dying, when struck by the fatal ram of that ironclad monstrosity, the "Merrimac."

Our regiment was now completed and designated as the Fifty-Third Virginia, and assigned to the brigade of Gen. Louis A. Armistead, another veteran of the Mexican war.

Late in the spring, on breaking up camp, we made a lengthy and tedious march through eastern North Carolina, and upon our return were ordered to Richmond by easy stages, where we arrived just in time to participate in our maiden engagement at Seven Pines, in which fight, being carried without advance pickets, we received very unexpectedly our first baptism of fire. Here there was much demand for room by both men and officers as we wheeled by company into line of battle; but, upon coming to front alignment, we were right upon several regiments of the enemy, until then unseen through the thick undergrowth, who delivered a most unexpected and rapid fire, after which there was ample room for all to get into line and excuse for many to get well to the rear. Poor fellows! it was their first bloody experience, but most of them stood the ordeal bravely, and after a few minutes of disorder reformed and presented a steady and unbroken front.

An amusing incident of this, our first, engagement was that our color-sergeant—who claimed to be an old Mexican veteran, but was much doubted ever to have smelled gunpowder—under the first scathing fire of the enemy rapidly retired in disorder to the rear; and in his excitement, when halted by one of our captains and forced back to the front, swore that "he was going to do his duty and 'take care of that silken banner,' which he had promised the ladies who had presented it to the regiment he would do, and he was 'not going to have it shot all to pieces in that way.'"

In all the weary days and months thereafter our brigade, as a part of Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps, participated in whatever of hard marches and harder fighting there was for the Army of Northern Virginia in the trenches before Richmond and during the seven days' fighting. The writer, being seriously wounded in an engagement on the York River railroad on the first day, was taken to Richmond, where he was attended by the celebrated Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett.

Our brigade participated in the battle of Malvern Hill under a withering fire from the enemy's concentrated batteries, where McClellan made such a desperate stand to save his army, then on the verge of annihilation or surrender, which it escaped by the merest chance.

At no time during the war was the superb generalship of Lee and Jackson and their subordinates so manifest as during these great battles around Richmond, when, by dint of rapid marches and continuous hard fighting, they brought to despair with one last and improbable chance of escape the thoroughly equipped and best disciplined army of the enemy, under the leadership of that most popular Federal general, the chivalrous and courteous McClellan. What wounded pride and humiliation there was at the situation presented by accusations among their chiefs! and how near a consummation of our wishes and the establishment of the Confederacy we may never know. But, from the dissatisfaction of the mass of the Northern people with the conduct of the war up to that time, with their chagrin at McClellan's defeat, and their want of sympathy with further expenditure of money



GEN. GEORGE E. PICKETT.

and blood, we can easily believe they would have been glad to end the contest on any honorable terms, had not the good fortune attended McClellan with his bleeding and beaten battalions in their last desperate extremity and guided him in his retreat to Harrison's Landing, on the James, under cover of the Federal gunboats.

From in front of Richmond we marched to second Manassas, where Longstreet's Corps arrived through Thoroughfare Gap in such opportune time, and with our whole army laughing at Pope's order from "head-quarters in the saddle," burlesqued by our boys, in consequence of his narrow escape, into "hind quarters in the saddle."

From Manassas we crossed the Potomac to engage in the battle of Sharpsburg, where, among other great losses, no braver nor truer soldier sealed his devotion

to our cause than noble Capt. William George Polard, of our regiment.

From this Maryland campaign, marching over roads now become familiar, back through the valley to Fredericksburg, Armistead's Brigade of Pickett's Division—composed of Virginia's noblest sons, as a part of Longstreet's Corps—followed its line of duty, along with thousands of others, without tents or shelter of any kind, to do whatever that master of the art of war, Robert E. Lee, directed.

Finally the supreme trial came, when, after having lost thousands at Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, and, as Gen. Lee aptly said, "lost our right arm" in the death of that great and inimitable Christian soldier, Stonewall Jackson, and after many other small battles—small only in comparison with larger engagements—we crossed once more the Potomac and took up our line of march for the fat pastures of Pennsylvania.

Our especial command, Pickett's Division, was engaged in the destruction of a railroad near Chambersburg by piling up the wooden ties and kindling them into huge fires, on which the iron rails were heated and bent, when, on the 2d of July, we received orders to prepare three days' rations, and in a few hours thereafter were on the road for Gettysburg, where we arrived about daybreak, after a hard march of twenty-eight miles, and took our place in line on the verge of the battle-field on the morning of that memorable 3d of July, 1863.

These two mighty armies, after rapidly concentrating their forces during the heavy fighting which had lasted for two days with thundering cannon, charge of infantry, and onset of cavalry, with varying fortune for advantage and position, and so far without any decisive result, now plumed their banners, reformed their lines, and confronted each other on this arena for the greatest battle of modern times—Lee with sixty-five thousand, Meade with one hundred and seventeen thousand, trained and tried veterans of two years' hard service. Thus, on this lovely midsummer day, when all nature in her luxuriant garb seemed wooing peace, was fought the battle which made the whole world stand aghast. Absolute chaos seemed to reign—the resounding boom of three hundred pieces of cannon, the incessant whir of bombs, the deafening explosion of whole caissons of ammunition, the whiz of cannister and shrapnel, followed by the at first sharp crack and then steady roar of musketry, as regiments, brigades, and divisions would come to close quarters, forgetful of everything but this grand carnival of Mars.

Some idea may be gained of the concentration and intensity of the artillery fire when, within thirty minutes after the opening guns announced the battle commenced, the stretcher and ambulance corps had to be doubled to take off the wounded and dying. As the heavy artillery fire, kept up for hours, gradually ceased, it proved only a prelude to the general advance of our infantry all along the line. When, after advancing about a thousand yards under a withering fire from both infantry and artillery in front and a galling fire from several batteries stationed on Little Round Top Mountain, on our right flank, with unbroken ranks, save to close the gaps as men fell to the right and left, our decimated ranks pressed forward, delivering their fire in the very faces of the brave Federals, who defended their guns with great coolness and sheer

desperation, but could not withstand our impetuous charge with the bayonet. Over we went into the Federal rifle-pits and over the reenforced stone fence (called now the Bloody Angle), behind which the foe



CAPT. ROBERT TYLER JONES.

was entrenched. There, in a hand-to-hand engagement, where bayonet and pistol and butt of musket were liberally used, we captured all who were not killed or had not fled, virtually conquering and holding for a time the strongest position of the Federal line of battle on Cemetery Ridge, the very center and key of the Federal defense. Gen. Armistead claimed the day as ours, and, standing by one of the captured pieces of artillery, where the brave Federal Capt. Cushing had fallen, with his dead men and horses almost covering the ground, called on us to load and use the captured cannon on the fleeing foe.

Just then Hancock's command came forward with full ranks and fresh for the struggle, attacking us with great impetuosity and delivering against our much decimated ranks at close range at least fifty bullets to our five. Gen. Armistead was laid low by three wounds at their first fire; Gen. Kemper had already fallen in the charge, desperately wounded; Gen. Garnett had been killed, and three-fourths of our field and company officers were either killed or wounded. The writer was shot through the thigh, and Col. Martin, our gallant regimental leader, received a shot through the hip which almost proved fatal. Pandemonium reigned complete, and for a time no quarter was asked nor given, and many on each side lost their lives. Many shots were fired at such close range as afterward to burn the clothes or flesh of the victims with powder. From sheer exhaustion and overpowering numbers, the remnant of Pickett's Division, the flower of Virginia's contribution to the Confederacy, yielded themselves captives, being literally surrounded and beaten into submission. Heth's Division, on our

left, having given away, the enemy had advanced their columns so as to overwhelm us.

While we were receiving and returning as best we could the fire of Hancock's fresh regiments, at the extreme climax of this fight the writer saw a grandson of President Tyler, Robert Tyler Jones, himself already bleeding profusely from a serious wound, wave his pistol and threaten to shoot the very first man who offered to surrender.

What must have been the feelings of the handsome and brave Pickett as he saw the greater portion of his division, of which he was justly so proud, killed, wounded, or captured, and only about six hundred returned from the bloody charge?

The writer was taken from the field with other wounded who were captured, and we were guarded for the night with a cordon of infantry and cavalry. In being taken to the rear we could see the terrible loss we had inflicted upon the Federal army, for every nook in the fence, every little stream of water to which they could crawl, every barn and shed, every yard and shade-tree were literally burdened with their dead, wounded, and dying. The writer remarked to a fellow officer, who was terribly disconsolate over our loss, that, while our division was nearly annihilated, it must have been the dearest victory ever purchased by any commander, and a few such, while crippling the Confederacy, would almost destroy the enemy.

The next day we were taken to Westminster, Md., under a heavy guard, but not before Gen. Meade had



CAPT. JOHN CUSSONS.

ascertained that Gen. Lee would not again give battle, for really Meade was in no hurry to keep up the fight after so heavy a loss as his army sustained. Lee presented with his depleted ranks, after three days of this

conflict, such a front as kept the Federal commander in doubt as to what he would do.

From Westminster we were taken by railroad to Baltimore and Fort McHenry, and there for the first time the writer had his lacerated leg properly dressed by a Federal surgeon, which was indeed a great relief. Thence, after a day's stay, we embarked on the steamer "Kennebec" down the Chesapeake and *via* Fortress Monroe, and told that we were to be exchanged, but, without disembarking, we were taken out the Capes and up to Fort Delaware, where we were incarcerated until August under charge of a Gen. Schoepf, who, with several negro regiments guarding us, thrust us into close and dirty quarters, with impure water and scanty rations, which made our situation miserable in the extreme. In August the officers were removed from this prison across the country to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie. As is well known, Johnson's Island is situated about three miles from Sandusky City, O. We were transferred from Sandusky on a little steamer and ushered into the prison lot, which embraced about five or six acres, surrounded by a close stockade, sixteen feet high, on the outside of which, about three feet from the top, was a platform for sentries, who were stationed thirty yards apart and walked their beats watchfully guarding us with loaded guns, which they were only too ready to use on the least provocation. We were not allowed to go within twenty yards of this enclosure. Many a heart bleeds to-day for the loved ones who entered those portals, over whose gates might have been written as of old, "He who enters here leaves hope behind," for many died from wounds and sparse and unsuitable diet and poor clothing, with a bare handful of straw for bedding, with the thermometer from ten to twenty degrees below zero. There were thirteen large two-story buildings in the prison lot, and usually from thirty-five to forty-two hundred prisoners, nearly all officers of the Confederate army, among them numerous distinguished representatives from every state in the Confederacy.

Well does the writer remember some pleasing features of our prison life: the law school, the medical school, well attended, and from which, in both theory and practise of medicine and surgery, a number of students, when released, entered upon useful and lucrative careers. The chess club and the theater were great sources of relief and amusement. In mentioning those chiefly instrumental in the theater we can not neglect to name Capt. John Cussons, of Gen. Laws' staff, the active and chief promoter of anything to help our sick and wounded in hospital, to which the proceeds of these entertainments went. He was the genial friend who, with a fairly well organized theatrical company, composed of his fellow prisoners, arranged everything to amuse, instruct, and enliven his comrades through the tedious hours. He gathered liberal contributions from audiences of Confederates and Federals for distribution to the sick and wounded, for these poor fellows stretched on hard beds in the hospital. When recalling these patient, earnest, and tender attentions by such noble Samaritans we can not pay too high a tribute to such men as Col. (Dr.) W. S. Christian, Capt. Cussons, Adj. Ferguson, Dr. Sessions, and others, who nobly tried to fill the place of a mother's or sister's care for the enfeebled soldiers.

(To be continued.)

J. B. POLLEY ABOUT TEXANS IN VIRGINIA.

PHILLIPS HOUSE, VA., September 27, 1864.

Charming Nellie: Just now we are on the north side of the James, about eight miles below Richmond, taking our ease something in the manner of the old planter's darkies down in Alabama. When they came from the field to dinner he was accustomed to say to them: "Now, boys, while you are resting suppose you hoe the garden." Thus Gen. Lee said to us when we reached this place: "Now, gentlemen, while you are resting at the Phillips House, suppose you watch Beast Butler's negroes." At any rate, that is what we are doing, and not grumbling at the task either—the darkies, so far, appearing devoid of beligerent propensities, and picket duty consequently being very light. It breaks in somewhat upon our *otium cum dignitate* and our *dolce far niente*, but it would not only be unmilitary and insubordination to refuse, but dangerous in the double sense of exposing us to a court martial and to being suddenly and unexpectedly gobbled up by Mr. Butler and his Ethiopian cohorts. We have well earned the small privileges granted, for from May 1 of this year until arrival here the brigade has been constantly on duty—marching, fighting, and, what is infinitely worse, lying in the trenches under a broiling sun, and starving.

In some of the days to come, when peace has spread her white wings over the land and I have pacified the craving of my inner man with a "God's lavishment" of good and wholesome food, I may be able to find pleasure in the recollection of the hunger I experienced at Petersburg. Not that rations enough were not issued to keep body and soul together and maintain strength at a maximum, but the quantity was so distressingly disproportioned to the appetites and capacities of the recipients. As three days' rations for fifteen men the commissary-sergeant of the company usually drew seven pounds of rancid bacon. You would have been amused to see him distribute it. Impossible to do it fairly by weighing on scales—which marked only pounds and fraction of pounds, and not ounces and pennyweights—he would cut it up into as nearly equal shares as possible, and then, requesting a comrade to turn his head, call upon him to say who should get this or that pile. I said it would have amused you, but I retract the assertion. *We* are used to such tragedies, and can laugh and joke over them; but *you*, a tender-hearted woman, would have cried, for you would have seen behind the laugh and the joke and detected the almost ravenous hunger of the gaunt and ragged men, who, like dogs for a bone, waited and watched so earnestly for their portions. The sole relief was in imagination, half a dozen of us getting together and describing the dinner we should like to have.

The morning we left the trenches at Petersburg I got a twenty-dollar gold piece from my good old mother in far-away Texas. Three of us—Braham, Wiseman, and I—determined to have a feast, and had it in the shape of apple dumplings and a sauce made of sugar and butter, buying the ingredients in Petersburg at a cost, all told, of eighty-seven dollars (Confederate). And we had Col. Bane to dine with us, too, for nowadays regimental officers of the highest rank are on the same footing as privates with respect to

rations; and the Colonel was not only as nearly famished as either of us, but also out of money. My gold I sold for four hundred dollars in Confederate money, and now it is all in the hands of the hucksters. As long as it lasted I bought everything I could find that was eatable and for sale. Now, since it is gone, I manage to live on the rations issued by the commissary. I ought not to have spent it so lavishly, you think? Why, charming Nellie, what lease had I on life? To be a little Irish, I should feel like a fool were I killed with money in my pocket; shroud, coffin, and funeral cost nothing up here in Virginia; one's friends, should they find you and have time, will always bury you in a shallow grave; and if they don't, perhaps the enemy will. No, no, the only sure way for a soldier in Lee's army—one of "Lee's miseries"—to get the full worth of his money is to spend it for grub and eat what he buys in a hurry. Diogenes made light of his rags as long as people kept out of his sunshine, but he found no comfort in philosophy for an empty stomach, and neither can I.

Delighted as we were to escape the breastworks at Petersburg, we came near "jumping from the frying-pan into the fire, for the very next morning after the dumpling banquet the brigade was ordered around to the left of our line to support Hoke's Division in an assault upon a Yankee fort. Most fortunately, there was a change of plan, and we had only a terrific shelling to endure for an hour or more. During this Gen. Beauregard and one of his staff, whose spick and span brand new uniform shone resplendent with gold braid, sat down in a shallow ravine very near a pine tree, the safe side of which I was hugging. "A fellow feeling"—especially of fear—"makes one wondrous kind," and notwithstanding his rank and finery, the aide kindly lent his cigar to light the pipe of a ragged Texan who sat near him. Emboldened by this act of condescension, the Texan asked what command would support us when we moved forward. This was a step too far, and with freezing hauteur the officer replied: "That's the business of your commander, sir; not yours," and turned to the general as if for commendation. And he got it, but as the boys say, "over the left," for casting a stern glance at him and saying, "That is not the way to answer veteran soldiers, Captain; they have a right to know the truth on an occasion like this," Gen. Beauregard courteously gave the desired information and then entered affably into conversation with the inquirer. Two hours afterward we boarded the cars, and by sundown were camped in the pine woods five miles north of Richmond. Between daylight and sunrise next morning we heard the loud explosion at Petersburg which announced that the Yankees had at last sprung their much-talked-of mine. Supposing it was dug beneath the part of the line so recently vacated by us, expressions of mutual congratulations were frequent and earnest. Bill Calhoun voiced the sentiment of all when he said: "Well, fellers, it's a d— sight more comfortable to be standing here on good old Virginia *terror firmer* than to be dangling, heels up and head down, over that cussed mine, not knowing whether you'd strike soft or hard ground." We expected for a time to be recalled to Petersburg, but in the evening learned that the projects built upon the mine had resulted in a grand and ridiculous *fiasco* and that the Yankee loss had been far in excess of ours.

My admiration for Gen. Wade Hampton was always large, and became immense when, taking the place of Stuart, he adopted the tactics of Gen. Forrest and transformed the Virginia cavalry into mounted infantry. The two legs of a man are difficult enough to manage on the battle-field, but when they are supplemented by the four of a horse the six have a singular tendency to stray absolutely beyond control. Liking, however, changed to dislike when, one of the warmest days of August, he persuaded us to hold the bag while he drove a brigade of Yankee cavalry into its open mouth. The trouble was that the Yankees were too wary to fall into the trap, and in our efforts to induce them to do so the location of the bag had to be changed so often that our infantry lost more men by sunstroke than Hampton's cavalry did by fighting. Still, just before sundown, we not only got within range of the Federal rear-guard, but cornered them as well, and killed and wounded a few, captured quite a number, and drove the balance into the Chickahominy Swamp; and of those who unwisely sought that miry refuge we captured a dozen or more, pulling them and several splendid horses out of bog-holes, into which they had sunk until only their heads were visible.

On the evening of August 18 the brigade was at New Market Heights, occupying a line of breastworks from which it could look down with lofty contempt, scorn, and defiance upon the enemy in the open valley below. To prevent the force in our immediate front from despatching reinforcements to their troops on the left, then being pressed by Hampton's cavalry, several Confederate batteries were brought forward and began a vigorous shelling. Two guns were placed within fifty feet of where I sat with my back against the breastworks, writing in my journal. Well accustomed to such small demonstration, and securely protected from danger, I felt neither curiosity nor fear. But Lieut. Eli Park and Pat Penn, of Company F, having nothing else to occupy their minds, stood up and peeped over the works to watch the effect of the shells, Pat almost touching me and Park just beyond him. The firing continued perhaps ten minutes, when Pat stepped back, ejaculating "O pshaw!" in such a peculiar tone as to attract my attention. Looking up, I saw that Park's head had dropped forward and rested on the top of the embankment, some sharpshooter away off on our right having sent a ball through it. It was a sad and most unexpected ending of a vigorous and promising young life. He had applied for a transfer to Texas, in order to be near his widowed mother, and not half an hour before the fatal shot spoke of his application and expressed a wish that it might come approved before the detail for picket duty was made, for he knew he would be the officer detailed. Although he made but the one application, two transfers came "approved" before the sun set—one from an earthly commander to Texas, the other from his God to another world—the last, alas! first.

Dr. Jones, the surgeon of the Fourth, is from West Texas. When first appointed assistant surgeon of the regiment the boys said it was a shame—he was entirely too young either to prescribe for the sick or carve and saw on the wounded; and, besides, neither looked nor acted as a doctor. At Eltham's Landing the objectors were altogether too excited to notice where he was; at Seven Pines they didn't get enough

in danger to care where he was; but at Gaines's Mill, our first baptism of fire, when it was discovered that he followed close behind the line into the very thick of the battle, and, reckless of his own peril, remained sufficiently cool and collected to bind up a wound, stanch the flow of blood, and to do the right thing at the very moment it was most needed, the sentiment changed, and to-day Dr. J. C. Jones is the standby and dependence of both the sick and wounded of the Fourth. Asked once why he did not stay farther in the rear, he answered: "Because it is the duty of a regimental surgeon to go where he can do the most good. Many a brave man has died from loss of blood, which by a minute's work at the critical time a surgeon could have arrested."

The Fourth Texas was the happy recipient the other day of a box of clothing sent by the ladies of Middle Georgia, the section of the state from which came the Eighteenth Infantry. An open-air meeting of the regiment was immediately called, Col. Winkler elected to the chair, and a committee of five, of whom I was proud to be "one of which," appointed to draft resolutions expressive of our gratitude. The committee repaired to the spring, and its members, stretching themselves at full length around upon the green grass, proceeded to discuss the work before them. Scarcely, however, was a general outline of it agreed upon when Jim Cossgrove and Bill Burges drifted off into an argument concerning the battle of Waterloo; and, as Burrell Aycock and Lieut. Grizzle at once became deeply interested in the dispute, the manufacture of the resolutions devolved wholly upon your humble servant, who "gave his whole mind to it" as completely as did the dandy to the tying of his cravat. He fell short, I fear, of literary excellence, yet contrived to frame half a dozen resolutions that were warmly applauded and accepted without amendment. Then my friend Grizzle sidled up to me and in a confidential way asked me to write some special resolutions for him to one of the ladies, as he was engaged to her, and she had sent him a lot of nice things in addition.

CAMP NEWS.

James P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark.: "The Confederate Veterans of Independence County and some from Izard and Sharp Counties held their reunion on the 19th ult., six miles north of this place, and had a good time. Some fifteen hundred to two thousand were present, of whom one hundred and twenty-three registered as Confederate veterans. A splendid address was delivered by Comrade Robert Neill, formerly of the First Arkansas Mounted Riflemen. A most happily rendered recitation was 'His Mother's Song,' by Miss Minnie Black, daughter of Capt. Y. M. Black, of the Seventh Arkansas Infantry, besides good music by our band and the singing of 'Dixie' by the old veterans, led by an improvised choir."

W. K. McCoy, Chaplain State Sovereignty Camp, S. C. V., Gum Springs, Va.: "Louisia Camp Confederate Veterans, and State Sovereignty Camp, S. C. V., held their annual cooperative reunion at their county-seat on Wednesday, August 18. The invited guests were the members of George E. Pickett and R. E. Lee C. V. Camps, and R. E. Lee Camp, S. C. V., all of

Richmond. The notable features were good music, several good speeches, and a big dinner. We have reason to hope that, notwithstanding the heat, dust, etc., our guests spent an agreeable holiday among us. To one belonging to the old-fashioned few, whom bayonets and the new constitution can not reconstruct, these gatherings—expressive of love and reverence for the memory of our dead heroes and their surviving comrades, whom we delight to honor and attest our fidelity to the undying principles which they upheld—are full of an absorbing interest. And when the veterans file by, most of them white with the snows of many winters and many of them bowed beneath the load of poverty borne these thirty years, the emotions that crowd upon us defy expression. The Sons of Veterans have a strong organization in this county; some drones, of course, and some big-heads, but we are getting down to a compact working basis, and hope to yield good fruit in the future."

IN ST. LOUIS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

D. C. Kennedy writes to J. Coleman Gardner, of Springfield, Mo., from Valetta, on the far-away isle of Malta:

In 1861 the laws of Missouri provided for the organization of the militia, and the state was divided into military districts, eleven, I believe, each district under the command of a brigadier-general. During the latter part of 1860 the "Jayhawkers" and "Red Legs" of Kansas, were making incursions into the border counties—Jackson, Henry, Vernon, Barton, and other counties—committing depredations, stealing horses, negroes, and other property, and destroying by fire what they couldn't carry off. To protect the people and property of these counties, a portion of the militia, consisting of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, was sent out to the border. This increased the feeling of hostility in Kansas against the "border ruffians," as the Missourians were called, and raids and counterraids were made upon the borders of the two states which destroyed almost every vestige of civilization and intensified the people on both sides of the line.

In pursuance of the law, Gov. Jackson issued a general order requiring the state guard to go into encampment in the respective districts for drill and discipline, and on the morning of May 6, 1861, the state guard in the St. Louis district marched to Camp Jackson, in the Lindell Grove, with all the pomp and circumstance of war. The streets were lined with people and carpeted with flowers. The officers and men were the pick of the spirited young men of the town. Gen. D. M. Frost and staff were resplendent in gold lace and brass buttons, and on the latter was emblazoned the coat of arms of the state: "United we stand, divided we fall" [the same as Kentucky.—ED. VETERAN]—ominous of the result of the coming conflict.

The camp was christened in honor of our Governor. It was laid out in streets, avenues, and drives, the primitive oaks shading them from the noontide sun. The streets were named "Beauregard Avenue," "Jeff Davis Boulevard," etc. None named for Lincoln. Tents were pitched, guards mounted, messes formed, pickets thrown out, and the grand rounds made with the precision of a regular army.

Gen. Frost was a West Pointer and a strict disciplinarian. Personally he was affable and cordial. My relations with him as a soldier and as a citizen were of the most pleasant character. He is now on the threshold of threescore years and ten.

The camp was the resort of the people of the town, especially the ladies; and between drill, guard, and detail duty the soldiers divided their time with the ladies, explaining the science of war and the arts of love.

Thus Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday passed away. On Thursday, the fourth day, a sound was heard like a rising knell. Couriers brought word that home guards were organizing to take the camp, and that Capt. Lyon (afterward Gen. Lyon) commander at the arsenal, was supplying them with arms. The immediate cause of this was the arrival of the steamer "Swan" from Baton Rouge with a large quantity of powder, cartridges, muskets, etc. Capt. Lyon demanded that the stores be turned over to him, because they belonged to the Federal Government. Gen. Frost refused, but was met by a peremptory demand.

Gen. S. W. Harney was the officer in command of the department and Gen. Sherman was in the city, so presumably Capt. Lyon acted under their instructions. The Germans of St. Louis composed the most active element of the union forces, and several thousand of them were speedily organized, and, as most of them had served in the army in their native land, they were ready for the fight. Many of them couldn't speak English. They were drilled by Americans, and, in order to distinguish the right from the left foot, straw was tied to one and hay to the other. Hence "hay-foot!" "straw-foot!" They were known as "lop-ears," "sauer-kraut," etc.

The camp was actively preparing for the conflict. Arms were inspected and ammunition distributed. It was the pride and boast of the Southern man that he could whip a dozen "lop-ears."

Thursday night the guard was doubled and skirmishers were sent out. Everything indicated an attack that night. The boys were eager for the fight, but no enemy appeared. About noon on Friday a courier brought the news that ten thousand Dutch were advancing on the camp with cavalry and artillery. The line of battle was again formed, and about two o'clock the advance-guard appeared, but no order was given to fire on them. Anon we were ordered to stack arms and march out into the Olive Street road, where we were received between files of home guards. We were prisoners. The people rushed out from town in large numbers, and the greatest excitement prevailed. The prisoners were kept standing on the road for some time, the crowd increasing and pressing against the files of home guards. They were ordered back, but did not obey the order, whereupon a volley was fired into them. I do not remember positively the fatality of the firing, but my recollection is that several persons were killed and wounded.

The march to town was very exciting. The people were almost crazy. Pitched battles occurred on the streets. By slow marches the prisoners reached the arsenal about dark. The crowd outside was greatly excited, composed mostly of Germans, who insisted on hanging the "secesh," as the prisoners were called; and but for the fact that a regiment of regulars was

placed on guard there is no telling what would have been done.

The excitement was kept up more or less all night, and the prisoners didn't know what minute they would be taken out and hanged. They couldn't sleep, nothing to eat, and no comfort. It was a long, frightful night, but Saturday morning dawned and peace reigned. The day wore on, and about sundown the prisoners were taken to a boat at the arsenal wharf, which carried them to the foot of Market Street, where they scattered for their homes.

The taking of the camp by the Federal authorities on the pretext that it was a disloyal assembly, and the treatment of the people afterward, had the effect of making Rebels of many people who up to that time were strongly for the Union; and subsequent persecution of men, even preachers and women, who would



J. COLEMAN GARDNER,
An Ever Faithful Worker for the VETERAN.

not take the oath of loyalty drove many South, and thousands were banished. It was a sad day for St. Louis. The prisons were full of people charged with disloyalty, and to accommodate the demand McDowell's celebrated college was used as a dungeon, where men and women were sent for the slightest offenses.

The Camp Jackson prisoners pursued their respective avocations until about the last of November, when they were ordered to take the oath of allegiance or be sent into the Confederate lines. Some three hundred chose the latter, and on the 1st of December they were ordered to report and be sent South. The morning was cold and snow was falling. They were marched to the old Seventh Street depot of the Missouri Pacific railroad to be taken to Sedalia, the terminus of the road, where they were to be turned over

to Gen. Price, who was at that time in Springfield. As the train was about to start the prisoners were countermarched down Seventh Street to Walnut, thence to the levee, where they were put aboard a steamboat and sent down the river. The reason for changing the route was never understood. Probably at that time the Federals did not want to increase Price's army.

Between Cairo and Columbus, Ky., the prisoners were met by a Confederate transport in command of Gen. Jeff Thompson, to which we were transferred, and, bidding our Federal "friends" good-by, we promised to "meet them at Philippi," and we met them at Appomattox.

At Memphis a large number of Missourians of all classes and conditions were found. Some had been banished, others were refugees. Among them were Capt. Henry Guibor and Lieut. W. P. Barlow, who escaped from Camp Jackson and made for Memphis. The exchanged prisoners were given quarters in a large four-story building on Main Street, nearly opposite the main Street entrance to the Gayoso House, where we remained a couple of weeks, reorganizing to take charge of a battery of four six-pounders and two twelve-pound howitzers. It was turned over to Gen. Forrest and a company was organized. Henry Guibor was elected captain, John Corcoran, Ed McBride, and Con Heffernan lieutenants. The non-commissioned officers were some of the best known young men of St. Louis.

The infantry and cavalry were sent overland, through the swamps, and over the Crowley Ridge; the artillery, by boat to Jackson Port. The march through the swamps was trying to the parlor soldiers, but they went through it like veterans. The artillery arrived in due time.

Before closing I desire a few words with you and the other ex-Confederate soldiers of Springfield, and especially the noble women who are erecting a monument in the cemetery. The propriety of building a monument in the cemetery was recognized by those who established it, and a base was laid; but at that time the necessity of caring for the living disabled Confederates was regarded as paramount to a monument to the dead. Hence the diversion to the establishment of the home at Higginsville.

COMRADE KENNEDY'S REPLY TO GEN. SHOUP.

With the above Mr. Kennedy wrote three years ago:

I have read carefully in the VETERAN the article by Gen. Shoup on the siege of Vicksburg, which awakened in my memory recollections that have slumbered over thirty years. The mention of Vicksburg thrills Missourians with sadness, for in that ill-fated garrison were thousands of the brave sons that our state contributed to the Confederacy. Gen. Shoup alludes to them incidentally, but disparagingly. He selected one event, the retreat from Big Black into Vicksburg, in which the Missourians figured conspicuously. "They were in an awful plight," says Gen. Shoup, without any explanation of the cause of that plight.

It was this reference that caused delay in printing the article. The causes of that plight are easily inferred by considering their severe service.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

Socially the most noted gathering yet in attendance upon the Tennessee Centennial Exposition at Nashville, if any delegations from the many noted ones should have preference, was that of the Washington Artillery, New Orleans. They came and went in a special train, and old Nashville tried herself in doing honor to those who have not only maintained the high character of the organization, but added largely to its fame. Its commander, Col. J. B. Richardson, takes special pride in the organization. He is Treasurer at New Orleans of the Southern Pacific Railway Company.

The Washington Artillery was originally the "Native American Artillery," commanded by Gen. E. L. Tracy in 1838, 1839, and 1840. Its first field service was in 1846, when Gen. Gaines, having issued a call for Louisiana volunteers, the Washington Artillery was first to respond, and proceeded to join Gen. Zach Taylor, then commanding the American "Army of Occupation" in Mexico. The command was ready to embark the morning after the response to Gen. Gaines's call. Promptness has ever been a marked characteristic of the command.

On January 11, 1861, before Louisiana withdrew from the Federal Union, the Washington Artillery, in connection with several companies of militia, rendered service to the state. Proceeding to Baton Rouge under its commander, Col. J. B. Walton, it took possession of the United States arsenal, containing vast stores of arms, equipments, and ammunition.

When the great civil war began, the Washington Artillery prepared promptly and energetically to take the field. Four full companies were organized and a battalion of artillery was equipped and drilled. A tender of service was made to the Confederate Government, then located at Montgomery, Ala., which tender was accepted for the term of the war under a special act of Congress.

On May 26 the Washington Artillery was mustered into the Confederate service, and left New Orleans the next day for the seat of war in Virginia. Upon its arrival in Richmond it was sent forward to Manassas, and upon that sanguinary field it received its first baptism of fire. From that time forward it was closely interwoven with the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The battalion which went to Virginia did not include the full contribution of the Washington Artillery to the Confederate cause. A company of one hundred and fifty-six members, composed of those who were delayed in starting, was with Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. The company won its first laurels there, and participated in many of the great battles of the civil war with conspicuous skill and daring. In battle, advance, or retreat, it was always an important factor of the army. The enemy entertained a profound respect for its prowess, and all branches of the Confederate service paid tribute to its skill and valor. The names of sixty battles are inscribed upon its colors.

The Washington Artillery fired the first shot at Manassas and the last at Spanish Fort. The thunder of its guns in Virginia, at Mechanicsville, Rappahannock Station, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Williamsport, Fort

Stevens, Seven Pines, Drury's Bluffs, the seven days' struggle around Richmond, Chickahominy, and Petersburg, found glorious echo in the West at Shiloh, Corinth, Farmington, Munfordville, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Stone's River, Jackson, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and Spanish Fort. In the four years of bloody struggle between the North and South, the Washington Artillery never faltered in its patriotic duty. It emerged from the gigantic contest with a reputation and fame that will ever shine in the military annals of the country.

The surviving veterans of the company, although physically unfitted for field campaigns, have supple-



COL. J. B. RICHARDSON.

mented their war services by the patriotic duty of honoring their dead, caring for their needy comrades, and keeping alive the sacred memories of the past. As their numbers diminish by death, the survivors are drawn together in closer bonds of brotherhood. They can not look forward to seeing a full vindication by history of the cause which they upheld, but they are content in the conviction that the patriotic young manhood that has succeeded them will be true to the colors which they followed with such dutiful zeal and devotion.

Should, unhappily, this country be plunged into a foreign war, or should Louisiana be necessitated to call her sons to the field in defense of her rights or honor, the Washington Artillery will be found, as of yore, in the van of the battle.

John R. Dinsmore, of Macon, Miss., desires information of Joe Teague and two other soldiers named Hardee and White, who spent some time at the home of his father, one mile east of Macon, during the war.

Hon. J. M. Pearson, mayor of McKinney, Tex., seeing in the July VETERAN a picture of Gen. M. J. Bulger, the oldest living Confederate officer, writes:

I have known Gen. Bulger all my life; went to school with his children. He was opposed to secession, favoring cooperation of all the Southern states to secure their rights in the union; but when Alabama seceded he buckled on his sword and went to the front in her defense. He engaged in several of the most important battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. While leading his regiment in a charge on the battle-field of Gettysburg he was shot through the body, and when our army retired he fell into the hands of the enemy. Being over sixty years of age at the time, and shot severely, it was thought impossible for him to recover. The Federal surgeon in charge of the hospital inspected his wound, and in reply to the old hero's inquiry as to his chance for recovery said: "You have about one chance in a hundred." Gen. Bulger then said: "I will take that chance." He went through a long and tedious imprisonment, and recovered to a great extent from his wound.

At the reunion at Houston, some three years ago, I again met him, also a half-brother of his, whom Gen. Bulger accidentally met there. The General was quite feeble, seeing which, an old gentleman, about seventy years old, showed him some attention. They got into conversation, and the General asked the old man his name. On being told (I have forgotten the name), Gen. Bulger said: "My mother married a second husband whose name was the same as yours." "What was your mother's name?" The old man told him, and Bulger replied: "That was the name of my mother." A further investigation developed the fact that they were half-brothers, and this was the first time they had met for sixty-seven years.

Gen. Bulger is a remarkable man, and has led a life full of romance. I hope to see him at the next reunion, notwithstanding his extreme age.

PATHETIC TRIBUTE FROM A FEDERAL.

G. H. Blakeslee, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Ninth Illinois Volunteers, tells of the aid rendered William Hugh Parks, Company K, Twelfth Tennessee, C. S. A., when wounded unto death, and of the efforts to locate his relatives. This was published in the *Blue and Gray*, not now printed:

During the Atlanta campaign, in 1864, after a hard battle on the 19th of June, near Kennesaw Mountain, the contending parties struggled until darkness covered the mountains, a kindly mantle covering the dead and dying boys in blue and in gray.

Some thousands of us, yet alive, lay there helpless until near morning, when searching parties, under cover of darkness, moved us to the rear. With us was carried back to the field hospital a young Confederate soldier, mortally wounded, and suffering great agony, being shot through the bowels with a Minie ball, and he was laid on a cot adjoining mine. He was intelligent and educated. The long campaigns in which he had been engaged had reduced his wardrobe to a low ebb, but through the torn and tattered raiment shone the reflection of the gentleman.

In mortal agony, low moans would escape his fal-

tering lips; and, recovering himself and turning to me, he would apologize for having disturbed me. At every request I made for the attendant to bring him some relief he turned gratefully to me with a gentle "Thank you;" for every cup of water or dose of medicine administered the kindly "Thank you" followed.

Knowing that his time for this earth was short, he gave me his name, company, and regiment, and requested that I communicate with his people if I should ever have the opportunity. But before giving their names and addresses he became flighty, and his mind evidently wandered back to his home in Tennessee. Again he lived over the old home life among his kindred and friends, he walked along the shady paths and over the old fields; again he tasted the cold water, which he dipped up with the old gourd as it flowed over the rocks in the dear old spring-house; once more he romped with his sisters and talked with them of father and mother in heaven. Then his mind would revert to the war, would dwell upon the gathering gloom that was spreading over his dear Southland, would picture in feeling terms the loss of some brave comrade and the suffering borne by those who had been brought up in luxury; but for himself no sigh nor complaint ever escaped him. Again, becoming a suppliant at the throne of grace, he thanked his Heavenly Father that it was his fortune to have fallen into the hands of those whom he had looked upon as enemies, but who, in his adversity, had proved to be friends. He fervently implored God to be a father to his orphan sisters and protect them in the days to come. In feeling supplication he asked the Great Ruler to bless his beloved land and the rulers thereof, and prayed that the days of danger and trouble would soon end in peace.

Thus the moments slipped away, and during the dark hours of night his soul went back to his God. Thus passed from my presence through the portals of heaven the immortal spirit of William H. Parks, Company K, Twelfth Tennessee, C. S. A.

At my request young Parks was buried in a shady nook in a grave separate and apart from all others, and his lonely resting-place marked. I also mapped the vicinity, so that his place of burial could be found in the future should his friends be discovered. In 1869 his remains were disinterred, and now rest with his comrades in the Confederate cemetery at Marietta, Ga.

Time passed on, and in the spring of 1865 the war was virtually over; and the government, not being able to patch me up for any further use, turned me adrift, a physical wreck, to begin life anew. I endeavored to forget the scenes of those four dark years, and I put as far away from me as was possible all remembrance of those sad times, till one day, several years after, I came across one of my war-time diaries. It brought to mind my promise to the dying Confederate. I wrote letters to a dozen post-offices in Tennessee, but could learn nothing. I resolved to try another method, and advertised in the newspapers of Memphis and Nashville. In a few days letters began coming thick and fast from comrades, friends, and relatives. No word had ever reached them concerning his fate. From these letters I learned that young Parks's home had been at Humboldt, Tenn., and that his two sisters, Mrs. M. P. McIntosh and Mrs. S. E. Northway (now of Waverly Place, Nashville), lived there. A corre-

spondence followed with one of these sisters that continued through several months, and I received some beautiful letters expressive of gratitude in the most devoted Christian spirit for the small service I had rendered.

CAPTURE OF THE "CALEB CUSHING."

A Daughter of the Confederacy, a member of the Baltimore Chapter, writes:

While passing a few days of the summer near Portland, Me., I chanced in a local history on the following incident. It was new to me, and may be so to the VETERAN. It would be interesting to learn something of the subsequent fate of Lieut. C. W. Read and his men, and to what state he belonged. I copy the account, full of unconscious humor, in the view that it takes of what constitutes a "brilliant achievement." Lieut. Read's attempt will recall to many of your readers the capture of the "St. Nicholas," together with three heavily laden schooners, in Chesapeake Bay, in the early days of the war. In this latter case, however, the attempt was successful, but its leading spirit, the gallant Col. Richard Thomas Zarvona, was himself captured later and treated with the extremest rigor during a long imprisonment in Port Lafayette.

THE TACONY-CUSHING AFFAIR, 1863.

The Adjutant-General of the state of Maine reported as follows: "The prompt and vigilant action on the part of the civil authorities in capturing the officers and crew of the rebel bark 'Tacony' off the harbor of Portland, on the 26th of June, 1863, forms one of the most brilliant pages in the history of the war, and will ever be remembered as a gallant and praiseworthy affair."

On the morning of that day the city was thrown into the wildest state of excitement by the spreading of the news that the "Caleb Cushing," the United States revenue cutter, had been successfully cut out during the night by the Rebels, and was then making her way out to sea, having been discovered from the observatory at about half-past seven. Though a sailing-vessel, she had been heavily armed, properly provisioned, and ordered to cruise for the privateer "Tacony," that had been depredating along our coast. Because of the recent death of her captain she was waiting for a new commander, under charge of a lieutenant, and her proceeding to sea gave rise to suspicions that were confirmed by facts discovered afterward. Lieut. C. W. Read, a commissioned officer in the Rebel navy, had abandoned and burned the "Tacony," and, transferring himself to a fishing-vessel, the "Archer," which he had captured, he sailed into the harbor and anchored over night. Between the hours of one and two o'clock he silently boarded the "Cushing" from boats, and, overpowering the watch, made prisoners of and ironed and confined the crew below. Read then towed his prize out of the harbor with his boats, passing between Cow and Hog Islands, thus avoiding the ports, and standing out to sea by the Green Islands. At 10 A.M. he was about fifteen miles from the city, when the wind left him becalmed. Collector Jewett immediately chartered the steamers "Forest City" and "Casco" and the tug "Tiger," Mayor McLellan chartered the propellor "Chesapeake," and they were all armed with cannon and filled with United

States regulars from the fort, part of the Seventh Maine Regiment, and volunteer citizens, with plenty of arms and ammunition. The "Forest City," starting first, received the honor of several shots from the captured cutter, but fortunately they all fell short. After consultation it was determined to run the cutter down with the "Chesapeake," and she steamed ahead for the purpose. It seems that they had exhausted all the shot from the racks and were unable to find the reserve stores on board, and neither threats nor inducements availed with the crew to disclose them. So Lieut. Read set the cutter's crew adrift in one boat, fired the "Cushing," and in his own two boats attempted to escape to the Sharpwell shore, but was overtaken and made prisoner by the "Forest City." At two o'clock the magazine of the "Cushing," containing four hundred pounds of powder, exploded with a terrible concussion. Her fate being thus determined, the expedition returned to the city. On the way the "Archer," with the remaining three of the "Tacony's" crew, was captured while she was attempting to escape, and taken in tow. The prisoners were put in close confinement in Fort Preble.

The brilliant achievement of the expedition was honored by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, and the wharves and every available point were alive with people on its arrival, who indulged in joyous demonstrations.

INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE AT WILLIAMSBURG.

Comrade T. D. Jennings, Adjutant of Garland Camp, Lynchburg, Va., revisited the memorable battle-field of Williamsburg, and sends an account of his "recollections of that memorable battle in the war for Southern rights:"

We Virginians of the First, Seventh, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Regiments composed the A. P. Hill Brigade, under Pickett and Longstreet, and on the morning of the 5th of May, 1862, were in the second line; but as the first line, in our immediate front, was somewhat disordered by the enemy's fire and the want of ammunition, we were soon advanced to the post of honor. We had previously suffered from the artillery fire. We were rapidly pushed forward, and we assumed the offensive in excellent order and spirit, advancing through the dense wood as the enemy retired before us, until we reached the large area of "cut-down" trees, which afforded excellent cover for the several lines of Yankees, who poured into us an unceasing and effective fire. It was during this advance through the woods that the writer managed to take a prisoner, who stood his ground manfully, and whose mouth was black from "chawing cartridges." About this time one of our colonels (whom you would know if named) rushed excitedly up to us with hat, pistol, and sword in hand, expostulating against our firing upon his regiment, which he declared was in our front and right, and vehemently ordered us to stop firing. This occasioned momentary confusion, as we were horrified at the idea of shooting our own men; but some of our keen-sighted boys shouted back to him, "Colonel, if that's your regiment, they are facing and shooting this way," and without further ado we again opened fire and advanced. The capture of the black-mouthed Yank

just at this juncture told unmistakably that the enemy were in our front, though I well remember they tried to dupe us by gesticulating and exclaiming: "Don't shoot! don't shoot! friends! friends!"

When we reached the fallen timber mentioned we found from the hot firing that the Yanks were in strong force, though invisibly screened by the foliage of the cut-down trees, and our advance was checked for some minutes, though we gave back volleys into the smoke, by which we located the first line of the enemy, not much over pistol-shot from us. We were using buck and ball cartridges then, fortunately, as the sequel proved. Later in the day we refilled our cartridge-boxes from those we captured from the Yanks. Some of us remember cautioning our men not to fire so rapidly, for fear we would exhaust our ammunition and not inflict much loss upon the opposing forces, who appeared to be protected by the logs. Our hesitation at this point cost us dearly, as many of our men fell before the hot fire of the enemy.

I recall another incident just there: One of Company G, Eleventh Virginia, when hit, yelled at the top of his voice, "Furlough! furlough! furlough!" which was amusing even amid such exciting scenes. I recall also that most of our boys—for we were but boys indeed as to age—refused to get behind the trees or to lie down, actuated by a mistaken chivalric sense of manhood. These same boys, with that same spirit, carried the banners of Hill, Longstreet, Kemper, Ewell, Terry, and Pickett to glorious immortality, and with bayonets in their boyish hands wrote those names in living letters of undying fame.

Seeing that our side was apparently getting the worst of this duel against a foe screened and sheltered somewhat by the fallen timber, our colonel (Garland), wounded as he was, pushed through our regiment, saying: "Let's see what's the matter here, boys; we *must* advance." Some of us said, "Get back, Colonel; we will go forward," and, as if by common impulse, our whole line advanced.

I remember how surprised I was when we reached the first line of the enemy and noticed the evidences of how effective our fire had been upon it, though protected, as I thought, by the timber; but our buck and ball cartridges, each containing one large ball and six or eight buckshot, were deadly at the short range at which we had fought.

We swept on entirely through this body of fallen timber up to the main road, in which were unlimbered several of the enemy's cannon, and kept on until we reached the standing timber again, having apparently gobbled up everything that had been in our front.

Pretty soon we were drawn back to reform from the mixture into which we had gotten during our rapid advance through this dense cut-down timber. It chanced that some seventeen of us did not hear or notice the order and movement to halt and reform, consequently continued on until we struck the advancing skirmishers of the enemy's reinforcements. Just then we happened upon what was apparently an ancient line of grass-grown earthworks. We learned afterward that portions of Washington's line of entrenchments were yet discernible thereabouts, and so it is possible that we ragged "Rebs" were actually defending the same works where once stood the ragged continental "Rebs," fighting the Hessians of Europe, as

we were now, some eighty years later. "So doth history repeat itself."

We held our position in these old earthworks on both sides of the road for nearly an hour. In our front there was one cannon in the road, from which we drove the gunners. One of these was on the gun, wounded and making a great outcry. He had on a white shirt, which attracted our attention, as white shirts were, even then, seldom seen. Several attempts were made by his men to carry him off, but we drove them away each time. We captured several skirmishers. I remember one of these, a long, lank Yank, who was brought in by the smallest boy in Company G, who was barely five feet tall; and as they crossed over the bank some one asked: "Is that your 'long' lost brother?"

So we continued there, oblivious to all except our immediate surroundings, trying to hit every head that put up an appearance; when, suddenly, one of the boys exclaimed, "Great Caesar! look! The woods are black with Yankees," and sure enough it did so seem. We seventeen did not think it a fair fight, "we'uns agin thousands," so—not like Artemus Ward, who surrendered to the fifty Indians "to prevent the useless effusion of blood"—we didn't surrender; but, adopting Joe Johnston tactics, we fell back. Now, how we ran into one of our brigades that was advancing! how we threw in our fortunes temporarily with the Second Florida and "fit" a while longer, till the enemy's advance was checked! how we boldly marched up to Gen. Johnston and staff and asked to be directed to the Eleventh Virginia, and how we evidently were viewed with suspicion by the General when he sternly said, "Go back yonder where the firing is, and you will find the Eleventh!" and how we told him: "We have been there some hours, and are tired of fighting McClellan's army all by ourselves!" We did go back, found our regiment, and learned that we had been numbered with the killed and missing. It being now night, we slept on the battle-field, unconscious of having made history.

EARLY ENGAGEMENTS WITH FORREST.

Charles W. Button, now of Nashville, Tenn.:

Early in June, 1861, Gov. Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, commissioned Nathan Bedford Forrest, of Memphis, colonel, and directed him to raise a regiment of cavalry in Kentucky for the Confederacy. At that time the neutrality law was strictly in force in that state. It was full of Northern detectives and recruiting officers for the Federal army, but Forrest went immediately to Elizabethtown and there learned that a company was being raised for the South in Meade and Breckinridge Counties under Capt. Overton. Forrest went there, saw Overton and others of the company, and arranged with them to join him. There were about a hundred of them, all splendidly mounted, but without guns. Notifying these men to go quietly and singly to Nolin, near Elizabethtown, at a certain time, he took four or five of the company and went to Louisville, where he bought about three hundred Colt's navy pistols, a hundred cavalry saddles, bridles, etc., complete equipment for his men. He then went on to Shelby County. *En route* he heard of my father as a noted Rebel, and went to our house to stay over

night. I was attending a military drill with a local company to which I belonged, and as I rode up home, dressed in my new uniform, I saw my father and a splendid-looking man in serious conversation in the front yard. I was introduced to Col. Forrest and told that he was recruiting soldiers, and, as I had already determined to go out, he wished me to go with him.

The next morning I drove Col. Forrest to a Democratic meeting near Christiansburg, where we met several boys to whom I introduced him. Six, including myself, agreed to meet him at a livery stable in Louisville. Our little crowd, comprised of William Maddox, Gamaliel Harris, William and John Lilly, Young Howard, and myself—none of us over eighteen—arrived at our meeting-point about dark of the day following, and Col. Forrest soon had us all busy carrying coffee-sacks filled with navy pistols, bundles and packages of saddlery and cavalry equipments on our shoulders for a distance of about two squares, until we had filled four wagons, which occupied us until about midnight. When all was ready we started slowly and cautiously out the Elizabethtown turnpike, with two men in advance of the wagons, four immediately following, and four, including Col. Forrest, a short distance in the rear.

When we had gotten five or six miles out of the city one of the rear-guard came galloping up and reported that the Louisville mounted police were after us. This news came from a friend whom Col. Forrest had left in the city to watch police headquarters until we got a safe distance away. The wagons were hurried up and rattled away with the two guards in advance, making much noise, and we formed across the pike to await the charge of the police. This was my first line of battle. After waiting some twenty minutes, the wagons having a good start, and still hearing nothing, we moved on. We heard afterwards as a fact that they did follow us for about five miles. We arrived safely at Nolin that evening, after having driven over forty miles.

During that evening and night Capt. Overton's company, called the "Boone Rangers," arrived. Two Colt's navy pistols, a saber, saddle, bridle, etc., were immediately issued to each man, and being splendidly mounted, it was the finest military display I had ever seen. I thought that with that company, armed and equipped as it was, it was foolishness to march South to organize. We ought to go back, take Louisville, and then Cincinnati, and I felt that the war would last no time with the Boone Rangers in the field. We then, of course, defied state authorities and marched boldly through Elizabethtown, Mumfordsville, Bowling Green, and Russellville on to Clarksville, where we sent our horses by dirt road and we went by rail to Memphis.

We went into camp at the old fair-grounds, Memphis, and drilled every day. While there several other companies joined us: Capt. May, with a Memphis company; a company from Texas; Maj. Kelley, with a company from Huntsville, Ala.

In the fall we went by boat to Columbus, Ky., arriving there just after the battle of Belmont. We then marched across the country to Fort Henry and on to Hopkinsville, Ky., where we went into winter quarters. We scouted and fought gun-boats on the Cumberland River many times during that fall.

While stationed at Hopkinsville our company, with another of our regiment, with three days' rations, moved out on the Princeton road under command of that brave and gallant officer, Maj. D. C. Kelley, and on to Princeton, Ky., where we went into camp for the night. The next morning we marched out on the Ford's Ferry road. Ford's Ferry was on the Ohio River a few miles above Smithland, where about ten thousand Federals were encamped. The little town of about a dozen houses was at the foot of a rocky hill or mountain, with a flat area about two hundred yards wide between that and the river. We arrived at the top of this hill overlooking the river and town about nine o'clock at night. Detachments were detailed and instructed in their specific duties. Silence was the order; no one was to speak above a whisper. It was very dark. A Federal transport, loaded to the guards with army stores, was tied up at the town landing. This was our game, and we had a long train of wagons with us to be loaded from the transport. A gun-boat lay about seventy-five yards out in the stream, with its frowning guns covering the transport. About a hundred yards higher up there was another gun-boat in full view. After the council, each squad understanding explicitly its instructions, we were marched to the foot of the hill and dismounted, number fours holding horses. Quickly but quietly we moved to the bank of the river, about twenty paces from the transport, and lay flat on the ground, while five men, under command of Maj. Kelley, boarded the transport, closely supported by fifteen more. Not a word was spoken. All nature seemed as still as death. Some went below and others to the office of the middle deck of the transport. Pistols were drawn at the heads of officers and employees, who were told that silence and strict obedience only would insure their lives, that to speak one word was certain death. The captain of the boat was ordered to put his men to work immediately loading our wagons. About two o'clock the last of the wagons moved slowly up the hill and over the top, and then we put the torch to the transport. In three minutes the place was as light as day. At that time several small boats were seen to shoot out from the sides of the gunboat. They were allowed to come on within twenty feet of the shore, when Maj. Kelley said: "Now let them have it, boys!" We gave them a volley and fell back to our horses, mounted, and rode slowly up the long hill. Soon both gunboats opened on us and shelled the town, but did us no harm. Some of the wagons were overloaded and stuck in the mud, and as a consequence the road was strewn with bacon, coffee, salt, etc., from Ford's Ferry to Princeton.

This was one of the most brilliant feats of the war, and if there has ever been a line in print about it I have not seen it. When we got back to the camp at Hopkinsville we were the proudest boys in the army. Nothing else was talked about until the next raid. Every fellow had to tell his envious comrade who was not in it his own particular experience. As will be seen, we were many miles in the rear of the Federal army with a small troop and heavily encumbered with a wagon-train. Had they been at all on the alert, they might have cut us off and captured us. The Yankees frequently cut off more than they wanted of that crowd, but, like the boy that caught the bee, let them go again.

One evening, shortly after this, we were all lying in camp playing poker and writing love-letters, when suddenly "boots and saddles" rang out on the quiet air. Then there was a general hustling, and in another minute came the order: "Mount and fall in, Company A, quick!" Nothing was said about rations, as was usual on starting on a scout, so we all knew that this meant something unusual was to take place. Every man hustled to get into line. The sick recovered instantly. Forrest had received information that the noted Federal, Col. Jackson, with his crack Kentucky regiment, was scouting in the vicinity of Greenville, about forty miles away. We had scouted five hundred miles to meet that regiment, without success, and now was our chance, but only our commander knew what we were to do or where we were going. We got in line in the shortest possible time, and were off on the Greenville road at a brisk walk. Soon it began to rain and then to freeze. We went on to Pond River and camped for the night, starting again at daylight. At Greenville we got the first news of the enemy, who were reported several hours ahead on the road to Calhoun, on Green River, where ten thousand of the Federal army were encamped. We moved on at a brisk pace, and after a while we passed a house where several ladies, much excited, waved their handkerchiefs, and told us that the enemy were an hour ahead. Here we struck a trot and moved on as fast as our jaded horses could carry us. Directly we heard a shot in front, and then several shots in succession. "Come on, boys; the advance-guard has struck them." Then we started in a gallop, and soon passed a couple of prisoners captured by the advance-guard, one of them wounded and both bloody and muddy; a little farther on a loose horse, full rigged, and close by a bluecoat stuck in the mud; then several bluecoats in the same fix. But no one stopped to take charge of a prisoner at this stage of the game. The ride from here on was like a fox-chase, the best-mounted men in front, regardless of order or organization. On we went through the little town of Sacramento, where every window and door was full of excited people waving their handkerchiefs. Finally the Federal rear-guard, under Capt. Pacon, found time, as he thought, to make a stand, and formed one company on the crest of a hill at the end of a lane through which we had to pass; but our boys never checked up. They went right on into them in a confused heap, every man firing and fighting in his own way as fast as they came up. Some of the officers made an effort to form a line, but there was little order in it. The enemy broke after one volley. It was said that Col. Forrest personally killed three men in this engagement. Our boys killed eighteen and captured about thirty altogether. This was our first land fight. We had fought gunboats before, but this was our first chance to "mix," as Col. Forrest used to say; and then we were the worst worn-out and the hungriest crowd in the Confederacy, but we had no difficulty in getting all we wanted to eat at that time in Kentucky. Great piles of biscuits, fried chicken, and ham were brought into the picket posts by the citizens, and the best part of it was that the girls generally brought it to us and remained to see us eat and hear what we had to say. We got back to camp with our prisoners, and then there was more talk and much regret too, for the gal-

lant Capt. Ned Meriwether had fallen in this engagement. He was very popular, and his life alone made it a costly victory.

Our encampment continued at Hopkinsville, but we were constantly on the go, fighting gunboats on the Cumberland and watching the Federal armies on Green River and the Ohio, until we were ordered to Fort Donelson, about February 1, 1862.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SHELBYVILLE.

BY MRS. AGNES LIPSCOMB WHITESIDE.

Nearly thirty years ago a mere handful of the "true and the tried" banded themselves together and formed the Bedford County Monumental Society. Through their efforts the bodies of over six hundred Confederate soldiers, whose graves were scattered all over the county, were reinterred in Willow Mount Cemetery, at Shelbyville, Tenn.

Although their graves have been well cared for, no monument marks the resting-place of these dead heroes. But a diligent effort is now being made by their old comrades, together with the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy and friends of the cause, to erect one in the near future. Of those who sleep in our cemetery, about one-half are unknown; but, as almost every Southern State is represented, I publish a list of the names and commands as far as known, hoping that some one may recognize the name of a friend. Only a short time ago we had such an instance, when Col. J. H. Burks, of Clarksville, Tex., found and claimed the remains of his brother, who had been buried here twenty-eight years. In memory of this brother, Col. Burks has recently sent us a generous contribution to the monument fund. We earnestly solicit contributions from all who feel interested enough to help us. Please address all communications to Mrs. H. C. Whiteside, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Shelbyville, Tenn.

Names of known Confederates buried at Shelbyville:

Tennessee: B. M. Taylor, Seventh Cavalry; S. Jones, Twenty-Fourth Infantry; M. Conwell, Nineteenth Infantry; William Morris, Fifty-Fifth Infantry; J. C. Lammore, Forty-Ninth Infantry; — Matthews, Thirty-Third Infantry; M. T. Dickerson, Company E, Twenty-Fourth Infantry; G. W. Dealkins, Fifth Infantry; J. E. Jones, Fourth Infantry; N. Norvell, Fifth Infantry; Rev. George L. Winchester, chaplain, Fifth Infantry; P. Mills, Company C, Forty-Seventh Infantry; N. B. Brewer, Forty-Seventh Infantry; T. K. Wade, Company F, Forty-Seventh Infantry; Tom Jones, Forty-First Infantry; S. G. Thomas, Seventeenth Infantry; L. P. S., Company A, Twelfth Infantry; E. W. Kirk, Company A, Twelfth Infantry; W. J. Harville, Company F, Thirtieth Infantry; B. D. Williams, Twelfth; C. B. L., Twelfth.

Kentucky: Dr. S. A. McCraig; John Niece, First Cavalry; James Sherwood, Buford's Company; William Upton, Morgan's Company; Josh Langston, Fifth Cavalry; W. G. Pendleton.

Texas: J. L. Robbinette, Tenth Cavalry; — McLaren, — (brothers), Tenth Cavalry.

Florida: Thomas Harris.

South Carolina: J. W. Todd.

North Carolina: Dr. M. N. Senoreach, Twenty-Ninth.

Virginia: Capt. William J. Keiter, Battery.

Alabama Cavalry: William Lynch, First; J. H. Hoice, First; A. Griffin, Fourth; Thomas Alread, —; — McGhee, —.

Alabama Infantry: H. G. Parkes, Forty-Fifth; B. F. Bell, Thirty-Third; James Hatter, Thirty-Third; B. Goodwin, Company H, Twenty-Second; A. Batts, Twenty-Eighth; James Dorham, Twenty-Eighth; William Young, Twenty-Eighth; S. B. Sudworth, Twenty-Second; J. Bynum, First; J. Elliott, Thirty-First; J. C. Hall, Twenty-Sixth; William Clardy, Twenty-Second; W. R. Williams, Twenty-Sixth; A. M. Yearges, Twenty-Fifth; J. H. Johns, Third; W. S. Patrick, Twenty-Sixth; P. Carpenter, Twenty-Sixth; — Peterson, Thirty-Fourth; — Parker, Twenty-Sixth; S. W. Hannah, Nineteenth; James F. Earnest, Twenty-Sixth; A. W. M., Fifty-First; William Hemphill, —; C. C. Brown, —; L. A. Horton, —.

Arkansas Infantry: John C. Stroope, Second; J. N. Compton, Fourth; E. L. Autesy, Fourth; W. H. Brimley, Twenty-Fifth; J. W. —, Twenty-Sixth; Lieut. J. G. Chandler, Thirty-First.

Mississippi Infantry: W. J. Perry, Company C, Twentieth; W. J. Miller, Company A, Twenty-Fourth; C. J. E., Twenty-Seventh; S. Earhart, Company B, Tenth; C. B. A., Twenty-Seventh; T. Bridget, Company I, Twenty-Fourth; A. J. N., Company I, Twenty-Fourth; J. H. Townsend, Thirtieth; Lieut. J. P. Early, Thirty-Second; J. A. Roberts, Thirtieth; G. W. Brown, Eleventh; B. W. Stephens, Forty-First; William Puckett, Forty-First; G. B. Arendale, Twenty-Ninth; W. A. Thomas, Forty-First; T. C. Harris, Ninth; W. C. Orry, Twenty-Ninth; T. F. Clayton, Thirty-Fourth; J. E. Moots, P. E. Clark, and R. W. Hill, Twenty-Fourth; J. McDon and T. McNeil, Thirty-Seventh; B. H. Shaller, Twenty-Seventh; Jo C. Campbell, Twenty-Third; T. M. Patterson, Tenth; J. B. Bruce, Second; D. J. Burnheard, —; William Skidmore, Russell's Cavalry; Clarke Moses, —.

Of Commands Unknown: Jesse Murphy, William Hopper, W. H. H. Evans, J. G. Peeler, W. Mayo, W. B. Alexander, J. C. McElain, A. B. Cox, J. J. Busby, J. Bogin, J. J. P., D. Hoge, J. P. Green, T. G. G., C. W. Winn, L. Rowell, R. D. McFadden, W. Anderson, B. D. W., S. B., G. O. P., Joseph Norris, H. A. W., J. Cibisco, H. Roberts, W. B. Curry, N. B. B., M. J. Searce, John McNeal, J. Browning, J. W. Norris, J. D. Gorde.

Unknown: Twenty-three of Liddell's Brigade.
One hundred and eighty-one unknown.

WHERE CONFEDERATES ARE BURIED.

Mrs. James H. Williams, President of Shenandoah Chapter No. 32, U. D. C., Woodstock, Va., sends the following:

Kindly publish the enclosed list of Confederate soldiers buried in the different cemeteries here. We hope that through the VETERAN it may reach the relatives and friends of those whose names are given in the list, and that they will communicate with us. Incidents pertaining to the dying hours of many of these soldiers are still fresh in the memories of the noble women of Woodstock, who administered to their wants.

From Virginia regiments (strangers): J. M. McLaughlin, Company H, Nineteenth; M. Cullen, Company D, Eighteenth; W. Austen, Company C, Eighth;

James Goiner, Company B, Twenty-Fifth; R. Moler Jefferson, Company D, Twelfth; William A. Hill, Company B, Sixth; L. Murphy, Company J, Nineteenth; C. Henderson, Company —, Twenty-Fifth; J. B. Murphy, Company B, First; J. F. Flian, Company I, Eighth.

Virginia Infantry: W. Harris, Company I, Thirty-First; H. Carpenter, Company H, Forty-Fifth; S. F. Bird, Company R, Thirty-Sixth; J. J. Cave, Company —, Sixtieth; C. S. Farrar, Company G, Thirty-Eighth; P. Peerless, Company C, Fifty-First; I. Boley, Company —, Thirty-third; I. Miller, Company A, Fifteenth; — Shepherd, Company —, —; C. B. Harding, Company —, — Rinker (removed).

South Carolina Infantry: H. H. Zeigler, Company B, Twentieth; P. H. Spyrrer, Company H, Twentieth.

North Carolina Infantry: S. P. Thomas, Company G, Sixth; W. H. Best, Company H, Eighteenth; M. Blask, Company D, Forty-Eighth; J. B. McNealy (removed); S. H. Dixen, Company F, Eighth; B. F. Smith, Company —, Forty-Fifth; — Turner, Company —, Fourth; J. E. Marsh, Company —, Forty-Third; G. Roberts, Company B, Sixth; G. Guinn, Company F, Third; John M. Shipp, Company I, Sixth.

Louisiana infantry: Lieut. E. O. Riley, Sixth, Taylor's Brigade; H. Blyth, Company I, Second; M. S. Blyth, Company I, Second.

Mississippi infantry: R. M. Ackridge, Company —, Eighteenth; Lieut. M. A. Yost, Company —, Twenty-Fourth.

Georgia infantry: William Brown, Company K, Tenth; J. D. Elliott, Company —, Twenty-Fourth; Lieut. McLendon, Company K, Twenty-Sixth; Ass't Surgeon S. Rice, Thirty-Eighth; Col. Holt (Eighth).

Alabama infantry: R. Gardener, Company K, Third; — Thompson, Company —, —; I. O. March, Company G, Sixth; S. Elrod, Company —, Fifth; J. H. Morris, Company —, Twelfth; Lieut. Bowen, Company F, Sixth.

Unknown: R. Ford, W. H. Hanshaw, J. W. Clouts (Company I, Sixth), P. Nolen, I. P. Stephens, W. L. Marshall, W. Moses.

Nurses: G. W. Winstead, N. C.; John Mitchell, N. C.; — Wilson, West Va.; James Boden, West Va.; C. Webb, Ward Master.

This cemetery is located beautifully, the graves are well marked, and the proposed monument would be a deserved ornament.

W. A. Allen sends a list of the Confederate dead buried at Covington, Ga. There are:

From Mississippi: J. Allen, Twenty-Eighth; E. Edson, Thirty-Seventh; J. Dooley, Eighth; T. Oterson, Forty-Fourth; J. Kolb, Thirty-Fifth; R. J. Pearce, Thirty-Fourth; S. B. Forester, Forty-Third; L. S. Porter, Twenty-Fourth; S. Connelly, Seventh; W. H. Hendrick, Twenty-Ninth.

From Tennessee: W. H. Bailey, First; J. M. White, Nineteenth; B. Richardson, Thirty-Eighth; J. H. Adcock, First; S. Skelton, Twenty-Ninth; J. H. Whiter, Ninety-First; W. W. Coffee, Twenty-Sixth; W. S. Sanders, Forty-First; A. J. Whitson, Sixth.

From Texas: J. H. Rape, Seventh.

From North Carolina: W. W. Bailey, Twenty-Fourth.

FRANK H. MUNDY.

G. H. Cole, Commander Camp Sanders, Eutaw, Ala.:

Frank H. Mundy was a native of England, educated at the University of Oxford, but became a citizen of Eutaw, Ala., just before the civil war came on. He was among the first to volunteer in defense of his adopted home, and was a soldier good and true in the Army of Northern Virginia. This engraving is taken from a



picture while a lieutenant in Company B, Eleventh Alabama Regiment. Surrendering at Appomattox in 1865, he returned to Eutaw, and was one of her loved and respected citizens up to his death. He was twice elected tax assessor. At the organization of Sanders Camp, U. C. V., he was elected Adjutant, and faithfully performed the duties of the position. Comrade Mundy was a warm-hearted, gallant veteran, and his death is much deplored.

Maj. John M. Heddleson, an ex-Confederate soldier, died at his home near Adrian, Mo., on August 26. Maj. Heddleson was born seventy-one years ago in Fleming County, Ky. He responded to the call of the Governor of Kentucky for volunteers for the Mexican war. He was elected lieutenant, and served with distinction during that war. At the close of the Mexican war he removed to Missouri, and at the first blast of Shelby's bugle joined him, and remained in that distinguished chieftain's command until badly wounded, when he went to Kentucky. He later joined Morgan in his terrible raid through Ohio; was taken prisoner, and remained in Camp Douglas till exchanged, a short time before Lee's surrender. Maj. Heddleson leaves an aged wife and two children, Robert B. Heddleson and Mrs. Annie Ferris. Mrs. E. T. Weber, of Kansas City, is a sister.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, } Box 123, Winston, N. C.
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewisburg, Tenn.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, } Box 151, Belton, Tex.
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organizations of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

During the month of August a great deal of activity was shown in our organization, and a number of camps were added to the roll. At present it is as follows:

1. R. E. Lee Richmond, Va.
2. R. S. Chew Fredericksburg, Va.
3. A. S. Johnston Roanoke, Va.
4. Camp Moultrie Charleston, S. C.
5. George Davis Wilmington, N. C.
6. State Sovereignty Louisa C. H., Va.
7. W. W. Humphrey Anderson, S. C.
8. J. E. B. Stuart Berryville, Va.
9. Pickett-Buchanan Norfolk, Va.
10. Turner-Ashbey Harrisburg, Va.
11. Hampton Hampton, Va.
12. Shenandoah Woodstock, Va.
13. Pickett-Stuart Nottaway, Va.
14. John R. Cooke West Point, Va.
15. Johnston-Pettigrew Asheville, N. C.
16. John Pelhem Auburn, Ala.
17. — Norfleet Winston, N. C.
18. Thomas Hardeman Macon, Ga.
19. Kemper-Strother-Fry Madison, Va.
20. Page Valley Shenandoah, Va.
21. Clinton Hatcher Leesburg, Va.
22. Maxey Gregg Columbia, S. C.
23. Stonewall Jackson Charlotte, N. C.
24. Marion Marion, S. C.
25. John H. Morgan Richmond, Ky.
26. A. S. Johnston Belton, Tex.
27. Wade Hampton Mt. Pleasant, S. C.
28. Joe Johnston Nashville, Tenn.
29. Maury Columbia, Tenn.
30. John H. Morgan Bowling Green, Ky.
31. Cadwallader Jones Rock Hill, S. C.
32. W. H. Jackson Culleoka, Tenn.
33. Stone's River Murfreesboro, Tenn.
34. William B. Brown Gallatin, Tenn.
35. John M. Kinard Newberry, S. C.
36. Camp O'Neale Greenville, S. C.
37. B. H. Rutledge McClellanville, S. C.
38. Clark Allen Abbeville, S. C.
39. W. D. Simpson Laurens, S. C.
40. James M. Perrin Greenwood, S. C.
41. B. S. Jones Clinton, S. C.
42. James L. Orr Belton, S. C.
43. Barnard Bee Pendleton, S. C.

45. Norton Seneca, S. C.
46. John B. Gordon Atlanta, Ga.

These forty-six camps are as follows from the different states: South Carolina, 16; Virginia, 14; Tennessee, 6; North Carolina, 4; Kentucky, 2; Georgia, 2; Alabama, 1; Texas, 1.

This number should be tripled and tripled again by the next reunion, for certainly, as we explained in the August number, our organization could number one thousand camps in a few weeks if the Sons in every city where a Veteran camp is located would take hold of the matter. It is a duty which should come home to each of us, and perhaps we will realize it too late, when our fathers have passed away and it is impossible to get the record of their services from their own lips. Now is the time for all true Sons to take hold of this work, so that we can get in close touch with the Veterans before they shall have "crossed over the river to rest beneath the shade of the trees."

The list of officers and the addresses at the head of this article will be published frequently, in order that those desiring to communicate with any one of them will have the proper address. The Commander-in-Chief has issued a circular letter, in which is given a form of constitution for camps of Sons, which is now in use by the majority of the camps. Any one desiring a copy of this circular can have it for the asking. Its purpose is to aid those forming camps to secure a suitable constitution.

The writer was present and aided in the organization of the Atlanta Camp. Its members are enthusiastic, and have already taken steps to place camps in several prominent cities of Georgia. Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Atlanta, is also very much interested in seeing Georgia have a large number of camps of Sons of Veterans.

Gen. Evans writes that he wishes to make the parade of the Sons at the reunion next year larger, if possible, than the Veterans themselves, and we sincerely hope that our organization will have increased by that time to over two hundred camps, and that each camp will send a large delegation to the reunion.

A great deal of interest is being taken also by the Veterans of Kentucky and West Virginia in our organization, and quite a number of letters have been received asking for papers and information for the organization of camps. West Virginia is without any camp of Sons, and Kentucky has but two; so we hope that the efforts now being put forth will meet with success and that our order will soon have a number of camps in both of these states.

The South Carolina Division of Sons held its second reunion at Greenville August 25th, at the same time as the Veterans. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one, and fourteen camps of Sons were represented, that being the number then organized in the state. There were present about two hundred delegates and visitors. Each camp of Sons sent their sponsor, with several maids of honor. These young ladies graced the meeting with their presence and added much to the interest of the occasion. A great deal of business was transacted at this meeting, and as an outcome of it three camps have been organized in the past week in the state and six or seven are in process of organization.

Gen. M. L. Bonham, who served South Carolina as

its Adjutant-General on Gov. Richardson's staff, and who was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Mr. Daniel Ravenel, the first Commander of the South Carolina Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, was unanimously elected for another year. Gen. Bonham is an earnest and enthusiastic worker, an eloquent and fiery speaker, and a large number of the camps in this state have been formed through his personal efforts.

At this meeting of the division the following resolutions were offered by Commander-in-Chief Robert A. Smyth, who was a delegate from his camp, which were unanimously adopted. It is earnestly desired that at the next general convention, in Atlanta, the constitution will be changed in accordance therewith:

"Resolved, That we, the members of the South Carolina Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, do recommend that at the next reunion of the united organization the military titles now used to designate the officers of this organization be discontinued, and in lieu thereof the following be adopted: Commander-in-Chief, Department Commander, Division Commander, Brigade Commander; and for the presiding officer of the camp, Commandant.

"That the nomenclature of the staff and camp officers remain unchanged, but that no military rank be assigned them.

"That the Adjutant-General of this division serve the Commander-in-Chief with a copy of this resolution, and request that due notice be given each camp, in accordance with Article XI. of the constitution."

It is very desirable that these titles should be done away with, so that it can not be said that our organization is a "title-furnishing association." Our object can be accomplished perfectly without the high-sounding titles, and at the same time, by the adoption of the suggestions in the resolution, the military feature of our organization will be preserved.

These reunions of the Sons of each state, at the same time and place as the Veterans, are of inestimable value to the cause which it is our object to preserve. By these reunions the Sons not only have an opportunity of knowing each other better and exchanging helpful ideas, but they naturally become enthused in the work, and as the result each division will be greatly benefited by the new camps which will be established as the outcome of this enthusiasm. It also gives a valuable opportunity to the Sons to mingle with the Veterans who fought for their states and to hear from their lips the speeches and stories which their reunions bring out. The sessions of the Sons' convention should be so arranged as to allow them to be present at the sessions of the Veterans.

Another pleasing feature of these reunions is the presence of the Daughters of the Confederacy as sponsors and maids of honor for the various camps. It adds great pleasure to the meeting and keeps constantly before the minds of the Sons the noble and self-sacrificing devotion of the women of the South to the Confederate cause.

We would like to hear of these reunions being held in all the states. Virginia has a large number of camps, and should certainly hold a state reunion before the national meeting next spring, in order that her division may be thoroughly organized and placed on a good

footing. The other states should endeavor to form a sufficient number of camps to entitle them to elect their own officers, and then hold a reunion and stir up their state to place a camp in every city.

At these reunions a cordial invitation should be extended through the press of the state to every son of a Confederate veteran to attend these meetings, whether he is a member of a camp or not, or whether there is a camp in his city or section. This was done at the recent meeting of the South Carolina Division, and has accomplished great good in awakening the interest of many cities and towns to the importance of having a camp.

F. Marion Shields, Coopwood, Miss., lieutenant in the Twenty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, writes:

Just before Gen. Bragg moved our army from Corinth to Dalton, we were on picket duty four miles above Corinth. Gen. Buell's pickets had the advantage of our boys in having better guns. One morning Gen. Jackson called for volunteers. He wanted two lieutenants and sixty men with rifles. A lieutenant from South Carolina and I were selected, each with thirty men. Our orders were to get between the pickets in the night, secrete ourselves in safe places, and wait for day. How well I recall when the owls commenced hooting and birds chirping; we knew that old Sol would soon come in sight, when we expected some hot work. Henry B. Duck, now living in two miles of my present home, shot the first gun; and W. E. Lloyd, now Superintendent of Education of Wayne County, Miss., made the second, after which firing became general. Many Federal horses ran off riderless. We kept up the fight until about nine o'clock, several hours. When I sat down to eat a snack a Federal shot at me with a rest, but missed the mark. I wonder if he is still living. I have a sword captured from a colonel in Buell's Cavalry.

Every true soldier, blue or gray, should write something for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. It makes little difference how little said, it will strike a tender chord somewhere. Had I the ability, I would build a panegyric in behalf of the blue and gray as high as heaven. More anon.

T. J. Young, Austin, Ark.: "About five thousand people were present at the Confederate reunion held at old Camp Nelson, near this place, on July 21. A committee was appointed to solicit donations for the purpose of purchasing and enclosing the grounds where about five hundred soldiers of Parson's Texas Brigade lie buried, who died while they were camped there in 1862. This cemetery is now lying out and has grown up in briars and bushes. Any who have friends or relatives buried here, and should desire to make a contribution, send it to me as Chairman of this committee."

E. W. Smith, Henderson, Ky., desires information about his brother, Ezra Smith, who enlisted in the first company made up in Clarendon, Monroe County, Ark., and known as the Harris Guards. When last heard from he was sick in the Nashville hospital, when it was captured by the Federals. He also inquires of Sam May, one of Capt. McGee's company, who was accidentally shot at Mr. Smith's home in Monroe County, Ark. He was carried home by the latter, then a mere boy, a distance of about eighty miles.



THE OLD GUARD OF RICHMOND, VA.

This is a very unique organization. — Some years ago it was organized to take part in an entertainment to raise funds for a monument to the great cavalry leader, J. E. B. Stuart. The organization has been maintained, and it has cooperated for the benefit of many charitable objects.

Its uniform consists of the clothing worn by its members at the close of the war, and hence no two are uniformed alike. All are members of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, and, of course, veterans. E. Leslie Spence is captain; John M. Warren and John T. Hughes, lieutenants; A. G. Evans, first sergeant; D. Smith Redford, quartermaster-sergeant; and George W. Libby (son of the original owner of Libby Prison), adjutant. Capt. Spence is one of the Past Commanders of R. E. Lee Camp, and Lieut. Warren is its present Commander. The members have fine war records, and nearly all have scars from wounds received in battle. The picture was taken at the Soldiers' Home near Richmond, and the building on the left is the chapel, the Home being in the grove in the rear.

Capt. E. Leslie Spence is also captain of Company E, First Regiment Infantry, having been connected with the regiment since 1860. During the war Company A of the First Regiment, of which he was a member, was assigned as Company G, Twelfth Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, A. N. V. He was wounded three times: twice at Crampton Gap, Md., in September, 1862; and again at Hatcher's Run, near Petersburg, in February, 1865. He surrendered at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

The foregoing sketch was prepared to go with front page picture in August VETERAN, but was received too late. Hence this second engraving of zealous, honored comrades, which is regarded better than the first.

TAKING A BROTHER'S BODY FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

In this connection a remarkable experience is given. Capt. E. Leslie Spence, of Richmond, Va., who served in the Twelfth Virginia Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, reports his experience in getting the remains of his martyr brother to Richmond:

On Sunday morning, April 21, 1861, the Richmond Grays, of which company I was a member, left Richmond for Norfolk, Va. This was the day known to so many of our citizens as "Pawnee Sunday." Soon thereafter the Grays were assigned to the Twelfth Virginia Infantry, Col. D. A. Weisiger commanding, and formed a part of the famous Mahone Brigade.

On February 6, 1865, after being in line of battle all night, Mahone's Division was ordered to Hatcher's Run, near the extreme right of Gen. Lee's line, to take part in the fight between a part of the Federal army and the divisions of Gordon and Pegram. We reached the field about three o'clock, and were at once hurried into the fight to their support.

While charging the enemy my brother George, also a member of the Twelfth Virginia Infantry, was shot in the head. Seeing him fall, I ran to him, and, finding him mortally wounded, I went to Col. Groner, commanding the brigade, and asked permission to take the body off the field, which request was refused. I

returned to the spot, and, finding George still breathing, called for help, and, with the assistance of two members of the Grays, took him up and started for the rear. My brother soon expired, and I determined to carry his body home to his wife and children.

Night came on and we got lost in the woods, and in wandering around went near the enemy's lines. We captured two Federal soldiers, and made them assist in carrying the body. After some time spent in the woods we found a road and an ambulance that was going to Gen. Johnston's headquarters. The driver took the corpse to that point. The comrades that had thus far assisted me returned to their commands with the two prisoners, and I was now alone with my brother's body. I soon found a wagon that was going to Gen. Pegram's headquarters, and the driver agreed to carry the corpse to that point. On getting there I found a hut with ten or fifteen soldiers in it, and I put the body in the house and went on a scout for some other conveyance. I found a wagon on the way to Burgess's Mills, on the main road to Petersburg, and thus carried the body to that point.

While waiting on the roadside for an opportunity to get still nearer Petersburg, a wounded officer, with his arm in a sling, came along on his way to Petersburg. I asked him to go half a mile out of his path to tell my other brother (who was a member of the Otey Battery, then camped about three and one-half miles from Petersburg) that George was killed. In the darkness, wounded as he was, he left the road to do me this favor. I mention this to show the present generation the feeling of comradeship that existed among Confederate soldiers in those dark days. Soon another wagon came along, that was going to within three and a half miles of Petersburg, and the body was again put on the move. When this vehicle had to leave the road the corpse was placed on the ground, and I was left there alone with it about two or three o'clock in the morning.

The ground was covered with snow and it was sleeting. My clothing was as one cake of ice. There was no fire and no one near me, and for hours I walked up and down the road to keep from freezing. Daylight came, and a soldier watched the body while I went over to the camp of the Otey Battery and found my brother William, who went to Petersburg and telegraphed the news home. Hours passed before any opportunity to get on to Petersburg with my charge presented itself. About eleven o'clock a lone ambulance came along from Petersburg on its way to the front. The driver, after my earnest pleading and the additional incentive of \$400, consented to carry the corpse to Petersburg. As we were going along the road—I walking to keep from freezing—we saw Gen. R. E. Lee and some of his staff coming toward us on their way to the front. As I did not have any papers giving me permission to be absent from my command, and not desiring at that time to be interviewed even by "Marse Robert," I quietly got into the ambulance and laid down alongside my dead brother until they were out of sight. About one o'clock we reached Petersburg, and the body was carried to the home of Mr. Eckles, a kind citizen who, I think, fed more hungry Confederate soldiers during the war than any other one person I know of. His two sons, members of the Twelfth Virginia, earned a fine record for gallantry.

My uncle and brother came over from Richmond for the body, and the former said I ought to go to Richmond with the remains, but I had no pass, no furlough, and was absent from my command without leave. How to escape arrest by the innumerable guards and detectives between Sycamore Street, Petersburg, and Main Street, Richmond, was a puzzle, but I determined to try it. Next morning before daybreak I was out at Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill's headquarters, and awoke his assistant adjutant-general, Maj. W. N. Starke, who gave me a letter to Col. W. H. Taylor, Gen. R. E. Lee's assistant adjutant-general. By sunrise I was at Gen. Lee's headquarters and presented the letter to Col. Taylor, who gave me a pass to Richmond and return on the early train next morning. This train left Richmond about 4 A.M.

Returning to Petersburg, we carried the body to Dunlop, where we caught the train for home. On reaching Richmond, not desiring to return to camp next morning, I went out on North Tenth Street, where the Hon. Robert Ould lived. He was at that time the Confederate commissioner for the exchange of prisoners. I gave him my pass and asked him to get it extended for forty-eight hours. The next morning the Judge gave me the pass with the endorsement on the back, "The within is extended for forty-eight hours," and signed by "J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War."

Those who were privates in the Confederate army will better understand the difficulties that I had to overcome to save my brother's body. On my arrival at home from Appomattox Court-House, April 14, 1865, there was a report in Richmond that Col. W. H. Taylor, Lee's assistant adjutant-general, had been killed. Having seen him after the surrender, and knowing that he was alive and well and that he, in company with Gen. Lee, would be home the next day, I went to his house and sent his wife word that he was unhurt and on the way home. Thus I tried to do him a good turn for giving me a pass to Richmond under the conditions mentioned.

MONUMENTS TO PRISONERS BURIED NORTH.

Richmond Patriots Lead in a Worthy Cause.

Joint committees from R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans; Lee Camp, Sons of Veterans; and the Daughters of the Confederacy, appointed to confer and devise ways and means for the establishment of monuments in honor of Confederate soldiers buried in the North, have prepared a circular letter setting forth their purpose and asking for assistance for the undertaking. It is expected that four thousand dollars will be needed to erect the monuments to be raised.

The undertaking has met with hearty approval, and it is expected that a prompt response will be made to the appeal for assistance from every section.

The joint committee appointed to investigate the matter and devise ways and means necessary to the undertaking consists of W. P. Smith, James T. Gray, and C. W. Mercer, from Lee Camp; Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Mrs. Dabney Carr, and Mrs. Kate I. Winn, from the Daughters of the Confederacy; J. E. B. Stuart, Jr., James E. Cook, and E. Leslie Spence, Jr., from the Sons of Veterans.

To Mrs. N. V. Randolph especially is due much credit for development of the plans. Each member of the committee has gone to work to assist in raising funds for the undertaking.

The Lee Camp has heartily endorsed the undertaking, and has donated twenty-five dollars to the fund.

COPY OF THE CIRCULAR.

Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy: There lie in prison cemeteries throughout the North thirty thousand of our dead. With two exceptions (Camps Chase and Douglas), no stone marks their resting-places. 'Tis true they sleep well, "for all the world is native land to the brave," but soon even the localities will be forgotten. Who has reminded us of our duty to the memory of these dead heroes? A generous Federal officer bearing the scars and still suffering from the wounds won honorably in battle with these men.

All honor to Col. William H. Knauss, of Columbus, O., who, in May, 1897, sent out an appeal to the United Confederate Veterans asking that the graves of Confederate prisoners buried at Camp Chase should be remembered. This was done, but there are still thirty thousand who rest in unmarked graves. Had we forgotten "our dead?" No, but the cry of the needy wives and children of these dead have been ever at our door, and we could not reach beyond.

The time has now come when these graves must be marked. To accomplish this object it will be necessary to raise about four thousand dollars. We only ask for a simple shaft at these places, erected before the next annual meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, in July, 1898. Whatever sum this committee has in hand by next spring will be divided equally between the prison cemeteries. This fund is to be known as the "Monument Fund of Confederate Prisoners Buried in Northern Graves," and all contributions are to be sent to the Treasurer, Col. James T. Gray, Past Commander of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, C. V., Richmond, Va., and nothing can be drawn from this fund except over his signature.

These dead heroes of ours from every Southern state appeal to their survivors throughout the land. Remember their sacrifices and sufferings. All should feel it their privilege to contribute to this cause. Those who have relatives or friends still "wounded and missing" may join in these monuments and feel that their loved ones will now be recognized.

It is such a modest sum that is asked, it ought to be readily gotten at once from our camps and Confederate organizations alone; but to insure we cordially invite every one who is interested in the Confederate cause to contribute their mite toward the accomplishment of this noble object.

T. C. Little, Fayetteville, Tenn.: "At the decoration of Confederate graves here I noticed two of them marked with stone slabs and inscribed as follows: 'John W. Martin, Morgan's Kentucky Cavalry. Died December 24, 1862, aged about eighteen years.' 'James S. Gough, Daviess County, Ky., Col. A. K. Johnson's Cavalry. Died February 18, 1862, aged twenty-two years.' I send this, trusting that through the VETERAN their people may know where they are buried and that their graves are cared for."

ENJOYABLE REUNION AT LOUISVILLE.

Tom Hall gives a brief account of it:

One of the most successful and enjoyable Confederate events that has come to pass this year was the basket-picnic given at Shawnee Park, Louisville, on Saturday, September 11, at which fully three thousand people were in attendance. It was the first effort to get all the Confederate people of the vicinity of Louisville together, and its success was marvelous. The idea originated with Capt. John H. Weller, and at the last meeting of Camp George B. Eastin he suggested that an outing would be of benefit to the proposed bivouacs of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, for then the material could be easily discovered. It materialized signally, and hundreds of names were secured.

Shawnee Park was covered with Confederate people, and there were eight bivouacs, presided over by distinguished ex-Confederates, and at each of these speeches, reminiscences, and funny stories of the great war were richly told. Two pieces of artillery were there to boom things, and a party of jubilee singers was on hand to drive away melancholy. Old, old mothers and fathers of hundreds of comrades who have been at silent rest for years were on the grounds to mingle with their kind of people for the first time. It was indeed a joyous occasion.

A funny story told by a comrade was as follows: "Featherstone's Brigade went into winter quarters at Snyder's Bluff, some miles back of Vicksburg, in the fall of 1862, and while there one day a soldier named Fink, who blew the trombone of the Third Mississippi's band, seeing a pedler with a gander and other fowls, bought the gander, so that his mess could enjoy a fat goose dinner. Fink, a tall, good-hearted German, had no idea of the age of the gander, so when he took it to his mess the boys told him that it was thirty years old. At last they made him believe this, so he concluded to keep the fowl. Next morning Fink went to his place of practise and began blowing his horn with usual vigor. He had fairly got 'down to business,' when he noticed his gander come wagging its body in a joyous way near his feet. The bird showed its admiration for music, and even quacked an accompaniment. Fink, much astonished, called his band fellows to him, and they all they gazed at the bird's antics when the horn was blown. Toward the end of November, 1862, a grand review of all troops under Pemberton was held at Snyder's Bluff, and, among other bands that participated in it was the Third Mississippi's. When the reviewing officers came along the band filed out to precede them, and in front of all was Fink's gander doing the part of drum-major in a style that can not be surpassed to-day by the best professionals in that line. The appearance of the gander, wagging its head and tail, quacking, and marching to time, started the men to snickering; the line of officers joined in, then came the staff officers, and at last even the generals were forced into roars of laughter. It became so general that the titter soon swelled into a continuous roar of the old-fashioned Rebel yell, and Fink and his gander were the heroes."

Stories of prison life, hardships endured, narrow escapes, thrilling events, were told in profusion, and when nearly all was over a fine photograph of the crowd was taken by Wybrant. It will be repeated next year.

DAUGHTERS AT OPELOUSAS, LA.

Comrades of the U. C. V. Camp at Opelousas, La., participated in a meeting with the Daughters of the Confederacy, when a Chapter was organized. Mr. W. T. Blackshear called the meeting to order, and Capt. L. D. Prescott announced the purposes of the gathering. Misses Mabel Ogden, Pearl Harmanson, Addie Reed, and Annie Doremus contributed pleasingly and profitably to the entertainment. The address of the occasion was delivered by Mr. J. N. Ogden, who said, concerning the organization:

To you, ladies, is especially confided this sacred trust. The limit of our earthly existence is proving to us that the actual participants of the grandest struggle that ever occurred in any country are gradually passing away; and in order that the memory of that thrilling

tutions, commemorate the glorious deeds of that chivalrous band of patriots, who, fighting against terrible odds, with fearful disadvantages, by their courage and



MISS OLA H. RODEN,

Sponsor for Camp Hardee No. 30, Birmingham, Ala.



MISS JOSIE OXFORD,

Sponsor for Jeff Davis Camp No. 475, U. C. V., Birmingham, Ala.

devotion to their country, have inscribed upon the pages of history as bright an example of unselfish heroism as was ever known, either in ancient or modern history.

As a necessary consequence of this fierce strife many of the flower and chivalry of our land, while manifesting their knightly courage in striving to save our homes and protect our firesides, went down to the silent land, having first shed their life's blood in defense of our cause.

We look to you, ladies, whenever any movement of great moment is undertaken. If you do not actively assist us, you aid us by your smiles and counsel and your willingness to give us your approval and good wishes. We may try by ourselves, but without your assistance we never succeed; and whenever vice is confronted with virtue, and our ladies make one of their crusades upon immorality, in whatever form, the hydra-headed monster disappears, yielding to woman's invincible fortitude and determination. I trust that this move will receive the attention it deserves, and we will find that, although the hopes of the Confederacy were obscured by the opacity of some interposing cloud, its memories will shine forth with increased brilliancy under the auspices of the fair and united Daughters of the Confederacy, who, by establishing and perpetuating these Chapters, will burn an incense upon the altar of our "Lost Cause" that will grow brighter and brighter as the years go by.

In conclusion permit me to say that, although I have

epoch shall never be forgotten, we wish to baptize you as daughters of our dead and living heroes, and through you, and through your good and noble insti-

dwelt with some feeling upon the period of time that rent this country in twain, and although I have alluded with some fervor to the heroism of the Confederate soldier, understand me not to say aught that would imply any lack of affection on my part for the Union in which I dwell. I love the Union; her flag is dear to me; and if the message ever comes that our national honor must be avenged, you will find me, with my boys, battling to preserve her honor and struggling to unfurl to the breeze the star-spangled banner, fitting emblem of "the home of the free and the land of the brave."

COL. KIRKWOOD OTEY AND LUCY MINA OTEY.

It seems fitting to use with the excellent picture of the late Col. Kirkwood Otey, of Lynchburg, Va.—received too late to go with the sketch on page 415 of the August VETERAN, and for which sketch special



COL. KIRKWOOD OTEY.

acknowledgment is now made to Comrade W. S. Faulkner—a sketch of Mrs. Otey, unintentionally delayed, which was furnished by the historian of the Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy named in her honor.

In compliance with a call sent out by Col. Kirkwood Otey, an informal conference was held June 11, 1895,

by a few ladies of Lynchburg, daughters of Confederate soldiers, which resulted in the formation of the Lucy Mina Otey Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The lady in whose honor the chapter was named gave her talents, her fortune, and her seven sons to the Confederate cause. One of her deeds, most memorable to the people of her state and the South, was the founding and equipping of the Ladies' Relief Hospital of Lynchburg. She visited Richmond, laid her plans before President Davis, and secured entire control of her hospital, with a surgeon in charge, with orders to report direct to the Surgeon-General.

At the surrender, when the city was occupied by the Federals, she was given protection and a safe guard for her hospital. After the last convalescent was discharged, and there was left no more work for her loving hands to do, she surrendered the building to the lessees and turned her sorrowful face toward her daughter's home in Richmond, Va., crushed in spirit, soon after which she passed to her rest and reward.

Since its organization the chapter has been actively at work. A reference to its financial report shows \$400 to the credit of the monument fund. It was decided that the chapter devote all its funds, except such as were needed for sacred charity to the survivors of the war, toward the erection of a monument, to be located on the crest of the Court-House Hill of Lynchburg, to commemorate the heroism and patriotism of the Confederate soldiers who went from this city in the days of trial, hardship, and danger.

The chapter has adopted and many of its members are wearing an exquisite and beautiful Confederate badge designed for them by one of Mrs. Otey's sons, who commanded the Eleventh Virginia Regiment, under Gen. Longstreet.

The officers at the time of that report were: Mrs. Norvell Otey Scott, President; Mrs. J. Watts Watkins and Miss Margaret Marshall Murrell, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. Monimia Fairfax Tanner, Secretary; Miss Gertrude Howard, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Mary Williams Suhling, Treasurer; Miss Mazie Kinnear, Registrar. Committee on Credentials: Mrs. E. O. Payne, Chairman; Miss Anne Rockenbach, Miss Carrie Campbell, Mrs. Bettie Pollard Glass.

LIVING MONUMENT TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., September 15, 1897.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy, Nashville, Tenn.

The Daughter living at 620 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., thanks the Nashville Daughters for their cordial endorsement of the "living monument," or Southern University for Women, which she advocated in the August number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. She now suggests a reunion of all the Daughters of the Confederacy at the Woman's Building, Nashville Exposition, October 21, to vote on this matter, elect officers, and ask God's blessing on this worthy enterprise.

Mrs. S. W. Halsey, of Virginia, with whom this idea first originated, and who first spoke in behalf of it in the Woman's Building at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, will again help our good cause by joining us in another appeal to lessen ignorance and its accompanying evils by opening the portals of learning to the

long-neglected children hungering for instruction. Mrs. Halsey at the Chicago meeting was encouraged by an enthusiastic woman coming through the crowd of listeners to contribute the first dollar, which has been kept as a nucleus around which other dollars may gather and continue to gather until this "living monument" sheds its helpful rays of light, truth, morality, and piety all over our fair land. Let us have a large gathering of all the Daughters on the day mentioned, and let us find out how many can contribute another dollar and assist in the materialization of this glorious idea.

At a meeting of the Pelham Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, in Birmingham, Ala., June 12, for the annual election of officers and the transaction of other business, the roll showed a membership of sixty; fifty-three were charter members. In the treasury there was a small surplus. A contribution was made to Camp Hardee, and a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions to aid some of the veterans who were unable to defray their expenses to the reunion at Nashville. [Even now it is worthy of record to the credit of these Daughters.—ED. VETERAN.]

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Rose Garland Lewis, President; Mrs. Evan J. Dunn, Vice-President; Mrs. Ruffner, Recording Secretary; Miss Alma Rittenberry, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Charles B. Brown, Treasurer; Mrs. Camp, Historian.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, at Lexington, Va., is having an important improvement made on the cemetery enclosure at that place. The wall is to be four feet high and eighteen inches thick, of native gray limestone.

This print is from a picture given to Miss Virginia Parkinson, of St. Louis (sister of that eminent benefactress and ever-faithful Confederate mother, Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, now, unhappily, in poor health), by "Capt. Taylor, of Tennessee," who was captured at Fort Henry, taken to St. Louis, imprisoned at Alton, Ill., later at Camp Chase, O., and later still at Johnson's Island. In compliment to Miss Parkinson for many kindnesses, he gave to her the ambrotype. She never heard of him afterward. What was his fate?



"CAPTAIN TAYLOR."

J. G. Deupree, University, Miss.: "At the barbecue here on the 1st of September, the thirty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Britton's Lane, there were present twenty-six who participated in that battle, principally members of the Second and Seventh Tennessee Caval-

ry, and two members of Pinson's First Mississippi Cavalry, the writer, and Dr. T. J. Deupree, the former a private and the latter a first lieutenant at the time of the battle. Pinson's men dismounted and charged through the corn-field and the sweet potato patch, driving the enemy and aiding in the capture of the battery. It is a singular fact that the Federals tried to surrender, holding up a white handkerchief on a pole, but the Confederates couldn't see it through the cloud of dust raised by 'Red' Jackson's troops as they charged on horseback down the dusty lane and through the open fields. So the Federals were allowed to retire and the Confederates withdrew. The casualties on the Confederate side were less than one hundred, mostly from the First Mississippi Cavalry, and the loss was perhaps about the same on the Federal side. The reunion was a success, about two thousand people being present, and a considerable sum was raised for the monument and the enclosure of the last resting-place of the heroic dead. The remains of several Confederates were disinterred and reburied at the foot of the monument erected to commemorate their gallantry thirty-five years ago."

NASHVILLE "REBEL" HOME GUARDS.

John M. Hudson, Nashville:

There were three companies mustered into the service of the Confederate States in the city of Nashville. They organized and mustered into service to do the special work of guarding public buildings, ordnance, commissaries, etc., wherever stored. One of these companies, as I remember, was known as the "Rock City Home Guards." The officers were: A. J. Porter, captain; Jerry Pearl, orderly sergeant and drill-master; and Mr. Jones, who married a sister of Mrs. Dr. John H. Callender, was one of the lieutenants. The privates were: Messrs. William Rogers and son, Orr (of Orr & Jackson), Winfrey, Hunt, Winn, Hudson, Hawkins, Merritt, Engles, and George Calhoun. A Capt. Hawkins commanded one of the other companies. He was at one time either sheriff or deputy of this county.

After having done special service for three months within the corporate limits of Nashville, it was decided that one company was sufficient to guard the public buildings, stores, etc., so two of the companies were mustered out of service. The Rock City Home Guards was made up of business and professional men, clerks, and mechanics. In the three companies there were only enough guns to arm and equip one company. These men were allowed to follow their regular vocations during the day until nearly five o'clock, when they were required to report at their armory for drill. The armory was located in the north end of the market-house, third story. It was from here that we were marched over the Cumberland River to Edgefield (then a separate corporation) to the drill-grounds. Here, without any arms, not even a broomstick, we were handled by the drill-master in all the maneuvers of a soldier for two hours. These grounds were then studded by a few large elms, affording some shade, in which the men could recline and rest when not going through the drill, and could drink from the chalybeate spring just under the old suspension bridge. Very many of those who slaked their thirst here have passed over another river to the drill-ground beyond, to that everlasting spring that giveth out "water of life" freely.

POPULAR STORY OF THE WAR.

Capt. James Dinkins's new book is thus referred to by Rev. Dr. Joseph E. Martin, of Jackson, Tenn.:

I have just finished reading a new book, written by an old "Johnnie," with the title "Personal Recollections and Experiences in the Confederate Army," a most delightful and fascinating story well told. The author begins with his boy life in the Army of Northern Virginia, and his experience is exactly my own and every other boy's who left home and suffered from homesickness and the awful scenes ere he hardened into a soldier. The book does not deal with discussions of places of battles, nor does it try to account for any failures when victory seemed so certain. Nor does the author attempt any philosophy of the causes of the war. Nor does he become prophetic in his view of the future; but he tells his personal story—the camp, the march, the fight, the humor and the sadness of those heroic days are blended into actual life, and I have never seen a picture of the soldier equal in its painting.

There are descriptions of battles, notably the great battle of Fredericksburg, which brought the whole scene back and made it as fresh as yesterday. There are amusing bits of soldier-boy pranks, such as breaking up the preaching with a dog with a tin can tied to his tail, and tender bits of sentiment, as the beauty of some fair girl sketched, and there is not a bitter word in the book.

The writer served in Virginia and in Forrest's Command, being only a boy when he enlisted. Ere two years he became a man and reached honorable rank in the army of the Confederate States.

It is a great book for a boy, the best I know of. It will teach what loyalty and bravery mean. Without meaning to do so, the author has written the best book published on either side. Every soldier should read it, and pass it down the line. The price of the book is \$1.50. It will be sent free with five subscribers to the VETERAN.

LIFE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

H. C. Hudgins & Co., Atlanta, Ga., have in press a life of Gen. Robert E. Lee from the pens of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Col. John J. Garnett, Mrs. Sallie Nelson Robins, and Gen. T. L. Rosser, all well and widely known, and most of them members of the Lee family. It will contain an interesting early history of the Lee family in England and America, and an exhaustive military biography of the great Confederate leader.

The manuscripts of these parties will be edited by R. A. Brock, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society of Richmond. It is to be beautifully illustrated with a large number of portraits and spirited war scenes—pictures of historic interest.

The book will be sold by subscription, and parties wishing to handle it should apply to Messrs. Hudgins & Co., at once.

HANCOCK'S DIARY—THE SECOND TENNESSEE.

Rev. E. C. Faulkner writes from Searcy, Ark.:

The title of Hancock's book, "History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry," is misleading to those who have never seen the book. They are apt to regard it as a history of that one regiment only. In truth, it is a good history of the Tennessee and Mississippi Departments from the first year of the war to the close. There is much of thrilling interest in it to all of Forrest's men and their friends. The author kept a diary and faithfully recorded all events of interest in the extensive territory in which Forrest moved and fought. The author wastes no words in his narrative, but brings event after event before the reader with such panoramic precision and vividness that old and young will read with interest. Comrades don't fail to buy a copy of Hancock's history. You will thereby help a needy and highly deserving comrade, and you will get more than the value of your two dollars; and you will also thank me for calling your attention to the book.

The book can be had of the author or at the VETERAN office.

THE LIFE OF SAM DAVIS.

All the important events of Sam Davis's life are contained in W. D. Fox's drama, which is a dramatic history of the Confederate hero's matchless deed. The book has received the flattering endorsement of the press of the South, and many able public men have expressed good opinions of it. The price has been reduced from 50 cents to 25 cents a copy. The book can be had by writing to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, enclosing twenty-five cents in silver or stamps. The national, if not world-wide prominence of the character will make it all the more desirable to have the splendid production by Mr. Fox prepared after prolonged study of his matchless heroism. Any subscriber who in remitting a renewal will send a new subscriber can have the drama free and postpaid.

LIFE OF SENATOR BEN H. HILL.

Ben Hill, Jr., son of the eminent orator, statesman, and patriot, has compiled into a volume of 823 pages the speeches and writings, also a life sketch, of Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia. This book is supplied by the VETERAN in library binding, price \$3.50 (originally \$5), free for 10 subscriptions. Or it will be sent (postpaid in both cases) for \$3 with a renewal or new subscription. The book contains 27 of his most noted speeches before the people and in the United States Senate, and thirty-five articles from his pen, twenty-two of which were written during the Reconstruction period, with his famous "notes on the situation." The book will be furnished in cloth for 9 subscriptions, and in gilt morocco for 12 subscriptions to CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Our I's and....
....Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

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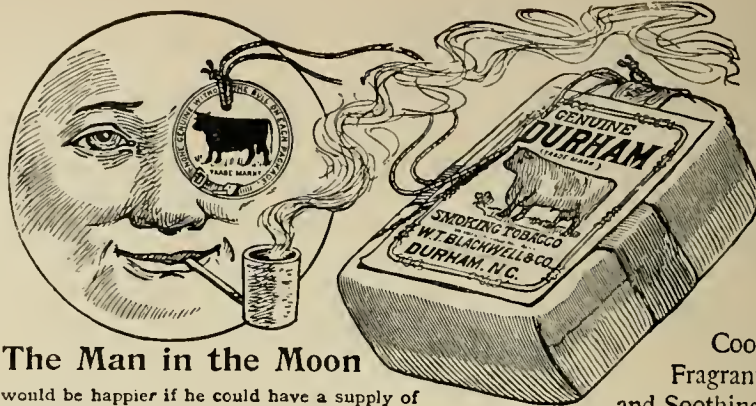
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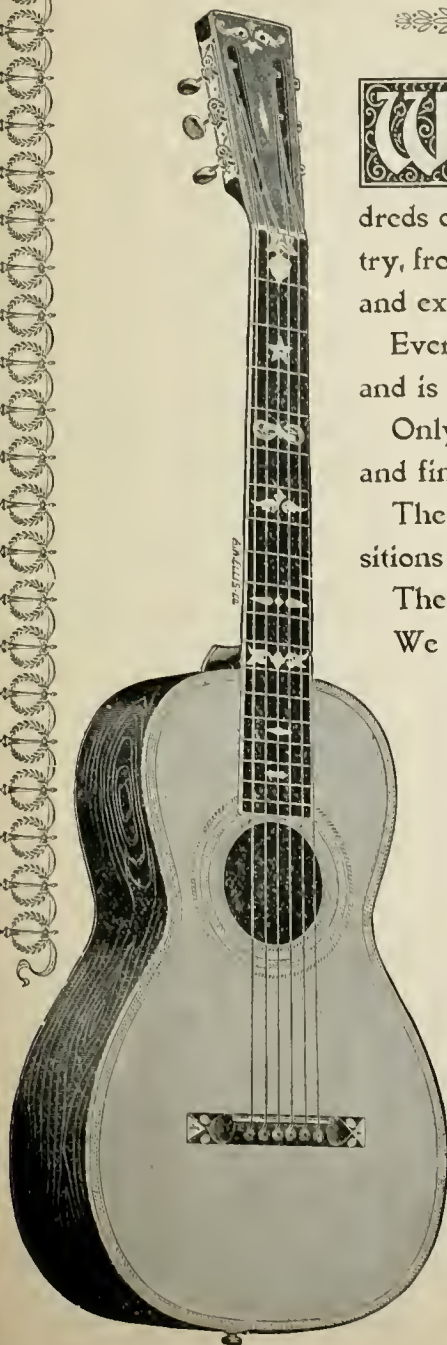
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Gain in Interest Receipts	140,061 54
Gain in Surplus	429,918 30
Gain in Membership	2,839
Gain in Assets	1,974,572 14
Gain in Amount of Insurance	9,647,937 00
Gain in Amount of New Business	3,509,806 00
Total Assets	16,529,860 77
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Surplus 4 per cent Standard	2,300,180 42

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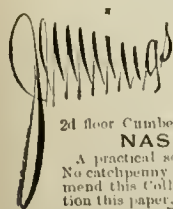
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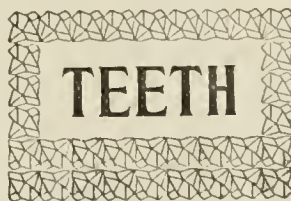
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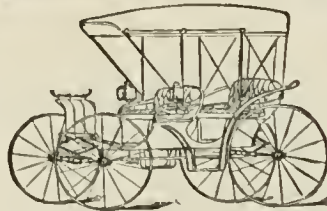
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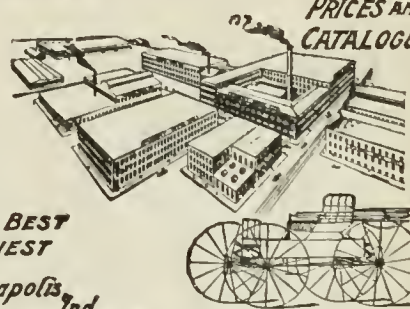
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Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

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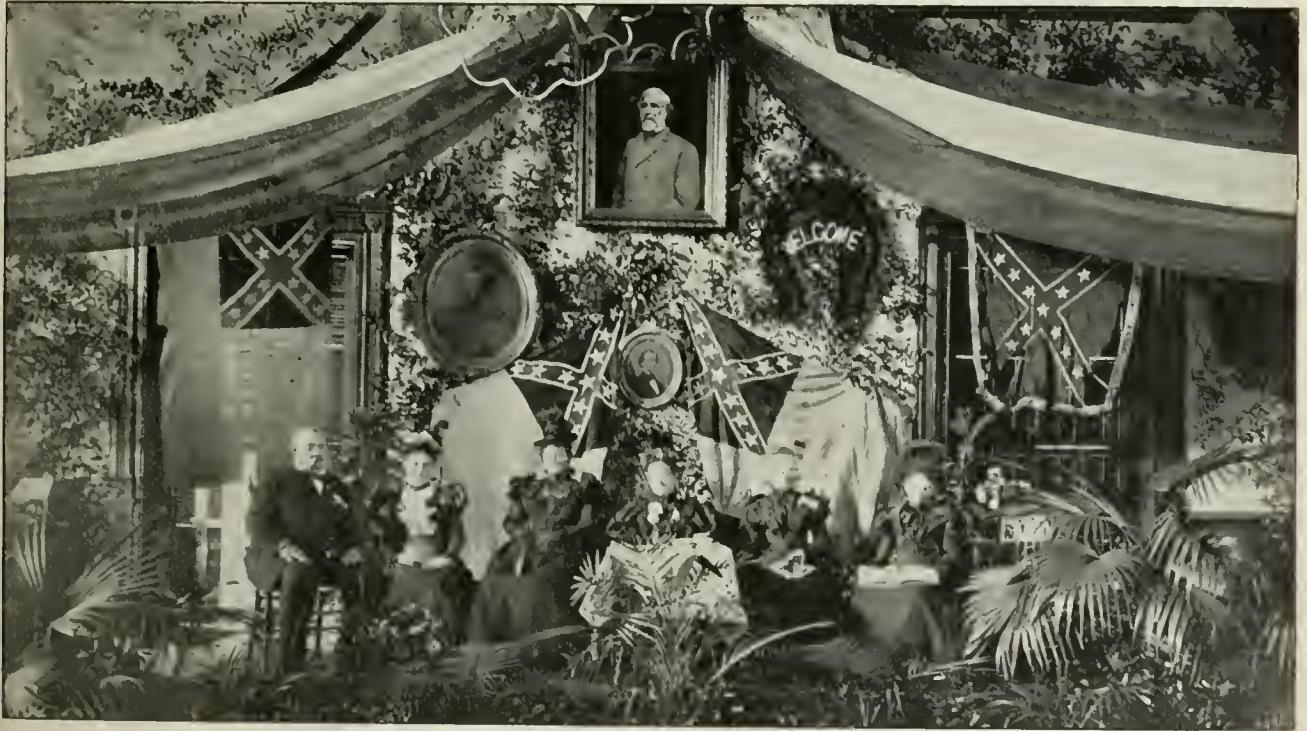
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NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1897.

No. 10. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,  
PROPRIETOR. }



PLATFORM SCENE AT MEETING OF THE GEORGIA DIVISION UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The above picture represents a very happy design of the platform at the recent meeting of the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy in the second annual meeting of the state division in Augusta. Mrs. W. F. Eve, of Augusta, President, sits at the chair. First on her right is Mrs. R. E. Park, Vice-President, from Ma-

con, and next to her is Miss Rosa Woodberry, of Athens, while Rev. Lansing Burrows sits on her extreme right. On her left are Mrs. Randolph Ridgeley and Mrs. L. H. Rogers, Secretaries. One of the tattered flags in the background belonged to the Fifth Georgia Regiment, and another is that of Cobb's Legion.

### CONFEDERATE RELICS AT THE EXPOSITION.

The heroic action of Southern women at the late Atlanta Exposition furnished the impetus whereby the Confederates at Nashville determined upon as fine an exhibit at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition as practicable. Many things deterred the enterprise from being as successful in the outset as was anticipated, but the determined women worked away until they not only amazed the public, but exceeded their own anticipations. They not only secured and arranged a fine exhibit, but have been diligently helpful to Mr. Robert T. Quarles, Custodian of the History Building, and to Miss Cora Hager, who has been there regularly and faithfully through all the months, showing cordial attention to the public, which has been very much interested in this feature of the Exposition.

A Southern woman, hardly old enough in war times to remember the cannon's thunder, writes:

One of the most interesting exhibits in the History Building is that of the relics of the civil war. There is continued diligence in the South to collect and preserve these visible links "that will clasp that sacred time into an eternity." It would be a reflection upon the Southern people if they did not hold dear these relics of a struggle for right of which we have always been proud and for which we have never had an apology. Many features of this collection have their charms for the person who has no sacred memories or secrets to unlock.

It is an interesting and "painfully instructive" pleasure to sit in the Confederate Department and watch the people come and go. It is strange, nevertheless true, as I have frequently noticed, that there seems to be a different appreciation of these relics from all others. Strong, brave men remove their hats and stand in respectful silence before these pictures and flags—a "painted language" of the courage and suffering of the lost cause. The women cease talking, and many have been seen to leave this room with tearful eyes. I heard one young lady say: "It would break Aunt's heart to see these things." One man stood a long time reading a framed history of the enrolled men of each army, and, commenting upon the wide difference in the numbers, remarked that it was a great wonder to him the war had not ended in six months. There is no bitterness in our hearts now, but we are proud of this piece of authentic history.

Miss Hager has kindly made a complete list of Confederate relics in the History Building, comprising portraits, uniforms, flags, and a multitude of various relics, which is in type for the November VETERAN. A compilation of historical statistics, which has been prominently displayed in that department, will also appear in that report.

As this VETERAN goes to press the Grand Camp of Virginia is having a reunion at Richmond. The prime business feature of the meeting will be the subject of school histories. Comrades in the Old Dominion are determined, even at this late date, to stop as far as possible the teaching of falsehood to their children.

The Texas reunion has been postponed indefinitely. Gen. R. H. Phelps, Commander of that state division, U. C. V., had called it for the 25th inst., at San Antonio, but the prevalence of yellow fever in some sections and the general dread of it caused postponement.

Maj. Edward Owen sends out from the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, October 4, 1897: "It is with regret that I announce the death of our late comrade, W. P. Fowler, formerly of Mobile, Ala., who died Friday, 1st inst. He will be buried in the plot of the camp at Mt. Hope Cemetery. It is desired that a large delegation of comrades will attend the services to pay their last tribute to a good soldier. Comrade Fowler enlisted in the Mobile Cadets in April, 1861; later was an officer in the Twenty-Fourth Alabama Infantry, serving till April, 1865."

Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, daughter of the late Col. C. W. Frazer, of Memphis, Tenn., writes the VETERAN:

I intend to take up his Confederate work as far as possible where he left off. His life and his record as man, soldier, Christian, and friend is a precious legacy, and his passing out a beautiful example of a glorious resurrection. He was purified by suffering until the materiality seemed to drop away as a garment, and his spirituality comforted us before he left.



MRS. KATE CABELL CURRIE, PRESIDENT U. D. C. IN TEXAS.

The state in which Mrs. Currie represents the Daughters of the Confederacy contains about one-sixth of all the organizations of Confederates in existence.





MRS. M. C. GOODLETT, OF TENNESSEE,  
First President U. D. C.

Mrs. Goodlett was evidently the original worker under the name "Daughters of the Confederacy." The *Nashville American* of May 10, 1892, contained an account of an election under the heading "Daughters of Confederacy," and Mrs. Goodlett was chosen State President.



MRS. L. H. RAINES, OF GEORGIA,  
First Vice-President U. D. C.



MRS. C. A. FORNEY, OF ARKANSAS,  
President Arkansas Division U. D. C.  
Mrs. Forney represented the Trans-Mississippi Department at Nashville Reunion.

## UNITED DAUGHTERS REUNION.

Annual Meeting at Baltimore November 11, 1897.

An official call, signed by Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, President, and Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary, is published, in which they say:

The next annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will meet in the city of Baltimore, Md., on Wednesday, November 10, 1897, at ten o'clock A.M. Your chapter is entitled to one delegate for every twenty-five members and one delegate for a fraction of not less than seven members. One delegate can cast the entire vote of your chapter; or, if no delegate can attend, your chapter can be represented by proxy. It is very important that your chapter should be represented; and, if it can not be represented in person, it should be by proxy.

Please find enclosed two blank credentials for delegates, which you will please fill out as soon as your delegates are elected—one of which you will forward to Mrs. John P. Hickman, our Secretary, at Nashville, Tenn., and the other to Mrs. Clara C. Colston, Secretary of the Baltimore Chapter, 1016 South Paul Street, Baltimore, Md. In forwarding your credentials you will please state what delegates will attend, or whether you will be represented by proxy.

You will also find enclosed all proposed amendments to our constitution. These amendments should be carefully considered by your chapter, and your delegates should be instructed to vote for or against each separate amendment.

You will also find enclosed a series of by-laws for our association. These should be carefully considered, and your delegates should also be instructed to vote for or against them. Our association must have by-laws, and, if those are not adopted, others must be.

The railroads have granted a rate of one and one-third fare for all delegates and their friends attending the convention—that is, a full fare going to Balti-

more and a one-third fare returning. When purchasing tickets you must not fail to procure a certificate from the ticket-agent; otherwise, you will have to pay full fare both ways.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy now has one hundred and thirty-eight chapters, mainly from the seceding states. There is one in New York City, one in California, one in Missouri, one in West Virginia, one in Indian Territory, and three in Maryland. The latter, it is understood, however, are under the satisfactory direction of the Baltimore Chapter.

## DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN MARYLAND.

The Daughters of the Confederacy, as a branch of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has had a phenomenal growth in the state of Maryland. It was organized a year ago, and has about four hundred members. While it was incorporated under a state charter as the "Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Maryland," it had also a charter from the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and is known in the greater organization as Baltimore Chapter No. 8, and is the charter chapter in the state. In all the Southern States the Confederate dead lie buried in scattered graves and villages. In Maryland they have all been brought to Baltimore by the Army and Navy Society, C. S. A., and laid in the large Confederate burial-lot of Loudon Park, which contains the monuments to Confederate soldiers and around which all the interest centers and converges on Memorial Day, people coming from all parts of the state to lay their offerings of flowers on the hundreds of graves at the feet of these monuments to Maryland heroes. Then, again, the Confederate Soldiers' Home is in the immediate vicinity of Baltimore, and the Board of Visitors is composed of many of the most prominent Maryland Daughters. The entertainments to raise funds for the various Confederate charities are all held in Baltimore,

which thus, being the center of all activity and interest in Confederate matters, and being accessible by water and rail, becomes the Mecca to which the whole coun-



MRS. FITZHUGH LEE, PRESIDENT U. D. C.

try and village population of Maryland turns its steps, so far as Confederate matters are concerned.

The foregoing is from an article approved by Mrs. Louise Wigfall Wright, President of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the state of Maryland and of Baltimore Chapter No. 8.

#### TENNESSEE DAUGHTERS AT CHATTANOOGA.

Mrs. T. E. Talbot writes from Jackson, Tenn.:

The annual convention of the Tennessee Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy convened in the rooms of the N. B. Forrest Camp at Chattanooga October 7, 1897. The following chapters were represented: Nashville, Jackson, Gallatin, Knoxville, South Pittsburg, and Murfreesboro.

The opening session was called to order by the State Vice-President, Mrs. Frank Moses, of Knoxville. The State President, Mrs. Goodlett, was unable to attend, on account of recent bereavement in her family.

Mrs. John P. Hickman, State Secretary, in her strong and impressive way soon disposed of the business of the order. In transacting this business she showed herself a Josephine in diplomatic power and a Marie Antoinette in graciousness and in the power of winning hearts.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year. Mrs. T. E. Talbot made a motion, which was carried, that Mrs. Goodlett be made an honorary member for life. It is a fitting tribute to her as our first President and an

active promoter of this noble organization. Mrs. S. F. Wilson, of Gallatin, was elected President; Mrs. Frank Moses, First Vice-President; Mrs. John P. Hickman, reelected Secretary. Mrs. T. E. Talbot, of Jackson, was chosen Second Vice-President, but she declined in favor of Mrs. J. T. McCutchen, of the same city. Mrs. Laura D. Eakin, of Chattanooga, was elected Treasurer. Knoxville was chosen for the next annual convention.

The ladies of the Chattanooga Chapter were indefatigable in their efforts to make the visiting ladies have a pleasant time. The welcome address by Mrs. M. H. Clift was replete with beautiful and noble thoughts and as poetic as the face of the fair woman. Never can the delegates be more delightfully entertained. Such grace and charm of manner assure the traveler that in no land has he found such perfection as in the women of the South.

A pathetic incident occurred by the exhibition of an old canteen. It belonged to a young man named Hall, of Alabama, who gave up his noble life at the age of seventeen years. Silently we listened to the story by a loving sister, who told of how he marched bravely to the front, becoming a hero in the strife.

O ye cynics, think not patriotism is dead,  
For when that story was finished many a tear was shed.

I'm glad I touched that dear old canteen,  
That belonged to the brave-hearted boy of seventeen.

Its work is not yet done, for in the long years to come  
The memory of that old canteen will make heroes of other  
Southern sons.

May your boy and mine for the good and true ever try,  
And be like that noble boy who was not afraid to die!



MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, SECRETARY U. D. C.



## GEORGIA DAUGHTERS AT AUGUSTA.

The meeting of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Augusta, October 13-15, demonstrated afresh the zeal and the patriotism still existing in that commonwealth. A membership



MRS. JOHN C. BROWN, SECOND PRESIDENT U. D. C.

of seven hundred and six had present twenty-four delegates. Mrs. Randolph Ridgeley made the address of welcome after a prayer by Rev. Dr. Lansing Burrows. Mrs. Ridgeley said concerning Georgians:

In the war I gloried and exulted in my countrymen as only we Southern women can. Since the war I have honored and revered them as only we Christian women can. Not yet is the strain withdrawn from their noble souls, not yet is the final victory achieved. From day to day other trials will menace them, other disappointments press down upon them; but we can be still and trust them, for we know that the sons of our Empire State will never forget that "wisdom, justice, and moderation" make us proud to bear the name of Georgians. Our warmest welcome is due to you, noblest women of Georgia, for it is you who have given them praise for their past and will give them strength for their present and hope for their future.

Responding, Miss Rosa Woodbury, of Athens, said:

The gracious words of welcome so cordially voiced by your eloquent representative assure us that all Augusta is ours and all Georgia is yours. With peculiar appropriateness comes your welcome to a city that seems fairly vibrant with patriotism. You have made us feel that your hearts are attuned to all noble and generous and hospitable impulses. We come to you

representing chapters from the mountains to the sea, from the Chattahoochee to the Savannah. We come to you bringing memories and lessons and inspiration from the battle-fields of North Georgia, where rugged fearlessness and endurance and valor have enshrined our loftiest hero: the Georgia soldier boy. We bring memories and inspiration from our Georgia coast, where patriotism jealously guarded the sacred portals of a fearless people.

From every part of this heaven-blessed land of Georgia, where courage and loyalty and devotion fought inch by inch for her independence, we bring you sacred memories to blend with yours of a noble cause nobly upheld and eternally vindicated. Surely the sweetest incense that burns in human hearts is love for native land. There is about it the halo of the spiritual in its unselfishness and purity. Yet, sacred as are these memories of a land in all its beauty and poetry and princely heritage of brave deeds and heroic self-sacrifice, there is a motive in our coming together stronger than to sing the old songs and hear the stories of the camp-fires or follow in imagination the weary march or watch the awful conflict. We come to find out the best way of helping the living, to aid our needy Confederate veterans, to tenderly care for the widows and orphans of the Confederacy, to preserve for all time by monuments and histories the records of that war for independence that won the admiration of a world, to see that true American history is taught in American schools.

So long as these motives exist which prompted the organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy there need be no fear that the South will become fossilized by a gross materialism. Where woman's gratitude keeps alive the records of a glorious past and where woman's loyalty defends — no, illumines — a



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, AUGUSTA, GA.

righteous cause, there you will ever find the blessed sanctuary of human rights and priceless liberty. To woman seems to be entrusted the office of keeping the vestal fires of patriotism burning. In hours of dazzling prosperity that light will shine with a holy serenity; in perplexity and distress its gentle radiance will make brighter and clearer and safer the path of a nation's progress.

Our spirit is as yours when we look upon your monuments and feel the ardent love of native land and loyalty to the inspiration that uplifted the spotless marble to a spotless cause. Your purpose is ours to unite the women of the South to the memories and principles of the Confederacy and to fulfil the privileges of sweet charity to those honored needy veterans and their families. One by one they pass away, and the eyes that might have brightened to-day in recognition of some gentle courtesy to-morrow may close in the soldier's grave. For the last time loving hands must soon fold about him the jacket of gray, and the land he cherished as his life will be the poorer for another veteran gone.

In her official report Mrs. W. F. Eve said:

My first official act was the endeavor to have chapters send delegates to the convention of the U. D. C. in Nashville during November, 1896. Several chapters were represented, and Georgia's showing compared favorably with other states. Your Honorary President, Mrs. C. H. J. Plane, was there as your chief representative, and Mrs. L. H. Raines, of the charter chapter in Savannah, was President of the convention.

I have made a special effort to awaken interest in towns throughout the state and thereby extend our order. We have sent out more than five hundred letters, postals, and parcels from Augusta.

We have organized ten new chapters—namely, in Quitman, Milledgeville, Lagrange, Cartersville, Greensboro, Sparta, Thomson, Brunswick, Americus, and Sandersville. We are in correspondence with Albany, Union Point, Oglethorpe, Lumpkin, Hinesville, Marietta, Decatur, Dawson, Newnan, Griffin, Warrenton, and Bainbridge.

I had printed in the spring a small book of instructions on organizing chapters, which many of you have seen and used. It has simplified the work of organizing chapters and instructing new members. We have on hand about three hundred copies for further use. I believe that chapters may be formed in most of the above-named places if the effort already made is closely followed up. . . . Our chapters throughout the state are united in their desire to secure the use of impartial histories in our public schools. In the early summer I appointed Mrs. Hollis A. Rounsaville, of Rome, chairman of a committee to memorialize the text-book commission of the Legislature on this matter of supreme importance and interest. Mrs. R. E. Park, of Macon; Mrs. Love, of Atlanta; Miss Rutherford, of Athens; Mrs. Lula H. Chapman, of Quitman—compose that committee.

The coming year brings with it an inspiration and quickening of Confederate sentiment, which should enable us to extend our order throughout the state. The reunion of Confederate veterans at Atlanta in 1898 belongs to the whole state. They come to Georgia as this state's guests, and we, as a division, must join

with the Atlanta Chapter in every effort toward the perfect care of the occasion and those it brings together. We should discuss as far as practicable ways and means for aiding in this reunion as a part of it.

Mrs. L. H. Raines, after great efficiency in general work, continues zealous for her local chapter in Savannah. In her report, as its President, she states:

Our chapter has passed a very bright year, made doubly so by the union of the Ladies' Memorial Society with our own. It brought joy to our hearts to welcome to our ranks these noble women, upon whose heads the snow of time has fallen, to be our counselors and advisers. We are making some extensive improvements in the soldiers' lot in our cemetery, where seven hundred who wore the gray are sleeping, and are striving in every way to make their resting-place beautiful with flowers.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, SAVANNAH, GA.

Death has claimed one of our younger members during the past year. Our membership has had a steady increase, and we have every reason to feel much encouraged.

Mrs. B. O. Miller, Secretary of the Augusta Chapter, read her report:

Since the last annual convention of our state division Chapter A has added twenty-six names to her roll of members. We now number one hundred and twenty fully qualified active members, whose hearts are warm with enthusiasm and love for our cause.

The monthly meetings have been regularly held, with good attendance. Even during the heated term, when other associations suspend their meetings for three months, Chapter A held its regular meetings, which, perhaps, were the three most delightful ones of



the year, being held at the suburban homes of members. Chapter A has endeavored to follow constitutional lines in all rules and regulations, and has faithfully met all the requirements and demands of the united and state associations.

We celebrated Gen. Lee's birthday, which is set apart for the annual meeting of all chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, by holding an open session, to which the public was invited. A pleasant program of addresses, recitations, and music eulogistic of our beloved and sainted leader, was presented.

Upon solicitation from Miss Mary Greene, of Atlanta, our chapter very cheerfully contributed the sum of twenty-five dollars toward the building of a fence around the soldiers' cemetery at Resaca, Ga. We also appropriated fifteen dollars to reset the headstones of our soldiers' graves in the cemetery here.

The report gives this account of local work:

We are at present greatly interested in collecting a library of Confederate literature and, in a small way, a museum of Confederate relics. A considerable number of rare and choice volumes have been contributed and a few relics of sad and sacred associations. We are also diligently at work gathering materials for Confederate scrap-books and a Confederate musical album, to be composed of original copies of Confederate music, and among those collected we have some rare curiosities and keepsakes.

Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Atlanta, an official of the U. D. C., made a very entertaining address, the substance of which will evidently be reported at Baltimore. Mrs. Eve, the retiring President, on resigning her office made a very charming talk and welcomed her successor.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. Hallie Alexander Rounsaville, Rome; Vice-President, Mrs. Anna C. Benning, Columbus; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Passie Fenton Otley, Atlanta; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Susan Bowie Terhune, Rome; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. B. Williamson, Macon; Treasurer, Mrs. M. M. Madden, Brunswick; Auditor, Mrs. Anna Hamilton, Athens; Registrar, Mrs. Dora C. Daniel, West Point; Historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens.

An invitation from the Atlanta Chapter to each organization to send representatives to the United Confederate Veterans' convention in their city was extended, and much appreciated by the division.

The Sophie Bibb Chapter, of Montgomery, which had been first in nearly every good Confederate work, regretted very much not being the charter chapter in Alabama. The worthy successor to her noble mother, whose honored name is the pride of Alabama and the South, selected Mrs. C. Holtzclaw Kirkpatrick to enlist members for the organization, but the meeting was not called, because of the illness and death at sea of her only brother, son of Gen. Holtzclaw; so Miss Salie Jones, of Camden, procured the first charter.

In this connection a brief history of the Confederate

Memorial Association is given. It is credited as being the first association established after the war, if, indeed, it ceased as organized for the Confederacy. It was organized, or reorganized, April 16, 1866. Its first object was "to have the remains of Alabama Confederate soldiers now lying scattered over the various battle-fields of the war collected and deposited in public burial-grounds or elsewhere, that they be saved from neglect." The following ladies were unanimously elected: Mrs. Judge B. S. Bibb, President; Mrs. Judge J. Phelan, Vice-President; Mrs. Dr. W. O. Baldwin, Secretary; and Mrs. E. C. Shannon, Treasurer.

This association has expended over \$12,500. Marble head-stones have been placed over the eight hundred Confederate soldiers who died in the Ladies' Hospital and were buried in Montgomery cemetery, where a monument has been erected to their memory. The association is now building a magnificent monument on Capitol Hill, the sacred spot where the "storm-tossed nation" was born, which is to cost \$45,000, and is nearing completion.

Mrs. Sarah Herron, the only survivor of active workers in that period, is a gentle, refined, good woman, chastened by sorrow, who has led a most secluded life. Her patriotism during the war alone impelled her to leave for a while the even tenor of her way.

Some interesting reminiscences were furnished the VETERAN months ago by Mrs. I. M. P. Ocendon, daughter of the late Judge B. F. Porter, and Corresponding Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, concerning officers in the Sophie Bibb Chapter. Mrs. M. D. Bibb, daughter of Mrs. Sophie Gilmore Bibb, and who took up the great work of the Confederates when her mother laid it down to wear a crown, is President. The venerable woman was granddaughter of Col. Thomas Lewis, who was a member of the House of Burgesses for twenty years and an intimate friend of Gen. Washington.

Mrs. J. F. Woodruff is the sister of Col. Fred Ferguson, Commander U. C. V. in Alabama, the Adjutant-General of the state troops, who has a gallant war record.

Miss Jeannie Crommelin is a member of a prominent family long identified with Montgomery, who gave generously of a large income to the maintenance of the Confederacy and to the aid and comfort of the soldiers. Two of her brothers entered the army when under age, and remained in service until the bonnie blue flag was furled.

Mrs. Lomax is the widow of the late Col. Tennant Lomax, the intrepid commander of the Third Alabama Regiment, whose early death in the battle of Seven Pines brought such sorrow and loss to the army and state.

Mrs. Jones is the wife of our distinguished ex-Governor, Thomas Jones, who gave his youth to the Confederacy, his manhood to the state.

Mrs. Alfred Bethea is the daughter of the late Col. A. M. Baldwin—Attorney-General of Alabama in 1861, noted for his zeal in the service of the state and the Confederacy—and the widow of Capt. Alfred Bethea, who entered the army before he was grown.

To these names, called to office by choice of the Daughters, might be added many others. Every name can be traced to noble families, who gave life and property to the cause embalmed in blood and flame.

Each name is in itself a history and a testimonial of gratitude to those who stood a living breastwork around the homes of the South.

State officers for Arkansas: Mrs. C. A. Forney, President; Mrs. Dr. J. M. Keller and Miss Fannie M. Scott, Vice-Presidents; Mrs. S. W. Franklin, Recording Secretary; Miss Maggie Bell, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Sallie Hicks, Treasurer; Mrs. William Barry, Historian; Miss L. E. Clegg, Registrar.

Pat Cleburne Chapter No. 31, Hope, Ark.: Mrs. C. A. Forney, President; Mrs. S. W. Bracy, Vice-President; Miss Maggie Bell, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. T. Hicks, Recording Secretary; Mrs. J. T. West, Treasurer.

Little Rock Memorial Chapter No. 42: Mrs. J. R. Miller, President; Mrs. Mary Fields, First Vice-President; Mrs. U. M. Rose, Second Vice-President; Miss Bessie Cantrell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Jennie Beauchamp, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Georgine Woodruff, Treasurer.

Hot Springs Chapter No. 80: Mrs. J. M. Keller, President; Mrs. John H. Gaines, Vice-President; Miss Fannie Connelly, Recording Secretary; Mrs. E. W. Rector, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Althea P. Leatherman, Treasurer.

Mary Lee Chapter No. 84, Van Buren, Ark.: Mrs. H. A. Myer, President; Mrs. A. Penot, Vice-President; Miss Lizzie Clegg, Secretary; Mrs. Ada Decherd, Treasurer.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter No. —, Prescott, Ark.: Mrs. W. V. Tompkins, President; Mrs. Hugh Moncrief, Vice-President; Miss Annie Hatley, Secretary; Miss Maud Hayes, Treasurer.

Mildred Lee Chapter No. 98, Fayetteville, Ark.: Mrs. A. E. Menke, President; Miss Jessie S. Cravens, Vice-President; Miss Clara Earle, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Clementine Boles, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. B. J. Dunn, Treasurer.

Winnie Davis Chapter No. —, Mammoth Springs, Ark.: Mrs. C. T. Arnett, President; Mrs. J. M. Meeks, Vice-President; Mrs. C. W. Culp, Recording Secretary; Miss Eva Chadwick, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Lizzie Longley, Treasurer.

The Sidney Johnston Chapter has been organized at Batesville, Ark., but the list of officers has not been reported.

### A NOVEL AND UNIQUE RECEPTION.

At Fayetteville, Ark., on October 2, 1897, the Mildred Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was tendered a most brilliant and unique reception by Mrs. Col. Gunter and Mrs. Col. Cravens at the elegant suburban home of Mrs. Gunter.

The invitations were written upon miniature Confederate flags, a perfect reproduction of the flag we all love so well and which occupies so honorable a position in the annals of history. A card accompanied the flag with the request written in red ink: "Please wear something to suggest the name of a battle fought in the civil war." United States histories were immediately in demand. Old veterans were besieged with anxious inquiries, and the chivalric period of 1861-65 was the all-absorbing topic.

The result was a compliment to the ingenuity of all

who participated. The historic and social features were charmingly blended. The handsome parlors were artistically decorated with "red, white, and red."

The guests were received by Miss Gertrude Gunter, a superb type of Southern beauty, with the winsome grace and dignity peculiar to her, in a costume of the prevailing colors.

The emblems representing the battles were quite varied, many of them amusing, and all of them good. A spirited sketch of Bull Run occasioned much mirth. A bewitching girl appeared very *distingue* in a gentleman's vest—Gal-vest-on. A fascinating little woman flitted about with a gold ring pendent from her neck upon red-white-and-red baby ribbon—Ring-gold. Another had simply the word "London"—Vick's Burg. Her Majesty might consider this a liberty with her name, but would doubtless fully pardon could she have seen the pretty culprit. A stately lady wore a picture of Christ—Shiloh. One girl carried a steel spring labeled "Arsenic"—Poison Springs. Some one quickly divined Col. Gunter's symbol: a splendid pair of elk horns suspended from the wall, he being a hero of the battle of that name. These are fair specimens of the devices.

The guessing, which was both amusing and instructive, being over, the guests were ushered into the dining-room to the inspiring strains of "Dixie." The Confederate colors in the palmiest days of that ill-fated government never presented a more festive appearance than here greeted the eye. In the center of the table was an unfurled Confederate flag, surrounded by red-white-and-red tapers. The lights from rose-colored shades shed a warm, rich glow upon the good-looking and handsomely attired ladies that was suggestive of a glimpse of fairy-land. Mrs. Gunter's handsome silver plate was a forcible reminder of *ante-bellum* luxury. The menu was perfect, served in the most delicate china and cut-glass.

At the close of the collation Mrs. Gunter announced that Misses Cravens and Davis had an equal number of correct guesses. The former most generously waived her claim, and the prize, a beautiful jar of sword ferns, was awarded Miss Davis. Mrs. Pittman was the happy recipient of the booby prize, a small but perfect representation of the old army rifle. Being the wife of a gallant captain, she will cherish it as a fitting trophy of the lost cause. Each guest was presented a souvenir card, on one side of which was inscribed in red letters the word "Confederacy," and on the reverse side

No nation rose so fair and white,  
None fell so pure of crime—

a sentiment that found echo in every heart present.

At Mrs. Gunter's request all united in singing with deepest reverence the doxology. Repairing to the parlors, sweet music was discoursed, a beautifully rendered solo by Miss Gertrude Gunter giving special pleasure.

Col. Gunter fortunately arrived at this juncture, and all the Daughters were happy to grasp the hand of this noble standard-bearer. We all delighted to do him honor.

The chapter voted a card of thanks to Mesdames Gunter and Cravens for an afternoon of unalloyed happiness.



**COL. CHARLES W. FRAZER.**

Charles W. Frazer, son of John A. Frazer and Francis A. Jones, of New Berne, N. C., was of Scottish ancestry, a native of Tennessee, born near La Grange, in Fayette County, July 21, 1834. He was thoroughly educated at the University of Mississippi. Admitted to the Memphis bar when nineteen years old, he thenceforth made that city his home. In the great military uprising of the Southern people in the spring of 1861 Col. Frazer was among the first at the front. He raised a company of Irishmen in Memphis, a sturdy, fighting band, who under his leadership won undying laurels on many of the bloodiest of battle-fields of the war. This was Company I in the Twenty-first Tennessee, and after the consolidation of that regiment and the Second Tennessee became Company B in the consolidated Fifth Confederate Infantry.

Capt. Frazer showed the greatest aptitude for military science. At Belmont, his first battle, fought with entirely raw troops, his quick eye discovered that no execution was being done on the advancing Federal line by his regiment, though the firing was rapid. Divining the reason, he strode down the line of men, who were kneeling, and, tapping the guns with his sword, ordered the men to fire low, at the enemy's feet. The guns were dropped, and in an instant the Federal line went to pieces, nearly every shot taking effect. He received a slight wound there.

At Perryville his company had an important position. He sheltered them as well as he could behind an old stone fence and directed the firing from its top, encouraging the men. He would not leave his position, though his clothes were pierced with bullets, and one of his lieutenants attempted to pull him from the fence. He shared in all the achievements of the immortal Cleburne, with whom he served up to and through the battle of Murfreesboro, where he was again wounded. Soon after he was promoted to the rank of major and assigned to duty on the staff of his brother, Gen. J. W. Frazer, as assistant adjutant-general.

Captured in September, 1863, he was sent to Johnson's Island, on Lake Erie, where, subjected to hardships and indignities, he suffered a long and painful captivity, not being released until June 11, 1865. With unbroken spirits he returned to his home in Memphis and resumed the practise of law, in which he became distinguished. On July 1, 1869, Col. Frazer joined the Confederate Historical Association of Memphis, the oldest of ex-Confederate organizations, and in 1884 was made its President, which position he held by unanimous consent until his death. His comrades recognized in him a man of strength, devotion, and fitness, and would not give him up. In this little refuge of the lost cause he developed his strongest characteristics. Col. Frazer was playfully termed the "unreconstructed Rebel" by his comrades in the association, but this title was scarcely just. True, he believed that the South had been sacrificed to upbuild the commercial power of the North, and he would not yield to the servile "logic of events." To his broad mind the "decrees of fate," as expounded by the reconstructionists, signified simply the greatest number of men and the biggest guns. His advice to his comrades was: "Address yourselves to developing the industries of the

South, keep the fires of constitutional liberty brightly burning upon her altars, and thus win again the preponderating place in the councils of the nation."

For the Confederate soldier Col. Frazer ever retained the warmest place in his heart, and not one of them in distress ever applied to him in vain.

No greater loss has ever befallen the Confederate Veterans of Tennessee than that which came with his death. He was a strong man intellectually, of poetic temperament, and a dramatic writer of merit.



COL. C. W. FRAZER.

He was married in 1862 to Miss Letitia Austin, a type of the patriotic Southern woman of that troubled era, and the fruits of the union were three children, who survive. The eldest of these, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, has attained a national reputation as one of the sweetest and brightest lyric poets of the South.

Col. Frazer died July 11, 1897, beloved of all who knew him, but most by his comrades in gray.

Mrs. H. G. Hollenberg, of Little Rock, Ark., reports an interesting meeting of the United Daughters in that city, at which addresses were made by Mrs. N. M. Rose and Mrs. W. C. Radcliffe, the latter concluding with the reading of the "Jacket of Gray" as published in the VETERAN. Mrs. Rose also read from the VETERAN about the purposes of the organization. The writer mentioned the great pleasure in seeing this publication used as a "text-book" and that she was the first subscriber to pay \$1 a year, and urged the increase for better service in its important and noble mission. It was the meeting when twenty-eight new members were added to the chapter and \$100 was contributed to the Confederate Memorial Institute.

## CONFEDERATE OF THE OLD NORTH STATE.

James M. Ray was born November 15, 1839, on the picturesque French Broad River, near Asheville, N. C. He attended the old field schools of that day, and when fifteen years of age accepted a clerkship in a store at



COL. JAMES M. RAY.

Asheville. At eighteen he entered Emory and Henry College, Virginia, taking a scientific course. Leaving college, he went to Henry County, Tenn., and with his brother engaged in merchandizing. Soon after he married a Miss Caldwell, and immediately returned to North Carolina, where he engaged in farming and stock-raising.

At the call to arms he volunteered, first doing service for his state in antagonizing marauders. Madison County, bordering on East Tennessee, had an uprising of disloyal and desperate men—natives and refugees, banded together for robbing and bushwhacking. Soon thereafter he raised a company, and, declining the captaincy, was made first lieutenant by acclamation. In a few months, however, he was promoted to captain, his company being a part of McDowell's Battalion of State Infantry. When recruited to a regiment it became the Sixtieth North Carolina Infantry. They were ordered to Tennessee and put in charge of government stores and to guard the railroad. Upon Bragg's return from the Kentucky campaign his regiment was assigned to Preston's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, and was with the latter in all his campaigns and battles of the West. Was with him at Murfreesboro in his two noted charges: the one on Wednesday, December 31, on the left of Stone's River, the other on Friday, January 2, on the right. Immediately after

the battle of Murfreesboro he was promoted over six or eight senior captains to lieutenant-colonel, and was in command of the regiment nearly the whole of the time up to and through the battle of Chickamauga.

Upon Johnston's advance on Vicksburg to the relief of Pemberton, he was general field-officer of the day, and placed and relieved the pickets on that memorable night of July 4. After the battles in front of Jackson, Miss.—Breckinridge being ordered to Georgia to reinforce Bragg—he commanded Stovall's Brigade en route from Mississippi to Chickamauga. While in command of his regiment in the famous Kelley's field, at twelve o'clock on Sunday, September, 1863, he was badly wounded and taken from the field.

The North Carolina State Commission, cooperating with the National Park Commission in locating the position of the various commands participating in the battle, says of his regiment at that hour as follows: "This [a tablet] marks the spot which the Sixtieth North Carolina Infantry, at noon, on Sunday, September 20, 1863, reached—the farthest point attained by Confederate troops in that famous charge."

At the first organization of Confederate Veterans of Western North Carolina, Col. Ray was elected First Vice-Commandant, subsequently twice Commandant, and at the organization of the Zebulon Vance Camp was made Commandant. In January, 1896, he was ap-

MISS WILLIE EMILY RAY,  
One of the Maids of Honor for North Carolina.

pointed by Maj.-Gen. William L. DeRossett Inspector-General of the state. At the seventh annual reunion, at Nashville, Tenn., January 22-24, 1897, he was elected Brigadier-General to command the Fourth Brigade of North Carolina United Confederate Veterans.



## PLACING PRINCIPLE ABOVE POLICY.

This vindication of the South for her part in the great war is from an address by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of Baltimore, in Richmond, February 22, 1896:

*Ladies of the Confederate Memorial Society, Friends and Fellow Confederates, Men and Women:* To-day commemorates the birthday of the first Rebel President and the thirty-fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the last. It commemorates an epoch in the grandest struggle for liberty and right that has ever been made by man. And this commemoration is in the capital city of the Old Dominion and of the Confederacy. . . . There is nothing like it in history. No Greek archon, no Roman consul, was ever welcomed with a triumph after defeat. Nowhere, at no time, has a defeated side ever been so honored or the unsuccessful apotheosized.

Success is worshiped, failure is forgotten. That is the universal experience and the unvarying law of nature. Therefore it would seem that the fall of the Confederacy was in some sense a success and a triumph, for it can not be that universal law has been set aside for this sole exception, the glorification of the lost Confederacy, its heroines and its heroes. I shall endeavor to make clear in what respects there was success and triumph. I believe our first and most sacred duty is to our holy dead, to ourselves, and to our posterity. It is our highest obligation to satisfy the world of the righteousness of our cause and the sound judgment with which we defended it; and we injure ourselves, we impair the morale of our side, by incessant protestations of loyalty to the victor and continual assertions of respect for his motives, of forgiveness for his conduct, and of belief in the nobility of his faith. There never can be two rights nor two wrongs; one side must be right, and the other is, of course, wrong. This is so of every question of morals and of conduct, and it must be preeminently so of a question which divided millions of people and which cost a million of lives.

The world is surely coming to the conclusion that the cause of the Confederacy was right. Every lover of constitutional liberty, liberty controlled by law, all over the world begins to understand that the war was not a war waged by the South in defense of slavery, but was a war to protect liberty won and bequeathed by free ancestors. They now know that the fundamental basic principle of the Revolution of 1775, upon which the governments of the states united were all founded—Massachusetts and Virginia, Rhode Island and North Carolina—was that "all government of right rests upon the consent of the governed," and that they, therefore, at all times must have the right to change and alter their form of government whenever changed circumstances require changed laws.

They now know that the English settlements in America were made in separate communities, at different times, by different societies; that they grew and prospered until an attempt was made to deprive them of an infinitely small portion of their property without their consent. The whole tea tax would not have produced £1,500, less than \$7,500. They know that they resisted this attack on their rights as distinct colonies;

that as separate states they made treaties with France and the Continental powers in 1778; that their independence as separate states, by name, was acknowledged by Great Britain in 1783; that Maryland fought through that whole war until 1781 as an independent and separate state, and never joined the confederation until the last-named year; that North Carolina and Rhode Island refused to enter the Union created by the constitution of 1789, after the dissolution of the confederation, and for two years remained as independent of the states united and of each other as France and England are to-day—and therefore they know that these independent states, when they entered into the compact of the constitution of 1789, never did (for a state never can, by the very nature of its being, commit suicide) consent and agree to give up forever the right of self-government and of the people of a state to make a government to suit themselves.

There can be no such thing as irrevocable law in free society. Society is immortal. Its atoms arrange and crystallize themselves from generation to generation according to their necessities, but society grows and expands, and constant changes are required in its organization. Therefore a state never can abandon its right to change. It is the law of nature, which neither compacts nor treaties, constitutions nor Congresses, can change.

When the constitution of the United States was formed the institution of slavery existed in every one of the states, though emancipation had been begun in New England. Found to be unprofitable as an economic organization, it was rapidly eliminated from the Northern society, which was and is based on the idea of profit and loss.

Profitable in the South, it developed and prospered. It produced an enormous expansion of material and consequently political power. It developed a society which for intelligence, culture, chivalry, justice, honor, and truth has never been excelled in this world, and it produced a race of negroes the most civilized since the building of the Pyramid of Cheops and the most Christianized since the crucifixion of our Lord. The Southern race ruled the continent from 1775 to 1860, and it became evident that it would rule it forever as long as the same conditions existed. The free mobocracy of the North could never cope with the slave democracy of the South, and it became the deliberate intent of the North to break up institutions so controlling and producing such dominating influences. Slavery was the source of political power and the inspiration of political institutions, and it was selected as the point of attack. The moral question was subordinate to the political and social one. The point of the right or wrong of slavery agitated but a few weak-minded and feeble men. The real great dominating and controlling idea was the political and social one, the influence of the institution on character and institutions. There was forming in the South a military democracy aggressive, ambitious, intellectual, and brave, such as led Athens in her brightest epoch and controlled Rome in her most glorious days. If that were not destroyed, the industrial society of the North would be dominated by it. So the entire social force—the press, the pulpit, the public schools

—was put in operation to make distinctive war upon Southern institutions and Southern character, and for thirty years attack, vituperation, abuse, were incessant.

It was clear to the states of the South that there could be no peace with them, and there grew up a general desire to get away from them and live separate. The Gulf States urged instant separation when this hostile Northern sentiment elected a President and Congress in 1860; but Virginia, who had given six states to the Union; Virginia, whose blood and whose brain had constructed the Union of the states—Virginia absolutely refused to be a party to the breaking of that which was so dear to her. She never seceded from the Union, but, standing serene in her dignity, with the halo of her glorious history around her, she commanded the peace. The only reply vouchsafed was the calling out of seventy-five thousand troops and the tramp of hostile footsteps on her sacred soil. Like the flash from heaven her sword leaped from its scabbard, and her war-cry, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*" echoed round the world, and her sons circled the earth with the blaze of their enthusiasm as they rushed to the call of the old mother. Student from Göttingen, trapper from the Rockies, soldier and sailor, army and navy, men and women—all gave life, all, to stand by "the mother of us all;" and Virginians stood in line to guard her homes from invasion, her altars from desecration, her institutions from destruction. She resisted invasion. It can not be too often repeated or too plainly stated. Virginia never seceded from the Union. She resisted invasion, as her free ancestors for eight hundred years had done, with arms and force. Before the ordinance of secession was voted on Virginia was at war with the Northern States, and all legal connection had been broken by them, by their own act, in the unlawful invasion of her soil. God bless her and hers forever and forever! She bared her breast and drew her sword to protect her sisters behind her, and took upon herself the hazard of the die. And I will presume to record my claim here for her kinsmen who flocked to her flag from beyond the Potomac and who died for her on every battle-field from Shepherdstown to Appomattox, whose survivors love her now with the devotion of children adopted in blood.

It is this constant and growing consciousness of the nobleness and justice and chivalry of the Confederate cause which constitutes the success and illuminates the triumph we commemorate to-day. Evil dies, good lives; and the time will come when all the world will realize that the failure of the Confederacy was a great misfortune to humanity and will be the source of unnumbered woes to liberty. Washington might have failed; Kosciusko and Robert E. Lee did fail; but I believe history will award the higher place to these, unsuccessful, than to Suvarof and to Grant, victorious. This great and noble cause, the principles of which I have attempted to formulate for you, was defended with a genius and a chivalry of men and women never equaled by any race. My heart melts now at the memory of those days. Just realize it: There is not a hearthstone in Virginia that has not heard the sound of hostile cannon; there is not a family which has not buried kin slain in battle. Of all the examples of that heroic time, of all figures that will live in the music of the poet or the pictures of the painter, the one that

stands in the foreground, the one that will be glorified with the halo of the martyr-heroine, is the woman—mother, sister, lover—who gave her life and heart to the cause; and the woman who attracts my sympathy most and to whom my heart grows hottest is the plain, country woman and girl, remote from cities and towns, back in the woods, away from railways or telegraph. Thomas Nelson Page has given us a picture of her in his story of "Darby." I thank him for "Darby Stanley." I knew the boy, and loved him well, for I have seen him and his cousins in camp, on the march, and on the battle-field, lying in ranks, stark and pale, with their faces to the foe and their muskets grasped in their stiff, cold hands. I can recall what talk there was at "meetin'" about the "black Republicans" coming down here to interfere with us, and how we wasn't "goin' to 'low it," and how the boys would square their shoulders to see if the girls were looking at "'em," and how the girls would preen their new muslins and calicoes and see if the boys were "noticen," and how by Tuesday news came that Capt. Thornton was forming his company at the court-house, and how the mother packed up his little "duds" in her boy's school satchel and tied it on his back and kissed him and bade him good-by and watched him as well as she could see as he went down the walk to the front gate and as he turned into the "big road" and, as he got to the corner, turned round and took off his hat and swung it around his head, and then disappeared out of this life forever; for after Cold Harbor his body could never be found nor his grave identified, though a dozen saw him die. He was in front of the charge. And then for days and for weeks and for months how she lived this lonely life, waiting for news. He was her only son, and she was a widow; but from that day to this no human being has ever heared a word of repining from her lips. Those who suffered most complain least.

Or I recall that story of Bishop-Gen. Polk of the woman in the mountains of Tennessee with six sons—five in the army—who, when it was announced to her that her eldest-born had been killed in battle, simply said: "The Lord's will be done! Eddie [her baby] will be fourteen next spring, and he can take Billy's place."

The hero of this great epoch is the son I have described, as his mother and sisters will be the heroines. For years—day and night, winter and summer, without pay, with no hope of promotion nor of winning a name or making a mark—the Confederate boy soldier treads the straight and thorny path of duty. Haliclothed, whole-starved, he tramps night after night his solitary post on picket. No one can see him. Five minutes' walk down the road will put him beyond recall, and twenty minutes farther he will be in Yankee lines, where pay, food, clothes, quiet, and safety all await him. Think of the tens of thousands of boys subjected to this temptation, and how few yielded! Think of how many never dreamed of such a relief from danger and hardship!

But, while I glorify the chivalry, the fortitude, and the fidelity of the private soldier, I do not intend to minimize the valor, the endurance, or the gallantry of those who led them. I know that the knights of Arthur's Round Table, or the paladins and peers, roused by the blast of that Fuenterrabia horn from Roland, at Roncesvalles, did not equal in manly traits, in nobility of character, in purity of soul, in gallant, dashing



courage, the men who led the rank and file of the Confederate armies, from lieutenant up to lieutenant-general. There were more Rebel brigadiers killed in battle for the Confederacy than in any war that was ever fought. When such men and women have lived such lives and died such deaths in such a cause their memories will outlast time. Martyrs must be glorified, and when the world knows and posterity appreciates that the war was fought for the preservation and perpetuation of the right of self-government, of government by the people, for the people, and to resist government by force against the will of the people, then the Confederacy will be revered like the memories of Leonidas at Thermopylae and Kociusko and Kossuth and all the glorious army of martyrs.

I repeat and reiterate that the war waged upon the South was an unjust and causeless war of invasion and rapine, of plunder and murder; not for patriotism nor high motives, but to gratify ambition and lust of power in the promoters of it, for contracts and profits by the supporters of it. I do not deny enthusiasm for the Union to the gallant young Americans who died for their flag, but I do insist that the Union would have been smashed to smithereens and the flag gone to pot if there had not been fat contracts for shoddy coats and bogus boots to preserve the one and to uphold the other. The sentiment would not have lasted thirty days if the people behind had not been making money. The war of the South was a war of self-defense, justified by all laws sacred and divine, of nature or of man. It was the defense of institutions of marriage, of husband and wife, of parent and child, of master and servant. Not one man in a thousand in the Confederate army had any property interest in slavery. Every man had a home and a mother. If the stronger section had the right to overturn the institution of servitude maintained by the patriarchs and sanctioned by the apostles, which had in all time been the apprenticeship by which savage races had been educated and trained into civilization by their superiors, it would have precisely the same right to overturn the institution of marriage and establish its system of divorce laws, by which the ancient institution of concubinage could be restored and maintained. If one section could impose its will in another, the one was master and the other was slave, and the only way to preserve liberty was by armed resistance. I insist that the South did not make war in defense of slavery; slavery was only the incident, the point attacked. The defense was of all institutions—marriage, husband and wife, parent and child—as well. But the instinct of the great mass of this people, that instinctive perception of truth which in this race is as unerring as a mathematical proposition, understood, grasped, appreciated, at once that the question was a question of race domination, and they understood, too, the fundamental fact that in all trials of strength—strength of body, strength of will, strength of character—the weakest must go to the wall, and the great, manly, just, humane heart of the master race pitied the inferior one.

The great crime of the century was the emancipation of the negroes. They are an affectionate, trustworthy race. If the institution of slavery had been left to work itself out under the influence of Christianity and civilization, the unjust and cruel incidents would have been eliminated, just as they have been in the in-

stitution of husband and wife. At common law a man had a right to beat his wife with a stick not thicker than his thumb, and in England wives were sold in open market. Twenty years ago marriage obliterated a woman's existence and absorbed her in the legal entity of the man. Husband and wife were one, and he was the one. She could make no contract nor make a will nor hold property, except land. All the power to do and to think belonged to the husband. Now, under the law of Virginia, the married woman is the equal in all legal and property rights with her husband, and in all others she is his superior.

Institutions and society change by the operation of the law of justice and love, of right and charity, and by its influence the negro would have been trained and educated in habits of industry, of self-restraint, of self-denial, of moral self-government, until in due time he would have gone into the world to make his struggle for survivorship on fair terms. As it is, against his will, without his assistance, he has been turned loose in America to do the best he can in the contest with the strongest race that ever lived. The law of the survival of the fittest forces the fight, and the consequence, that whenever the colored race—black, red, or yellow—has anything the white race wants it takes it, is working. It has done so in the Americas and in Asia. It is now doing so in Africa.

Yet, in the face of this irresistible law, the negro, a child of fourteen, has been turned loose to compete with the full-grown man of the white race. The generation has not yet passed which saw the inauguration of the era of race equality, and even now the results of the competition begin to be discernible. The labor unions in many places exclude the black man from equal privileges of work, and it needs no prophet to foretell the time when he will be the Helot of the social system, excluded from all right which white men wish to enjoy. This will be cruel and unjust, but it will be the logical and necessary result of sudden and general emancipation. Nothing was ever devised so cruel as forcing on these children the power and the responsibility of the ballot. It requires powers they have not, it subjects them to tests they can not stand, and will cause untold misery to them in the future. These are some of the consequences of the conquest to the black race.

To the white race they are also appalling. Adopting the theory of equal rights and of equal capacity, as time goes on the power of labor-duplicating machinery and the reduction of the forces of nature—heat, light, and electricity—to the use of man will multiply the labor productiveness of man, so that one man will produce as much as one thousand do now. The enormous profits of labor will accumulate in the few hands; the great mass will remain laborers forever. And the many will ask the few, "How is this that we produce the wealth, and you enjoy it? Are we to be your bondmen forever?" and then a new struggle will begin.

I call attention to one fact: the institution of slavery was embedded in the life, the sentiments, the family, of a people. It was defended by traditions of love, respect, and gratitude. It was destroyed by the physical power of *vis major*, of superior force. The institution of corporate property of stockholders and bondholders has no supporters but those beneficially interested in bonds and stock; not a sentiment surrounds it, not a

tradition hallows it, not a memory sanctifies it. When the time comes—as it surely is coming—when physical power demands its share of the accumulations of labor and seizes all bonds and stocks for the public and common benefit, by the right of eminent domain, then the descendants of the men who got rich from the plunder of the South will understand that punishment is as certain as crime, and that the engineer of evil will always be hoisted eventually by his own petard. These are some of the consequences of the conquest. . . .

The conclusion of the address was upon the Confederate Memorial Institute and its proper location.

### THREE PATRIOTIC BROTHERS.

The removal from Tennessee to Kentucky of Rev. R. Lin Cave is made the occasion for some valuable reminiscences. Three brothers—L. W., R. Lin, and Robert C. Cave—were faithful Confederate soldiers. All of them were thought to be mortally wounded in some of the many battles in which they fought, yet all of them are still living, and all are Christian ministers.

The oration of Rev. R. C. Cave at the unveiling of the monument to the private Confederate soldiers in Richmond a few years ago will be recalled as a sensation, because of its independent tone and the harsh criticisms upon it at the North. The speaker, who had stood by his gun in battle, and was terribly shot through the neck, stood by the record in this ordeal, and his comrades will ever feel grateful for the ability and courage with which he vindicated our sacred dead.

Elder L. W. Cave was shot through the head by a shrapnel, which destroyed an eye and was cut from the lower jaw on the opposite side of his face.

The other of the three, R. Lin Cave, who closes a long and very successful career at Nashville in the ministry of the Christian Church, served as a member of the Montpelier Guards, Thirteenth Virginia Infantry. He arrived at Harper's Ferry with his regiment while the place was burning, so his services began early. He was several times wounded. There are eight scars upon his person from three bullets, one going through the body. He surrendered at Appomattox.

Brief mention of the struggles of Elder Cave in his poverty soon after the war will benefit young men who may grow impatient in hard beginnings. He went to work on a farm simply for his board. Later on he secured a position as porter in a store. Such a man would, of course, obtain an education, and he secured a chair in and then the presidency of Christian College, at Canton, Mo. He en-

tered the ministry at Lexington, Ky., in 1871, having graduated from the Kentucky University, at that place, and now returns to Lexington to take the presidency of that university.

Dr. Cave has served as President of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, First Vice-President of the state association, Chaplain of his bivouac, and is now Chaplain of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers.

The demand for countersigns in war-times often resulted ludicrously. The editor of the VETERAN was in charge of the guard one night at Cold Water, Miss., and had coached the sentinels before the round of the officer of the day. One Irishman claimed to understand, but when the officer appeared Pat *dis*-appeared.

While Col. Gillam, with a Middle Tennessee regiment, was occupying Nashville he stationed sentries in the principal streets. One day an Irishman, who, not long enlisted, was put on duty, kept a sharp watch. Presently a citizen came along. "Halt! Who goes there?"

"A citizen," was the response.

"Advance and give the countersign."

"I have not the countersign," replied the citizen.

"Well, begorrah! ye don't pass this way until ye say 'Bunker Hill.'"

The citizen, appreciating the situation, smiled, and advanced to the sentry and cautiously whispered the magic words. "Right! pass on!" and the sentinel resumed his beat.

Milton McLaurine writes from Ballsville, Va.: "At the commencement of the war I was a student at Richmond College, Va. My father, who lived in Powhatan County, was a strong Union man, an old Whig, but when the state seceded he furnished his six sons to fight back the invaders of our soil. I was just eighteen years old. Leaving college early in April, 1861, I joined the Powhatan troops and remained until the last gun was fired at Appomattox. My oldest brother, who, although a cripple, was in the reserve force in Alabama, and myself were the only two of the six who escaped death or wounds. One of my brothers (Lewis) belonged to the Eighteenth Mississippi, Barksdale's Brigade. He was wounded at Ball's Bluff, Malvern Hill, and then mortally at Gettysburg. The next brother (Christopher) belonged to the Seventeenth Alabama. He fought under Gen. Johnston; was slightly wounded at Shiloh and mortally wounded while leading his company in a charge at Franklin, Tenn. His cap, pierced by a bullet, was found after the charge, and that is the only thing we ever heard of him after this battle. Please state in the VETERAN that I would like to correspond with any surviving member of the Seventeenth Alabama who could tell me anything in regard to him."

W. H. Cummings (Company F, First Tennessee Volunteers), Alvord, Tex., seeks information of his brother, M. A. Cummings, Company D, Seventeenth Tennessee Volunteers. When last seen or heard from he was in Knoxville, Tenn., in 1862, as the army came back from the Kentucky campaign. He was sick, and had been ordered to the hospital.



REUBEN LINDSAY CAVE.



**MAJ. C. W. ROBERTSON.**

John Shirley Ward, Los Angeles, Cal.:

Maj. Christopher W. Robertson, of the Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry, died September 30, 1863, aged twenty-four years, from the effects of a wound received in Sunday's battle at Chickamauga.

Life to Maj. Robertson at the outbreak of the war offered more present and prospective honors than fall to the lot of most young men. He was born to an honored name, the pulsing blood of his heroic great-grandfather having aided in driving Ferguson and his red-coated battalions from the rocky slopes of King's Mountain, and he won the first honors for scholarship in Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.

When he heard the call of his country, laying aside his books, he helped to raise a company for the defense



MAJ. C. W. ROBERTSON.

of Southern rights and to repel the oncoming invasion from the North. His regiment was stationed at Fort Donelson. While first lieutenant of his company he was trained to the use of heavy artillery, and in the great conflict between the gunboats and our land batteries he commanded one of the heavy guns which succeeded in driving the gunboats, crippled and shattered, back to places of safety. From that battle-field, after the surrender, he was sent to Fort Warren a prisoner, and kept there many months.

After being exchanged his regiment was assigned to the Army of Mississippi, and was for a while at Port Hudson, and afterward with Gen. A. S. Johnston at Jackson, where he, by some act of daring, was made the subject of a general order by Gen. W. H. T. Walker, for "heroic bearing and high soldierly quali-

ties." His regiment reached Chickamauga just in time for that bloody battle. All day Saturday he walked the fiery edge of battle or through its sulfurous breath unscathed. Lieut.-Col. Beaumont, of the Fiftieth Tennessee, was killed, and on Sunday Maj. Robertson was assigned to the command of that regiment, Combs's Battalion of Tennesseans, and a part of the Seventh Texas Regiment. At noon of that day, while assaulting the enemy's works, he fell, with flag in hand, just as the works were captured. Having bled to insensibility, he was thought to be dead, but revived in a few hours and was taken back to Atlanta, where he died September 30, 1863.

Such is the brief career of a young man who, on a broader field of action, would have shown himself the peer of the "gallant Pelham." Maj. Robertson's military achievements do not measure his real character. With hot, heroic blood in his veins, with a name illustrious in Tennessee annals to sustain, he could not have been otherwise than a valiant soldier; but he endeared himself to his comrades and subordinates not by military discipline nor by his military dash, but by his love and gentleness. Love ruled his camp and stirred his men to a patriotic frenzy when in battle.

The soil of Georgia, where his body sleeps, has been made richer by his blood, and the aftermath of such a baptism will make the old state prolific of heroes. Almost thirty-four years have passed since the writer saw his last drop of life-blood ebb away, but the wound has never healed, and through all these years his heart has chanted an "In Memoriam" sadder and sweeter than ever dripped from Tennyson's pen.

Maj. Robertson lived to see his flag floating over a victorious field; but had he lived two years longer, he would have seen it furled forever.

One of the first tributes to woman in the *VETERAN* was that to his widow at her death in 1893. She was one of the most intelligent and noblest of Southern women, one of a family of remarkable sisters, whose venerable mother (Mrs. Hudson) still lives and is a blessing to the people of Nashville.

**ACTION OF CONFEDERATES IN GEORGIA.**

W. D. Stratton, Atlanta, Ga.: "I have recently been all over Georgia, and find great enthusiasm everywhere over the coming reunion in our city. All Georgia proposes to be here, especially if it comes in the fall, after crops are disposed of, instead of in the blazing hot summer. October ought to be the month anyhow for this section, when the weather is dry and pleasant and cotton on the move. Then the farmer and all his family can get the money to come on."

At a recent meeting of the Donelson Bivouac at Gallatin, Tenn., Rev. J. G. Dorris made a strong address in refutation of the charge that the Methodist Church brought on the war. At the same meeting the following list of officers was chosen for the ensuing year: President, John T. Branham, reelected; Vice-Presidents, Sam R. Simpson, A. E. Bell, Thomas S. Ellis; Secretary, George G. Bryson; Chaplain, James G. Martin; Surgeon, H. H. Bate; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. T. E. Odom.

## Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.  
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

### INTENSE INTEREST FOR THE VETERAN.

Some patrons who realize that the best of good will exists for the VETERAN, and that it has a sustaining patronage independent of advertising, may consider that its plea for zeal is excessive. If so, they should recall that its speedy mission is imperative; that Confederate veterans can have no successors, and that unless they are diligent ignominy will be substantial proof of patriotism as pure and holy as ever imperiled life. It is the duty of every survivor who in his heart honors the memory of his comrades, who rushed into death for their convictions, to be diligent now to make record for eternity. The thousands of copies that are being well bound and sacredly preserved will not all be destroyed for centuries.

The "Serious Words with Comrades" in September VETERAN was supplemented with an additional appeal and sent to nearly every U. C. V. camp in existence. The circular contained these additional statements:

"There is reason for a more earnest appeal, especially to camps in which little or no interest is manifested in the publication. It would be humiliating to admit that there are U. C. V. camps to no member of which the VETERAN is sent. This ought not to be. It is worthy, or else the great brotherhood would not commend it officially year after year. Surely some member of every camp could subscribe. If there be an organization of comrades too poor to take it, a copy will be sent free. See if you can create active interest in your section. Give attention to the families of deceased comrades. They should ever be diligent for the honor of the man whose greatest pride was in his sacrifices as a Confederate soldier. Do become active.

"Another duty is imposed upon comrades besides that of extending the circulation of the VETERAN. There ought to be unanimity of action in sending notes of meetings and all events of importance as well as interest to Veterans generally, and especially in reporting the deaths of comrades. It is very desirable to record something of every noble Confederate, at least when his earthly career is ended.

"Engravings made for the VETERAN are so accurate that it is desirable to use them when practicable. Where the family can afford it, two dollars is acceptable as part remuneration for the expense of pictures.

"Adjutants are requested to take the agency for the VETERAN. We pay agents a liberal commission on each subscription, or give any of the many premiums which are being advertised. The piano to be given to

the person sending the largest number of subscriptions by December 31 may be secured for one-tenth its cost, which is \$450. The selection is to be made from a fine line of pianos. Send for subscription blanks and try for it. Every agent who tries for the piano and fails to secure it is entitled to any of the other many premiums offered. So in no case is the labor lost, and the good that may be accomplished is beyond estimate."

### TIME FOR SECURING PRIZE EXTENDED.

It seems best to extend the time for securing the large prize, so the date is changed to December 31. Therefore any one mailing a letter on the last day of the year can have the benefit of its contents in the competition.

At this writing, although nearly two months have elapsed since offering this fine piano to the person sending in the largest list of subscribers by December 31, the largest number is only twenty-three, and that from the North. If it were to close now, that good friend would get the piano, although he is working solely for his satisfaction as a patriot. Whoever may secure this prize, although the piano has been bought, will be paid \$200 in gold if he or she prefers it to a piano.

No favoritism will be shown, and no matter how the subscriptions are secured. Any one can enlist as many friends as desired to help. The piano or the \$200 in gold will be delivered to the person who shall have mailed the largest number of subscriptions by December 31. If a letter be posted in San Francisco by that date, it will be counted.



Comrades at Selmer, Henderson, and adjoining sections of West Tennessee had a delightful reunion August 6 at Selmer. Unhappily, the report of it by the Secretary, T. H. McGee, failed to appear at the time. The VETERAN returns thanks to him, and to John W. Carroll for a photo of some young ladies, herewith reproduced.



TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN.

MISS BELLE HOUSTON, DALLAS, TEX.

Judge H. W. Lightfoot, of Dallas, sends the following poem, stating that it was composed by a granddaughter of Gen. Sam Houston, a Governor of Tennessee and the hero of Texas independence. It was written under inspiration of the Confederate monument unveiling there, and was recited by the young lady on that occasion. "She is an ideal Southern girl, and wears well the honors of her name."

Across the still blue air the summons broke,  
And all the world stood list'ning in alarm.  
From out her startled sleep the South awoke  
And grasped her idle sword and bared her arm.  
Along her hazy hills and tranquil skies  
There gathered now the sullen clouds of war;  
On every side she saw her sons arise,  
And heard the foe's tumultuous tramp afar.  
Her hour had come. She who in languorous breath  
From blue and balmy wave had lounged and smiled  
Rushed, warrior-clad, and dared the dirk of death—  
The soldier's mother and the soldier's child.

Then came a day her sunlight ceased to smile—  
A day she saw her loved ones lying, all  
Bleeding, upon her trodden pastures, while  
The great world read the story of her fall;  
A day she yielded up her banners torn  
That on a happier breeze had waved and tossed;  
A day they took the loyal arms she'd borne,  
And left her wretched mid her loved and lost.

Her loved and lost! From blue Nevada's towers  
To warm Atlanta's soft and slumbrous wave,  
Scattered, she saw them, like her own fair flowers,  
Lying upon the land they'd died to save.

Ah! woe that day, when—vanquished, worn, and weak—  
She braved no more the storm of shot and shell!  
Low, lost within her conqueror's joyous shriek,  
The wailing of her widowed rose and fell.

O conquered banner, furled and in the dust!  
Is all you waited o'er forgotten now?  
O sheathed sword, still cherished in your rust!  
Won ye no laurels for your bearer's brow?  
Are trophies all that waken pride and praise?  
Full bravely fought those vanquished hands and well.  
Have we no songs which laud their zeal to raise?  
Have we no great and glorious deeds to tell?  
They tell us all was lost, and no applause  
Echoes to glory of so great a cost.  
We gave our life and flower to the cause,  
We fed it with our heart-blood. Was it lost?

Lost? Never land can boast a prouder day  
Than that which saw our bonny flag unfurled,  
When, brave and dauntless in his gold and gray,  
The Southern soldier burst upon the world—  
Type of his own warm land, within whose frame  
Warrior of old and stainless knight did dwell.  
Lift up thy head, O South! Where is our shame?  
Facing the foe he marched and forward-facing fell.

Lost? Look along the ages bright with those  
Who peaceful olive bore or sword did wield.  
Find we a nobler life than that whose close  
Was in a crimson tide on Shiloh's field?

Lost, when we think of him who, firm as stone,  
Stood with his tiny band and kept his post?  
Lost? Nay; the valor of a Lee has shone  
To make the field of Gettysburg our boast.

Aye, brother hands have clasped in pard'ning peace  
Above the mingled mounds, impartial strewn;  
The sullen rolls of thunder slowly cease,  
The angry morning merges into noon.

Aye, well they turned him southward, he who stands  
The image of our valiant graven in stone—  
The musket mold'ring in his passive hands,  
The wounds forgotten, and the graves o'ergrown.  
Aye, let it be; we all are southward turned,  
Forgiving and forgiven; skies are calm.  
But lo! our metal all the world has learned;  
We share the glory, though we yield the palm.

Then say not lost; great deeds can never die.  
We've won far more than that we sought to save.  
Then say not lost so long as hearts can cry:  
"Lo! glory to the great, the valiant, and the brave!"

LIEUT. COL. E. C. JORDAN.

W. H. Reid, a lieutenant in the Twelfth Arkansas Regiment, writes from Sandy Springs:

The description of the siege of Port Hudson by Col. McDowell in the April number of the VETERAN recalls to mind the death of the lamented Col. E. C. Jordan, of the Twelfth Arkansas Regiment.

Col. Jordan was licensed to practise law in North Carolina at the age of nineteen. He came to Arkansas and settled in Little Rock in 1859 or 1860, forming a partnership with Col. J. M. Harrell, now of Hot Springs, Ark. He volunteered in July, 1861; was at Island Ten when the troops defending it were surrendered, but with a few followers made his escape across Reelfoot Lake on a raft.

Temporarily attaching himself to the Sixth Arkansas, he was with that command when Gen. Bragg invaded Kentucky. At the reorganization of his old regiment, after being exchanged, he was elected lieutenant-colonel, and served as such up to his death, in June, 1863, at Port Hudson.

During the siege on the upper side or circle of the works the Federals had constructed rifle-pits for the support of a small force very near our own ditches, who were also well protected by their cannon. Here they could easily pick off our men as they went for water or supplies. Gen. Gardner ordered them dispossessed of the pits, and two unsuccessful efforts were made. Col. Jordan was in command of the last charge, which was successful. These works and their men were captured. When he started he raised his cap in his left hand, his right grasping his faithful blade, and with the one command, "Follow me, boys," he sprang out of the ditches. In an instant he was enveloped in dust and smoke from the Federal guns. In a brief time he returned with his prisoners, warmly greeted by comrades. It was a charge under a front and converging fire of artillery.

Col. Jordan was killed a few days later by a fragment of shell which tore his right leg off and severed his back-bone. He lived but a short while, humbly begging his Master to receive his spirit.

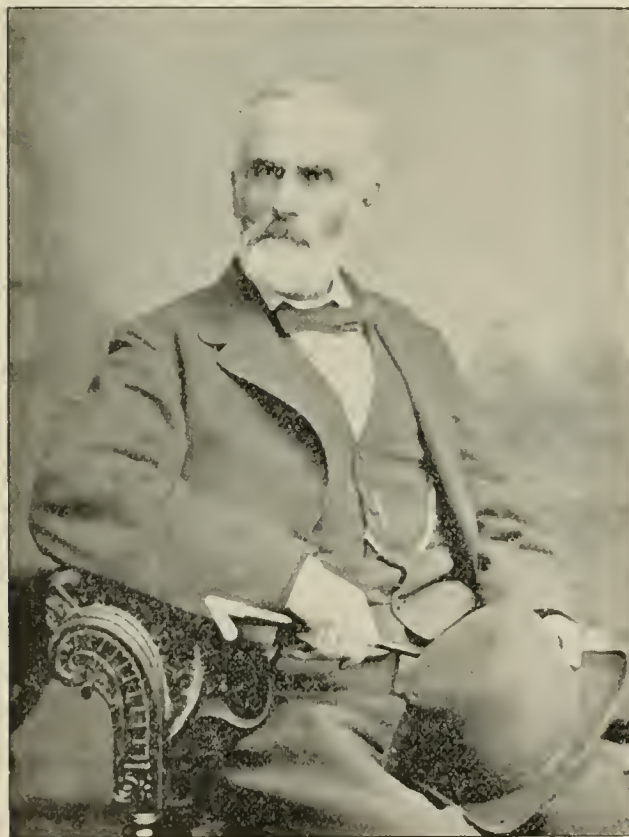
C. C. Hay, Atlanta, Ga., writes of oldest and youngest soldiers as published in the VETERAN for August, and states: "I was at the age of ten regularly enrolled in the Glenville Guards, Fifteenth Alabama Infantry. I voted for James Cantey for colonel and J. F. Treutlen for lieutenant-colonel and — Cook for major. With sword in hand I drilled and helped to organize three companies. Engaged with Pat Cleburne, the hardest fighter of the age and in the hardest arm of the service, barefoot, and with feet bleeding at every step, wading frozen streams. I had no horse to mount for relief."

## ESCAPE FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

BY COL. B. L. FARINHOLT, BALTIMORE, MD.

The following is a continuation of Col. B. L. Farinholt's account of the battle of Gettysburg and imprisonment at Johnson's Island, together with his remarkable experience in getting out of prison.

In concluding the foregoing chapter, Col. Farinholt referred to Capt. Cussons as the genial friend who, with a fairly well-organized theatrical company, composed of his fellow prisoners, arranged everything to amuse, instruct, and enliven his comrades through the tedious hours. He gathered liberal contributions from audiences of Confederates and Federals for distribution



COL. HENRY CARRINGTON.

to the sick and wounded. When recalling these earnest and tender attentions we can not pay too high a tribute to such men as Col. (Dr.) W. S. Christian, Adj. Ferguson, Dr. Sessions, and others, who nobly tried to fill the place of a mother's or sister's care for the enfeebled soldiers.

Well do we recall the Glee Club, with Col. Fite, of Tennessee, and the popular and brilliant Col. John R. Fellows—the late distinguished city attorney of New York, then from Arkansas, a member of Gen. Beal's staff when captured—as standing upon the stoop of his prison building leading with stentorian voice a chorus sometimes improvised for the locality and occasion, which would be joined by a thousand or more, and

could be heard on a quiet afternoon over the smooth surface of the lake to Sandusky City.

Quite a character was Gen. Jeff Thompson, of Missouri, so indefatigable and versatile in resources that he might have been characterized as a good type of Yankee, but for his being so intensely Southern. And then came handsome Maj. Jack Thompson, of Kentucky, pleasing, and commanding a fund of humor and good nature, so necessary in prison to health and companionship. Also Maj. McKnight, so well known to the press of New Orleans and to the country at large as "Asa Hartz," a bright, genial soul; ex-Gov. Nichols, the idol of his state, true to his allegiance, and now no less a patriot, warmly devoted to his state, with every reverence for the general government, a man whom Louisiana may feel proud to honor; Col. Lewis, the great Missouri preacher; Gens. Archer and Trimble, part of the noble contribution from Maryland; and brave and enterprising Lieut. Grogan, who escaped the very week of our arrival at the island by secreting himself in some straw left in the bottom of a barge which was being towed back to Sandusky after another load to make beds for the prisoners. After reaching the mainland, being fertile in resources, he soon found his way back to his friends in Baltimore.

There were with us also Capt. Jonas, from New Orleans, a nephew of Paul Murphy, and, like his noted uncle, distinguished as a chess-player, afterward a member of Congress from Louisiana; Capt. Youngblood, a great humorist from Alabama; Col. J. Lucius Davis, of John Brown raid notoriety; Col. John Critcher, afterward circuit judge, and a member of Congress from Virginia; the handsome and courteous Col. Henry Carrington, of the Eighteenth Virginia; Capt. J. F. Crocker, of the Fourteenth Virginia, now a distinguished lawyer of Portsmouth, Va. He and Carrington were the champion chess-players. There were many others who, from their character and bravery, evidently enrolled their names high in the service of a reunited country or distinguished themselves in law, medicine, science, invention, or literary attainments. Many of these have long since gone to their well-deserved reward in the spheres beyond the skies, and the remnant left are fast following for the grand reunion beyond the grave, where our own immortal Lee and Jackson, the warrior-bishop, Gen. Polk, and others like them, will welcome all good Confederates.

Capt. Robinson, of Westmoreland County, Va., with two other brave officers, succeeded in making his escape during a fearful gale of snow and ice on a pitilessly dark night, and crossed the lake to Michigan, a good portion of the way on their hands and knees. Robinson finally reached Canada, where he was fêted and given aid, going from there to Nassau, and by blockade to the Confederacy, where he resumed his command of the Westmoreland cavalry, as unassuming and superbly gallant after his wonderful and daring escape as before. His two companions were so frosted, hands and feet, that they had to seek shelter, and for a while passed as two shipwrecked sailors in farmhouses on the Michigan peninsula; but, being missed from the prison rolls, they were closely followed, and the next day brought back to prison. Their frozen feet and hands caused them to be much greater sufferers than before. Rigid punishment was meted out for



such attempts by close confinement with ball and chain, with diet of bread and water, or a parole of honor never to make the attempt again.

These failures, however, did not deter me from prizing liberty so highly as to make the attempt myself.

I was to have been one of the party of three, with the quiet and intrepid Richard Ferguson, a prominent minister now of Virginia, and Capt. McCullough, of the Eighteenth Virginia; but, being sick on the stormy night which suited their purpose, Col. John Timberlake, of the Fifty-Third Virginia, was given my place. They managed to elude the vigilance



COL. W. S. CHRISTIAN.

of the guards just over their heads by lying down and crawling in a small ditch which reached the stockade, beneath one of the many large reflecting lamps posted around within the prison, and with improvised knives and saws, made very sharp, soon succeeded in cutting a hole about 12x18 inches through the stockade, which, in the pelting downpour of rain, they managed to plug up again; then, crossing the beach in the dark, Ferguson and McCullough waded into the lake, and would have escaped all guards and succeeded in building a raft of logs, on which they proposed to drift to Michigan or Canada. Providentially perhaps—though they could not see it that way—Timberlake misunderstood the directions after getting out, and, instead of following the others into the water, he undertook to walk beneath the platform on which were the guards. Even then he might have escaped their observation, but lo and behold! the officer of the day, about to make his grand round of inspection, coming out of the blockhouse at that instant, ran full against Timberlake, whom he grasped, and, after a short struggle, turned him over to the guards. The garrison was immediately aroused, and several hundred men were stationed around the shore of the island. Ferguson and McCullough, hiding under a pile of brush, were discovered at daybreak. They were returned to our mess, the most disappointed and crestfallen victims of hard luck, muddy, wet, and in every way disgruntled.

I considered myself fortunate in not having been with them, and this affair determined me in having no associates in any plans or further attempts I might contemplate for escape.

The several wells within the stockade, from which our water supply came, were soon so impregnated with impure and most unhealthy acids and alkalies, which percolated through the earth into these wells from the sinks and refuse matter thrown into the ditches and yards, as to be the foulest cesspools of intolerable liquid, to be shunned by us as would be a draught of deadly poison; so finally the authorities, through sheer necessity, granted us the right to obtain water from the clear and pure lake. O what a boon it was considered by those who for weeks and months had not known the taste of pure water! What an eager throng waited at the opening of the large southern gate, which opened from the stockade upon the lake shore! Before the gate was opened in winter a semicircle of guards was stationed, facing inward, to watch our every movement. An officer stationed at the gate counted us, one by one, until one hundred prisoners with tubs, buckets, canteens, and other vessels had passed. Then the crowding, eager throng within halted, and no others were allowed to pass out until the fortunate first hundred had, after breaking the ice and filling their vessels, returned. Then another hundred were counted out and back.

I noticed at times the inability of the officers to be entirely accurate in counting, and this determined me in the time and manner of a trial for liberty. I improvised a suit of Federal undress uniform by taking the black stripe off my Confederate officer's trousers. They made a very good substitute, although they showed a rent in the leg just above the knee, made by a bullet of no mean size received while advancing in that terrible charge of Pickett's Division to what has since been correctly named the "Bloody Angle," at Gettysburg. My coat was simply a blue blouse and the hat a black slouch, done up in the jaunty, wide-awake style, with a fancy black-and-gold cord around it—the style Federal officers usually wore. Under this



RICHARD FERGUSON.

suit I wore a citizen's suit, my plan being to pass as a citizen, should I be fortunate enough to effect my escape. Over it all I wore loosely a Confederate gray shawl, to attract as little attention as possible to my make-up as a Federal soldier. My bed-fellow and warmest friend, Capt. John Latane, of Virginia, did all the sewing, and zealously helped me to adjust and fit both suits. The citizen's trousers had been worn out of prison by Col. Luce,

of Mississippi, who was fortunate enough to escape, but was recaptured near Alton, O., and returned to prison. No fancy zephyr or embroidery on velvet wrought by woman's fingers has ever been watched with more earnestness or received from her hands with more loving pride by any fond devotee than was this

needlework of my friend and fellow prisoner, a modest, whole-souled, brave fellow who survived the war; a man who made others around him happier and their lives brighter by doing many little irksome duties for them cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

We had a long cold spell, freezing Lake Erie over solidly in the month of February. The provisions and

other supplies had to be brought over to the island by means of sleds or ice-boats, and all passing to and fro was done on the ice. On the 22d of February the troops from Sandusky City and our guards on the island were to have quite a celebration. I determined on this day for my escape. I had kept my plans to myself, except to inform two or three whom it was necessary to take into my confidence in order to make preparation.

It was a beautiful day, with the sun shining bright and the ice-fields glistening in effulgence for miles away to the east. I determined to carry out my attempt, and communicated my intention to a few valued friends. Two of them helped me to secure a place in line early, so as to be counted out with the first hundred going after water that morning. They approached the circle of guards as near as permissible before cutting holes in the ice, then commenced an angry altercation with each other to attract a crowd of the Confederates, and as the guards closed in to disperse the crowd and drive them back into the prison (some even before they had filled their buckets, disorder of this kind being looked upon suspiciously and often punished), I quietly handed my gray shawl to Capt. Latane, who was full in the secret of my intentions, and slipped through the line of guards and mixed with a number of Federals in undress uniform who were skating and sliding about on the ice outside the line of guards, several of whom rushed up to see the row between the Confederates. The Federals not on duty were ordered off by the officer in charge of the guards. I was only too glad to obey this order, and, with apparent indifference, began sliding about on the ice, gradually gaining toward the beach. I passed several of the guards along the shore without being challenged, and finally reached the apparent route for pedestrians to Sandusky, to be seen in the distance on the mainland of Ohio. At this point a watchful sentinel was impatiently pacing. I expected him to halt me, but as he walked up toward me I assumed the air of an officer and asked him how long he had been on duty. Upon his replying, "It is about time for the relief," I looked at my watch and remarked that the relief should be more prompt. He seemed



CAPT. JOHN S. LATANE.

well satisfied that I was one of their number, and I continued my walk on the ice, occasionally stopping to throw broken pieces of ice as far as I could and to slide about, all the while gaining distance from the hated prison, until I was half-way to Sandusky and over a mile from the prison. Here I passed a number of Federal soldiers, members of our guard off duty, returning to the island from Sandusky. I politely touched my hat, and they saluted me in return. Looking back several times during this to me momentous but delightful walk of nearly three miles on the ice, I could see groups of my comrades—many of the most trusted being by this time informed of my escape—gathered at the windows of the prison buildings eagerly watching me and rejoicing at the success of my ruse.

Reaching Sandusky, I avoided the principal streets of the city and the military parade. Willing to accord to Washington all the honors the civil and military could bestow upon his memory, I had before me other and more important work. With light and rapid steps, when unobserved, I made my way out of Sandusky to the Lake Shore railroad, and thence along its tracks, passing now and then a gang of laborers, until four miles out, in a thick piece of woods, when I divested myself of my soldier's clothes, hid them under a log, and returned to the railroad in my citizen's suit.

I continued my journey until near a depot about eleven miles from Sandusky, then I waited in the woods near by until I heard an approaching train going east. I had secured in prison a copy of the timetable of the Lake Shore railroad from the Sandusky papers, and, having with me this slip and a pretty well-drawn map of the northern part of Ohio, I knew when to expect this train. Going to the depot just as the train stopped, I secured a ticket to Cleveland, and was soon bounding over the rails, my heart getting lighter and lighter as the distance increased. But my light-heartedness was soon to be interrupted. A detective appeared upon the scene, took a seat by me, and remarked on the old-style interwoven stripe of my rather unusual citizen's trousers. He showed me his official assignment to duty on that line. However, he was under the influence of liquor and garrulous, or I might have had more trouble in eluding him. He had exhibited such strong indication of giving me trouble that I felt sure he would arrest me when the train reached Cleveland, not far ahead. Knowing that Col. Luce, in his attempted escape, had been caught and returned to prison after just such an experience, I watched my opportunity for escape. I had taken the precaution to get in the rear coach, and when he went forward to talk with the conductor I jumped from the train. I had a hard fall and was much bruised and hurt, the worse as it renewed a very acute pain from an old wound received in front of Richmond. I scrambled up the embankment, and, placing my ear to the track, ascertained that the train had not stopped. It was late at night. I continued on down the track, arriving in Cleveland in about three hours without further molestation and in time to take the east-bound train that night. From Cleveland I took the cars to Elmira, N. Y., spending the last money I had, except fifteen cents, for my ticket, and then via Tamaqua to Philadelphia, with nothing of special moment to interest one, except that, having to wait several hours at Elmira, I endeavored to part with a valuable scarf-pin in order to pro-



cure a little money for food, having to that time spent only twenty-five cents for that necessity.

After my experience with that detective I made it a point, when practicable, to occupy a seat with some Federal officer in uniform on every train on which I traveled. This afforded me security from the intrusion of detectives and other disagreeable characters and added to my enlightenment as to army operations and the general thought at the North. Near Philadelphia I had a seat immediately behind two Canadians, who expressed themselves as warmly in sympathy with the South. While this was very gratifying to me, it suited me just then to be a warm Union man.

Reaching Philadelphia on the second day after leaving Johnson's Island, entirely destitute of funds and the cravings of hunger unappeased, I sought the residence of a lady friend, on whom I knew I would not call in vain for assistance. She extended to me the warmest hospitality, and, sending for her husband, introduced me. That night, with several of their acquaintances, all sympathizers with the Southern cause, I spent a delightful time. I had provided myself with suitable clothing, with a refreshing bath, and supper, and felt a different man, many degrees removed from the thoughts and discomforts of prison life. These friends advised me to return to the Confederacy via Canada, which might have been a safer route, but I determined to come directly South, crossing into Virginia from some place in Maryland.

After two days in Philadelphia I took the cars to Elkton, Md. Leaving Elkton that night, I returned to Wilmington, and, it being Saturday, remained over there until Monday at the Indian Queen Hotel, when I hired a vehicle to take me ten or twelve miles by a country road across to the Seaford and Eastern Shore railroad. I talked with my driver about the Delaware crops and the country through which we were passing. The peach crop, then as now, came in for a large share of our attention and speculation. He told me some wonderful "Mulberry Sellers" stories of fortunes that had been made in peaches. Dismissing my driver, I again boarded the cars, and arrived that night in Seaford, a small town in Southern Delaware. Within an hour after my arrival at Seaford I took passage on a small oyster sloop down the Nanticoke, and after an uneventful night spent on this boat in close sleeping-quarters was landed by the captain in Fishing Bay, an arm of the Chesapeake. I hired a farmer to take me in his carriage six or seven miles to the house of a former friend, who joyfully greeted me. He had a son in the Confederate army, and his heart was with the South. I spent several days at his house. I passed among his neighbors, some of them active Union men, as a Philadelphian buying railroad supplies, and inspected such timber as might be suitable to purchase for this purpose. After many and various efforts while there to learn of some chance to cross the Chesapeake, and having been told by a former blockade-runner whom I met that it was worth one's life to undertake it then, in consequence of some recent captures, my friend and I concluded that it would be better for me to reach his vessel, then about to load coal at Havre de Grace for Washington; so, riding with him to Cambridge, I took passage on the steamer "Pioneer"—captain, Kirwan—to Baltimore. On this trip I had the pleasant companionship of a Federal naval officer, who, ignorant of my

being an escaped Confederate prisoner, seemed to take much interest in conversation with me. Upon arriving in Baltimore, at his suggestion, we went together to Guy's old hotel, then standing where the new Baltimore post-office now stands. This was the 8th of March, 1864, the day on which Gen. Grant passed through Baltimore on his way to take charge of the Army of the Potomac.

(Concluded in next number.)

### GRAVES OF JOHNSTON AND McCULLOCH.

A "Confederate" writes from Austin, Tex.:

In a back number of the VETERAN you say that Comrade W. M. McConnell . . . writes of the grave of Albert Sidney Johnston in Austin, Tex., "at which there is no mark of any kind." This is a mistake. I stood by the grave of that grand hero this afternoon in the State Cemetery in this place, and say that it is enclosed with a substantial iron railing, that at the foot of the grave there stands an ordinary three-foot marble slab, (that evidently was once the head-stone), and at the head stands a marble monument, about one foot in diameter, and five feet high, representing a broken column, from the top of which unfolds a scroll, with a beautiful vine thereon, also a suitable inscription. On the base of the monument appears Gen. Johnston's name. I learn from Gen. W. P. Hardeman that two thousand dollars was appropriated by a Texas Legislature to have his remains moved here and this token of respect erected to his memory.

Had Comrade McConnell said that Gen. Ben McCulloch's grave had been neglected, then he would have indeed told the truth. He, like Johnston, gave up his life in a distant state for his beloved South. He willed his body to Texas, and his friends brought it here and interred it in the State Cemetery, very near where Johnston sleeps; but the state has not spent one dollar on his grave, and the only mark thereat is a plain slab bearing the simple inscription "McCulloch," which was placed there by his brother.

Albert Sidney Johnston was worthy of all that Texas did for him, and far more; but who will say that his services to Texas as a paid United States army officer, prior to the war, will compare with those of Ben McCulloch, who cast his lot with Texas in 1836, and from the battle of San Jacinto to his death, at Pea Ridge, Ark., in 1862, was always at the command of his state, whether in the halls of the Congress of the republic, upon the scout after the deadly Comanche, in the war with Mexico, or in the Confederate army? He proved his devotion to Texas by giving his life's blood, and yet Texas has done nothing for his memory except to permit his friends to place his remains in the sacred limits of the State Cemetery. Are "republics ungrateful?"

James M. Ray, of Asheville, N. C., commanding Fourth Brigade, U. C. V., reports the formation of Camp Cleveland at Shelby, N. C., with one hundred and three members. Dr. B. F. Dixon is Commander, and J. K. Wells Adjutant.

Thanks are extended to those who so kindly supplied back numbers asked for in VETERAN for August. The May and October numbers of 1896 are now wanted; only those in good condition.

## THE STRIFE IS O'ER.

George B. Griggs, Esq., of Houston, Tex., composed and set to music the following stanzas for the joint memorial service held in that city last spring.



The author states that the music and stanzas are the work of momentary inspiration:

Hot from the thund'ring cannon's mouth  
Burst the noise of fire and hell,  
And face to face from North and South  
Came noble men, who fought and fell.  
At Manassas, Corinth, and Shiloh—  
Yes, on a hundred fields or more—  
The brave in gray, the brave in blue,  
Lay dead and dying in their gore.

Each fought for his own precious cause,  
Each to his standard true;  
Let them be praised, those gallant men—  
What if in gray or in the blue?  
One cause was lost; the other won.  
United now, they stand to-day  
A common brotherhood of men—  
The grand old blue, the noble gray.

The storm of conflict now is o'er,  
The queen of battle lies at rest;  
Her thund'ring voice disturbs no more,  
And in her mouth the song-birds nest.  
All strife is o'er—no North, no South.  
We hail the flag, our emblem grand.  
Wave it on high, to teach our youth  
The peace and power of its command.

Then let our hearts and souls rejoice,  
For heav'nly peace reigns over all.  
God, guide us by thy tender voice,  
O guide us! lest we stray or fall.

## FLAG OF SIXTH ARKANSAS—CLEBURNE'S FLAG.

Stan C. Harley, Gurdon, Ark.:

I see many things in the VETERAN that make my blood circulate more freely, by recalling so many things with which I am familiar. I followed Gen. Pat Cleburne from December, 1862, when he took command of our division, to Franklin, where he was killed; and then was sent to North Carolina with what was left of Hood's army, taking part in the battle of Bentonville, and surrendering with Gen. J. E. Johnston at Greensboro April 26, 1865.

Upon entering the army, in May, 1861, I was a little over seventeen years old. This much personal, but it is not of myself that I write.

In the VETERAN for August, 1893, I saw that Sergeant John W. Dean, Company C, Seventeenth Indiana, was honored by having captured the flag of the Sixth Arkansas Infantry at Macon, Ga. He certainly did not capture it from the regiment, for it never was in a fight at Macon. I suppose that the flag he captured was the one that was sent to the rear in December, 1862, when the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas Regiments were consolidated. We received a new flag then with both regiment numbers inscribed thereon; and not having any further use for the flag of the Sixth alone, it was sent to the rear, probably to Macon, just before the battle of Murfreesboro. We lost our flag (the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas) at Jonesboro, Ga., on the 1st day of September, 1864, when our brigade was captured. I see private Henry D. Mattingly, of Company E, Tenth Kentucky Infantry Regiment, is credited with capturing it. That was the first and only time we ever had to abandon our works in face of the enemy. Then we were in single rank, one yard apart, trying to cover a solid front of the enemy. We repulsed the first attack made on our regiment by the Seventeenth New York Zouaves and two regiments of regulars, the Fifteenth being one of them, I think.

I want to know if the Tenth Kentucky Federal Regiment did not lose its color-bearer at Jonesboro in its second assault upon our works. When we repulsed its first assault, Col. Smith ordered two men from each company to go forward to act as pickets. Joe Edledge and I were sent from my company. While out there I was firing at a line of men off to my left. Very soon the Federals returned in front of our right in solid phalanx, at trail arms, bayonets fixed, when Joe and I ran back to our works, with them close upon our heels. The men in the works had fired. In front of our company there was a hickory-tree about twelve inches in diameter. A color-bearer was "squirreling" it from an enfilade fire from the Eighth and Nineteenth Arkansas Regiments (there being no enemy in their front). I brought my gun to an aim on the color-bearer, and fired, and saw him fall.

Cleburne's Division never fought under nor carried the Southern cross. Our division flag was a blue ground, about two and one-half by one and one-half feet, with an oval white spot in it, with a line of white around it. There was no flag like it in the Confederate army. It was Hardee's Corps battle-flag at Shiloh.



## DALTON-ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

The following is a part of a letter written by Col. J. N. Wyatt, of the Twelfth Tennessee Regiment, to J. B. Cunningham, of Yorkville, Tenn., August 10, 1864.

This letter has the advantage of having been written at the time. It shows extraordinary contrast in losses by the two armies—evident exaggerations, but such was the rule during the war. The account is of much interest to that particular regiment and to the public:

*Esteemed Friend:* According to promise, I herewith give you a brief synopsis of our present campaign from the day we marched out to meet the foe at Dalton to the present time, embracing a period unexampled in this war for continued hardships and hard fighting. I also send you a list of casualties in the regiment during the campaign of three months.

We left Dalton on the 7th of May with three hundred and one guns, and have lost since that time 33 killed, 133 wounded, and 36 captured. We have now 165 men for duty. On May 30 we received about 45 men as recruits from Forrest's Cavalry, and some of those that were slightly wounded have returned to duty.

May 7 at 2 P.M., information having been received that the enemy were moving upon Dalton in three columns, our army was ordered to the front. Hardee's Corps—consisting of Bate's, Walker's, Cleburne's, and Cheatham's Divisions—took position upon the right; Hood's Corps—consisting of Hindman's, Stephenson's, and Stewart's Divisions—upon the left. We marched out about four miles, bivouacked in line of battle, and lay in that position until 2 P.M. the next day (Sunday). On the 8th we marched to Mill Creek Gap, where we arrived about 6 P.M., skirmishing on the way, and lay in line all night. Monday, the 9th, bugle sounded and the men took position in the trenches at the gap. We heard that Resaca was threatened by Kilpatrick's Cavalry, and our (Vaughan's) brigade was ordered to that place to prevent the enemy from flanking us. We arrived there about 3 P.M., and found everything in confusion. We advanced to meet the enemy, who fell back promptly. At night we threw up breastworks on two hills in front of the village. The enemy continued to march down the Sugar Valley, leaving our front at Dalton; consequently we had to leave our strong position at Dalton and march down the railroad to Resaca. Our forces, at this time numbering about thirty-five thousand, were reenforced by Polk's Corps, numbering about twenty thousand, while the enemy numbered one hundred and fifteen thousand men, leaving them a surplus of sixty thousand for flanking purposes. Heavy skirmishing continued until the 14th, 4 A.M., when the picket firing extended along the line. At 3 P.M. the enemy charged our position, and were repulsed with heavy loss by Cleburne's and Cheatham's Divisions. About dark they advanced for the purpose of getting position on left of the village. Fighting continued until after dark, when each withdrew to their respective positions. Gen. Kilpatrick, the Yankee cavalry general, was badly wounded and has since died.

Sunday, 15th: Gen. Hood repulsed the enemy all along his line. At midnight we had orders to prepare for marching, as the enemy were trying to flank us at

Calhoun, and were moving their whole force down the valley.

Monday, 16th, 2 P.M.: We left the trenches at Resaca and passed out of town quietly. When we crossed the railroad bridge our forces were preparing to burn it. Our skirmishers crossed the wagon bridge while the flames were consuming it. Everything was brought out in safety. We passed through Calhoun while Walker's Division was engaged with the enemy. He repulsed them. We camped for the night about six miles from Calhoun, and enjoyed a good night's rest.

Tuesday, 17th: After marching about seven miles Company B was sent to the front at Adairsville and deployed skirmishers, as the enemy were pressing our cavalry. Our skirmish-line held the enemy in check until midnight. The enemy brought three batteries and three lines of pickets against our single line, but could not dislodge us. Our men showed the greatest amount of coolness and bravery on the occasion, holding their positions under the excessive fire of the enemy. It was the heaviest skirmishing that our men have ever been exposed to. Brother Jesse was killed. Capt. House and ten others of the regiment were wounded.

Wednesday, 18th, 2:30 A.M.: Called in videttes and retired in silence. We had good news from the Army of Virginia. Loss of the enemy on the advance to Richmond was thirty-two general and field officers and forty-five thousand men.

Thursday, 19th, 9 A.M.: Formed in line of battle near Cassville. Orders from Gen. Johnston were read, telling us that our communications were all safe, and that we would now turn and attack the main column of the enemy, and by the help of God would defeat them, as our brothers in arms have done in Virginia and Louisiana. He likewise praised us for the patriotism and endurance of the troops on the march by day and night and for the steadfast patriotism displayed on all occasions. But the enemy had taken the position that was to be occupied by Gen. Hood's Corps, so we were compelled to fall back about two miles.

Friday, 25th, 1 A.M.: Retired to Etowah River bridge and crossed the river in three lines, as the enemy continued to flank us. Our brigade was ordered down the river four miles, near Pumpkin Vine Creek, to prevent the enemy from crossing on covered bridge. We encamped for the night in an orchard. There is some dissatisfaction with Gen. Johnston for retreating so much, but still we all repose the greatest confidence in him as a general. We lay there until Sunday, 22d, when we fell back about two miles and encamped in a beautiful grove. What a change from the booming of cannon, the shrieking and bursting of shells, and the rattle of musketry of the past fortnight! The men are taking advantage of the quiet to rest and prepare themselves for the coming fray, for a battle seems inevitable. Praises to God for all his mercies are ascending to his throne from hundreds of war-worn veterans.

Monday, 23d: Received orders to join division, which we did at 10 A.M. Marched until night and encamped. On the 25th, at sunset, marched four miles in quick time to the right, as the enemy were engaged with Hood's Corps, who repulsed them. It rained through the night. We bivouacked in a lane and got very wet, and had but very little sleep.

Thursday, 26th: Marched two miles to Mill Gap.

Desultory firing heard on our right. Engaged until midnight throwing up breastworks.

Friday, 27th: Marched two miles to the left, formed in line for battle, and advanced on the enemy, drove in their pickets on Mount Ebony, and established our lines on right of Bate's Division. We had one killed, Em Briggs, of Company C, and eight wounded. Capt. Harris, of Vaughn's staff, was killed, and we captured some fifteen or twenty prisoners, besides their killed and wounded. We then threw up breastworks on the right of the mountain.

Saturday, 28th, 3 A.M.: Retired in silence, leaving our pickets, and marched to New Hope Church on our right. Went to the ditches as a reserve to support Gen. Cantey's Brigade. The enemy charged our line, but were repulsed. Five men wounded during the day; among them was John W. Prichard, of Company A, who afterward lost his left arm.

Sunday, 29th: Built breastworks in two hours to protect us from the shelling of the enemy. The enemy charged Gen. Cleburne's position, and were repulsed with heavy loss. They left seven hundred dead in front of his works. Their total loss was twenty-five hundred, while our loss was three hundred and ninety. Gen. Bate charged the enemy's works, and, after taking them, was not able to hold them, so was compelled to fall back to his original position. The men slept all night with accouterments on.

Monday, 30th, to Saturday, June 4: Heavy skirmishing along the lines. The enemy seems to be moving troops to our right in the direction of the railroad, near Big Shanty. Five P.M.: Left trenches on extreme left and marched until daylight, passing Lost Mountain; distance, twelve miles. It rained the night through, and the mud was shoe-mouth deep in thinnest places. A more disagreeable and fatiguing march we have not taken since the commencement of the war. The night was as dark as Erebus; and a great many gave out and did not join the command for hours after we encamped.

Sunday, 5th: Marched about two miles to the right and bivouacked till the following morning.

Monday, 6th, daylight: Marched to a gap near Golgotha Church and relieved Lowry's Brigade on picket. We continued on picket until the morning of Saturday, 11th, 5 P.M., when we were relieved by Lowry's Brigade, of Cleburne's Division, and ordered to join our (Cheatham's) division, which we did at 8 A.M. It rained all the time we were marching. Bivouacked in the open woods. It rained all night and continued with but little intermission till Tuesday, 14th, at noon. Gen. Leonidas Polk was killed by a shell from the enemy. He, with Gens. Johnston and Hardee, was in front of our works viewing the enemy's line when the fatal missile of death deprived us of a hero in whom the administration and the country reposed entire confidence. In him the troops of Tennessee lost their best friend and the whole country one of its ablest commanders. Moved a short distance to the left and lay under arms awaiting orders.

Wednesday, 12th: Marched about two miles to the right and formed in the trenches on Kennesaw Mountain. Skirmishing continues daily. We lose some men almost daily, but no demonstration of importance.

Monday, June 27, a day that will be long remembered by the Army of Tennessee, 9 A.M.: The enemy drove in our pickets in front of Cleburne's and Cheat-

ham's Divisions, and advanced upon our works in seven lines of battle. We were under orders of Gen. Hardee to reserve our fire until the enemy arrived within short range, which was strictly observed. When the enemy arrived within seventy-five paces of our works we opened a murderous fire of grape, canister, and musketry, inflicting terrible slaughter upon them, though boldly they moved forward until some of them were within a few paces of our works. Our fire was so terrific and the slaughter so great they were forced to retire, leaving the ground strewn with their killed and wounded. They fell back about two or three hundred yards under cover of the hill and reestablished their line of skirmishers, making it impossible for either party to remove the killed and wounded during the engagement. The woods caught fire and many of the wounded perished in the flames. In this engagement I took the gun of Polk Rice, who was killed by my side, and used it until the barrel was so hot I could scarcely hold it in my hands. The loss of the enemy along the whole line was eight thousand in killed and wounded and captured, while our loss was only one hundred and twenty-five in killed and wounded.

Tuesday, 28th: The skirmishing kept up all day.

Wednesday, 29th: The enemy sent in a flag of truce, asking permission to bury their dead, which was granted, and hostilities ceased for a few hours until the dead were all buried. During the time men and officers mingled with each other, the Yankees showing their peculiar characteristic or trait to barter or trade with our men for tobacco, one article of which they stood in need. They were willing to barter knives, watches, coffee, or anything else that they had. After all the dead had been buried the signal-guns were fired, all parties returned to their respective lines, and hostilities were resumed. Skirmishing commenced and continued until the night of the 30th, when the enemy's wagon or ration train came up to their lines, creating so much disturbance that we, supposing it was a night attack, fired upon them. They acknowledged a loss of eight hundred that night, besides a great number of horses and mules. We had strengthened our works to that degree that it was almost impossible for the enemy to make a successful attack upon them.

July 1: Heavy bombardment of the works, with little injury.

Saturday, July 2: Wagon-train ordered to the south side of the Chattahoochee. At midnight we retired in silence from the trenches, and cavalry took our places.

Sunday, 3d: Fell back eleven miles to Rough Switch, enemy closely pursuing.

Monday, 4th: Fell back to the river, and while laying here Brig.-Gen. Vaughan was shot through the foot. It is a cause of grief to his brigade to lose his valuable services in this emergency of our country. Picket firing and skirmishing all along our line until Friday, the 8th, when we crossed to the south side of Chattahoochee River. The cause of our fall back was that the enemy was flanking us and we had to get to the river before them so as to guard Atlanta. Cheatham's Division, with the exception of our brigade, was picketing along the river-bank, the enemy on the opposite side. Both parties, by mutual consent, ceased firing, and were enjoying themselves by bathing in the river.

Saturday, 9th: Fell back to within three miles of At-



lanta, while the enemy crossed the river on our right. Nothing unusual until Wednesday, 13th, when Gen. Bragg arrived from Richmond.

Thursday, 14th: Heard that Gen. Early had defeated Lew Wallace in Maryland and was threatening Washington. On Friday, 15th, the enemy threatened Newnan, but were driven back by Armstrong's Cavalry.

It was very sad news Monday, 18th, when we received orders that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was relieved of the command of the army and Gen. Hood, a junior lieutenant-general, placed in command. The War Department perhaps knows best, but the troops are dissatisfied with the change, for Gen. Johnston was the idol of the army and the country reposed in him all confidence. When the order relieving him of the command was read the spectacle was touching to see; men who have borne the heat and burden of this war shed tears. But they are determined to do their duty by their country, no matter who commands. Our loss up to this time is officially announced to be sixteen thousand killed, wounded, and missing, while that of the enemy to the same time is forty-eight thousand.

Tuesday, 19th: The enemy destroyed some of the track of the A. and W. P. railroad and cut the wire at Opelika and Loachapoka. They were trying to flank us out of Atlanta. There is heavy cannonading in the vicinity of Stone Mountain.

Wednesday, 20th: Left our works and attacked the enemy and drove them inside of their entrenchment, and held the ground within one hundred yards of their works until after dark. We withdrew next morning, moving to the extreme left.

Friday, 22d: Marched to the extreme right and charged the enemy's works and drove them from their line of entrenchments, capturing a large number of prisoners, besides killing and wounding a great many. Our loss was heavy, as may be supposed, in the two days' fighting. In the Twelfth and Forty-Seventh there were ninety-eight killed, wounded, and missing. It was here that William Prichard lost his left hand. Now the two Prichards have but one hand each. Among the killed was Capt. Rogers, of the Twelfth; Capt. Joe Carthell and Cummins, of the Forty-Seventh. Wounded: Col. Watkins and Capt. Sampson, of the Forty-Seventh. I was wounded on the 24th. I went from the field to the hospital. There I saw Gen. Joseph E. Johnston visiting the sick and wounded. I remained there twelve days and returned to regiment August 5; found Capt. Moore commanding. Fighting and skirmishing has been kept up all the time; another battle threatening. The enemy are moving in the direction of Jonesboro, where we will meet them.

### FIFTH GEORGIA AT BENTONVILLE.

A veteran of the Fifth Georgia, C. S. A., writes:

The battle of Bentonville, N. C., was the last regular battle of the war east of the Mississippi River, and was desperately contested. In it the Fifth Georgia Regiment was engaged on the extreme left. The pickets of the regiment held their position in front of the enemy until three o'clock in the morning. They were the last troops to cross the bridge on the retreat, except Hampton's Cavalry. This picket-line was commanded by

Capt. John A. Fulton, who was the last officer of the day in front of the enemy. Under Capt. Fulton's orders a fire at intervals from each picket was kept up. This was done simply for effect while the Confederates were retreating. The last man to fire a gun was William K. Pilsbury, and Capt. Fulton states that it was the last shot of the Fifth Georgia fired during the war. Capt. Fulton is a successful merchant and Comrade Pilsbury a prominent journalist at Dawson, Ga.

At a recent meeting of the Terrell County (Ga.) Camp U. C. V. the comrades held their annual election of officers as follows: President Commander, William Kaigler; Lieutenant Commanders, S. W. Arnett and J. L. Lansford; Adjutant and Secretary, W. K. Pilsbury; Quartermaster, T. A. McWilliams; Surgeons, W. C. Kendrick and T. A. Chappell; Chaplain, Lott Jennings; Treasurer, George W. Varner; Commissary, I. G. Marshall; Executive Committee, J. R. Jolly, Sr., S. J. Senn, B. H. Brown.

### SCENE ON THE MANASSAS BATTLE-FIELD.

T. P. Weakley, Nashville, of the Second Tennessee:

When the first battle of Manassas was over and the Federal army, routed, were retreating in great disorder, I beheld a scene I shall never forget. It was the carrying of the body of Col. Charles F. Fisher, Sixth North Carolina Regiment, from the battle-field. A rider on horseback bore the body, cold and stiff in death. He held it carefully and tenderly in front of his saddle and carried him away from the field of carnage, where he had fallen while leading his regiment to victory. He was doubtless carried to his beloved state for interment.

The Second Tennessee Regiment, William B. Bate, colonel, and the other regiments of Holmes's Brigade, having been held in reserve on the right of our army, were ordered forward when the battle was most severe, near the Henry House. It was very hot and dusty, and the movement was at double-quick in the rear of artillery and under a heavy artillery fire from the enemy. Just as we came upon the field of action and in full view of the enemy the Federal lines broke and the battle was won.

### HE WAS A HERO IF A PAUPER.

Hon. J. L. McLaurin, of South Carolina, in a speech to Confederate Veterans, said:

In the battle of Gettysburg a stalwart lad from Darlington, S. C., was bravely advancing in the face of a hot fire when a shot tore off his first finger. An officer ordered him to the rear. "No, sir," was his reply; "they will call me a coward if I go back for that." A moment later a piece of shell took his arm off clear and clean above the elbow. A comrade caught him, and the poor fellow said: "I will go back now, but I would rather lose my arm than to be called a coward."

Two weeks ago there was a death in the poorhouse. The bed was hard, the walls bare, the wan face cold and still, while across the breast was pinned the armless sleeve of a *pauper's* coat. The heroic soul of Henry Miller had winged its flight to God, far beyond the reach of want and *ingratitude*.

## MRS. HENRY'S COMPACT WITH JOE SHELBY.

Mrs. Dr. T. J. Henry, of Kansas City, a lifelong friend of Gen. Shelby, soon after his death wrote a poem entitled "Our Shelby." Maj. Woodson gives the following interesting statement:

It was always the understanding between them that the survivor should write a modest notice of the death of the other. When leaving for the Richmond reunion the General expressed a doubt as to whether he should ever return and a desire for her son to accompany him in case of accident. Mrs. Henry said: "You are despondent, General. You will live to write my obituary and many more."

"Never, madam, never!" he replied. "You will live to write mine." Grasping each other's hands to say good-by, with tears he again insisted: "You will."

A star from out our firmament of adoration  
Went down too soon, its radiance at its height,  
Amid the grand, resplendent honor of a nation  
Entrammelled, yet untarnished, in her sorrowing night.

Within the azure vault of heaven's own great painting  
Bright lights grow dim and fade from mortal eye;  
While others fixed, each round its orbit never fainting,  
Till earth is merged into eternity.

Beleaguered rays still glint to lume the dark horizon  
That settles down upon his helpless sleep,  
And scintillations oft will come and help to liven  
Around the fragment of his scattered sheep.

Too soon, ah! soon the dreaded death-cloud gathered o'er us.  
In vain we reach to touch his guiding wand.  
In mem'ry see it point and always press before us  
To plant our flag-staff toward the motherland.

His eagle vision flashed athwart this vast dominion,  
And pierced the future as it rose and fell.  
His hovering crest was ours. Poor, broken pinion  
Is folded up too soon! Farewell! farewell!

A life so woven in with war and peace together!  
The gallant trophies of exalted dreams  
Will come to us of olden times in roughest weather,  
And clear some dangers from these sullen streams.

Though threat'ning onslaughts now menace with wild inflections  
And deep imbroglios rise from sea to sea,  
His bulwark stands beside in hallowed recollection,  
And brings some transport back to you and me.

With woof and warp entangled came this great hiatus,  
The stoppage of the shuttle working staid in death;  
On life's platform standing, while hopes and fears await us.  
But the rushing engine's throttled; we are left.

Distressed, dismayed, alas! and know not whither trending;  
The leader gone, the hapless flock astray;  
Like splintered reeds aghast, in consternation bending,  
The wind-break taken, nor the storm at bay.

And here we stand, distraught with grief and desolation,  
The night upon us, and no star to see,  
All tethered down by age, in need of consolation  
That oped unstinted to his boundless lee.

Wherein the old ship riding safely, with topsail furling,  
I've heard the hailing of his seamen: "Come!  
Leaking! sinking! foundered!" Back the welcome echo  
hurled:  
"Steady, soldiers! out of breakers! here's room!"

I've heard the wails of widows, orphans, wives—aye, strangers—  
Struggling, crowding, on that crippled starboard;  
I've seen the friendly hand-shake dripping out of dangers—  
Beggars, courtiers, friend, alike were harbored.

Upon this field, with watch-fires quenched nor colors flying,  
We've come to lay him by his own to sleep.  
The hard-fought battle here, the val'rous heroes dying,  
A soldier's vigils by our troths we'll keep.

Our darling's slain in youth's bright manhood here to cherish,  
Though many years have passed in bitter grief;  
With loving care each cycling season comes to nourish  
The trees, the flowers, and the rip'ning sheaf.

These luscious perfumes seem so freighted down with sadness  
To've caught the drifting of our thoughts to-day;  
The cheery little songsters have suppressed their gladness,  
Their whistlings seem like music far away.

Till wave on wave may've reached to distant homesteads  
broken;

Poor mothers, if their souls had arms, would be  
To-day around us weeping, with a loving token  
More plaintive far than this weird minstrelsy.

Forget not, O, the widow! reft and broken-hearted,  
For sunny days can come to her no more.  
The blighting traces of this aching wound have smarted  
Till life-blood trickles from the anguished sore.

Let vandal tongues deride and scoff our soul's lost treasure!  
The scum on swelling tides must come and go;  
But dreams and joys, crushed hopes in retrospective measure,  
Grow stronger, purer, as they ebb and flow.

Somewhere in mystic future armies, friends, once plighted,  
Will rise together on those happier planes,  
And there, in glorious judgment, wrongs will be righted,  
For God Almighty still supremely reigns.

Mrs. E. M. Henry, Norfolk, Va.: "I enjoy the monthly visit of the VETERAN, and would like to insert in its columns the following lines, selected during the war. Can any one tell the author's name? A reprint of them will help the post-bellum youths to remember the names, at least, of some of our grand commanders."

## A COUNTRY MAIDEN'S "GENERAL" INVITATION.

Come! leave the noisy Longstreet,  
And come to the Fields with me;  
Trip o'er the Heth with flying feet,  
And skip along the Lee.  
Then Ewell find the flowers that be  
Along the Stonewall still,  
And pluck the buds of flaming pea  
That grow on A. P. Hill.  
Across the Rhodes the Forrest boughs  
A stately Archway form,  
Where sadly pipes the Early bird  
That never caught the worm.  
Come hasten! for the Bee is gone,  
And Wheat lies on the plains.  
Come! braid a Garland e'er the leaves  
Fall in the blasting Rains.

Dr. J. L. Isaacs, Polytechnic College, Fort Worth, Tex.: "I send the names of several men who died in the hospital at Guntown, Miss., while I had brief charge there; and, owing to the great confusion at that time, I think it doubtful if their friends ever knew where they were buried. Even at this late date it might be of special interest to some to know of their last resting-place: Sampson Jones, Company I, Fourth Arkansas, died May 24; Jacob Keel, Company G, Fourth Arkansas, died May 25; Stephen Baker, Company K, Crump's Battalion, died May 10; Asbury Guthrie, Company I, Seventeenth Alabama, died May 11; J. H. Cox, Company D, Twenty-Eighth Alabama, died May 23; Eli Godwin, Company I, Twenty-Eighth Alabama, died May 29; A. Turner, Company B, Forty-Eighth Tennessee, died May 30; A. A. Roberts, Company F, Forty-Eighth Tennessee, died May 15; Capt. E. W. Homer, Arkansas Volunteers."



## THE OLD CANTREEN.

Dedicated by a Federal veteran to Walthall Camp No. 25, U. C. V., Meridian, Miss.

How the memories of the past  
Doth fill my thoughts to-night!  
Once more I hear the bugle-call,  
Again we're in the fight;  
Once more I hear the Yankee cheers,  
The Rebel yell between,  
Again the sweetest draught e'er drank,  
I'm drinking from the old canteen.

The strains of "Bonny Blue Flag"  
Are borne upon the breeze,  
"Yankee Doodle" just o'er the hill  
Comes floating through the trees;  
But sweet as is this music,  
Not sweeter 'tis I ween  
Than the gurgling of the water  
When drinking from the old canteen.

But ah how soon the present makes  
The past to fade away!  
For now there is no Yankee blue,  
No more the Rebel gray;  
For in peace and in harmony  
Together can be seen  
Our brothers, "Fed" and "Confed,"  
Drinking from the same canteen.

Soon we'll all cross o'er the river  
And camp where love holds sway,  
Where hand in hand together  
Shall march the blue and gray;  
Where deeds of earthly valor  
Are kept forever green  
By drinking the water of life  
That flows from God's canteen.

W. H. Howard.

## AN ALABAMA MOTHER.

J. W. Jordan graduated at the University of Virginia in 1860, and, returning to his native town, Huntsville, Ala., commenced the practise of law, possessing the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. He was one of the first volunteers from Huntsville, enlisting in the Fourth Alabama Regiment.

In the first battle of Manassas young Jordan was slightly wounded. His regiment was under Stonewall Jackson when he concentrated his forces near Richmond and engaged in the seven days' fight. The Fourth Alabama was ordered to take a battery, and in making the charge Jordan was severely wounded. He was carried to the old church used as a field hospital, but when the surgeon reached him he was dying. His last words were: "Tell mother I gave my body to my country and my soul to my God." He evidently did not think then that he would meet her so soon in the peaceful beyond.

His mother, Mrs. M. M. Jordan, secured a pass from the Federal commander in Huntsville and started to see her boy. In Atlanta she heard that he filled a soldier's grave. Though staggered by the blow that crushed her hope, she determined to take his body home. She arrived in Richmond sixteen days after the battle, and secured from Gen. Beauregard an ambulance and escort for the battle-field, which was ten miles from the city. Obtaining a casket, she had his remains disinterred, and with her own hands unwrapped the soldier's blanket, pulled off his boots, and helped to place her precious dead in the coffin. Gathering a few relics, and accompanied by the negro boy, who had

clung to his master to the last, she started on her sad and perilous journey home. As many bodies had been lost, in her anxious care she stayed by that of her boy all night on the bank of the river.

Mrs. Jordan was met at the depot in Huntsville by many friends bearing floral tributes in honor of her noble son.

The only son left, Capt. T. B. Jordan, was at Marion, Ala., with his family. The Tennessee River was between the two armies. Mrs. Jordan secured a pass for this son, and he started to her. On handing the pass to a picket he was carried to headquarters, when Gen. John Logan, the general in charge, said: "You must take the oath of allegiance or go to Nashville to prison." Capt. Jordan refused to take the oath, and was sent to Nashville on the first train.

On March 5, 1864, Mrs. Jordan started for Nashville to see her son. About midnight the train was tele-scoped by a train in the rear. The shock upturned a stove on a can of oil, and the car was soon in flames. She took her Bible, her ever-present companion, wrote in it, "For my son," and threw it out of the window. She then begged her friends to trust in God.

Capt. Jordan was given a permit to attend the burial of his heroic and martyred mother. He afterward returned to prison, and was not released until the Federal army left Huntsville. A company was then formed, and he was elected captain. Again he was captured and imprisoned. He remained a prisoner until the surrender, when he returned to a desolate home, broken in health and penniless.

## THE LATE MAJ. J. G. NASH, OF SHERMAN, TEX.

The *Sherman* (Tex.) *Register* records the death of Prof. Nash, of that city, who was an ordained Baptist minister, also a brave and fearless soldier of the Confederacy. He was one of the pioneer educators of that state. Prof. Nash was the son of a Blount County, Ala., farmer of Revolutionary pedigree, his grandfather being a general in the Continental army. His boyhood was spent on farms in Tuscaloosa and Jefferson Counties. He graduated from the Columbian University, District of Columbia, with high honors in 1849. In July of the same year he married Miss Mary Louise Marsh, of Marietta, O., and together they taught in the Young Ladies' Seminary at Crawford, Miss., for a period of three years. They held similar positions in the Female College at Aberdeen, and at the breaking out of the war Prof. Nash was a teacher in the female institute at Columbus, Miss.

Resigning his duties as a teacher, he hastened to his native state and entered the army as captain of the Forty-First Alabama Regiment. He served throughout the struggle with distinction, attaining the rank of major and distinguishing himself by conspicuous bravery in the battle of Chickamauga. The greater part of his service was under Gen. Longstreet, who was his friend and companion.

After the war he resumed his duties as a teacher in the female institute at Marion, Ala. Again he taught at the Mary Sharp College in Winchester, Tenn. From Winchester he went to the Waco (Tex.) University, where he remained a year. In 1877 he went to Sherman and founded the Mary Nash College.

His highly esteemed wife passed away some two years ago, being preceded by two children, William Q. and Jesse F. A. Q. Nash is the sole surviving son.

The deceased was a Mason, an Odd-Fellow, and a member of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V.

TRIBUTE BY DR. STINSON.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, of Sherman, who was a student under Prof. Nash nearly half a century ago, says of him:

As a citizen he was always a worker for the public good. Strictly honest, moral, and upright in all his dealings, his example to his fellow man was most praiseworthy. He would rather suffer inconvenience himself than to give the humblest an iota of trouble.

Thousands of the daughters of Texas and adjoining states, many of them of ante-bellum date, are monuments of his skill as a teacher and educator.

As a soldier he was ever at the post of duty. Being a man of God, his influence on his fellow soldiers while tenting on the old camp-grounds was always of a religious character; and who knows how many erring comrades were influenced by his example to make their calling and election sure?

Rallying the Alabamians on Chickamauga's bloody field, his tall form was conspicuous as he encouraged and led them. No more will we meet his stately form and measured steps in our city's marts, nor will we see him training our daughters after the similitude of a palace. No more will war's stern alarms, with its hurtling, screaming shells and hissing bullets, disturb his rest; but the influence of his work and example will go down the coming years for good unto his race.

On the coffin, for inspection, were a number of old papers. The greater number of them were military orders received by him during the war. A beautiful silver plate was placed on the coffin by Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V. On this plate are engraved the words "Our Comrade," and worked in the Confederate colors in a piece of silk fastened in one corner of the plate are the letters "U. C. V."

D. E. Burton, of Rosser, Kaufman County, Tex., refers to the sketch of Gen. Archibald Gracie in the August VETERAN, and states: "I belonged to his old regiment, the Forty-Third Alabama, and was one of the first to get to him when he was shot. I would like to hear from any member of our old regiment, and especially of Company C."

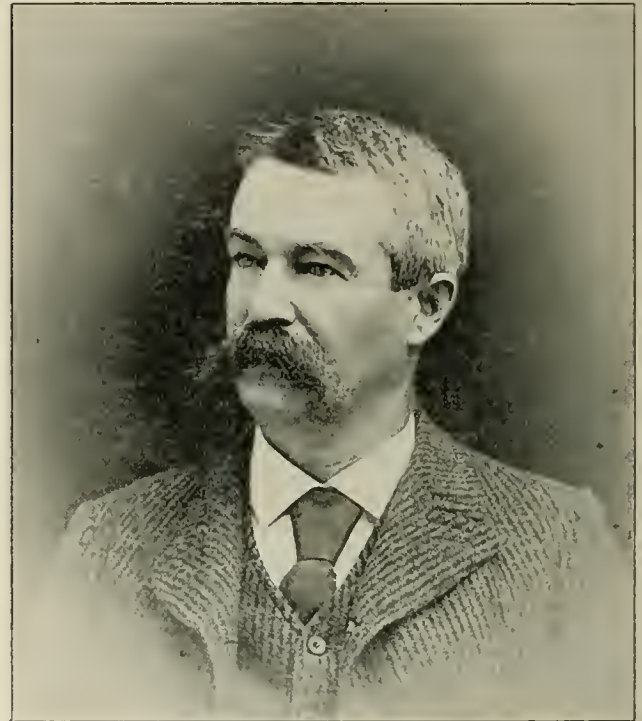
CAPT. RICHARD H. ADAMS.

Richard Henry Adams was born at "Altwood," Marengo County, Ala., April 21, 1841; and died at Radford, Va., October 8, 1896. He was the third son of Richard Henry and Anna Carter Harrison Adams, both Virginians, Mrs. Adams being a lineal descendant of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, while both families were closely identified with the history of Virginia in colonial and Revolutionary times. They moved to Alabama in 1836.

Richard Henry Adams, Jr., enlisted in the Confederate service during May, 1861, as a private in Capt. Hobson's company, Fifth Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. Robert Rhodes, which command served in all the Virginia campaigns until the battle of

Seven Pines, where he was severely wounded in the knee. After recovery he was transferred to cavalry service in the western army, and, as captain of engineers, he served on Gen. Wheeler's staff until September, 1863, when he was captured near Nashville. He was in different prisons twenty-one months and one of the six hundred under retaliation at Morris Island and Fort Pulaski.

After the war Capt. Adams became a civil engineer,



CAPT. RICHARD HENRY ADAMS.

and followed that profession until four years ago, when his health gave way. He was then appointed postmaster at Radford, where he served faithfully until his death. He was a true and brave Christian and a friend to the poor, dividing his living with the needy. He was buried by the Masons. The G. C. Wharton Camp of Confederates adopted suitable resolutions of respect and served as guard of honor at the burial.

Confederate dead buried at Covington, Ga., as reported by W. A. Gay: J. Allen, Twenty-Eighth Mississippi Cavalry; E. Edson, Thirty-Seventh Mississippi; J. Dooly, Eighth Mississippi; T. Oterson, Forty-Fourth Mississippi; J. Kolb, Thirty-Fifth Mississippi; R. J. Pearce, Thirty-Fourth Mississippi; S. B. Forester, Forty-Third Mississippi; L. S. Porter, Twenty-Fourth Mississippi; S. Connelly, Seventh Mississippi; W. H. Hendrick, Twenty-Ninth Mississippi; W. H. Baily, First Tennessee; J. M. White, Nineteenth Tennessee; J. H. Rape, Seventh Texas; R. Richardson, Thirty-Eighth Tennessee; J. H. Adcock, First Tennessee; S. Kelton, Twenty-Ninth Tennessee; J. H. Whiter, Ninety-First Tennessee; W. W. Coffee, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee; W. W. Baily, Twenty-Fourth North Carolina; W. S. Lander, Forty-First Tennessee; A. J. Whitson, Sixth Tennessee.



CAPT. J. T. COBBS—RANGER, SOLDIER, SCOUT.

Officer of Company G, Sixth Texas Cavalry, Ross's Brigade, C. S. A.

Capt. Joseph T. Cobbs was born near Palmyra, Mo., in 1841. In 1852 his father, Judge John A. Cobbs, moved to Waco, Tex. Young Cobbs was sent to school at Waco and at Independence, Tex. At the age of eighteen he joined Capt. P. F. Ross's company of Texas Rangers and participated in some stirring events of a campaign on the frontier. In April, 1861, Joseph T. Cobbs enlisted under Capt. P. F. Ross in Company G, Sixth Texas Cavalry. Gen. L. S. Ross, who was also Governor of Texas, started out as a private in the same company. A regiment was organized near Lancaster with B. W. Stone as colonel and L. S. Ross as major, and went to Missouri just in time to participate in the battle of Oak Hill, August 10, 1861.

At the battle of Chustanala a comrade, Tom Arnold, was killed, and J. T. Cobbs took the body home to Waco. He returned in time for the engagement at Elk Horn. In this famous battle a courier was sent by Gen. Van Dorn to Gen. Price's headquarters with orders to retreat. Gens. Price and Rains appealed to be allowed to make one more struggle. The request was refused, and in his resentment and humiliation Gen. Rains retorted: "Nobody is whipped but Van Dorn and the Yankees." For this rash remark he was placed under arrest and court-martialed.

Company G was dismounted at Des Arc, crossed over to Memphis, and went on to Shiloh, arriving too late for the battle, but engaged in that of Farmington the next day.

Acknowledgment is expressed to Mrs. W. J. Hamlett, historian of the Lamar-Fontain Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, for this thrilling sketch. She quotes from Capt. Cobbs as follows:

The night after the battle, while posted as a vidette, I heard a bell moving zigzag around my post. Farmers had put bells on their hogs in that vicinity. I called a halt, but had no response, and fired. The sergeant of the guard went out to bring him in, for we needed hog for breakfast. Imagine our surprise when it turned out to be a Yankee with a bell on. It was quickly reported at headquarters, and Gen. Beauregard gave orders that all hogs wearing bells should be brought in. The next morning several Yankees wearing bells were brought out at our dress parade, to our amusement and their disgust.

On March 3, 1862, we commenced the fight at Corinth, Miss. We fought all day, and slept on the field. In a dream I saw our men advancing into battle over fallen trees. I was crossing a log, when my comrade, Jim McDonald, pitched forward, struck by a Minie ball. I caught him as he fell and turned up his face, when I saw the brains issuing from the wound. The shock awoke me. I crawled to Capt. Ross's tent, awoke him, and told him my dream. "Don't tell Jim," said he; and while we were talking, our men all asleep, the drum tapped the "Fall in." I took my place in ranks, with Jim right at my elbow, and we moved forward. Advancing about one hundred yards, we came

to where the timber had been cut and lay all about on the ground, just as I had seen in my dream. Fort Robinett, just in front, was belching forth a continuous fire. We had gone about twenty yards, and I was in the act of crossing a log, when McDonald pitched forward. I turned up his face and saw the brains gush out from his wounds. I laid him down and resumed my place in the ranks.

Within one hundred feet of the fort we halted. The guns of the fort were lowered, and the order "Chain shot" rang out. "We must take that fort!" Capt. Ross and I both spoke at once. Both sprang forward with our six-shooters, Capt. Ross mounting the fort, while I went over the gun and took position behind a caisson inside the fort. I saw a fresh column advancing, led by an officer, saber in hand, cheering on his men. I took aim at him, closing my finger on the trigger, when a Minie ball entered my right cheek, glanced, and came out behind the ear, and I fell. Capt. Ross saw me fall, and at the same instant received two shots, one on the chin, the other shattering his right wrist. He fell outside the fort and was carried away by our men, while I fell on the inside and was a prisoner. It was not over twenty minutes perhaps before I recovered consciousness, for I could faintly discern the sharpshooters following up our rear. Serg. Kelley was sitting by and fanning me. I don't know whether or not my pistol fired at the officer when I was shot. "What are you doing here?" I demanded of Serg. Kelley, with whom I had served in the U. S. Army in my first military service.

"I am taking care of you," he replied.

I said: "If that is your business, you can go away."

"No: I won't do that," he said. "I have been to your father's house, and was treated by him as a friend; and I shall not repay his kindness by leaving you here. I'm going to see you taken care of, and then I'll go to my command."

He had me carried to the hospital in an ambulance. My wound, now many hours old, had not been dressed, and severe torture had begun. It seemed that something was eating its way into my head. I sent for the surgeon, but he returned answer that I was of the mortally wounded, and that his orders were to attend to those who had some chance of life. I said to the guard: "You go back and tell him to send me a bottle of turpentine." He brought it, turned my head to one side, and poured it into the wound. It was heroic treatment, but it saved my life, for a clot of maggots came out. I then fell back and went to sleep and slept for hours.

We prisoners were then removed to Iuka Springs, where I was taken in charge by Surgeon Neidlett, Maury's Division, who was himself a prisoner, and was taking care of our own men. I told him what I had done. He laughed, said it was the best thing I could have done, dressed my wound, and made me comfortable. On the fourth day I hired the driver of a beef-wagon to haul six of us out of the Federal lines. I paid him sixty dollars in gold, that I had kept concealed in my clothing over a year for just such a time of need. I wanted to tell the surgeon my plan of escape, but he put his hand over my mouth, saying: "Hush! don't tell me." I asked him to furnish me with what I might need for a few days, and he gave me salve and

bandages enough to last me a week. When at daylight the man came along, as usual, with his little red oxen hitched to a "prairie schooner," ostensibly loaded with beef, the driver piled us in and covered us over with the green boughs. As we passed through their lines the Yanks called out: "Hello! you've made a quick trip. What's your hurry, old man?" When we reached the railroad station Federal sharpshooters were skirmishing along our rear. One of Company G went to the wagon to warn us to get out of danger, and was astonished at seeing me alive. This made him doubly anxious for our escape. "Boys, we must get out of here," I said, and I told the driver to make his oxen "git." He was badly frightened, and wanted to drop us right there. I took Bill Beaver's pistol, and, cocking it right in his face, demanded: "Get out there." He never let his oxen break a trot until we reached Guntown, a distance of about eight miles. The train happened to be late, and, fortunately, we were in time. We were put aboard, and in ten minutes were out of danger. We went on to Jackson, Miss., and met Gen. Phifer and Col. Wharton, who took us to a hotel and had my wounds dressed.

Next day we started to join our brigade. Gen. Pemberton had succeeded Gen. Van Dorn, and was on this train, going on to take command. A Yankee engineer, knowing this, put on a full head of steam and ran the train into another train, wrecking both. I was with Gen. Pemberton in the rear car, and we were unhurt. Joe Spivey, of my company, had gone forward, and was among the killed.

I stopped at the first station below Holly Springs. I was only able to walk a hundred yards or so at a time. My comrades all thought I was dead. Capt. Ross had seen me killed, as he supposed, and my appearance caused a commotion. Company G had just received its full quota of furloughs, and they were about starting when I came up; but Capt. Ross said I must go home, and sent a courier to headquarters to that effect, and within three hours I had my furlough and joined my comrades en route home.

Capt. Ross and I traveled from Shreveport to Waco by stage, arriving at 11 A.M. Sunday. I knew that my sisters would be at the Baptist Church, and went there first to meet them and have them take me home. I looked up one aisle and then another until I saw them, but concluded to take my seat at the rear and wait until the service was over, feeling that there was no chance of my being recognized. I had no more than seated myself, however, before Dr. D. R. Wallace saw and knew me. Others came around me, and Dr. R. C. Burleson, descending from the pulpit, came and took my hand, saying: "I will have to change my text for to-day." I didn't wait then for the sermon, but hurried on to meet my father and mother, who were on their way to church. When I opened the door of their carriage I stood before them as one called from the grave. I knew not that they believed me dead, and the joyful surprise to them and its effect upon me can never be described. We went on to the church, and the words of Dr. Burleson flashed into my mind in their full meaning. There are few men, I imagine, who have so narrowly escaped hearing their own funeral sermon as I did on this occasion.

At the end of sixty days we rejoined our command

at Thompson's Station, Tenn., on the morning of the battle. Gen. Van Dorn was in command. They were just leaving camp for action as we arrived and took our places in line.

We were now ordered into Mississippi, reaching Raymond two days after the battle, May 12, 1863. I was then detailed as a scout by Gen. Jackson, and with three men—Sparks, Smith, and W. T. Harris—sent to reconnoiter the Federal force at the bridge on Big Black River. When within a mile of their headquarters we saw a train of wagons enter a lane not a quarter of a mile away. Our end of the lane was skirted by a bois'd'arc hedge. Behind this we concealed ourselves. Awaiting the proper time, I rode in front and ordered the driver of the first wagon to halt and ordered the men to get out of the wagon and move to the front. They did so, leaving their guns in the wagon, and we took them in charge as prisoners. I broke their guns over the wagon-wheels and made the drivers take out their mules and move out. We had a lieutenant, twenty men, four drivers, and twenty-four mules. Mounting the men on the mules, we moved on two and a half miles to the Big Black River, which we swam, and marched on to Jackson, thirty-five miles distant, where I delivered them to Col. Ross.

One night after the fall of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863, Bob Hall, one of Gen. Lee's scouts, a Baptist preacher, and I went across Big Black River, and before we knew it ran into the enemy's videttes. They halted us, but we fired into them and ran into the cane-brake. They thought an army was right upon them, beat the drums, fell into line, and prepared for battle.

After the siege of Jackson, Miss., later in July, I was ordered to the rear to capture some wagons and couriers. I had one hundred and twenty men. We captured the first wagon-train we saw after a running fight of some two miles. When I came back to the wagons I noticed that two men were partly stripped of their clothing, and I suspected that they had been robbed, a thing I never allowed under any circumstances. When I asked about it they seemed loath to report the fact. "Talk it out," I demanded. "If my men have robbed you, I must know it at once." They then admitted that they had been robbed of their clothing and the men had left their own worn-out shoes, etc., for them to wear.

"Did you lose anything else?"

"A watch and chain," one said.

"A locket and my wife's picture," said the other.

I was in a great hurry to report to Gen. Johnston at Brandon, Miss., but I had the men brought back and restored every article, and had the culprits placed under arrest. The two prisoners who had been robbed assured me of their assistance if I should ever get into trouble and call on them. They were surgeon and quartermaster of McPherson's Division.

For twelve months I was continually on the scout. It happened that I was again in the rear of the Federal forces on Big Black River, having seven men with me. We came upon a train of wagons in Hal Noland's field gathering corn. It was guarded by a negro regiment consisting of six hundred men. They never saw us until we commenced firing into them. The officers, who were white men, on horseback, went galloping away, and the negroes scattered and ran through



the tall corn like sheep. We pursued and shot away all our ammunition, and captured a dozen wagons and some prisoners. We marched them on to Baldwin's Ferry, and were getting ready to swim the river, when a battalion of infantry came upon us. The first man to plunge into the river was shot. One broke through the ranks, and, in jumping over a ditch, fell in, with his horse on top of him. He called us to help him out, and as we started to him here came the negroes, who had fled to camp and mounted their mules to pursue us, in their rage cursing and insulting us. They wanted us to be turned over to them for a hanging. They took us to Vicksburg and confined us in cells in the jail, where we lay for two weeks. The sentiment against us was very strong, on account of our attack on the negro regiment. Gens. Johnston and Ross sent in a flag of truce that they should treat us as prisoners of war; that they would hold two officers for my safety. By a lady I had sent word of my capture.

(To be continued.)

### TRUTH IS SUFFICIENTLY THRILLING.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss.:

The following is told by one of the Mississippi cavalry on Lieut. Hal W——, of ——— Regiment: After the war the Lieutenant was telling a group of his friends about some of his exploits in holding a gap in the mountains against Gen. Sherman's advance, after Gen. J. E. Johnston's surrender. Seeing a look of incredulity on the faces of his admirers, he called Sid S——, a member of his regiment, who was passing, and asked him to substantiate the story, not suspecting what a swift witness he would prove to be. When Sid heard Hal's story he said: "Yes, gentlemen, Lieut. W—— has told you the truth, but his modesty has kept him from telling you the whole story. He was left with about ten men to hold a gap and keep Sherman back. When the advance-guard came up they were driven back. Then a regiment was sent forward, and they also were held in check. By this time Johnston had surrendered, and Gen. Sherman sent a courier to him reporting the action of Lieut. W—— and protesting against the useless slaughter of his men. Gen. Johnston went with Sherman to intercede with Lieut. W—— and to tell him he had surrendered his army. Only then would the Lieutenant agree to surrender. He tendered his sword to Gen. Sherman, who handed it back and said: 'I will not take the sword of so brave a man. Keep it for your descendants.'"

This was too much for Hal, and he retorted, "You are a liar!" and amid the shouts of laughter walked away, disgusted with his witness. Sid told some friends the story, and they got an old cavalry sword, put some acid on it to make it rust, then hacked the edge, and hung it up in the drug-store with a card on it stating: "This is the sword that was returned to Lieut. Hal W—— by Gen. W. T. Sherman."

Dr. M. S. Browne, Winchester, Ky.: "I am still interested in Confederate buttons. I have a button from Chickamunga battle-field, which has a Texas (five-point) star in center and 'Woodruff' around the star in large letters. Can any Texas ex-Confederate tell me anything about it through the VETERAN?"

### HEROES OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Gen. D. H. Hill, of North Carolina, in a speech at Baltimore ten years ago, said:

I will tell you, young people, of the South which has passed away, that you may admire and imitate whatever was grand and noble in its history, and reject whatever was wrong and defective. The scandals that have brought shame upon the American name occurred when the old South was out of power. *No official from the old South was ever charged with roguery; no great statesman of that period ever corruptly made money out of office.*

I love to hear the philanthropists praise Mr. Lincoln, and call him the second Washington, for I remember that he was born in Kentucky, and was from first to last, as the *Atlantic Monthly* truly said, "a Southern man in all his characteristics." I love to hear them say that George H. Thomas was the stoutest fighter in the Union army, for I remember that he was born in Virginia. I love to hear of the wonderful deeds of McClellan, Grant, Meade, and Hancock, for if they were such great warriors for crushing with their massive columns the thin lines of the ragged Rebels, what must be said of Lee, the two Johnstons, Beauregard, and Jackson, who held millions at bay for four years with their fragments of shadowy armies? Pile up huge pedestals and surmount them with bronze horses and riders in bronze. All the Union monuments are eloquent of the prowess of the Rebels and their leaders.

W. B. Paul, Deputy Tax Assessor, Nashville, Tenn.:

My father, William P. Paul, served as a Confederate soldier during the great civil war. Being very young at the close of the war, and circumstances being such as to separate us a great deal of the time—extending to the time of his death at Memphis, in 1878, of yellow fever—I was never able to find out from him anything of his war record. I know that he enlisted at Memphis at the breaking out of the war, that he was at one time on Gen. W. H. Jackson's staff, as the General himself told me; and I have heard that he was with Gen. N. B. Forrest, but I have not been able to couple these matters together and get anything of a record. I will be greatly obliged to any one who can aid me in establishing his record. I have always felt proud that I was the son of a Confederate soldier, and would like my father's record. I wish it that I may preserve it for his posterity.

The *Daily Commercial News*, of San Francisco, Cal.:

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a copy of which has been sent to this office, is a most interesting illustrated monthly, published in the interest of the veterans of the South. Among the business men of this city and coast are many who bear scars and modestly wear honors won in the fiery ordeal of the early '60s. To each this monthly messenger will be a welcome friend. Now that the "late lukewarmness" has been supplanted by true brotherly feeling, and only the political scamp, for reason of thrift, tries to fan to a glow ashes long grown cold, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will be of interest to many a man who wore the blue as well as the veteran of the gray.

## TO DIXIE LAND.

BY PHIPPS ALEXANDER.

In Dixie land, O land of cotton!  
 With all my childish cares forgotten,  
 I dreamed of countries yet unknown,  
 Which fairies had in slumber shown.  
 Thou wert then in my mind dethroned,  
 O Dixie!

But time has changed, O Dixie land!  
 And weakened much the youthful hand  
 That from thy borders pushed away  
 And sailed for ports where fortune lay  
 In all her dazzling, rich display,  
 O Dixie!

I wist not then thy noble worth,  
 Nor held I dear the humble hearth  
 Where home and happiness were mine  
 And beaming faces welcome shine  
 To strangers who their way might find  
 To Dixie.

'Tis strange how fate my face has turned  
 And led me back where I have yearned  
 To rest my weary, restless head  
 And with thy bounties to be fed.  
 O, many a prodigal tear I've shed,  
 My Dixie!

Washington, D. C.

## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. LEE.

Mrs. M. Moses, of New Orleans, in a letter to Rosalie O. Mason, of Washington City, special correspondent for various publications:

I have been asked by a dear, young, patriotic friend to open the room of memory, and to give some recollections of our beloved Southern hero, Gen. R. E. Lee.

It was in the early days of my wifehood, my husband was at the nearest port, and during his absence the terrible disaster of Last Island occurred, and our sea-girt home resounded with the roar of the angry gulf, which was dashing its waters all around us as if greedy for more prey. The commander of the fort kindly sent down conveyances to take us and what household goods we needed to a place of safety, which we found in the enclosure of the fort. It was a pleasant place just outside the town, its parade-ground forming a square, by two sides of which were pretty cottages—the office and soldiers' quarters. Among the officers, attracting attention even then among them, was Col. Lee, the courteous, stately gentleman, the ideal that Addison has left us of the "fine old English gentleman;" nor need this comparison give offense when we remember the ancestry of our much-loved General, and that the type again lived in the chivalrous Southern gentleman.

Col. Lee was of commanding presence, but with a tenderness of manner often seen in a physician who fights with death, and in a brave man who may be called at any time to encounter it. In spite of his grand look, however, and military bearing, there was a gleam of mischief and tease in him. Not long after our acquaintance New-year was ushered in—a day that every one in the little town tried to keep in the old-fashioned, hospitable way.

I might tell you of my struggles to make my table presentable in a frontier town, where nothing could be hired, nothing borrowed, and hardly anything bought,

and in a nearly empty house; but I at last succeeded, and was scarcely dressed, and not yet out to do the honors of the day, when Col. Lee called to wish me a happy New-year; and now, as each year carries me farther off from that pleasant greeting, I still recall our General, with eyes brimming over with mischief, teasing me and threatening to let all the garrison know how late Capt. M.'s wife was dressing, and that she was not even ready when he called. He came to wish me good-by some weeks later. I had been obliged to vacate my former lodgings, as the owner of the house needed it, and a very steep flight of stairs led to our apartments, up to which his genial presence appeared with: "How high up in the world you've got!"

Many a time have I looked up to his statue in our Crescent City and felt that his words have fallen with prophetic meaning on himself; that figure of bronze on the shaft of white, as if 'twere emblematical of that strength of character which raised him in its purity above the level of mankind.

## CONFEDERATE "BRIGADIERS" IN CONGRESS.

An evil-spirited phrase in connection with this theme is that of the "Confederate Brigadiers." Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., furnished the following for the VETERAN three years ago. It might be supplemented now:

The men who enjoyed prominence in the military and civil service of the Confederacy are rapidly passing from the arena of national politics. Below is a record of such as are still in active life at Washington:

The senior United States Senator from Alabama, John T. Morgan, was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. Her other Senator, James L. Pugh, was a member of the Confederate Congress. Hon. Joseph Wheeler, who attained the rank of lieutenant-general in the Confederate army, has for nearly twelve years been the representative in Congress from the Eighth Alabama District. As representative for the Third Alabama District and as successor to Hon. William C. Oates, who is Governor-elect of that commonwealth, George P. Harrison, a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, has received the Democratic nomination, and will in November be elected not only for the unexpired term, but also for the term which commences March 4, 1895.

The senior Senator from Georgia, John B. Gordon, was a lieutenant-general in the Confederate army.

James Z. George, the present senior Senator from Mississippi, was a brigadier-general of Mississippi state troops during the Confederate struggle for independence. Hon. Edward C. Walthall, a major-general in the Confederate service and of late the junior United States Senator from the same commonwealth, while not now in active politics, having resigned for the balance of his present term in the Upper House, has been elected for and is confidently expected to take his seat in that honorable body in March, 1895.

The senior United States Senator from Missouri, Francis M. Cockrell, was a brigadier-general in the Confederate army; and the other Senator from that commonwealth, George G. Vest, held positions in both Houses of the Confederate Congress.



The present United States Senators from both North and South Carolina, Matt W. Ransom and M. C. Butler, were major-generals in the Confederate service.

The representatives from Tennessee in the Upper House of Congress are Isham G. Harris, senior Senator, and William B. Bate, junior Senator. The first mentioned was a war Governor of his native state, and the last was a major-general in the Confederate army.

Eppa Hunton, who saw service as brigadier-general in the Confederate army, at present occupies the position of junior Senator from Virginia in the Congress of the United States.

## CONFEDERATES IN CONGRESS, 1877-1893.

During the sixteen years intervening between the inception of the Forty-Fifth and the termination of the Fifty-Second Congress the following prominent Confederates have made their début in and have disappeared from the national halls:

Charles M. Shelley, brigadier-general, member of Congress from Alabama.

William H. Forney, brigadier-general, member of Congress from Alabama.

Augustus H. Garland, member of both Houses of Confederate Congress, U. S. Senator from Arkansas.

Robert Bullock, brigadier-general, member of Congress from Florida.

Jesse J. Finley, Confederate district judge and brigadier-general, U. S. Senator from Florida.

Benjamin H. Hill, member of Confederate Senate, U. S. Senator from Georgia.

William E. Smith, member of Confederate Congress, member of Congress from Georgia.

Philip Cook, brigadier-general, member of Congress from Georgia.

Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President C. S. A., member of Congress from Georgia.

Hiram P. Bell, member of Confederate Congress, member of Congress from Georgia.

Julian Hartridge, member of Confederate Congress, member of Congress from Georgia.

Joseph E. Brown, Confederate war Governor, U. S. Senator from Georgia.

Alfred H. Colquitt, brigadier-general, U. S. Senator from Georgia.

John S. Williams, brigadier-general, U. S. Senator from Kentucky.

Randall L. Gibson, brigadier-general, member of Congress and U. S. Senator from Louisiana.

L. Q. C. Lamar, entrusted by President Davis with an important diplomatic mission to Russia, U. S. Senator from Mississippi.

James R. Chalmers, brigadier-general, member of Congress from Mississippi.

Otho R. Singleton, member of Confederate Congress, member of Congress from Mississippi.

Robert A. Hatcher, member of Confederate Congress, member of Congress from Missouri.

John B. Clarke, Jr., brigadier-general, member of Congress from Missouri.

Alfred M. Seale, brigadier-general, member of Congress from North Carolina.

Robert B. Vance, brigadier-general, member of Congress from North Carolina.

Zebulon B. Vance, Confederate war Governor, U. S. Senator from North Carolina.

William R. Cox, brigadier-general, member of Congress from North Carolina.

Wade Hampton, lieutenant-general, U. S. Senator from South Carolina.

George G. Dibrell, brigadier-general, member of Congress from Tennessee.

John D. C. Atkins, member of Confederate Congress, member of Congress from Tennessee.

Samuel B. Maxey, major-general, U. S. Senator from Texas.

James W. Throckmorton, brigadier-general of Texas state troops during Confederacy, member of Congress from Texas.

John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, member of Congress and U. S. Senator from Texas.

John Goode, Jr., member of Confederate Congress, member of Congress from Virginia.

Richard L. T. Beale, brigadier-general, member of Congress from Virginia.

Joseph E. Johnston, general, member of Congress from Virginia.

William Mahone, major-general, U. S. Senator from Virginia.

W. H. F. Lee, major-general, member of Congress from Virginia.

It may be interesting to know that during the twelve years subsequent to the war the names of the following prominent Confederates from Georgia, not above mentioned, were connected with public life at Washington:

W. T. Wofford, brigadier-general, elected member of Congress 1865, but not seated.

Herschell V. Johnson, member of Confederate Senate, elected U. S. Senator 1866, but not seated.

Pierce M. B. Young, major-general, member of Congress from 1867 to 1875.

Dudley M. Du Bose, brigadier general, member of Congress from 1871 to 1873.

Ambrose R. Wright, major-general, elected member of Congress 1872, but died before taking his seat.

## CONFEDERATE CABINET OFFICERS.

Mr. Jones has more recently written the following:

When the Confederate government was organized six portfolios were determined on—viz., departments of state, justice, war, treasury, navy, and post-office.

The three Secretaries of State were as follows:

Hon. Robert Toombs, Georgia; service, February to July, 1861.

Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, Virginia; service, July, 1861, to March, 1862.

Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana; service, March, 1862, to April, 1865.

In the Department of Justice there were four Attorney-Generals, to-wit:

Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana; service, February to September, 1861.

Hon. Thomas Bragg, North Carolina; service, September, 1861, to April, 1862.

Hon. Thomas H. Watts, Alabama; service, April, 1862, to December, 1863.

Hon. George Davis, North Carolina; service, January, 1864, to April, 1865.

There were six Confederate Secretaries of War, the following being the order of their succession:

Hon. Leroy P. Walker, Alabama; service, February to September, 1861.

Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Louisiana; service, September, 1861, to March, 1862.

Hon. George W. Randolph, Virginia; service, March to November, 1862.

Maj.-Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, Kentucky; service, November 17 to November 21, 1862.

Hon. James A. Seddon, Virginia; service, November, 1862, to February, 1865.

Maj.-Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Kentucky; service, February to April, 1865.

The two Confederate Secretaries of the Treasury were the Hons. Charles G. Memminger and George A. Trenholm, both of them beloved citizens of South Carolina. The service of the first extended from February, 1861, to June, 1864, while the official term of the other was embraced between the last-mentioned date and April, 1865.

During the existence of the Confederate Government but one Secretary presided over the destinies of the Navy Department. That was the Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, of Florida, whose efficient ministrations throughout the distracting period should be held in grateful recollection.

The Post-Office Department of the Confederacy, in its history, was under the superintendence of two excellent officers. The First Postmaster-General was the Hon. Henry T. Ellett, of Mississippi, who served from February 25 to March 6, 1861, and his immediate successor was the Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, who labored faithfully in the interest of his portfolio to the end of the war. Of all these, the last-named alone survives. Since the war Judge Reagan has enjoyed considerable prominence in politics. From 1875 to 1887 he was a member of Congress from Texas, and from 1887 to April, 1891, he represented the Lone Star commonwealth as United States Senator. In the spring of 1891 he became chairman of the Texas State Railroad Commission, in which capacity he still continues to labor, giving evidence of an enlightened ability, to which his long life has afforded such varied application.

Mabry J. Morris, Jr., of Fordoche, La., shows his interest in the theme of "Oldest and Youngest Soldiers" in a recent *VETERAN*, by writing that he did his state some service. He writes:

I was not a regularly enlisted soldier. I was six years old when myself and brother—Edward J. Morris, who was nine years old—served in the commissary department operating in the southwestern portion of Mississippi, collecting cattle and hogs for the army. We drove one trip from Woodville, Miss., to Hazlehurst, Miss., nine hundred head of hogs, about one hundred miles.

I have in my possession a canteen that I found in an old well on the Ravenswood plantation on Bayou Fordoche, Pointe Coupée Parish, La., in 1890 or 1891; along with other things two gold watches. This canteen bears the name of U. S. Grant, March 10, 1862. There was a battle fought on or near this plantation during the war.

## STATISTICS ABOUT GEN. WHARTON.

Ex-Gov. Lubbock, of Texas, in a personal note, states that he was well acquainted with the distinguished parents of Gen. John A. Wharton; that he knew him when a boy, afterward as soldier, lawyer, politician, statesman, and ever found him true. Gov. Lubbock, it is generally known, was a confidential and fast friend of President Jefferson Davis.

### GOV. LUBBOCK'S TRIBUTE TO GEN. WHARTON.

In reading a sketch of Gen. John A. Wharton, of Texas, by Judge Thomas J. Wharton, of Jackson, Miss., in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* of August, I feel it my duty to correct several unintentional errors.

B. F. Terry, Thomas S. Lubbock, John A. Wharton, and Thomas J. Goree started from Texas determined to be in the first battle for Confederate independence. Terry, Lubbock, and Goree were in the first battle of Manassas, and were the only Texans there, Wharton not being present in consequence of sickness. Terry and Lubbock so distinguished themselves that they received authority to raise a cavalry regiment of one thousand men, Terry being the colonel and Lubbock the lieutenant-colonel. Goree was appointed by Gen. Longstreet on his staff, and remained with him during the entire war. Terry was a planter, and not a lawyer or partner of Wharton's. The regiment was raised promptly, Wharton being one of the captains. Terry was killed at Woodsonville, Ky., in the first engagement of his regiment, and not at Shiloh, as stated in the sketch. Lubbock then became the colonel by election; was then sick in camp, was removed to Nashville, Tenn., and died at the home of Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, who nursed him in his illness as though he were a brother. Then, upon the reorganization of the regiment, Wharton became colonel.

In 1864, Gen. Wharton's health becoming quite impaired from constant and hard service, he was granted leave of absence to visit his home in Texas. He was not then assigned to any duty. Upon crossing the Mississippi he repaired to Gen. Dick Taylor's headquarters, in Louisiana. The gallant Gen. Tom Green, commanding the cavalry, having been killed a few days before his arrival, no one had been placed at the head of this large body of cavalry, and Gen. Taylor immediately placed Gen. Wharton in command. I had just arrived at Taylor's headquarters, having been ordered to report to Gen. Green. Gen. Wharton had no staff with him. I was at once assigned to him as his adjutant-general, remaining with him until I was requested by President Davis to report to him for duty at Richmond.

Gen. Wharton was not killed by a Confederate with whom he was on fraternal intimacy. There had been for quite a while unpleasant misunderstandings between the parties, growing out of military matters. They had hot words on the day of the killing, his slayer feeling greatly aggrieved. The subsequent meeting was unexpected and unpremeditated. In a room, the quarters of the commanding general, Magruder, in Houston, words ensued and Wharton was killed. He was not armed, though his slayer doubtless thought he was. Wharton was a chivalrous, intelligent, gallant soldier and true man. In him Texas lost one of her brightest jewels.





MEXICAN VETERANS AT THEIR NASHVILLE REUNION, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

The Mexican Veterans were organized as an association about twenty years ago. No membership-fee is required. Their largest gathering occurred at Nashville in 1882, when there were present about four hundred members. There were about as many at New Orleans in 1885 as were here last month: one hundred and thirteen. Gen. Denver, for whom the Colorado city was named, was long the President. After his death, some eight years ago, there were several lapses in their annual reunions. Maj. S. P. Tuft, of Centralia, Ill., is at the head of the organization now. B. G. Wood, of Nashville, was for fifteen years President of the Tennessee Division. He is an active member

still, but believes in dividing honors. His company, which was from Kentucky, has a membership of six, the largest in existence, and four of them were at the late reunion. Comrade Wood wears the Confederate as well as the Mexican war badge, and in the picture holds the whitest hat in hand, while fourth and last to his left are respectively Hon. John H. Savage and Col. Thomas L. Claiborne, who did their state service and have since been widely known Tennesseans. Comrade Wood has tried in vain to recall an officer in the battle of Bull Run, on the Confederate side, who did not serve in the Mexican war. This picture was made by Otto B. Giers specially for the VETERAN.

P. M. Cooper was born near Mobile, Ala., March 17, 1843, and when only a boy enlisted in Company D, Home Rifles, Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, and received his "baptism of fire" in the seven days' battles before Richmond, Va. He was at Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Sharpsburg, Chickamauga, Gettysburg (where he was slightly wounded), the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, and was one of the nine thousand present when the curtain fell on the last scene of the bloody drama. In that gallant regiment and brigade, whose heroic deeds reflected so much glory on Mississippi, and in that gallant army, whose fame will go sounding down the ages, he was at his post of duty and ready to follow his flag. Ever first in the charge and last in the retreat, he achieved a reputation for bravery even in those ranks where all were brave. After the war closed he settled in Yazoo County, Miss., where he lived his quiet, useful life, exhibiting in every walk—as husband, father, neighbor, and citizen—the highest order of excellence. The book of life closed for him in August, 1896. He left a wife and four daughters to mourn their loss.

Secretary Charles C. Ivey, of the Confederate Veterans' Association of the District of Columbia, Camp 171, U. C. V., 431 Eleventh Street N. W., Washington, D. C., sends out a circular:

At the semimonthly meeting of this association, held July 1, 1897, the following resolution, proposed by Comrade Franklin H. Mackey, was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the Secretary be and he is hereby directed to address a printed circular letter to each member of this association, requesting him to forward to the Secretary a cabinet photograph of said member, with his autograph thereto, to be preserved among the mementoes of the association as a part of its history."

It was also ordered that upon the receipt of these photographs the Secretary should place them in albums to be provided for the purpose by the Executive Committee. The Secretary calls attention of the members to a volume which he has prepared, giving, as far as known, the full name and military record of each member who has ever joined this body of ex-soldiers and ex-sailors of the Confederate States. This record is yet incomplete, and he appeals to comrades to supply the necessary information.

**CORPORAL B. F. BALLARD.**

James S. Aden, of Paris, Tenn., writes of him:

Benjamin F. Ballard was born in Henry County, Tenn., October 4, 1833. In 1851 he moved to Grenada, Miss., and afterward lived at Greenwood, on the Yazoo River, where he married Miss Henrietta Dickerson. In 1854 they removed to Paris, Tenn.

On November 13, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate service, joining the "Independent Rebel Rangers," commanded by Capt. J. G. Stocks. It was afterward Company G, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, Gen. W. H. Jackson's old regiment.

On April 1, 1862, the company was surprised, and Ballard, with others, lost his horse. Corp. Ballard, for he had been elected to that office, kept up with the company on foot, hanging on to the baggage-wagons



or riding sore-back horses, until the latter part of August. The regiment was camped at Coldwater, Miss., some eight miles north of Holly Springs. During this time the name of Corp. Ballard was never called without the answer, "I am ready!" and he often volunteered to take the place of some "sore-back horseman" or some one not able for duty. About the 1st of September he, with other dismounted men, was detailed and ordered to Grenada, and placed in a company of sharpshooters.

In the fight at Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862, Corp. Ballard led a charge from the railroad against "The Lady Richardson," which was ordered by himself, the commander either being wounded or out of sight. He was among the first, if not the first, to reach the gun, being with Comrade Whitefield at the time. The boys in camp afterward accused the Corporal of jumping

astride the gun, which was so hot from firing that it caused him to leap and turn somersaults like a circus-rider. In that battle he alone captured and carried to the rear eight prisoners. After this he was in two charges on the works, mounting the top and cheering the boys.

Corp. Ballard lost his first wife, Henrietta, and was married the second time to Miss Martha McDaniel, with whom he now lives. He is the father of nineteen children, nine of whom are living.

**MRS. MARY AMARINTHIA SNOWDEN.**

Capt. James G. Holmes, of Charleston, sends sketch of this noble Confederate woman:

Mrs. Mary Amarinthia Snowden, daughter of Joseph Yates and widow of William Snowden, M.D., of Charleston, S. C., celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday September 10, 1897. Her ever-hospitable home is still in the city that first sounded the tocsin of the Confederate war. For some months she has been confined to her room. It is peculiarly fitting that a pen-and-ink sketch of Mrs. Snowden's life should be framed in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, for she is a Confederate woman of Confederate women, and no other has exceeded her in effort or accomplishment for "the cause" while it lasted, for "the principle" as it lives, and for the memories that to her are sacred and of life a part.

During the war Mrs. Snowden, assisted by her equally devoted sister, Mrs. Isabella Snowden, gave her entire time to the service of the hospitals and to nursing the sick and wounded wherever found, ministering even with godlike charity to those vandal soldiers of the Union army who were laying waste the homes of those she loved, desecrating the graves of her dead, and making life a terror for the women of the South. Her whole life has been lived unselfishly.

Mrs. Snowden was the inspiration and prime worker of the Calhoun Monument Association, which had accumulated some \$75,000 before the war to build a monument to the greatest, purest, and most liberal statesman America had produced since Washington, and she sewed into her skirts the securities when Sherman burned Columbia, and thus preserved the means that enabled the association to erect the imposing monument that now adorns Marion Square in front of the South Carolina Military Academy, called the Citadel.

The war ended, Mrs. Snowden and her sister, both widows, turned to mend their grief by continuing to live for others. A brave Marylander, Charles E. Rodman, who had been paralyzed from the waist down by being entombed under the falling ramparts of Battery Wagner, was the first object of their solicitude. They took him to their home and ministered to him till he was removed to St. Philip's Church Home (Episcopal), where he lived until removed to the hospital to end his brave life. Then to the cry from the wounded, penniless, and almost disheartened Confederate veterans for aid to educate their children these widowed sisters responded readily. A large and commodious building on Broad Street, the principal east-and-west street of Charleston, was obtained for \$1,800 a year, and they mortgaged their home to secure the rental. Mrs. Snowden went to warm-hearted, sympathetic Balti-



more to learn how similar eleemosynary institutions were managed and to obtain aid to carry on her noble work. Visiting a home for widows in that city, she was offered one dollar by one of the dependent in-

since this day has been generally observed in Charleston. As long as she is able Mrs. Snowden will attend the solemn and impressive ceremonies, and will see, as she has done for thirty-six years, that every grave has its evergreen cross and wreath.

The first general monument to the Confederate dead was unveiled in the soldiers' plot in beautiful Magnolia Cemetery, South Carolina's own Wade Hampton delivering the address. It is not saying too much to affirm that the bronze Confederate soldier—clutching the flag to his breast, while he grasps his rifle with the other hand—shows its Munich birth, and is the most truth-telling and spirited monument in the South, if not in the United States, as it stands guarding the graves of some eight hundred Confederate dead, many of whose bodies were removed from the field of Gettysburg.

As Wade Hampton must ever be our typical South Carolina Confederate soldier, so must Mary Amarithia Snowden remain the type of the South Carolina Confederate woman, fearless and faithful.

Capt. J. J. Hawthorne, of Camden, Ala., is a zealous Confederate, and proud of his military record. His rank, designated above, was acquired after the great war, when he was made commander of the "Wilcox Mounted Rifles," in 1888.

Comrade Hawthorne served in the Third Alabama



MRS. MARY A. SNOWDEN.

mates, the very first voluntary offering to the cause. Declining this because of the evident necessity of the giver, she was asked if she rejected the "widow's mite," and replied that she would gratefully accept it then as the seed-corn, blessed of God, for her enterprise. The incident got into the papers and was read in Europe by the hopelessly ill daughter (Miss Louise) of the great philanthropist, Hon. W. W. Corcoran, and after his daughter's death he sent Mrs. Snowden \$1,000, and thus the Confederate Home of Charleston, the first of its kind, was started "to shelter and care for the mothers, widows, and daughters of Confederate soldiers" and to educate the daughters in the noble faith for which their brave fathers had fought and their womanly mothers suffered.

It was in 1867 that the Home took shape and being; and if educating the daughters of noble men and women to become self-helping, self-respecting, and working women in the world is meritorious, then Mrs. Snowden's name should be illumined by history and live in song and story and in the hearts of grateful people, for some fifteen hundred girls of the state have been educated in the Home, and by her untiring efforts Mrs. Snowden caused its establishment, support, and partial endowment. After a visit to this home, W. W. Corcoran gave it an additional amount of \$5,000, and a generous Baltimore woman has given it \$20,000.

Mrs. Snowden formed, it is believed, the first memorial association in the South in 1866, which, with singular propriety, adopted the anniversary of Stonewall Jackson's death, May 10, as its memorial day, and ever



CAPT. J. J. HAWTHORNE.

Cavalry, and an account of his experience would furnish many chapters of history. His company was the escort, or "body-guard," to Gen. Braxton Bragg for a time, and later did picket duty along the coast, mainly between Fort McRae and the Perdido River. It was

transferred from this service to Corinth, Miss., and was in the battle of Shiloh, during which, as sergeant, he commanded couriers.

His command was under Gen. Wheeler during Bragg's Kentucky campaign. In the battle of Chickamauga he was made ensign of his regiment, a post of honor with its special peril. He served with Wheeler's Calvary on to the close of the war. He did specially gallant service in a hilt-to-hilt engagement with the Eighth Michigan Cavalry near New Hope Church, in the Dalton-Atlanta campaign. Again, on a scout, near La Fayette, N. C., his command got into close quarters with the enemy, when he again did perilous work.

Capt. Hawthorne is a near relative of Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, an eminent Baptist minister and a Confederate, one of whose sermons was in a late VETERAN.

### DEAD AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.

A letter from Robert Howe, Orlando, Fla.:

In the September VETERAN there is published an interesting account of the fight at New Hope Church, May 25, 1864, wherein, among other Confederate troops, was Fenner's Louisiana Battery. Comrade Ridley asks that you reproduce the poem written about that time concerning the incident regarding the Bridgens brothers, of Fenner's Battery. I have a collection of poems called "War Flowers," by John Augustin, published just after the war, in which is the poem referred to. I enclose a copy, with the note prefixed to it in the book.

In this connection I correct a misunderstanding of Comrade Ridley. These brothers were not all shot. One was killed and one wounded; the third was unhurt. I was a sergeant in Fenner's Battery and in charge of the gun referred to at that time. Corp. Brunet was gunner at one of the other guns of the battery. Two of the brothers were working at this gun, at the trail, while the third brother was attached to the gun as an extra man. Private R. A. Bridgens was soon killed. The second brother was then severely wounded by a shot in the thigh, when I called for the third brother to take his place, which he did promptly, but passed through the fight unhurt. You will note that the poem speaks of but two killed, Corp. Brunet and Private R. A. Bridgens. The poem is as follows:

#### TO OUR DEAD AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.

CORP. W. H. BRUNET AND PRIVATE R. A. BRIDGENS.

[NOTE.—The facts recited below occurred in the battle of New Hope Church on the 25th of May, 1864, during Gen. Johnston's Georgia campaign, where two brigades of infantry of Stewart's Division and Eldridge's Battalion of Artillery, forming the rear of the army, after a severe engagement of three hours, repulsed Hooker's Corps of the Federal army. The hero brothers belonged to Fenner's Louisiana Battery.]

They sleep the deep sleep 'neath the sanctified sod  
Made holy with patriot gore;  
They are resting for aye in the bosom of God,  
The bugle will wake them no more.

No more will they thunder their wrath on the foes,  
Nor smile on their friends as of yore;  
By honor's proud voice they were lulled to repose,  
Their knell was the fierce battle roar.

One died—he had sighted his gun ere he fell,  
That round was the corporal's last;  
His soul on the canister rushed with a yell,  
And scattered the foe as it passed.

None braver in battle, in camp none more kind,  
On the march and bivouac none so gay;  
Let him rest: in the hearts of his friends he's enshrined,  
And God freedom's debt will repay.

Another was tending the trail—came the shot  
And buried itself in his head—  
His brother stretched out the pale corse—murmured not  
And stern, took the place of the dead.

He also was struck, but unmoved he remained;  
At his post like a statue he stood,  
Till his third brother came on the ground, crimson-stained  
By the flow of his own kindred blood.

'Twas then the young Spartan, on giving his place  
To the last of the heroic three,  
Said, "Brother," then looking the dead in the face,  
"Give them one for revenge and for me."

No more need we look in dead history's page,  
Our souls with devotion to fire,  
For our eyes have beheld in this country and age  
How heroes and freemen expire.

All honor and fame to the good and the brave,  
The dead of our patriot band,  
The martyrs who perished their country to save  
At Liberty's welcome command.

Kennesaw Ridge, June 16, 1864.

Mrs. Charles C. Anderson, Historian of the Chattanooga Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, writes:

This chapter was chartered in September of last year, with a membership of sixty. At each monthly meeting we have had papers read pertaining to the Confederacy, original, as nearly as possible. The older members have recited personal experiences before and during the war, and the younger ones have been stimulated to study more the history of the Confederacy. This chapter, with the assistance of many of the ladies of the city, held a carnival of three days' duration last spring, from which they realized over \$700, and the amount was equally divided between N. B. Forrest Camp and the Battle Abbey Fund. We have raised, aside from dues, \$65, which is to be used improving the Confederate cemetery and in securing a room for the chapter.

The foregoing, having been written some time ago, was returned to Chattanooga for supplemental notes, and the following comes from Mrs. Anne B. Hyde:

My lovely sister, Mary Bachman Anderson, was in heaven when your letter reached here, having been suddenly called away October 15.

Mrs. Anderson was the daughter of Rev. J. W. Bachman, who has for many years been in active Christian ministry in Chattanooga. He and his brothers, like the ministers Cave, reported in this VETERAN, were valiant Confederate soldiers.

The annual reunion of Hill County Camp No. 166, and Parsons' Brigade, jointly, was held at Hillsboro, Tex., on August 13. About four thousand people were in attendance. Principal addresses were made by ex-Gov. Hubbard, Col. R. Q. Mills, and B. F. Marchbanks, all Texans. A recitation by Miss Annie Staples was much enjoyed. Good humor, good sentiments, and patriotic devotion to do the right by our government was all-prevailing. O happy memories! O sad memories of the past!



## United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.  
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

### ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, } Box 123, Winston, N. C.  
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

### ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewisburg, Tenn.

### TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, } Box 151, Belton, Tex.  
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

## SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organizations of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

Quite a number of camps of Sons have been organized during the past month—in a number of instances in entirely new sections, which shows that the interest in this organization is spreading throughout all the Southern States. Only one camp, however, has been sufficiently organized to apply for a charter, and that is Camp Richard H. Anderson No. 47, Beaufort, S. C. However, the following camps have been started, and probably by the time this magazine is in press they will have applied for membership: John Bratton, Winnsboro, S. C.; M. L. Bonham, Saluda, S. C.; J. E. B. Stuart, Marlinton, W. Va.; John A. Broadus, Louisville, Ky. At the following places these organizations have been started: Ninety-Six, Pickens, S. C.; Russellville, Ky.; Selma, Birmingham, Dadesville, Ala.

The J. E. B. Stuart Camp, at Marlinton, W. Va., which was organized September 29 with forty-five members, is the first camp of Sons of Veterans to be organized in the state of West Virginia. The credit of organizing this camp belongs to Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Adjutant-General of the West Virginia Division, U. C. V. This gentleman writes that he expects to organize two or three more camps of Sons in his county very shortly.

A number of letters have been received from Arkansas and Texas requesting information as to how to form a camp of Sons, and asking for the necessary papers. It is expected that a number of camps will be organized in these states before long.

We are glad to note the formation of two more camps in Kentucky, and plans now on foot assure us of three or four more camps in that state very soon.

The Virginia and Tennessee Sons of Veterans are to hold reunions in Richmond October 20-22, and in Memphis November 17, 18. Virginia claims twenty-four organized camps in the state, but only fourteen of these are members of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Tennessee has fifteen organized camps, and only six of them are members of the general organization. Strong efforts will be made to have the other camps send in their applications for charters from the general organization. It is important that all camps of Sons should be members of the general organization, so that their united efforts may be exerted toward the accomplishment of the common aim and purpose.

It is gratifying to note the progress which has been made in the Alabama Division since the appointment of Mr. P. H. Mell, of Auburn, as Commander. Within one month three camps have been organized, and through the publication in the press of the state of a circular letter from Mr. Mell a great deal of interest has been aroused in the cause. The Alabama Division expects to hold its reunion in Birmingham, date not fixed, and we feel sure that by that time in organization and number of camps it will rival many of the older divisions. Mr. Mell, being Professor of Geology and Botany at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala., has a wide acquaintance throughout the state. He is actively interested in all Confederate enterprises, and has taken hold of this work with a vim which makes its success assured.

At the last reunion of the South Carolina Division of the United Confederate Veterans, at Greenville, on behalf of the division, Gen. M. L. Bonham pledged \$150 toward the amount to be raised for the building of a monument in South Carolina to the women of the Confederacy. This amount was apportioned out among the camps of the division, each camp having to raise \$10; and Camp W. W. Humphreys No. 7, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Anderson, S. C., is the first Confederate organization of any kind in the state to respond, having remitted the \$10 apportioned to them.

The interest which the veterans are showing in this organization of their sons has greatly aided the establishment of camps. It is to be hoped that our veterans of every city and section will interest themselves in behalf of their sons forming camps to perpetuate and commemorate the heroic deeds of Southern soldiers.

Remember that any information desired will be gladly and promptly furnished upon application to the headquarters of the Sons, at Charleston, S. C.

Where it is more convenient or preferable, especially if it be near press-time, communications may be addressed directly to the VETERAN, at Nashville, as well.

## ATTENTION, FORREST'S CAVALRY!

General Order No. 1: All survivors of Gen. Forrest's Cavalry are urgently requested to meet at Memphis, Tenn., during the state reunion of Confederate soldiers, October 17, 18, 1897, in order to complete the reorganization of Forrest's Cavalry Association. This includes all branches of the service—cavalry, infantry, and artillery—whether they served with him only a month or all of the war. By order of

H. B. LYONS, General Commanding.

GEORGE L. COWAN, A. A. General and Chief of Staff.

HINTS TO THE WISE AND THE TRUE.—John Lake Black, in the *Lonoke* (Ark.) *Democrat*: "Pity but what more of our people read the CONFEDERATE VETERAN! It is the only mouthpiece the old Southern soldier has, and never fails to speak out in meeting. It is edited by one of the boys who were in the trenches from 1861 to 1865, and knows how to tell things as they occurred. At the reunion next week some one should start a subscription-list and forward it to Brother Cunningham at Nashville. We hope some old 'vet' will think of this."

## THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION,



PRESIDENT J. W. THOMAS

The Tennessee Centennial Exposition closes with this month of October. At this writing (the 23d) the corporation is in a fair way to realize sufficient to pay all of its liabilities. The management has been of high credit in all respects. J. W. Thomas, President,



THE RIALTO.

and E. C. Lewis, Director-General, are doubtless the most suitable men for these important places who could have been selected. The important relation of President Thomas to the railroads—the great avenues of travel—his high character as a citizen, his eminent abilities, and his extensive popularity gave him special advantages; while Maj. Lewis's genius and his skill as an architect, together with his extraordinary judgment in business matters, gave at once implicit confidence to the large Board of Directors, which is comprised of representative citizens. The enterprise has been carried through consistently with these anticipations.

The VETERAN is proud of being able to present an excellent picture of Maj. Lewis as the first half-tone of



TERMINAL STATION, BUILT BY N., C., AND ST. L. RAILWAY.

him ever made. The illustrated papers sought his photograph in vain at the beginning of the Exposition. His good wife said the VETERAN could have it after the Exposition was over, and has graciously compromised by allowing it to appear this last week of the exhibition.



THE MEMPHIS BUILDING.



It is consistent with the Director-General to object to such prominence. He has had no red tape in the Ex-



DIRECTOR-GENERAL E. C. LEWIS.

position management, and esteemed the comfort of visitors of more value than the grass, but the grass and flowers have greeted each new day with a fitting charm to the architecture of the whole, which is as happy as if the end could have been seen from the beginning.



NASHVILLE RESIDENCE OF MAJ. LEWIS.

Maj. Lewis was not a Confederate in the war; he was not old enough; but as a lad he took ten car-loads of iron from the Cumberland Iron Works to Memphis to build a Confederate gunboat, and with the \$26,000 proceeds (paper money, equal to gold) wrapped around his ankles under his boot-tops paid his first visit to a theater. "Romeo and Juliet" was the play. His father was compelled to witness the destruction of the great iron property, so far as it was destructible, from the Federal fleet after the fall of Fort Donelson.

While giving much and richly deserved tribute to the President and to the Director-General, the promoters of the great enterprise, in so far as making known its merits is concerned, Mr. Herman Justi, his associates, and the Nashville daily papers deserve commensurate credit. The people directly concerned can hardly realize the help of the Nashville daily papers.



HERMAN JUSTI.

The Press Department was inaugurated most auspiciously by Mr. Leland Rankin, and he was expected to have charge of it throughout the Exposition period; but, having been elected to the control of the *Nashville American*, he withdrew his connection, and Dr. R. A. Halley, who had been with the *American*, became Mr. Justi's assistant, and a diligent worker he has been.

The management has given a prominence to this city and to the resources of the South that has hardly ever been equaled. Distinguished representatives from many Northern as well as Southern States have given tone and interest to the enterprise. Of these, Massachusetts has done her share in the prolonged visit of Gov. Wolcott and others. Gen. Curtis Guild, Jr., of his staff, said, pertinent to these columns:

Our delegation has been especially interested in the display of Confederate relics and battle-flags. In Massachusetts we no longer institute comparisons between the First Texas at Sharpsburg and the First Minnesota at Gettysburg, but we glory in the fact that cold figures show that the daring of a hundred regiments, South and North, surpassed that of the Westphalians at Mars-le-Tour or the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and that, whether it was shown by South or North, the bravery of both was American.



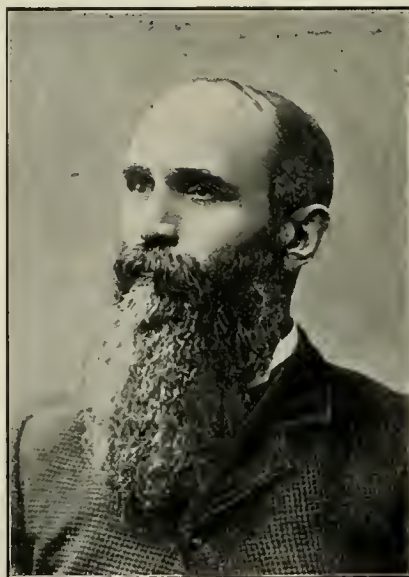
N., C., & ST. L. RAILWAY: PRESIDENT, J. W. THOMAS; GEN. FREIGHT AGENT, R. M. KNOX; GEN. PASSENGER AGENT, W. L. DANLEY.

The above illustrates the general offices of the N., C., & St. L. Ry. Co., Nashville. The original N. & C. railroad of 151 miles has been extended to about 1,200 miles.

#### MAJ. W. L. DANLEY.

The *Four Hundred*, an American Society journal of travel, for April is the most creditable periodical that appeared in connection with the Centennial Exposition, especially in its illustrations. It states that after President Thomas, the most widely known factor of the Nashville, Chattanooga, & St. Louis official family is Maj. W. L. Danley, the general passenger and ticket agent, who is a native and self-made Tennessean, and has occupied his designated position nearly thirty years—in keeping with the remarkable “staying” record of Nashville, Chattanooga, & St. Louis officials and *attachés* generally. Maj. Danley was born and reared at Carthage, Smith County, Tenn., and began his life-work on a farm. His *entrée* to the railroad world, in which he is now distinguished, was as a dump-gang boss in the construction of the Tennessee division of the Mobile & Ohio. He entered the service of the Nashville & Chattanooga as a clerk in the Nashville freight office, but he resigned when the rebellion broke out and enlisted as a private in a Confederate company composed of railroad young men. He was with his command in Virginia the first year of the war, and he was also in the Shiloh, Chickamauga, Murfreesboro, and Perryville battles. After the war, before returning permanently to the Nashville & Chattanooga, he served the Memphis & Charleston two years as general ticket agent, and next the Louisville & Nashville a period as clerk of the general agent at Memphis. In 1868, however, President Thomas—then superintendent—recalled Mr. Danley to the Nashville & Chattanooga, and appointed him the general passenger and ticket agent, which position he has held ever since and which distinguishes him in the railroad world as the longest occupant in that capacity on a single system in America. Think of almost thirty years in one position and of the growth of a system meanwhile from 151 to 1,200

miles or thereabouts! Mr. Danley is a man of marked force of character and inexhaustible energy in discharging his multiplied duties. He is thoroughly familiar with every detail of his department. There is nothing frivolous in



MAJ. W. L. DANLEY.

Nashville, Chattanooga, & St. Louis printing and it is evident that some one of a terse, expressive, and decisive style is the directing spirit.

Mr. Danley is a Nashville citizen of the first business and social standing, a Christian gentleman, and one whose weight of influence will always be found thrown where it will benefit the community and his fellow citizens. There is not a better known or more respected G. P. A. in the American railroad world than Maj. W. L. Danley.



Fifty Years Ago.

President Polk in the White House chair,  
While in Lowell was Doctor Ayer;  
Both were busy for human weal  
One to govern and one to heal.  
And, as a president's power of will  
Sometimes depends on a liver-pill,  
Mr. Polk took Ayer's Pills 1 trow  
For his liver, 50 years ago.

#### Ayer's Cathartic Pills

were designed to supply a model purgative to people who had so long injured themselves with griping medicines. Being carefully prepared and their ingredients adjusted to the exact necessities of the bowels and liver, their popularity was instantaneous. That this popularity has been maintained is well marked in the medal awarded these pills at the World's Fair 1893.

**50 Years of Cures.**



# BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

## "MEMENTOES OF DIXIE."

Mrs. Mary Smith, of Mobile, who attended the United Confederate Veteran reunion in June, spent the summer in Nashville. She has issued a booklet of her own poems entitled, "Mementoes of Dixie," designed as a souvenir of the Richmond and the Nashville reunions.

Her greeting to veterans at Nashville is as follows:

They'll meet no more in Richmond,  
The men who fought with Lee  
And met the host of Sherman  
When marching to the sea.

But Nashville's gates are open—  
In anthems loud and free  
She gives a joyous welcome  
For grand old Tennessee.

To men so brave and generous,  
Our noble, gallant few  
Whose hearts in peace or battle  
Are always warm and true.

Then welcome, ever welcome,  
Ye sons from far and near,  
Whilst sweetest strains of music  
Proclaim your entrance here.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## LIFE OF SENATOR BEN H. HILL.

Ben Hill, Jr., son of the eminent orator, statesman, and patriot, has compiled into a volume of 823 pages the speeches and writings, also a life sketch, of Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia. This book is supplied by the VETERAN in library binding, price \$3.50 (originally \$5), free for 10 subscriptions. Or it will be sent (post-paid in both cases) for \$3 with a renewal or new subscription. The book contains 27 of his most noted speeches before the people and in the United States Senate, and thirty-five articles from his pen, twenty-two of which were written during the Reconstruction period, with his famous "notes on the situation." The book will be furnished in cloth for 9 subscriptions, and in gilt morocco for 12 subscriptions to CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

## THE LIFE OF SAM DAVIS.

All the important events of Sam Davis's life are contained in W. D. Fox's drama, which is a dramatic history of the Confederate hero's matchless deed. The book has received the flattering endorsement of the press of the South, and many able public men have expressed good opinions of it. The price has been reduced from 50 cents to 25 cents a copy. The book can be had by writing to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, enclosing twenty-five cents in silver or stamps. The national, if not world-wide prominence of the character will make it all the more desirable to have the splendid production by Mr. Fox prepared after prolonged study of his matchless heroism. Any subscriber who in remitting a renewal will send a new subscriber can have the drama free and post-paid.

## HANCOCK'S DIARY—THE SECOND TENNESSEE.

Rev. E. C. Faulkner, Searcy, Ark.:

The title of Hancock's book, "History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry," is misleading to those who have never seen the book. They are apt to regard it as a history of that one regiment only. In truth, it is a good history of the Tennessee and Mississippi Departments from the first year of the war to the close. There is much of thrilling interest in it to all of Forrest's men and their friends. The author kept a diary and faithfully recorded all events of interest in the extensive territory in which Forrest moved and fought. The author wastes no words in his narrative, but brings event after event before the reader with such panoramic precision and vividness that old and young will read with interest. Comrades don't fail to buy a copy of Hancock's history. You will thereby help a needy and highly deserving comrade, and you will get more than the value of your two dollars; and you will also thank me for calling your attention to the book.

The book can be had of the author or at the VETERAN office.

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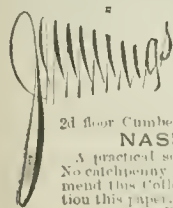
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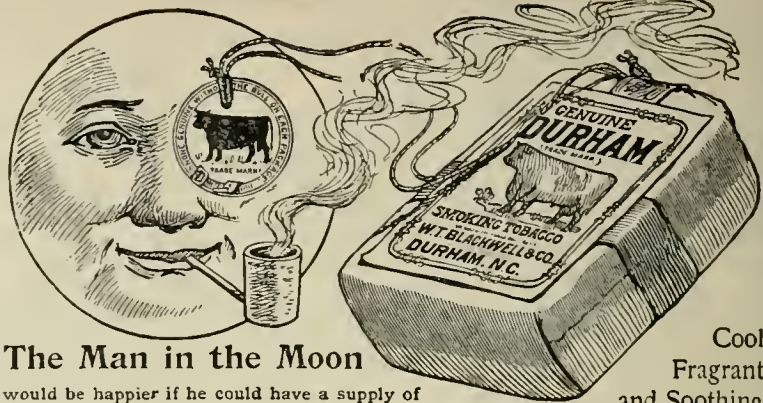
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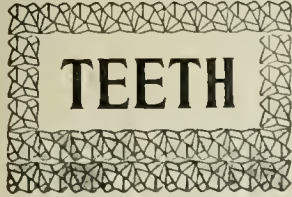
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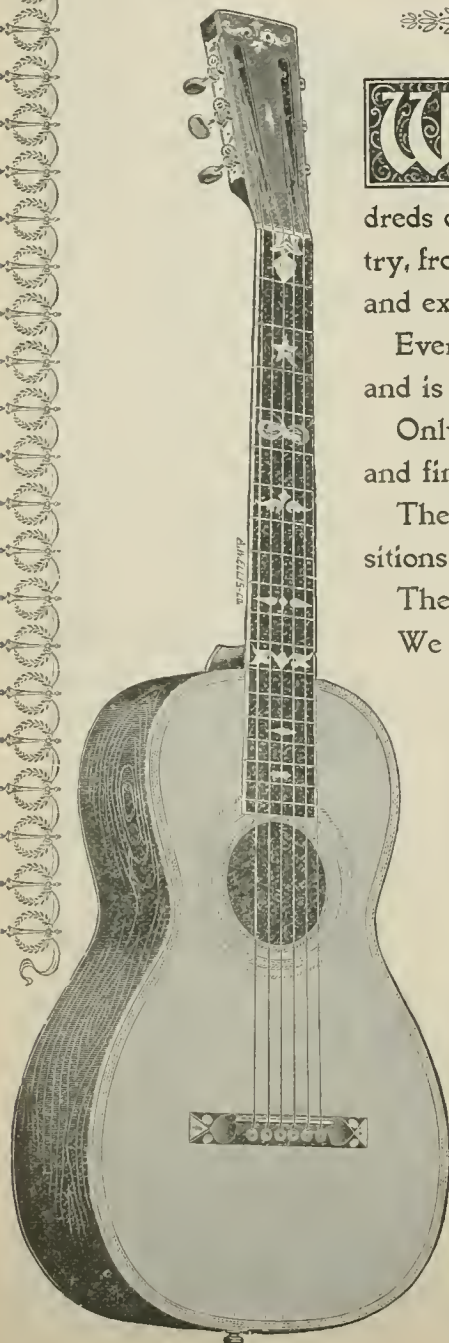


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Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 11. { S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
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12. ALBERT NICHOLS. 13. D. A. TODD. 14. FRANK STROHMER. 15. JOHN PRICE.

The Tom Green Rifles, afterward Company B, Fourth Texas, of which Gen. John B. Hood was the first colonel, was organized at Austin, Tex., in March, 1861, and served throughout the war in the Army of

Northern Virginia, with the exception of the Knoxville campaign and the battle of Chickamanga, in which they participated. Out of over one hundred and eighty members, less than twenty now survive.

UNITED DAUGHTERS IN BALTIMORE.

Brief notes only can be given in this VETERAN of the annual convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy at Baltimore, which was held November 10, 11. There were represented, all except the three chapters from Louisiana, the following from the states named: Alabama, 19; Arkansas, 16; California, 1; District of Columbia, 1; Florida, 12; Georgia, 35; Indian Territory, 1; Kentucky, 16; Louisiana, 3; Maryland, 25; Mississippi, 19; Missouri, 5; New York, 6; North Carolina, 15; South Carolina, 35; Tennessee, 38; Texas, 43; Virginia, 46; West Virginia, 11. Total, 347.

The Grand Division of Virginia was accepted in its membership (particulars of the union to be given hereafter), and its sixty-five votes were cast in the balloting. The total votes in the convention were 325, and the membership is 7,161.

In the absence of the President, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, who was detained in Virginia through illness, Mrs. Louise Wigfall Wright, Vice-President from Maryland, presided through all the sessions; and she did it so ably and so impartially that there was strong desire to elect her President for the ensuing year; but it was decided to divide honors and responsibility with the Trans-Mississippi Department, and Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, the efficient head of the Texas Division, was chosen President, and Hot Springs, Ark., was selected as the place for the next convention to be held.

The Baltimore and Maryland Daughters, aided—as they ever are, and just as would be expected of Confederates—by the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the state of Maryland, gave entertainments which were a credit to them and to the large city of Baltimore. One of the most impressive events in the lives of all present was the tea served in the Confederate Home at Pikesville, several miles from Baltimore. Chartered electric cars conveyed the large delegation, and on arrival all the beneficiaries of the Home who could be out, nearly one hundred of them, stood on either side facing the avenue, and the lady visitors, dividing, shook hands with every veteran on the side they entered through the grand stone archway of the Home. During this arriving and greeting a fine brass band added to the intoxication of delight with "Maryland, My Maryland," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Dixie;" and not only did the fair women of Dixie demonstrate their good faith as Daughters most worthy with streaming eyes, but they proved their appreciation of and how to give the Rebel yell. The feast was well worthy the noble women who furnished it.

The event most worthy of record here was the reading of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's tribute to Sam Davis, written for and published in this VETERAN. Miss Mil-

dred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., was introduced by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, of the Maryland Line, and she read it in the spirit which must have animated the gifted author, intensified by inheritance and lifelong association with people who not only honored Sam Davis for his individual heroism, but in the cause which induced him to undergo the privations and perils of soldier life.

A list of the officers elected is deferred, except to note the reelection of Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, as Recording Secretary. She declined to be a candidate, but the convention, with enthusiastic unanimity and a rising vote, would not entertain her refusal.

The following resolution, offered by Mrs. W. A. Smoot, of Alexandria, Va., President of chapter in special honor of the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment, was carried cordially by a unanimous vote:

The United Daughters of the Confederacy cordially join in the sentiment of the United Confederate Veterans at their last reunion in reasserting hearty commendation of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, as a faithful exponent of facts pertaining to the great war, and in its zeal to aid all Confederate organizations in their laudable undertakings.

Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Bluefield, W. Va., writes of the work done by the Bluefield Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy:

Some time since we gave an "Illustrated Confederate Entertainment," by which we cleared \$75.50 for the benefit of our poor and needy Confederate soldiers during the coming winter. There are only a few of the old soldiers in this vicinity who are needy, but we are determined that as long as they are with us they shall not suffer for any of the comforts which we can supply.

Capt. Z. I. Williams, Junction City, Tex.: "I have never seen a line about my old company or regiment in the VETERAN. I was reared in Georgia and served in the Twenty-Third Infantry from that state. We drilled at Camp McDonald and belonged to Colquitt's Brigade. We served through the war under Lee, Jackson, and J. E. Johnston, were in many hard battles, and surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. In the siege of Fort Sumter we were on the vessel fired on by our own men and sunk in Charleston Harbor. We were rescued by small barges, though there were about twenty men killed and lost. This was the most trying hour of my life. I was orderly sergeant, then lieutenant, and was promoted to captain near the close of the war. I am now fifty-eight years old. Would be pleased to hear from some of my old comrades."

Timothy Oakley, Adjutant Camp Henry Gray, No. 551, Timothea, La., reports the death of Commander W. A. Ellatt on the 16th ult. He served in Company I, Eighteenth Alabama Infantry.

THE BONNY BLUE FLAG.

You may have traveled over all the world,
And seen all the flags, flying and furled,
But of all you have seen or yet may see,
There is one old flag far dearer to me.

It is not England's I regard with admiration.
Ah, 'twas not such a great and prosperous nation;
Or the Emerald Isle, with its flag of green,
Though few prettier could be seen.

Norway and Sweden, surrounded by the sea;
No, neither of their flags is the one for me;
Belgium's is peculiar, and Denmark's still more.
But both far less pretty than the one I adore.

Not the yellow of the great and mighty Russia,
Nor the pretty white that sways over Prussia;
United States, Holland, Turkey, ah no!
And not the flag that floats over Mexico.

This beautiful flag of ours few foreigners ever saw;
It floated o'er the South in a time of strife and war;
It was raised over the housetops in the days of yore,
But that loved old flag will be raised no more.

'Twas the Confederates who formed that little band
And joined the army with heart and hand,
With brave Jefferson Davis at their head;
And the colors of the flag were red, white, and red
Houma, La. — Miss Nina M. Winder.

PERILS IN ESCAPING FROM PRISON.

Conclusion of Col. B. L. Farinholt's Article.

There were a great many Federal officers in the city. My naval friend, who enjoyed the acquaintance of many of the officers then in Baltimore, introduced me to several, and that night at Guy's about eleven o'clock, we had an oyster supper, and over sparkling champagne discussed the merits of Gen. Grant's Western campaigns. To my edification and surprise, several of these officers did not like his appointment as chief commander. They criticized him closely and pronounced him inferior to many other generals. I was then pretty well posted on his Western campaigns, and warmly espoused his cause, aided by my naval friend and two other Federal officers of our party.

I did not make myself known to any Baltimore friends or acquaintances. I thought it best not to see them. On the third day after arriving in Baltimore I took the train for Havre de Grace, and, for my impatience, had to wait in that dull, inquisitive town two days before the vessel arrived and then another day for her to load. The captain gave me passage, ostensibly as a hand before the mast, but before going aboard I provided myself with a little skiff and ducking outfit, and was then prepared to leave the vessel any night after she entered the Potomac, when an auspicious hour should appear to make it possible for me to reach the Virginia shore.

We had favorable winds down to Point Lookout, when it began to blow a gale, and, anchoring there, close ashore, for harbor, we could plainly see thousands of my fellow Confederate soldiers as they passed about the prison, surrounded by the ever-watchful Federal sentinels. How thankful, when lying on the cabin, viewing this scene at Point Lookout, was I for the good fortune so far attending my escape! and how dearly I prized freedom no one can tell. I had no

weapon but a pocket-knife, but I felt that it would take a well-trained and strong force to effect my recapture. So, free but not too secure in that freedom, I saw held up before my eyes, within a few hundred yards of where I lay, the counterpart of the loathsome prison, the scanty and coarse food, and the deprivation of home and family—in a word, the purgatory—in which for nine long, weary months I had been confined and from which I had been fortunate enough to escape, but, were I recaptured, might never be able to accomplish again.

The storm finally abated, and it was a joyous sound to hear the anchor weighed. With a good breeze we went on up the Potomac. Several guard and gun boats passed close to us. Some hailed us, and I put on an oil-cloth jacket, so as to pass as a sailor on duty if any inspecting-officer should board us. However, none of them gave us any particular attention. On we went, and, when nearing a prominent point on the Virginia side, which could be distinguished in the dark, the captain and his mate assisted me to launch my little skiff. Though not an experienced oarsman, I committed myself and my all unhesitatingly to the dark waters of the Potomac. The crew being ignorant of the fact that I was a Confederate, I passed with them as going to visit a friend in Maryland; hence, for the protection of the captain and the vessel, I rowed toward the Maryland shore until the vessel was some distance off, and then turned the prow of my little boat south. After a long and hard pull I struck the shore on the slope of a sandy beach. Getting out of my boat, with the painter clasped tight in my hand, I lay on the cold sand beach for some time to rest from the exhausting fatigue of my long row in a leaky boat. I was about to go fast asleep, when with difficulty I aroused myself and fervently thanked God that I was once more in old Virginia, again free, with the horrors of prison-life behind me.

I clambered up the bank, and in crossing a field struck a path, following which I soon came to a negro's hut. He and his wife were very much alarmed when I aroused them. This was in Westmoreland County, the inhabitants of which section had been severely treated by the cavalry raiders of both Northern and Southern armies, so this darky knew not what to expect from a stranger calling him up at such an hour (about 3 A.M.). However, my most convincing argument to him was my little boat and oars, which had then served the purpose for which they were bought. I gave these to him and helped him secure them. From a neighbor he obtained a horse and vehicle, and carried me to the house of a gentleman named Bronson, about three miles from the river, who had two sons in the Confederate army.

This man we aroused at four o'clock in the morning. Imagining that possibly his visitor was a spy or likely to give him trouble, he at first refused to take me in, although I frankly told him I was an escaped prisoner, that I had just crossed the Potomac, and had come to him after hearing that he had two sons in our army, feeling safe in so doing. Bronson was overcautious, and before consenting to take me in he desired that I should go with him up-stairs to a room occupied by a blockade-runner, a man from Richmond, who was in the habit of stopping with Bronson when near the

Potomac. Bronson had questioned me quite closely, and I had told him my rank, brigade, and division in the army, also the place of my nativity. He now desired to confront me with this blockade-runner, in whose shrewdness he placed much confidence; and if I could answer readily all the questions of this man and confirm what I had said, it would be satisfactory.

By this time Bronson's whole family were awakened, and as they gathered in the large hall of the comfortable, old-fashioned house, peering to see me and what was going on, we went up the broad stairway and entered most unexpectedly the room in which the blockade-runner lay snoring away, loud enough, it seemed to me, to have kept every one in the house awake. You should have seen the surprise and fright depicted on the countenance of this large, bald-headed, big, blue-eyed man as, when rudely awakened by Bronson, he sat bolt upright in bed and appealingly inquired what was wanted, expecting that he was already a prisoner, and that his team and chattels would be confiscated. It was some time before he could realize what was wanted of him, but when he did collect his frightened and scattered senses he became a fairly good inquisitor, glad, I suppose, to have the turn on me for such a fright as had been given him. I soon satisfied him that I knew more about the vicinity and the persons he asked concerning than himself. This seemed to thoroughly satisfy Bronson, so he asked me to a comfortable fire, and his servants soon prepared a palatable breakfast, for which my recent night's exposure and exertion gave me much zest.

After breakfast Mr. Bronson drove me over to Mr. Newton's, an ex-Congressman, near the Hague. Here I remained two days, as Mr. Newton and his wife feared that on the road I might be recaptured by some Federal cavalry, then raiding the upper part of the county. But I was anxious to reach Richmond and learn from friends there the condition of everything concerning our cause. Then, too, my home being within the enemy's lines, I in a measure considered Richmond my home. However much the word implies usually, it had a deeper significance to me as a returning prisoner of war.

Mr. Newton had a servant drive me twenty miles to the Rappahannock River, near Tappahannock, a straggling village on the south side of the Rappahannock, said to be as old as Philadelphia, but having then only about three hundred inhabitants, well-to-do, genial people, who, in the old families, yet retain the spirit of refinement and extend hospitality, as did their ancestors. There was a court-house there and pleasant residences. From this place I went by stage to Richmond, paying \$100 in Confederate money, with which I had now provided myself, for my passage, in a rickety stage with poor horses. Starting very early in the morning and changing horses on the route, we reached Richmond at ten o'clock Saturday night, a distance of about sixty miles. Here I met with a warm reception. Sunday morning I sent to a prominent tailor and obtained a suit of uniform which I had ordered ten months previous, when our division was encamped near Richmond. It came in most opportunely, as it saved annoyance from guards, who were diligent in requiring passports of all in citizen's dress;

besides, when I ordered this suit I paid \$250 for it, and now it would have cost me \$1,000.

That Sunday was a happy and memorable day to me. In the morning I had an interview with President Davis regarding the condition of our officers in prison at Johnson's Island, and I can assert, from the great feeling and warmth he evinced for them, that I believe no one connected with our cause more earnestly desired the exchange of prisoners than Mr. Davis.

In the afternoon a large crowd had assembled on the Capitol Square to meet a small detachment of officers and privates just from Point Lookout, who were exchanged at City Point. I was delighted to meet among these several of my old comrades and fellow-sufferers of Johnson's Island, among them Dr. William Christian, who had been of great service at the prison as Confederate Medical Director, in general charge of the



PRESIDENT DAVIS.

hospital and junior surgeons, in which capacity he was invaluable and helped to relieve much suffering and mitigate many hardships.

President Davis appeared on the square and cordially greeted each of the exchanged soldiers and again grasped my hand and congratulated me on having arranged my own cartel. Many lovely women and brave men met to greet the returned prisoners, whether known personally or not.

The day following was spent with friends in various departments, where I ascertained the loss of many a dear friend until then thought to be living, and learned of the disposition of the regiments, brigades, and divisions in which I had warm personal friends. In the afternoon I called on the Secretary of War and obtained

a leave of absence for thirty days, the Secretary very kindly asking me to name the time I wished.

My home being on the peninsula between the York and the James Rivers, which singularly had been the scene of the chief strategic events and great battles in both the war of the Revolution and those fought the first two years of the civil war, to say nothing of its being the section made historic long before either of these wars by the numerous conflicts of John Smith and his followers with the hostile Indians, and a little later of Nathaniel Bacon and his liberty-loving but rebellious band against the irascible and haughty, though brave, Gov. Berkeley, I was compelled in order to see my family to go not only outside of our lines, but very near the enemy. The Secretary cautioned me of this, but said he was not afraid of my recapture, when I had just risked so much to escape from prison.

Leaving Richmond on Tuesday, the 22d of March, by the York River railroad for the "White House"—Gen. William H. F. Lee's historic home on the Pamunkey—I took a private vehicle and reached my home, about twenty miles farther down the peninsula. Loving wife and child waited impatiently my return, and welcomed me with that fervency which the fond heart of wife and mother can intensely cherish for the absent husband, and there was great happiness at our fireside that memorable night—just a month from the day I left Johnson's Island—yet our joy was tinged with sadness for the loss of a dear mother whose death was hastened by anxiety for her absent sons and the frequent rude searches through her house and premises for those sons by Federal soldiers stationed near. These searches were made upon the false reports of negroes, and thus a good Christian woman was harried to death by excitement and worry occasioned by soldiers in their almost brutal exercise of power to search every private residence. On one occasion, the whole household being aroused from sleep at midnight to permit a search of the house by a squad of cavalry, who had ridden up to the door firing off their carbines and pistols in every direction, like very demons, the officer in charge dismounted and entered my mother's chamber, followed by a number of his soldiers, who searched every closet and corner in the room, not forgetting even the bureau-drawers. Of course they did not find either my brother or myself, for whom they professed to be looking.

While bravely undergoing such ordeals and showing no signs of anything but the coldest, most reserved equanimity on these occasions, either by speech or action, this devout Christian woman was usually sick for days afterward.

My leave of absence passed quickly away without any interruption from the enemy, except an occasional cavalry raid, for which I was always on the alert, and absented myself in time.

When I returned to the now deservedly renowned Pickett's Division and met the survivors of that sanguinary charge at Gettysburg, and particularly the remnant of my old brigade (Armistead's), I felt that I was with brothers again, doubly and trebly tried in the very crucible of fire at the "bloody angle."

I was soon ordered to Richmond and detailed in charge of a number of picked men to proceed to the vicinity of Curl's Neck, on the north side of the James

River, to watch the movements of the transports, and of Gen. Butler on its south side.

While engaged in this service, one night upon crossing the main road I discovered, to my great surprise, that a large body of horses had just passed. I soon had my men under arms, and captured a number of the rear-guard of Sheridan's Cavalry and ascertained and reported to Richmond, carrying my prisoners with me, the news of Sheridan's famous raid from Atlee's Station around and in the rear of Gen. Lee's army.

From this time on to the end of the war I was engaged in strengthening the defenses along the Richmond and Danville railroad and improving the defenses at High Bridge, near Farmville, a timely precaution, as evidenced by the opportune and successful defense of Staunton River bridge from the attack made upon it by Gens. Wilson and Kautz on the 25th of June, 1864, when Gen. Lee's communications with Richmond and the entire rolling-stock of the Richmond and Danville railroad were saved only by the most obstinate defense of this point. Had this point been lost and the Richmond and Danville railroad been destroyed from Richmond to Danville, Lee's supplies from the south would have been entirely cut off, and consequently Richmond would have been abandoned ten months earlier.

An all-seeing Providence guided the destinies of our country to a different time and through many more trials. The conflict was finally closed by the surrender of Lee and Johnston; and the peace, then established, has been maintained inviolate by the soldiers of each army recognizing fully all their obligations, which were not for one side alone, but mutual.

Fraternal meetings of the blue and the gray have been frequent and most enjoyable, and it has been the writer's good fortune to meet on the field of Gettysburg many associates of the Army of Northern Virginia, among them his old friend Richard Ferguson, of Nottingham; J. F. Crocker and others, of Portsmouth; G. B. Finch, of Mecklenburg; Capt. Edmonson, of Halifax; and also many of our opponents in the Federal lines on that now historic 3d of July, 1863.

In company with them twenty-four years to a day and hour after this battle we marked the spot where the brave Armistead fell, near the gallant Capt. Cushing, of the Federal artillery, whose well-served batteries withstood the brunt of our charge; and where Kemper, Garnett, Hodges, Harvey, Bray, and many others less renowned, but equally gallant, were shot down; where, as Col. A. K. McClure, of the *Philadelphia Times*, states, "the highest wave of the secession movement dashed its force in raging foam against the very dome of the national capitol and centralized national government, breaking its last crest at the feet of the goddess of liberty," when the success or failure of a single shot or shell might have for centuries changed the destiny not only of both armies, but of the entire continent.

Let us not only hope that the result was for the best, but act up to it and teach our children to accept it and labor earnestly for the perpetuation of this the grandest and happiest form of free government yet devised by man, now stronger and with far more enduring foundations since cemented with the blood of brave men from whatsoever section they came and on whichever side

they fought, battled as only heroes could, with equally conscientious convictions of right.

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid stagers and loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

Col. B. L. Farinholt corrects a few errors that were unwittingly made in editing his article:

I rather fear your statement immediately under the caption of my article may be misleading, as I was not a colonel in Armistead's Brigade, only a captain for three years, but was promoted to a colonelcy and given a separate command in consequence of my escape and in recognition of my services while in command at Staunton River bridge in an engagement with a large body of Federal cavalry on the 25th of June, 1864.

William R. Aylett was colonel of the Fifty-Third Virginia at the time of the Gettysburg battle, but Lieut.-Col. Raleigh Martin commanded and gallantly led the regiment in the charge. I should dislike, even by implication, to appear to claim a title not justly won, or to the injury of another.

A mistake was also made in giving Col. Farinholt's home as Baltimore, as he is "of Virginia." And John S. Latane should be John L. Latane.

THE LATE COL. G. T. FRY.

Col. George Thomson Fry was born in Jefferson County, Tenn., March 12, 1843. His father, Henry Fry, was a Virginian, born in 1802. He came to Tennessee when a young man, and settled in Jefferson County. His grandfather, James Fry, was a major in the war of 1812, and his great-grandfather, Gen. James Fry, fought in the colonial army throughout the Revolution. His great-great-grandfather, Joshua Fry, of historic renown, was an Englishman, and came to Virginia in 1730. He was a prominent civil engineer, and under him George Washington served as lieutenant.

His maternal great-grandfather, Adam Peck, fought throughout the Revolutionary war, from Maryland. After the close of that war he moved to Virginia, and afterward, in 1787, to Tennessee. He too settled in Jefferson County, and represented it in the first and second state Legislatures.

George Thomson Fry spent his early years near New Market, and was educated at Mossy Creek, now Carson College. When but eighteen years of age he enlisted in the Confederate army, May 18, 1861, as first lieutenant of Company G, Thirty-Seventh Tennessee (Carroll's) Regiment. In 1862 he was promoted to captain and assigned to command of Company H of that same regiment. He participated in many battles, among them Shiloh, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge. After this last-named battle he obtained a short leave of absence, went to Hillsville, Va., and was married to Miss Mary A. A. Cooley, who had refugeeed to that place from Rogersville, Tenn. After four days he returned to Dalton, Ga., and took part in the campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro. At the latter place he was wounded and left on the field for dead. Maj. R. M. Tankesley, of Chattanooga, removed him to a place of safety and cared for him. When able to join his command he was made colonel of the Seventh Con-

federate Regiment, holding this rank until the close of the war. In April, 1865, he returned to Virginia, studied law with Judge Andrew S. Fulton; he was admitted to the bar in July, 1866, and at once entered into a lucrative practise. In October, 1868, because of failing health, he removed to Decatur, Ga., near Atlanta, and he practised law in Atlanta. He represented Fulton County in the Legislature with marked



COL. GEORGE THOMSON FRY.

ability for two terms. In 1890 he removed to Chattanooga, after which time he engaged in the practise of his profession and won distinction at the bar. He was elected a member of N. B. Forrest Camp, of Chattanooga. May 29, 1897, the angel of death descended and summoned him to the great beyond. He was stricken with apoplexy in the early morning hour, and at half past three o'clock that afternoon he answered his last roll-call.

At a meeting of Shackelford-Fulton Bivouac, A. C. S., Fayetteville, Tenn., October 15, 1897, the following action was reported by John T. Goodrich, Secretary:

Resolved, That the delegates from this bivouac to the State Association in Memphis in November be instructed to use their influence to get the State Association to memorialize the General Committee who set the date for the general reunion at Atlanta next year to make the date somewhere between September 15 and 30, 1898, for the convenience of most delegates.

T. S. Hamilton, Italy, Tex., would like to know of T. C. Thetford, a Texas soldier wounded at New Hope Church, and who stayed for a year or more afterward, at the home of the writer's father and grandmother, in Mississippi.

GETTYSBURG AS I SAW IT.

BY CAPT. F. M. COLSTON, OF BALTIMORE.

After the battle of Chancellorsville our battalion, Alexander's Artillery, of Longstreet's Corps, was moved down to Milford, Caroline County, to re-fit. We were in fine spirits, for we had taken an active part in the great victory, and the losses in our battalion had been very small. Our confidence in Gen. Lee was greatly increased, but our joy was modified by the death of Stonewall Jackson.

On June 3 we left Milford and commenced a forward march, which ended only at Gettysburg. We got to Culpeper Court-House on the 5th, and stayed there until the 15th. During that time we were summoned hastily, marched out, and lay all day listening to the near sounds of the battle of Brandy Station, which was solely a cavalry fight. We were hid behind the hills because Gen. Lee did not wish to disclose the presence of his infantry and artillery, and we were only there to be called upon in an emergency; but the cavalry did the work, and we were not called into action.

Marching from Culpeper on the 15th, we went, via Sperryville and Gaines X Roads, over Chester Gap, on the Blue Ridge, into the valley, and got to Milwood, about ten miles below Winchester, on the 18th.

At this beautiful place we stayed a week, and were called upon to do the same work at Ashby's Gap that we had done at Brandy Station, the enemy trying hard to penetrate our line of march and our cavalry preventing it. The cavalry was marching all along on our right flank, keeping Gen. Lee informed of the enemy's movements and preventing them from knowing ours.

At this place I obtained permission to leave the march and visit the "Bower," in Jefferson County, the beautiful and well-known home of my mother's cousin, A. S. Dandridge. I found Gen. "Jeb" Stuart encamped there, it being a favorite place for the cavalry. It was on Saturday, and that night there was a dance to the music of Sweeny's banjo. The "Bower" was the home of four pretty and attractive Dandridge girls, and others were sheltered there from time to time. It was many times alternately in the hands of the enemy and in our own lines. This region was rescued from the reign of the despotic and contemptible Milroy by our advent. Milroy was successful in his warfare against women and children, but failed ignominiously when he met men. On this account our gay and gallant cavalymen were welcomed with even more than the usual enthusiasm, and it was "on with the dance; let joy be unconfined;" but when midnight struck Gen. Stuart called a halt. He would fight on Sunday, but he would not dance on that day. Gen. Stuart was a consistent Christian. His gay and hilarious air conveyed the opposite impression to some, but he was a Cavalier, not a Puritan. When, a year later, he was dying from a wound at Yellow Tavern, he said: "If it is God's will that I shall die, I am ready." Much of his life was passed amidst "war's wild alarms," but "the end of that man was peace."

At that time the cavalry was well equipped and very efficient. It was the loss of horses and the absence of forage that reduced them to such terrible straits the last year of the war, when it was no uncommon sight to see a cavalryman, who had lost his horse, keeping up with the march, running at full speed on foot into a

charge with his mounted comrades. Of course he hoped to capture a horse in the fight.

As we all know, horses became very scarce toward the end of the war, and, as dismounted cavalymen were sent to the infantry, a remount became a serious question with many troopers. Here is an incident: Jim —, of the — Troop, had lost his horse, and possessed himself of a white mule named Simon. He became very proud of his mule, and was loud in his praises. "He never gets tired, lives on nothin', and has got more sense than the general," asserted Jim. But one day a squad was enjoying a dinner with a sympathetic farmer when a sudden alarm was given. "Run, boys, run; the Yankees are coming." There was "mounting in hot haste," and some escaped by the front gate and some by the rear. Jim dashed at the front gate; but Simon, displaying his mule nature for the first time, balked. Jim wheeled him around and drove at the rear gate, but Simon balked again. Poor Jim looked over his shoulder, saw the bluecoats rapidly approaching, threw his arms around Simon's neck, and called in agonizing tones: "O Simon, for God's sake, go somewhere!"

Well, after this "excursion" with the cavalry, I will resume my story. I left the "Bower" and rode to Martinsburg, where I was to join my command as it marched through. I stayed all night with my aunt, Mrs. Dr. Pendleton, had a good wash, and "fixed up" nicely, clean linen collar, etc., so that when I went up to the main street the next morning to wait for the battalion my appearance attracted the usual attention. Hood's Texas "boys" were marching swiftly along, dirty and dusty, and, after several comments had been made, one of them called out: "O jiminy, don't he look nice? John [to his comrade], throw a louse or two on him." I joined heartily in the laugh that followed. It seemed that the very privations of our service added to the gaieties. The fun and jokes always rose superior to cold, hunger, and fatigue, and seemed to mitigate their severity. It was certainly a happy diversion in the terrible hardships that we had to endure, and a visitor to a camp or an onlooker at a march might think us the happiest of men.

On June 25 we crossed the Potomac by fording it at Williamsport, and marched through Hagerstown. Here a man, whom I knew in Baltimore as a clerk, came up and spoke to me. He was dressed in the usual black suit of a salesman, and I recall still the impression it made upon me.

We marched to Greencastle, the first town in the "enemy's country," and then to Chambersburg. Here we stayed three days, and on Sunday, June 28, Col. Alexander sent me to town to see if I could get any horseshoes, nails, or other necessities for the batteries, but as the Second and Third Corps had preceded us, I found very little of use to us. I had to call on the storekeepers to open their stores for my examination, and for the little that I took I paid them in Confederate money or gave them official receipts, at their option. The town was very quiet, as very few of our men were allowed to go there, and, being invited to dine at the hotel by the officer in command, I greatly enjoyed a good dinner, and remember the apple butter to this day. As I was walking on the street I met three young ladies abreast with the Union flag conspicuously displayed. They were aggressively loyal and brave, and crowded

me off the pavement. I responded with a smile and a bow, but I wish that I had had the ready wit of the Texan who said under similar circumstances: "You'd better take care, Miss, for Hood's boys are — on storming breastworks when they see that flag on 'em." It was here that a squad of Maryland cavalry on the advance got into a drug-store. Phil Rogers, of Baltimore, a druggist at home, was with the squad, and promptly "annexed" a bottle marked "Spts. Frumenti." The other boys, not being druggists, asked Phil what he had. Phil was an honorable fellow, but he was quick-witted, and, knowing that one bottle would not go very far with a squad of thirsty cavalymen, he replied, "Well, boys, it's a peculiar kind of cordial; very good in small doses, but very dangerous otherwise;" so on his advice they each drank, very carefully, about a quarter of an inch, most of them remarking how much like good whisky it tasted. This left four full fingers in the bottle, which Phil swallowed in one long drink, to the amazement and disgust of his comrades.

We then moved to Greenwood. The road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, via Greenwood, is called the "Baltimore Turnpike." On our march to Greenwood we passed the house of an old Pennsylvania farmer who was sitting on his porch and watching the troops. As our guns occupied the road the infantry had turned into the field and had trodden down a belt of wheat the width of a column of fours, and the men had swarmed into his little front yard to get water. The old farmer had probably never seen such destruction before, for he said, in a feeling tone, to Lieut. John Donnell Smith and myself: "I have heardt and I have readt of de horrors of warfare, but my utmost conceptions did not equal dis."

At Greenwood, on July 1, Col. Alexander sent me on to Thaddeus Stevens' furnace, a few miles ahead on top of the mountain, to look again for anything that could do for the batteries, but the furnace was in ruins and everything useful had been taken by those in advance. As I was returning, just in front of our camp I met the Second Maryland Regiment, the drums beating, and the boys moving at that quick step which distinguished the regiment. It was as fine as ever marched. I had not met them before—they being in the Second Corps—and I was delighted to see many dear Baltimore friends. I jumped from my horse, sent him into camp, and marched with them several miles. Most of my friends were in Company A, Capt. William H. Murray, and when I left them I said good-by to many of them forever, for two days afterward they charged on Culp's Hill, and lost sixty-seven out of ninety-eight in that company, the gallant Billy Murray being killed at their head—only twenty-four years old.

We were suddenly ordered forward about midnight, arriving near Gettysburg about nine o'clock the next morning. We turned to the right and marched down the valley of Willoughby's Run until we got to the schoolhouse at the foot of the road which enters the Emmitsburg road just south of the famous peach-orchard, where we waited for our infantry to arrive and form for the attack.

As we were waiting there an ambulance came along, and we saw Gen. Hood sitting in front with the driver, his arm in a bloody bandage. He had been wounded, and was being carried to the rear. Just as he arrived

by the schoolhouse a shell struck the roof almost in his face, but the General merely looked up.

We had lain there very quietly for some hours, when, about 4 P.M., we received orders and galloped up that road, turned to the left and went into action on the ridge directly opposite to the peach-orchard. It was a sharp but short fight, for the enemy, Sickles' Third Corps, were driven helter-skelter. They were followed immediately, but the advance of the artillery was impeded by the fences around us. Maj. Dearing, who was there, saw this and galloped up to where the prisoners, several hundred, were coming in. Waving his sword, he commanded, with an oath: "Pull down those fences." The frightened prisoners rushed at them, and, each man grabbing a rail, the fences literally flew into the air. The batteries charged, action front, the finest sight I ever saw on a battle-field. One of the batteries, being short-handed, borrowed five men from an adjacent Mississippi regiment, and in the fight two were killed and one wounded. We then took a position in front of the Emmitsburg road and a little north of the peach-orchard, where we fired until after dark and then lay there all night. I walked around to see the situation, and I never saw so much concentrated destruction as I saw in the peach-orchard, the most of which was done by the fire of our guns.

After our peaceful sleep, with wounded and dead men and horses all around us, we awoke early, July 3. Our position was opposite to the center of the enemy's line, the cemetery being a little to our left front, and the Round Tops to our right. Col. Alexander was only the colonel of our battalion, but Gen. Longstreet states, "Our artillery was in charge of Gen. E. P. Alexander, a brave and gifted officer. Alexander, being at the head of the column and being first in position, and, besides, being an officer of unusual promptness, sagacity, and intelligence, was given charge of the artillery;" so that he was now in command of the whole artillery line of our corps, about eighty guns.

We were entirely quiet all the morning, but it was easy to see that we were going to have a bad row soon. Pickett's Division was massed behind the hill in our rear, about three hundred yards off, and, having to pass there, I remember seeing the men lying down, some having collected small piles of stones in front of their heads. Poor fellows! Most of them were lying down forever within the next few hours. The great cannonade commenced at one o'clock, and, as Pickett's charge has been so often described, I will say nothing of it here, except that to Col. Alexander was committed the command of the artillery and on him devolved the duty of giving the order for Pickett's advance, which was made through our line of guns.

After Pickett's Division had made its charge, Col. Alexander was posted on the elevation about four hundred yards in the rear of the P. Rogers house, on the Emmitsburg road, where he had a good view of the field, and I was with him, as I performed the additional duty of an aid on those days. Gen. Lee rode up and commenced to talk to Col. Alexander. A loud cheering arose in the enemy's lines, which were a little over half a mile distant. Gen. Lee turned to me and said: "Ride forward and see what that cheering means."

I started forward, but my horse sulked and my spurs had no effect on him, so I asked a wounded soldier who

was passing to hand me a stick, which was lying on the ground. With that I whacked him, and Gen. Lee called out: "Don't whip him, Captain; it does no good. I had a foolish horse once, and kind treatment as the best." I found out that it was a Union general galloping down his line, and so reported to Gen. Lee, who thanked me and said to Col. Alexander, as I backed my horse off: "I can understand what they have to cheer for, but I thought it might be our own people." The whole field was dotted with our soldiers, singly and in small groups, coming back from the charge, many of them wounded, and the enemy were firing at them as you would at a herd of game.

I was proud to execute an order from Gen. Lee on the battle-field, but the bullets cut off one bridle rein and bored holes through the rim of my new hat; a very serious thing that in the then condition of the hat marked. Col. Fremantle, of the British Coldstream Guards, was present. I also saw another foreign officer there: Capt. Ross, of the Austrian army. I met him behind our line, just after Pickett's charge, and at his request carried him to the front, having a pleasant talk with him on the way, in the course of which he commented upon the number of very young officers whom he saw in our army in responsible positions. This was, of course, surprising to an officer in an established European army. Col. Fremantle is now a general in the British army and Governor and Commander at Malta. He wrote a delightful book, "Six Months in the Confederate States," and to this day cherishes his Confederate recollections. He mentions my perilous service so proudly rendered for Gen. Lee. Capt. Ross also wrote the "Cities and Camps of the Confederate States." Both of these books are admirable records of the Confederate army as seen by trained military eyes of foreign military officers.

The enemy made no movement, and we stayed there until after dark; and all the next day, July 4, we occupied a line of battle in the rear. Our battalion suffered severely, losing 144 men, killed and wounded, out of about 450 present in action, and 116 horses. Imagine our increased care in having our wounded to attend and our dead to bury. In the three days of the battle the artillery of our corps lost more than the artillery of the other two corps combined, and the six batteries of our battalion lost more than all sixteen batteries of the other four battalions of our corps combined. As usual after a big battle, rain came, and this added to the gloom of our spirits.

On the afternoon of July 4 we commenced our retreat, being ordered to report at Black Horse Tavern on the Hagerstown road at Marsh Creek. We laid by the road all night in the rain waiting for our place in the column. About 5 A.M., on the 5th, we started, marched in mud through occasional showers all day and until midnight, when we arrived at Monterey Springs, where we remained the balance of the night in an orchard. Upon awaking in the morning, I remarked that the mountain dews were very heavy, and was informed that it had been raining hard on me all night. Such was the sleep of a tired soldier. We got to Hagerstown, by way of Waynesboro, on the evening of the 6th.

This retreat was made in mud, rain, and partly in darkness; but it was without confusion, disorder, or hurry. We stayed on the battle-field for more than a whole day, and went away at our own convenience.

[And here I wish to remark that with the battalion I served through the campaigns of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, East Tennessee, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court-House, etc., to Petersburg, and never had to run. We occupied our ground after every fight and buried our own dead. In fact, through all of my service in the Army of Northern Virginia I never ran until at Sailor's Creek, three days before our surrender at Appomattox. Then our train was captured, and I lost all my treasures of the war and narrowly escaped myself. At that time I was captain and assistant to the chief ordnance officer of the army.]

We moved to Downsville on the 10th and took position in a line of battle facing the enemy; but they made no attack, and we retired across the river over a pontoon bridge on the night of the 13th. I never saw the army so "mad" as it was on that Downsville line; and if occasion had called it forth, we would have put up the biggest kind of a fight. It still rained as we crossed the river, and one of our carriages got out of the way in the darkness and blocked the march. The squad was busy in replacing it when Gen. — came along. Addressing the sergeant, he said: "Come, hurry up with that gun and get it out of the way." The sergeant's patience was already about exhausted, and so he replied to the unknown figure in the darkness, shrouded in his cloak: "Now I am doing all that I can do, and all that can be done, to get this gun up; and if you can do any better, you get down here in the mud and I will get up on that horse." The general laughed good-naturedly and went on. But even the discouraging conditions could not dampen the spirits of the "boys." On this march the dirt road was churned into a mud about the consistency of molasses and about six inches deep. As one of the Texas regiments was marching along in it one of the "boys," with a ragged hat on and a general don't-care look, called out to a comrade, using strong adjectives: "— it, Bill, put your foot down flat and don't kick up such a dust."

We marched on leisurely to Bunker Hill on the 15th, and on the 20th we resumed our march over the same route by which we had come to Culpeper Court-House, at which place we arrived on the 24th, having been absent just thirty-nine days, during which occurred the flow and the ebb of the tide of the Confederate States.

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York at its meeting October 26 elected the following officers: Commander, Charles E. Thorborn; Lieutenant Commander, and Paymaster, Edward Owen; Adjutant, Thomas L. Moore; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Granberry; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, Frederick C. Rogers, George W. Cary, J. B. Wilkinson, Jr., William S. Keiley, and H. N. Bullington. The Windsor Hotel is now the headquarters of the camp.

In the article by Charles Edgeworth Jones in the October VETERAN appear the names of Senator Harris, who was Governor of Tennessee, and of Gens. Lafayette McLaws, Hamilton P. Bee, Samuel McGowan, Philip D. Roddy, Daniel Ruggles, and Thomas L. Clingman. Mr. Jones estimates that there are now living in all 165 generals who served in the Confederate army.

A movement is on foot to build two monuments in Bartow County, Ga., to Gens. W. T. Wofford and P. M. B. Young.

TRIBUTES BY FEDERALISTS TO SAM DAVIS.

It is worthy to emphasize the action of Federalists who were at Pulaski, Tenn., in their sincere tributes to the memory of Sam Davis. Repetition is here given to the introduction of the theme in the *VETERAN*. There is recalled that startling assertion by Mr. Collins, of Keokuk, Iowa, that the "Federal army was in grief" because of the death, under such circumstances, of the noble and heroic boy. It was his tribute, together with that of Hon. H. C. Russell, Land Commissioner of Nebraska, that induced the monument movement through the *VETERAN*.

The story of Mr. John C. Kennedy, of Nashville, who went to Pulaski in a spring wagon, accompanied



BUST OF SAM DAVIS.

by Oscar Davis, a younger brother of Sam, is one of the most pathetic ever told. The courtesy and cordial offers of attention by the Federal officers, and the proffered help of Federal soldiers to disinter the body, and how they stood reverently by the grave when the body was being exhumed; how other Federal soldiers eased the vehicle down the steep way to the ferry at Duck River by Columbia, and how, after putting their shoulders to the wheels in getting it up the hill, they walked away with uncovered heads, not even breaking the silence when Mr. Kennedy thanked them for their kindness—are incidents as pathetic as can be conceived.

Again, an officer in the Federal army wrote in the *Omaha Bee* a dozen years ago, without giving himself

credit by name, a tribute to Sam Davis, in which appears the following: "Prayer was offered at the gallows and Davis started up the steps, when he was touched on the shoulder and the appeal remade for the names of his informers, that he might go free. The boy looked at the officer, and for just one instant hesitated, and then the tempting offer was pushed aside forever. The steps were mounted and the young hero stood on the platform with hands tied behind him, and . . . Thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, standing friendless in the midst of enemies, had, with a courage of the highest type, deliberately chosen death to life maintained by means he deemed dishonorable." The author adds: "Of just such material was the Southern army formed!"

Gen. G. M. Dodge, by whose order he was executed, it will be remembered, wrote for the *VETERAN* (June, 1897) a lengthy account of the circumstances, in which he states: "There was great interest taken in Davis at the time, because all of my command knew that I desired to save him. It is not, therefore, necessary for me to state that I regretted to see the sentence executed, but it was one of the fates of war, which is cruelly itself, and there is no refining it. . . . I take pleasure in aiding in raising the monument—although the services he performed were for the purpose of injuring my command—for faithfully performing the duties to which he was assigned."

Most pathetic of all yet written, if only that of the now venerable chaplain of the Federal army be excepted, is the letter of C. B. Vanpelt, of South Bend, Ind. (Oct. 7, 1897), which follows. With the letter comes ten dollars for the monument fund.

SOUTH BEND, IND., October 7, 1897.

My Dear Sir: Fatefully there fell into my hands quite recently a clipping from the *Memphis Appeal*, taken from your editorial, under what date I know not, but the caption is as follows: "The Boy Kept His Word. Even unto Death He Was Faithful to His Promise."

All references to Sam Davis revive sad memories. A lapse of thirty-four years has not effaced my recollections of that dear boy. We were about the same age; he a Confederate, I a Federal. I had him in charge, and was at his execution at Pulaski in the autumn of 1863, where we were in winter quarters. Afterward I participated in the campaign of Atlanta and to the sea. Our command then was Gen. G. M. Dodge's left wing, Sixteenth Army Corps. I was under detail, a private from the Eighty-First Ohio Infantry, as clerk to Capt. W. F. Armstrong, of the Ninth Illinois Infantry, Local Provost Marshal, and Sam Davis, the boy hero, as did all the Confederate prisoners confined in the Giles County court-house, came under my immediate charge. Week after week I called the roll daily to the boys in gray and mingled with them as man to man. During this period Sam Davis was captured, and upon his person were found details of our defenses, number of pieces of artillery, stands of arms, etc. By trial before a military commission he was found guilty and sentenced to hang. I read to him a copy of his death-sentence. "A boy's sympathy to a boy bespeaks a chord of pain wholly unutterable." The bond of

friendship between Davis and myself was strong; both young and full of the vigor of approaching manhood, the sadness of the circumstances which arrayed us under different flags, though born and reared under one, was doubly sad. Refreshing my memory, I think he had left college to enter the First Tennessee Confederate Infantry, and I had left school under the same conditions to enter the Federal ranks. We talked much of the similar circumstances under which we had left our homes. One of the most prominent traits in his character, aside from his patriotism, was an even tenor of gentleness. Had I been placed in his position, he would doubtless have proffered me the same sympathy I endeavored to extend to him.

Davis was a member of "Coleman's" Scouts. "Coleman" was, in fact, Capt. H. B. Shaw, and he was then supposed to be within our lines. "Coleman" had delivered these papers to him, and he was on his mission to Gen. Bragg when he was captured. A reprieve was extended, which I read to him in his cell in the county jail, if he would inform us where "Coleman" was.

He stood before me, an uncrowned hero, his eyes flashing, and said: "I will die a thousand deaths rather than betray my cause." We were both moved to tears, and remained silent for a time. He then talked of his family, living in Rutherford County. I remained with him until a late hour, and said a sad good night. I might recall much of interest to his family and friends, but it would be painful to them and me.

Briefly I will state the day of execution arrived, November 27, 1863. I preceded the procession to the scaffold on foot, was passed through the hollow square of Federal troops before he and his escort arrived. Then ensued one of the most painful episodes of the civil war. At the last moment, with the chaplain's prayer ringing in his ears, the reprieve was again extended, and with inconceivable heroism he stepped upon the fatal trap and died a martyr to his cause. Night and day came and went, but I could not forget, nor have I to this day forgotten, that boy hero. Capt. Armstrong, the provost marshal, shared with me a like sentiment of sorrow. Shortly after there came to Pulaski a man who, if I remember rightly, was an older brother. [This was a neighbor, John C. Kennedy, accompanied by a younger brother, Oscar Davis.—ED. VETERAN.] He desired to learn particulars of the capture, trial, conviction, and execution of Sam Davis. Capt. Armstrong turned him over to me, and in painful detail I traversed the whole ground with him, and that conference is closely linked with the death of my boy friend. Why I write this communication seems strange to me, for the sad secret has been locked in my breast all these years, but hoping that a recital from memory will be of some comfort to his friends, I offer this testimonial of last association with him on the earth.

Since writing the foregoing, I am to-day (Sunday, October 24) in receipt of four copies of the VETERAN, and beg to assure you of my highest appreciation of your kindness in sending them to me. I have spent the after part of the day and am well into the night perusing them. When I came to his bust in your July number, 1897, page 353, I felt like one transfixed. The boy loved me as I loved him. His image has been before me these thirty-four years, and as I gaze upon his

features in the east he comes back to me as on the day of his execution. God bless his beloved memory, his friends, and comrades! Not one person living to-day is in closer touch with the memory of the last days of that boy than myself. Gen. Dodge and Capt. Armstrong were not in contact with Sam Davis as I was. I paid him daily and almost hourly visits between capture and execution. He always met me with a smile, and would say: "You are very kind to come." Our general conversation pertained to home ties, engendering a sentiment of boyish sympathy of which you can not have a just appreciation. I urged him during these visits to take the reprieve and save his life, but with a holy calm he would say: "I am true to my cause." Then I would plead with him as a brother, and his query would be: "What would you do if in my position?" On one particular occasion he said: "My



C. B. VAN PELT.

friend, I have loved ones at home; so have you; and when you left, their prayers followed, that if you returned alive you might return in honor, no matter in what channel of service military orders might place you." "Yes," I said, and then ensued a painful silence that can not be banished from my memory until my dying day. My partings with him were pathetic. "If you can," he would say, "come often and see me, for you are so kind." On that day when his life went out I felt as if going to my own execution.

I have read carefully the letter from Joshua Brown, of New York, his comrade, and it brings back to me the fact that he and Shaw must have answered my call of the roll daily, while Capt. Armstrong and myself were urging Davis to reveal the whereabouts of Capt. Shaw, alias "Coleman." Mr. Brown's account of Davis sa-

luting them at the court-house while riding to his death presents to my mind a spectacle of heroism beyond the scope of human description.

At Corinth, in 1862, a soldier of the Seventh Illinois Infantry shot his captain. He was tried and sentenced to hang, and the finding was forwarded to President Lincoln. Time passed, but the sentence had not been returned. Just after the execution of Davis, the papers were received from Washington, "Approved." I went to Capt. Armstrong, the provost marshal, and said: "I wish to return to my regiment." He demurred. I said: "I will appeal to my colonel."

[Of this unfortunate man, Mr. J. A. M. Collins, before mentioned, said he had a difficulty with a negro. The captain espoused the cause of the negro, and he killed him. At the time the papers were returned, says Mr. Collins, he had been put back into regular duty and was on picket that very day. He was sent for and hanged on the Sam Davis scaffold.—ED. VETERAN.]

At this time there was being organized a company of Federal scouts under the command of Capt. De Heus, of the Second Iowa Infantry, and I secured the detail from the Eighty-First Ohio Infantry. I was then cast in the same category with the late Sam Davis. Our work was Southern Tennessee and Northern Alabama. to check the conscripting methods of the Confederate authorities and to spy upon the enemy in a general way. We rode out of the lines on our first expedition as the Federal soldier was dangling from the scaffold. I embraced the novelty of the new service with reckless abandon, as I was anxious for something to divert my memory as much as possible from the last act in the life of my boy friend.

I sincerely hope you will be enabled to erect a monument to his memory, for a more laudable project can not be conceived, and when the time comes I desire to be present and attest the love of the living for the dead.

In rounding up the history of this young man, so far as my connection goes, I feel like one who had lost his lines in grief. Answering your question as to my official connection with the sad affair, I will say that Capt. Armstrong and myself were by order his executioners.

Let me in conclusion extend through you to the Confederate Veterans, the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the Daughters of the Confederacy the warmest greeting of love for the memory of the greatest of Confederate heroes, and one that was very dear to me.

Appeal is now made for contributions to the fund. More than \$2,000 has been subscribed through S. A. Cunningham. He seeks to increase it to \$2,500, and then will appeal to Nashville patriotic and public-spirited citizens to double the amount. On Saturday, November 27, 1897, it will be thirty-four years since his execution. Let that be the day to remit what you may desire to send. Address S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

ASSOCIATE OF SAM DAVIS.

Mr. Alfred H. Douglas, of Nashville, writes of the Shaw chain of scouts, of which Sam Davis became the grandest character in American history.

Douglas and John Davis, an older brother of Sam

Davis, were called to a conference with Gens. Cheatham and Hardee. It resulted in their being directed to come as near Nashville as practicable and report what they could learn of the enemy. They succeeded beyond their expectations.

Soon after that Gen. Cheatham appointed Capt. Henry Shaw to take charge of an organization of scouts and to confer with them. Gen. Bragg, in the mean time, had officially notified them to report to Shaw. Capt. Shaw, John Davis, and Douglas selected such men as they thought most efficient for the perilous work. Some of the men left off their uniform, occasionally wearing citizens' suits or Federal uniform; but they were not required to do it. Any of them would wear Federal overcoats after changing the blue by a walnut dye. Their scouting territory extended from the Gulf of Mexico to Louisville, and east and west, but their main field of action was in Middle Tennessee. Mr. Douglas states:

Our plan was to have headquarters in the woods and work the information out from any big Federal force near by. Now, on looking back, it seems almost impossible that we should have gotten so much information. It was the best-organized company in the South, and often our soldier boys, clad in gum coats and trousers, with Federal saddles and bridles, would ride along side by side with the enemy, they not knowing the one from the other. Much information was obtained in this way, as also from citizens generally, and especially ladies. Wesley Greenfield, Capt. David Hughes, B. F. Tanksley, Mrs. Dr. Patterson, Miss Fannie Battle, Nat F. Dortch, Mrs. Ramage, and others, are recalled as very efficient in aiding us. Our post-office was located on the corner of Union and Cherry Streets, where information for the scouts was secretly deposited.

Many a time, on reaching safe quarters, young ladies would watch for hours at a time while we soldier boys slept, and never did one of them betray us. Once, after having been fed for three days and nights by an old fisherman, he appeared, saying: "Boys, I do not bring you anything but bad news." He then told us that the enemy were on us. We left at once, and had been gone from this island in Tennessee River less than an hour when they shelled the place from both sides, and kept it up a long while. Some of our squad there I recall now as Johnnie McIver, Pillow Humphrey, John Drain, Bob Owens, Tom Joplin, and myself.

The remarkable story is known of how Sam Davis emphatically refused to give information which would have saved his life. Again a proposition was made to give him his freedom if he would tell where Coleman was, which he could easily have done. Had he yielded to this and gone free, all of us would have been caught; but he firmly refused to reveal any information.

Another man, a negro, deserves all honor for his faithfulness. He was a servant of old man Tom English, and brought information from Gen. Dodge's office. He got the information in this way: Gen. Dodge ordered his secretary to make out the usual monthly report in regard to his entire army, its strength, etc. He made it out in pencil and submitted it to Gen. Dodge, who ordered it copied for official signature. The secretary finished it after working all night, but

left the old pencil copy on the table. This office porter was supposed to burn all waste paper, but his quick insight discovered in this something valuable. So he carefully laid the document away, and next morning brought it to our headquarters. At night about three o'clock Bob Owens and I got in to our quarters. Sam Davis had that report. It named the forces at Nashville, Murfreesboro, and Shelbyville, as well as Pulaski. After the capture of Davis they sent an army to scour the country. One day just before dawn, while all were asleep, this same negro appeared and told us to move, for the Federals were within one hundred and fifty yards of us. He said that he came with the Federal army to get to us, and then fell in a branch for an excuse to get away. He got wet through and through. While Squire Schuler was getting quilts and blankets our old black friend disappeared, and the next seen of him was his feet as he went headlong into a brush-heap to dry off. Several days later they captured all our forces except Bob Owens and myself.

It is a general mistake that we had to disguise ourselves to procure information for our army.

SAM DAVIS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, FOR THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

When the Lord calls up earth's heroes
To stand before his face,
Oh, many a name unknown to fame
Shall ring from that high place!
And out of a grave in the Southland,
At the just God's call and beck,
Shall one man rise with fearless eyes
And a rope about his neck.

For men have swung from gallows
Whose souls were white as snow,
Not how they die nor where, but *why*,
Is what God's records show,
And on that mighty ledger
Is writ Sam Davis' name—
For honor's sake he would not make
A compromise with shame.

The great world lay before him,
For he was in his youth,
With love of life young hearts are rife,
But better he loved truth.
He fought for his convictions,
And when he stood at bay
He would not flinch or stir one inch
From *honor's narrow way*.

They offered life and freedom
If he would speak the word;
In silent pride he gazed aside
As one who had not heard.
They argued, pleaded, threatened—
It was but wasted breath.
"Let come what must, I keep my trust,"
He said, and laughed at death.

He would not sell his manhood
To purchase priceless hope;
Where kings drag down a name and crown
He dignified a rope.
Ah, grave! where was your triumph?
Ah, death! where was your sting?
He showed you how a man could bow
To doom and stay a king.

And God, who loves the loyal
Because they are like him,
I doubt not yet that soul shall set
Among his cherubim.
O Southland! bring your laurels;
And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the hero's name,
And tell the world his worth.



Will you patriots and honest people who would go on record as paying tribute to the memory of Sam Davis make it a point to do something on the 27th of November, the thirty-fourth anniversary of the greatest tragedy enacted in the four years of the greatest test to manhood on the American continent? Let the record be made so that posterity may know that *you* honored *him*. Send one dollar or more on that day, and, if you can, persuade your friends to join you. There will never occur an opportunity to honor a worthier name. In doing this you will show your appreciation of what the VETERAN is doing on this subject. Address S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

Commander W. H. Reynolds reports the death of Dr. P. K. McMiller, Adjutant of Camp Hardee, No. 39, of Birmingham, Ala., who died very suddenly of apoplexy on September 30. He had been Adjutant of the Camp since 1891, and was ever zealous in attending to the details of the office. Dr. McMiller served in the Fourth Alabama Regiment under Longstreet. His left leg was amputated five years ago on account of a wound received in the ankle at Knoxville, Tenn. Comrade Miller was born and reared in the North.

J. C. Webb, of Racine, Mo., writes that a soldier named Fisher from Mississippi or Alabama was killed in the "Price Raid" in 1864 near Carthage, Mo., and is buried in the Horn Back graveyard three miles south of Carthage.



CEMETERY AT DANVILLE, KY.

GRAVES AT DANVILLE, KY.

It affords me pleasure to furnish the VETERAN a list of Confederates who were buried in the national cemetery at Danville, Ky., during the war, with the hope that their friends may be enabled to know their whereabouts and that they are properly cared for. There are sixty-eight graves. All, except two, are marked with neat headstones, made of freestone from Bedford, Ind. They are of uniform shape and size, with name, regiment, and state carved on them. The two exceptions were marked by their friends with marble headstones before these others were furnished.

Several years ago two or three ex-Union soldiers, moved by a kindly spirit, took upon themselves the task of raising funds to furnish these graves with neat head-marks. Some of the most liberal contributors to this fund were ex-Federal soldiers, Capt. Boyle O. Rodes being the chief mover in this enterprise. The cost of these carved stones was about \$400.

Previous to this these graves were marked with wooden crosses, with names, etc., painted on them. The previous work was done by the Confederate ladies of Danville and vicinity, and these ladies and the ex-Confederate soldiers here contributed liberally to the present headstones. These graves are always decorated on Confederate Memorial Day.

You can observe in the photograph that the Federals are just beyond the Confederates, and are marked with white marble, while the flagstaff is in the center of the cemetery. There are about four hundred Federals buried there. Mr. E. H. Fox, photographer of Danville, very generously took the view on last Saturday, October 9, for the VETERAN. The group in the carriage-drive which separates the Federals from the Confederates is composed of Col. Robert J. Breckinridge, an ex-Confederate, his wife, and son, Morrison Breckinridge, the venerable Dr. M. D. Logan, Capts. Boyle O. Rodes, R. Leslie McMartry, and S. D. Van Pelt, ex-Federals; while the other is Miss Nina Craigmiles Van Pelt, daughter of Capt. Van Pelt, who generously sent this contribution. The three ex-Federals

are mentioned as friends of the Confederates and of this publication. Following is a list of the Confederate dead buried here:

Alabama: J. Selph, J. K. Stephens, Nineteenth Regiment; H. Smith, Twenty-Third; W. Larimer, T. J. Beckly, T. P. Bolling, Twenty-Eighth; W. M. Snow, J. Ocletree, Twenty-Ninth; J. H. Wilson, — Russell, Thirty-Third; J. A. Eastward, J. A. Meadows, Thirty-Fourth; S. P. Ethridge, H. King, Thirty-Ninth; P. Wilson, Forty-Second; H. W. Hayden, J. P. Tucker, B. S. Hugley, Forty-Fifth; M. P. Asting, A. Burns, commands not known.

Arkansas: W. Ames, Second Regiment; J. Barrett, Sixth; H. F. Ryan, G. L. Reeves, Eighth.

Florida: A. J. Beggs, Third Regiment; William A. Dunn, Seventh; F. J. C. Flity, command unknown.

Georgia: W. S. Patten, Twenty-Fourth Regiment; T. Harmon, Forty-First; T. Horman, G. Thomison, J. B. Hindman, Forty-Second; J. Mitchell, Fifty-Second; W. Jackson, Fifty-Fourth; C. W. McGrow, Fifty-Sixth; M. Compton, L. M. Hicks, J. Wray, commands unknown.

Louisiana: E. Lambs, Thirteenth Regiment; H. Dyoc, Sixteenth; B. D. Butler, C. D. Jenkins, Twenty-Fifth.

Mississippi: S. A. Goodman, Second Regiment; W. S. Williams, Seventh; J. H. Williams, Ninth; S. W. Stanley, Twenty-First; Lieut. Tomlinson, Twenty-Fourth; L. R. Dedlack, J. R. Courson, Thirty-Second; W. F. Hudgens, Thirty-Seventh; W. English, Forty-First; W. Henderson, Forty-Ninth.

South Carolina: S. T. Bryan, Ninth Regiment; D. M. Faun, Tenth; R. C. Hardee, J. R. Smith, J. R. Ashley, D. Turner, Nineteenth.

Tennessee: C. B. Burns, Twenty-Fourth Regiment; Y. F. Husk, Thirty-Seventh; W. Helm, Thirty-Ninth; E. S. Samlin, Fifty-First.

Texas: J. C. Low, Eighth Regiment.

State and regiment of following unknown: L. C. Barnett, E. C. Bevins, B. C. Horne, W. M. Packer, E. Turner.

CAPT. S. A. HAYDEN AS A SPY.

Col. William L. Thompson, Houston, Tex., writes:

I have read with much interest the history and execution of David O. Dodd; also that of Sam Davis, both of whom were executed as Confederate spies. You are to be commended for your zealous work in rescuing from oblivion the names of these noble boys.

In this connection I will give you a brief account of the life of Rev. Samuel A. Hayden, still living at Dallas, Tex., who performed many deeds of noble daring, and who was captured and charged with being a spy.

While lying in front of Nashville, two days before the battle of December 16, 1864, he was sent to the Federal picket-line by Gen. R. L. Gibson to obtain information concerning the arrival in Nashville of Gen. Smith's Division, coming from Missouri. He was captured and placed in the Nashville penitentiary. His fine judgment and great courage were equal to the emergency. While a batch of Confederate prisoners were being marched through the penitentiary yard, at two o'clock at night and during a heavy rain, he stepped in among them, and thus escaped from the charges of being a spy. He was carried to Johnson's Island, where, after the surrender of Gen. Lee, he joined an organization of a league of Confederate prisoners pledged never to take the oath of allegiance to the United States as long as there was an organized Confederate force in the field. At the head of this league was Col. Boles, of Louisville, Ky. For this act of loyalty to the Confederacy he and his compatriots were held to the last for release from Johnson's Island, so that he did not reach his home in Louisville until July 4, 1865.

Samuel Augustus Hayden was born in Washington Parish, La., in 1839. By his father he was Norman-French, while his mother was Scotch-Irish. His ancestor, William Hayden, emigrated to America in 1630, and settled on the Connecticut River at a place now called Hayden. The family have ramified into nearly every state in the Union. His father was born in Georgia and his mother in South Carolina.

Educated at Greensburg, La., and Georgetown College, Kentucky, at the breaking out of the war Capt. Hayden entered the Confederate service as first lieutenant of the Edwards Guards, Sixteenth Louisiana Infantry, and was promoted to captain after the battle of Shiloh. He went with Bragg on his Kentucky campaign. He participated in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Resaca, New Hope Church, Atlanta (July 22, 28), and nearly all of the battles of the Army of Tennessee. Being senior captain of the regiment, he often commanded it.

On the 8th of August, 1864, he commanded a brigade under division commander Gen. R. L. Gibson, retaking the Federal lines, a strong position on the south of Atlanta, holding it against heavy attacks.

Being on the flank of the regiment, he was frequently entrusted with the most perilous positions in battle and independent excursions against the enemy. The most noted of these, perhaps, was that of an attack on the Federal lines south of Atlanta, on Camp Creek, where, with thirty picked men, he encountered about two hundred Federal cavalry, killing, wounding, and capturing many, and utterly routing the survivors. This was called by our men the battle of Sewell's Lane.

In the campaign to Nashville, under Gen. Hood, he commanded the pontoon boats which carried the advance of one hundred and eighty men across the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., in the presence of fully two thousand Federal soldiers. This would, of course, have been impracticable but for the assistance of the Confederate artillery, which so demoralized the Federal lines that the one hundred and eighty infantry in the pontoon boats were enabled to land and drive them off. They were held at bay by these one hundred and eighty men all night, until Gen. Hood's army crossed next morning.

After nearly four years of observation on the field of battle Gen. Gibson wrote from the Senate Chamber at Washington to Judge J. L. Whittle, of Texas, as follows: "Capt. S. A. Hayden was one of the bravest and most efficient officers under my command. He commanded a company, a regiment, or a brigade with equal efficiency and invariable success. Had the war continued, he would, in my opinion, have reached the rank of brigadier or major general within a year. He was one of the few officers in my command who conceived and executed every movement with invariable success."

Gen. Gibson told the writer that Capt. Hayden was one of the best officers of his division; that when he had a desperate venture, a forlorn hope, or a perilous undertaking, where it took courage and good judgment to succeed, he always selected Capt. Hayden, and that his conscience often hurt him for imposing such dangerous work upon him; that he was selected out of all the officers of his command to cross the Tennessee River at Florence, Ala., and that he did his duty bravely and successfully under a galling fire.

As to literary work, he has received the honorary titles of D.D. and LL.D.; has been pastor of the First Baptist Church of New Orleans and Clinton, La., and Paris, Jefferson, Galveston, and Dallas, Tex.; is now editor of the *Texas Baptist and Herald*. He spent a portion of the year 1882 in Europe, visiting England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, France, and Germany. While from his early boyhood he has ever been a consistent Christian, yet he is so firm and positive in his convictions that he often appears to be too aggressive and makes enemies. Those who know him best, however, give him credit for sincerity. For his services as a Confederate spy he would no doubt have suffered the severest penalty but for his extraordinary escape from the Nashville penitentiary.

Col. E. T. Kirby, of Independence, Va., reports that the three camps, U. C. V., of Grayson County, composing the First Virginia Battalion, were reorganized at the court-house on the 6th of October, electing the following officers: E. T. Kirby, Colonel; C. C. Trimble, Lieutenant-Colonel; James A. Livesay, Major; D. C. Mallory, Adjutant; B. F. Cooper, Surgeon; J. H. Sand, Chaplain. The next annual meeting is to be held at Bridle Creek, Va., in October, 1898.

Robert Wiley, of Fairfax, Va., while sending a list of subscribers, writes: "I have not been led by still waters and green pastures recently. Five children were under the doctor's care at one time—three of them with typhoid fever. With an amen to your editorial in the September number, I would say: Let us work for a wider circulation of the *VETERAN*."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending it.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN COMMENDED.

The June number of one hundred pages, issued just before the great reunion at Nashville, is the most elaborate yet published, and the subsequent issues have contained a largely increased reading department. The liberal offer to supply all of these back numbers and the two following years—to the end of the century—for \$2 is maintained, and it is certainly most liberal.

The VETERAN has attained the greatest prominence of all similar publications in history, and, being broadly patriotic and with finest work in quality, it is highly respected North and ardently sustained at the South. The proprietor spares neither labor nor expense to maintain and to strengthen it. The aggregate circulation, next month's issue included, will have been seven hundred and twenty-four thousand, weighing over one hundred and eighty thousand pounds!

A liberal commission is paid to agents, and the superb prize of a fine \$450 piano or \$200 in gold coin is offered the person who secures the largest number of new subscribers by December 31. Although this offer has been out for two months, thirty subscribers would now secure it.

November 27 is the thirty-fourth anniversary of Sam Davis' death on the gallows, and Mr. Cunningham appeals to every one who has the heart and has not yet done so, to send at least the popular amount of one dollar to the fund. The VETERAN for July, 1897, containing the history, including the account of the circumstances furnished the VETERAN by Gen. G. M. Dodge, the Federal commander (who contributes to the fund), will be sent complimentary to any who contemplate subscribing. Address S. A. Cunningham, Nashville.

MEMBERSHIP OF ORGANIZATIONS.

There is a remarkable difference in the requirements of camps in the various states concerning the eligibility to membership in the United Confederate Veterans.

Publication of the conditions upon which members are admitted in the Tennessee Division is requested, and the leading points are given. Article 3 of the constitution, relating to membership, states:

None but persons who have served honorably in the army or navy of the late Confederate States—serving until the close of the war, unless previously discharged for real physical disability or honorably released from service—having an unimpeachable war record, and of good standing since, can be members.

The President of each bivouac shall appoint a com-

mittee of five on credentials, to whom shall be referred all applications for membership, and who shall hear the proof of the applicant and report the same back to the bivouac for reception or rejection.

If the applicant is accepted by the bivouac, then his application shall be sent to the State Secretary, who shall enter it; but if it does not come up to these requirements, he shall submit it to the state officers for acceptance or rejection. If received by the state officers, he shall enter it upon the state roll. If rejected, he shall return it, stating reasons of rejection; and the applicant may appeal to the next meeting of the state association, and its verdict shall be final.

There have been various rulings on the subject of applicants which will be of interest to organizations. Various questions have been considered by the state association. A surgeon who resigned his commission and took the oath of allegiance applied for membership, and was refused.

A soldier discharged early in the war for afflictions which were regarded hopeless may become a member, on proof of this discharge, although he might have recovered sufficiently to rejoin the army. A soldier who served for a period, then put in a substitute, however faithful that service, is not eligible to membership if he had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States Government before hostilities closed.

Concerning "honorable release from service," the case of Hon. Howell Cobb is cited. He was an officer in the army, and resigned to become a member of the Confederate Congress.

Another peculiar case was as follows: In 1862 a comrade was discharged as being over age. That limit was extended later. He did not reenter the service. His application was refused.

A good deal of space is given in this VETERAN to records and relics exhibited at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition. It may not be of general public interest, and yet it is well to make record of it. One of the most interesting exhibits was a pair of great iron rollers mounted on the grounds near the History Building, which were described in handsome raised letters as follows:

"These wheels were made in England. Under the protection of the celebrated war-ship "Alabama," they ran the blockades, were a part of the famous Confederate powder-mills at Augusta, Ga., and made powder for the war of 1861. Exhibited by the Sycamore Powder-Mills. These mills are located near the Cumberland River, about half-way between Nashville and Clarksville, and made powder for the Confederate army."

C. J. DuBuisson, Yazoo City, Miss.: "I notice that Capt. J. D. Bond, in his interview in the *Monroe Bulletin*, published in the September VETERAN, says Sherman was never driven back, except at Baker's Creek. He certainly was driven back at Chickasaw Bayou a few months before by Gen. Stephen D. Lee, with great loss in killed, wounded, and captured."

COMPILATION OF HISTORICAL STATISTICS.

The seceding states in 1861 had a population of 8,000,000, about 4,000,000 of whom were slaves; the non-seceding states, 24,000,000.

Troops enlisted by United States, 2,778,304; by Confederate States, 600,000.

The United States army, in its report for May 1, 1865, had present for duty 1,000,516, and equipped ready for call 602,598. The Confederates, on April 9, 1865, had 174,223 who were paroled, which, added to their prisoners then in Federal prisons, 98,802, made an army of 272,025.

At the date of surrender the armies stood: United States, 1,000,516; Confederate States, 272,025.

From the office of the Adjutant-General of the United States, July 15, 1865:

Total enlistments in Union army.....	2,778,304
Indians (to be deducted)	3,530
Negroes (to be deducted)	178,975—
	182,505

Total enlistment of white men.....2,595,799

White soldiers furnished to United States army by seceding states	86,009
White soldiers furnished to United States army by non-seceding states	190,430

Total troops furnished United States army by slaveholding states

455,414

Number of foreigners in United States army:

Germans	176,800
Irish	144,200
British-Americans	53,500
English	45,500
Other foreigners	74,900

Total 494,900
Add to this white troops from the South, and negroes. 455,414

Total 950,354

Thus it will be seen that the Federal army was much larger than the entire Confederate States army without drawing a single man from the North.

New York with	448,850
Pennsylvania with	337,936

Total (outnumbering the Confederates)

786,786

Illinois with	259,092
Ohio with	313,180
Indiana with	106,363

Total (outnumbering the Confederates)

768,635

New England States	363,162
Slave states	316,424

Total (outnumbering the Confederates).....

679,586

States west of the Mississippi River, exclusive of Missouri and other Southern states, enlisted.....	309,563
Delaware, New Jersey, and District of Columbia.....	105,632

Total

415,195

This shows four armies as large or larger than the entire Confederate army. The largest muster-roll of the Confederacy for troops ready for duty at any one time was January 1, 1864: 472,781.

First Texas lost at Sharpsburg.....	PER CENT. 82.3
Twenty-First Georgia lost at Manassas.....	76.
Twenty-Sixth North Carolina lost at Gettysburg.....	71.

Sixth Mississippi lost at Shiloh.....	70.
Eighth Tennessee lost at Murfreesboro.....	68.
Seventeenth South Carolina lost at Manassas.....	66.
Fifteenth Virginia lost at Sharpsburg.....	58.

KILLED AND DIED OF WOUNDS.

Germans in Franco-German war.....	3.1
The Austrians in war of 1866.....	2.6
The allies in the Crimea	3.2
Federals	4.7
Confederates	9.

This is the largest proportion of any modern army that fell around its standard.

Number of Confederate soldiers in Northern prisons, 220,000; number of Northern soldiers in Southern prisons, 270,000.

The death-rate in Northern prisons was 12 per cent; in Southern prisons it was less than 9 per cent.

These prison statistics are taken from the report of Secretary Stanton made July 19, 1866, and corroborated by the report of Surgeon-General Barnes the following June.

RELICS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

Of the many Confederate relics on exhibition there are in the History Building portraits of President Jefferson Davis, Gen. R. E. Lee, E. Kirby Smith, Stonewall Jackson, N. B. Forrest, B. F. Cheatham, Gideon Pillow, R. S. Ewell, Lucius Polk, T. C. Hindman, John S. Marmaduke, George Gibbs Dibrell, James E. Rains, Felix Zollicoffer, Samuel R. Anderson, J. W. Starnes, Leonidas Polk, Preston Smith, John Adams; Cols. J. P. McGuire, Randle McGavock, Cyrus A. Sugg, John McGavock (of Franklin); Maj. Fred Claybrooke, Dick McCann; Capt. Thomas L. Dodd, John P. McFarland, Hugh L. McClung; Dr. Wallace Estill; Lieut. John D. Winston; a picture of the old Giles County veterans following the remains of Lieut.-Col. J. Calvin Clack to his final resting-place in Pulaski, October, 1884, twenty years after he was killed at the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., 1864; a picture of the battlefield at Franklin; a picture of the old gin-house and cotton-press where the battle of Franklin was fought; a sketch of the first battle of Manassas; portrait of Col. Cadwalader Jones; portrait of Charles Broadway Rouss. A handsome picture in this valuable collection is "Sunset after Appomattox," by Carl Guthertz.

UNIFORMS.

Coat worn by John C. Brown; uniform of homespun cloth worn by Lieut. W. J. Ridgeway, Third Tennessee Infantry, Gen. John C. Brown's Brigade (enlisted May 11, 1861); coat and cap worn by Terry H. Cahal, aid of Gen. A. P. Stewart; coat worn by Capt. Thomas F. Perkins; coat worn by Sergt. S. P. Green; uniform coat of Col. Baxter Smith, commanding Texas Brigade at the close of the war, Greensboro, N. C.; coat worn by Guy Rainey, First Tennessee Cavalry (Col. Wheeler); coat worn by W. F. Gay, Fourth Georgia Regiment; coat and hat worn by T. J. Flip-pin, Third Tennessee Regiment (captured in South Carolina, carried to prison in New York, hat shot at Jonesboro, Ga., August 31, 1864); uniform coat of Col. C. H. Walker, commanding Third Tennessee Infantry, killed at Culp's farm, on Kennesaw, January 22, 1864; uniform coat of Gen. John Adams, worn in the Mississippi and Georgia campaign; coat worn by



[Photo by Otto B. Giers, Nashville, Tenn.]

The view above will interest particularly Confederates who crossed the Cumberland River in war-times. It is taken from the highway bridge located on the site of the suspension bridge over which Albert Sidney Johnston's army crossed after the fall of Fort Donelson. The white sign is "Confederate Veteran," on the wall of the Methodist Publishing House. All the buildings are larger than those on the site in 1861-65. The bridge below is for the railroad leading to Louisville and St. Louis.

Gen. B. F. Cheatham; coat worn by Col. A. Fulkerson; coats worn by Capt. M. B. Pilcher, Company B, First Tennessee Infantry, in which he was wounded at the battles of Franklin and Perryville; coat of Gen. Lucius E. Polk, which he was wearing when he was wounded at Kennesaw Mountain, June 14, 1864, and he was also married in it; coat worn by H. M. Doak; blue cottonade coat worn by Rev. John B. McFerrin while missionary to the Army of Tennessee; jacket worn by John Bradford in thirteen battles; cape worn by Lieut.-Col. Jack Gooch, of the Twentieth Tennessee, when he was seriously wounded at Fishing Creek (afterward worn by his brother, Capt. Nat Gooch, of Gen. Palmer's staff, Eighteenth Tennessee); coat and epaulets worn by Col. R. C. Trigg; blanket carried and used during the entire war by John B. McFerrin while missionary to the Army of Tennessee; home-made blanket worn by Thomas Parkes, of Wheeler's Cavalry; havelock, buttons, and hat-cord worn by Irvin K. Chase while a member of Company B, Second South Carolina Regiment; towel captured by Lieut. Joseph Gardner in 1863 on board the "Fanny," taking the "Merrimac;" a cane which has been in the Kimbro family one hundred and six years (it was given to John Kimbro by an old veteran who fought under Gen.

George Washington, and then used in the Confederate war by Samuel Kimbro); coat (illustrated in the VETERAN for June, 1897) of Maj. Clark Leftwich, Lynchburg, Va., perforated by a bullet that went through his body in May, 1862, at Farmington, near Corinth, Miss.

VARIOUS RELICS.

Remnant of the flagstaff of the Twelfth Virginia Regiment, Mahone's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, carried by Serg. W. C. Smith from the battle of Spottsylvania Court-House to and including the battle of the Crater, at Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864. The fractures shown on the staff were made at the battle of the Crater, the upper part being so badly fractured that a new staff became necessary. In that battle seventy-five shots passed through the flag and nine through the staff. Sword of Col. R. C. Trigg. Sword captured by Lieut. Joseph Gardner, of Christiansburg, Va., Confederates States Navy, when he boarded the "Congress." Sword cut from a Federal battery at the first battle of Manassas by Capt. John C. Wade, of Christiansburg, Va., Company G, Fourth Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. Log out of the Vidito house, in which the family were living when the battle of Chickamauga was fought. Limb off Snodgrass Hill. Sash captured from Gen. Milroy by Lieut.-Gen. Ewell's corps in Virginia campaign. Saddle-bags carried through the war by a servant, Hannibal Black. After the battle of Chickamauga they contained the papers of Gen. A. P. Stewart and Maj. Jacob Thompson and others. Hannibal had to swim the river to save himself and papers. Case of surgical instruments belonging to the surgeon of the Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry. Penholder made from the sills of the house in which Stonewall Jackson was born, at Clarksburg, W. Va. Suspenders worn by Capt. Everard M. Patterson when killed, at the battle of Murfreesboro. Watch belonging to Adj. Perry Franklin Morgan, of the Eighth Tennessee Infantry. He was killed by the bullet that passed through his watch, which he carried in the waistband of his pants, while in a charge made with his regiment on the Federal works near Cobb's Mill, in the battle of Atlanta, Ga., July 22, 1864. Sword and pistol of Capt. A. A. Dysart, Company D, Fourth Tennessee Cavalry. Bible carried in the breast-pocket of William L. Reed, of the — Tennessee Regiment. It is the shield that warded a bullet from his heart in the Atlanta fight. The last verse which bears the impress of the bullet was: "The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies." A copy of the *Daily Citizen* printed on wall-paper. "The first furlough ever issued to a Confederate soldier." It was issued to Jim R. Crowe, Fort Morgan, Ala., 1861. Sword of John W. Dawson, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment. Pistol belonging to Gen. Robert Hattton; left on the battle-field of Seven Pines and returned to the family thirty years after by a Federal soldier who saw him fall. Sword and sash worn by Gen. Preston Smith when he was killed, at Chickamauga. The famous sword of Gen. N. B. Forrest. Pistol and two sashes of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and the bullet with which he was wounded at Shiloh.



[Photo by Otto B. Giers, Nashville, Tenn.]

This bridge is the main highway crossing the Cumberland River to the east from the Public Square, Nashville. The river is at low-water mark, as may be judged by the fact that during much of the year it is navigable for five hundred miles above the city.

It was from the piers on this site that Matthew D. Field built a wire suspension bridge before the war,

and after the war, the original having been destroyed, another quite similar was built. The present structure was built some fifteen years ago. It is said to be the strongest highway bridge in America. This view, though the reverse of that from the VETERAN office, will give an idea of the interesting views from its large windows. This view is from the east side.

Hoof from the horse shot from under Gen. Forrest during Col. Streight's raid through North Alabama en route to Rome, Ga. Sword of Maj. H. C. Wood. Bible torn by Minie ball while in breast-pocket of jacket worn by Kellar Anderson. Spurs worn by Gen. B. F. Cheatham in the Mexican and civil war. Gin-house and cotton-press made from a sleeper of the famous cotton-gin, where the battle of Franklin, Tenn., was fought, November 30, 1864. Saddle ridden by Gen. Adams at the battle of Franklin. Sash worn by Gen. Adams in the Mississippi and Georgia campaign. A piece of the flag that surrendered with Lee. Some commissions and valuable papers of Gen. Adams. Sword carried by Capt. T. M. Allison, of Company E, First Battalion Cavalry. Hat made of beaver fur and worn by C. E. Hancock, Company C, Second Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. Cane made of wood from the house in which Jeff Davis was born. Sword and sash of Col. William D. Gale. Sword of John W. Morton, chief of Forrest's Artillery. Canteen picked up at Chickamauga between a Federal and a Confederate soldier. Both had their arms around it, and both had drunk water from it. Spur worn during the war by Capt. Robin C. Jones.

First Regiment South Carolina Cavalry, Hampton's Brigade. Chair used by Jefferson Davis while he was Secretary of War. Saddle and sash used by Gen. Pillow in the Mexican and civil wars. Spur, sword, and stirrup used by Gen. Pillow, and one of his brace of revolvers. Sword of Col. Albert S. Marks, and grape-shot with which he was wounded at Murfreesboro. Original order-book of Gen. Zollicoffer. Sash of Gen. John C. Breckinridge. A lock of Robert E. Lee's hair and plate used by Lee during his campaign around Richmond, Va., 1864. Bonnet worn by Mrs. Robert E. Lee when pushed on the veranda in her invalid chair. Sword of Col. C. H. Walker. Hair of T. J. Jackson and flowers from his bier. Holsters, pistol, and silver spur used by Gen. John C. Brown and silver dollar paid to him by the Confederate Government at the close of the war. Silver dollar paid to W. T. Hardison at the close of the war by Confederate Government. Brick out of the house in which Lee surrendered. Brick made from the clay of Malvern Hill. Bridle-bit and spurs used by Col. Baxter Smith. Handkerchief, comb, and watch used by Lieut. George F. Hager during the entire war. Bugle which sounded the last assembly-call for Lee's army at Appomattox.

tox, April 9, 1865. A pair of cuff-buttons made of genuine Confederate navy buttons. A piece of wood cut from the log on which Gen. A. S. Johnston was lying when he died, at Shiloh. Sword of Col. Jim Bennett. Sword carried by Lieut. A. H. French, Company A, Second Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. Pipe and puzzle-box made by Capt. John W. Morton, chief of Forrest's artillery, while in prison. Sword-sabbard which belonged to Col. John L. Safarans. Sash and spurs worn by Capt. P. A. Smith, Second Tennessee Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. Knife used by Henry Randle during the entire war. Haversack, field-glasses, sword, and knife and fork used by Gen. George W. Gordon. Picture of Henry Lawson Wyatt, the first man who was killed in the Confederate army. Plate used by Jeff Davis while in prison at Fortress Monroe. Piece of Confederate flag that waved over Fort Sumter during the last bombardment. Knife and fork used by Lieut.-Gen. Polk during all his campaigns. Piece of the first secession flag in Virginia. Muster-roll of Company D, First Regiment Tennessee Infantry. Spurs worn by Capt. Thomas F. Perkins. Original military map of part of Middle Tennessee. Hat worn by Henry Howe Cook, Forty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, B. R. Johnson's Brigade, when he was wounded at the battle of Murfreesboro. Bible which saved M. B. Pilcher's life at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. Hair wreath, containing the hair of Jefferson Davis, Andrew Jackson, R. E. Lee, Raphael Semmes, Frank Cheatham, N. B. Forrest, D. B. Hill, Joseph E. Johnston, Kirby Smith, Bushrod Johnson, and Longstreet. Pistols of Gen. John H. Morgan. Pistol carried by W. T. Shelton. Surgical instruments used by Dr. W. W. McNeely, surgeon of the Forty-First Tennessee Infantry. Ep-aulets worn by Col. John H. Savage. Sash and buttons worn by Maj. Lucius Savage. Piece of wood from a house in Gettysburg. Canteen picked up on the battle-field of Gettysburg. Cartridge-box picked up on the battle-field of Bull Run. There are several very interesting newspapers published in 1861-64, such as the *Christian Banner*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, *Confederate Medical and Surgical Journal*, the *Charleston Mercury*, the *Daily Citizen*, and *Hartsville Tidette*. A box of pictures and jewelry made by R. M. Smith, lieutenant Company E, Sixty-First Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. He made the things while in prison at Johnson's Island. The jewelry was made of horn combs and buttons and silver money, and he made his own camera with which he took the pictures. A shell weighing one hundred and thirty-one pounds. A soldier followed its track one mile and a half through a pine forest in South Carolina, and rolled it back to camp. A saddle ridden by J. T. Estes during the war. Saddle belonging to J. D. Vance, for which he has several times refused \$500, because it was such a good riding-saddle. Picture of John Roy, who was seventy-six years old when he enlisted in the war, and John Roy, Jr., his third grandson, who was thirteen when he enlisted. Cartridge-box carried by John Roy, Sr., and pistol carried by W. H. Moody, grandson of John Roy.

FLAGS.

A very handsome and large silk flag made by Lady de Hoghton, of England, and presented to Admiral Semmes after the sinking of the "Alabama." Admiral

Semmes's battle-flag, which shows that it has seen service. The flag of the Sardis Blues, which is a Mississippi flag. A flag made by the ladies of Franklin, Tenn., and used by Capt. Hannah as a dress-parade flag. Gen. Kirby Smith's two battle-flags. Gen. Dibrell's flag, Eighth Tennessee. Col. William B. Bate's Second Tennessee Regiment flag. Flag of First Tennessee (Maney's). Flag of Fifth Tennessee. Flag of Twenty-Fourth Tennessee. Flag of Sixth and Ninth Tennessee Regiments consolidated, which waved on many battle-fields in Tennessee, and has thirty-six bullet-holes in it. Wade Hampton's company flag, which has the palmetto and crescent of South Carolina. The Eleventh Tennessee (Gen. G. W. Gordon) flag. The flag of the Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry. The flag of the Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, which was in the battle of Gettysburg. The flag of the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, Gen. Hardee's Division flag. It was only in the two battles of Perryville and Hoover's Gap. The color-bearer was captured and carried to prison, and kept the flag in prison with him. Flag of Gen. W. H. Jackson's Cavalry Division. Flag of the Estellville Guards, presented by the ladies. Flag of the Light Guards of Memphis, One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Senior Regiment. The Zollicoffer flag. The flag of the Sixteenth Tennessee. Headquarters flag of Gen. Adams, made and presented to him by a lady of Mississippi in 1863. Flag made of the wedding-dress of Mrs. Fannie Johnson Liegh and presented by her to Capt. Yates Levy's company, City Guards, First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, Savannah, Ga. It was carried through the war as a regimental flag.

Gun captured at the battle of Gettysburg by J. N. Thomas, Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, owned by R. T. Quarles. And last, but not least in the hearts of all Southerners, is the bust of the Southern hero, Sam Davis, and the shoe which he had on when he was captured by the Federals, which was cut in their search for papers; also his overcoat. Rev. James Young, the Federal chaplain who prayed with Sam Davis and was with him at the scaffold, in Pulaski, Tenn., November 27, 1863, and who so carefully preserved and sent to the mother prized relics and the farewell letter, was presented with this overcoat by the hero. He sends it now, after all these years, to Mr. Cunningham, retaining one of the small buttons, and he contributes to the monument fund. There is also a picture of Edmund Ruffin, framed in palmetto wood of South Carolina growth.

J. A. Couch, Henrietta, Tex., a Union veteran:

My neighbor, John Alderman, had returned home after Gen. Lee's surrender, while I was yet a soldier. We met in the road and greeted each other as cordially as if we had never been in arms on opposite sides. I was gratified to see the boys coming home, and said: "John, were you not glad when the end came, so that you can be at home and at liberty again?"

He dropped his head, and, after a pause, said: "Well, all these things are great blessings, but, since the cause I suffered for and hoped for so long and anxiously is lost, I can not rejoice."

I instantly regretted asking him the question, as I at once saw how I should have sorrowed if the cause I espoused — that of the Union — had been lost.

LAST CHARGE OF LEE'S ARMY.

An interesting bit of history comes to the front in connection with heroism in the last charge made by the Army of Northern Virginia, just before the surrender at Appomattox.



CAPT. F. S. HARRIS.

William J. Barton wrote four years ago of events of that time, in which he mentioned a Tennessean known quite well through various contributions to the VETERAN. But these are about himself, a theme he never touched upon unless it was necessary in reporting facts concerning others. The reference is to Capt. F. S. Harris, now of Nashville. Many comrades who called at headquarters and were served with the Veteran badge during the Nashville reunion will recall him as the tall, elegant, and agreeable gentleman, but firm in his decisions, who officiated at that desk.

Comrade Barton's article describes how a courier dashed up to Gen. McComb, commander of Archer's old brigade, and reported that the enemy had captured a strong redoubt near the position they were holding. Its quick recapture was imperative. Soon he saw Ferg S. Harris at the head of a detachment of men, of whom the writer supposed he had charge the night before.

When Harris came up he immediately rushed through our ranks to the front, jerked off his hat, waved it in the air, and struck a brisk trot toward the enemy, hurrahing at the top of his voice.

I have often declared, when talking over the events of that fatal April day, 1865, that the attack and recap-

ture of that redoubt was the last successful advance ever made by any portion of Lee's army, and it was led by Lieut. F. S. Harris, of the Seventh Tennessee.

Upon the same subject J. C. Bingham, writing from near Birmingham, Ala., says in a comment:

I am the courier mentioned, and was sent by Gen. Heth to Gen. McComb with an order that he advance his Tennesseans and recapture the portion of our line recently captured by the Federals. After delivering the message I attempted to return to Gen. Heth, but was cut off. I made my way back to Gen. McComb, and witnessed perhaps the hottest contested charge by Tennesseans ever made, not even excepting Gettysburg. It was a perilous task, and many of the men and officers hesitated. Gen. McComb was using his most persuasive manner, telling the men of their many glorious deeds and that he was then prepared to sacrifice his own life if necessary. Capt. John Allen, of his staff, not so choice in his language, was making the air blue as he dashed among those in the rear, urging them to the front. Just then I heard Gen. McComb say to Capt. Allen: "Wait; I see Harris coming from the front with his sharpshooters." His men were in such perfect order that they seemed as if keeping step.

Allen said: "Harris, the men are badly demoralized. I don't believe we can retake the battery. Can you lead them?"

Harris replied: "These men will fight, Captain. Let me lead them with my sharpshooters."

Gen. McComb and Capt. Allen were its leaders, and their voices could be heard encouraging the men above the roar of musketry. While credit, by common con-

sent, has been given Capt. Harris, I think Capt. John Allen deserves it equally, if not more, as he conceived and carried out the plan. About the close of the charge I heard Gen. McComb say to Capt. Harris: "I promote you, sir, for gallantry on this occasion, and will give you two hundred picked sharpshooters if you want them."



CAPT. JOHN ALLEN.

I served the entire war in the Thirtieth Alabama, McComb's (formerly Archer's) Brigade, composed mostly of Tennesseans. I never saw so desperate a charge as this on that beautiful Sunday morning. As dashing soldiers, I never saw two who more completely filled the full measure than Capt. F. S. Harris and Capt. John Allen.

Capt. Allen's comrades will be glad to know that he still survives. His home is at Van Buren, Ark. Capt. Allen is brother of the venerable and universally esteemed Joseph W. Allen, of Nashville, Tenn.



GEN. ALFRED J. VAUGHAN.

BIVOUAC 18, A. C. S., AND CAMP 28, U. C. V.

The Confederate Historical Association of Memphis is the oldest of ex-Confederate organizations. It had its beginning in 1866, when a number of soldiers of the lost cause saw the necessity of preserving the history of the great conflict and of providing some means of relief for indigent Confederate soldiers.

By July 15, 1869, it had grown to a membership of two hundred and twenty-five, with Senator Isham G. Harris, President, and Capt. J. Harvey Mathes, Secretary. On February 17, 1870, it was granted a charter by the Legislature of Tennessee with succession for thirty-three years as the Confederate Historical and Relief Association. On May 23, 1884, the association was reorganized, with Col. C. W. Frazer as President, and on July 11, 1885, was rechartered under its present title, the objects set forth in the charter being "the support of a historical society, the establishment of a library, and the collection, compilation, publication, and preservation of historical facts and data concerning the war between the states, and the care and preservation of the graves and monuments of the Confederate dead in this vicinity."

Among the distinguished men who have been members and have assisted in promoting its objects are: President Jefferson Davis, Admiral Raphael Semmes,



GEN. GEORGE W. GORDON.

Lieut.-Gens. Richard Ewell and N. B. Forrest, Maj.-Gens. Gideon J. Pillow, W. Y. C. Humes, and Patton Anderson, Brig.-Gens. Francis A. Shoup, A. J. Vaughan, Colton Greene, A. W. Rucker, J. W. Frazer, G. W. Gordon, W. M. Brown, James R. Chalmers, John C. Fizer, and Thomas Jordan, Col. C. R. Barteau, C. W. Heiskell, W. F. Taylor, and Luke W. Finlay, Hon. Jacob Thompson, Senators Isham G. Harris and Thomas B. Turley. From 1884 for thirteen years the late Col. C. W. Frazier was President.

The association now carries upon its roll the names of two hundred and forty-eight members. It has also as an auxiliary a uniformed rank of soldiers known as Company A, Confederate Veterans, numbering about eighty men, and commanded by Capt. W. W. Carnes. This company is regularly enrolled in the national guard of Tennessee.

The officers of the association now are: President, R. B. Spillman; Vice-President, J. C. McDavitt; Secretary, J. P. Young.

The association is now Bivouac 18, A. C. S., and Camp 28, U. C. V.

Gen. Alfred J. Vaughan, of Welsh and French descent, the grandson of Peter Vaughan and Martha Boisseau, of Dinwiddie County, Va., and one of the fighting generals of the Confederate army, was born May 10, 1830; and graduated from the Virginia Military Institute July 4, 1851, as senior captain of cadets.

When the war began he was living in Marshall County, Miss., and at once raised a company of infantry for the Confederate service. The state not being able to equip the company, he went with most of the men to Moscow, Tenn., and was mustered into

service as captain in the Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry. At the reorganization, June 4, he was elected lieutenant-colonel, and after the battle of Belmont was made colonel.

With this regiment, and after January, 1863, with the consolidated Thirteenth and One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiments, Col. Vaughan started his fighting record. At Belmont, Shiloh, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and in numberless skirmishes Col. Vaughan and his brave men won the admiration of the army, he having had no less than eight horses killed under him in that time.

At Chickamauga Col. Vaughan was made brigadier-general for bravery on the field. In this capacity he won additional distinction at Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, Kennesaw, and all the engagements of the army to Vining Station, where he had his leg taken off by an exploding shell and was permanently disabled for military duty.

Gen. Vaughan has been a favorite son of Memphis since the war and has been honored by her people with civil office. He is now Major-General commanding the Tennessee Division United Confederate Veterans, and takes an active interest in all the affairs of that noble organization.

Gen. George W. Gordon, one of the youngest of Confederate brigadiers, and now Brigadier-General commanding a brigade of United Confederate Veterans, was born in Giles County, Tenn. He graduated at the Western Military Institute at Nashville in the class of 1859.

At the outbreak of the war he entered the service of the state of Tennessee, from Humphreys County, as drillmaster for the Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, which soon after entered the service of the Confederate States. He was successively made captain, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel of this regiment, and in the summer of 1864 was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, in which capacity he continued to serve until the close of the war.

Gen. Gordon served with distinction in every battle of the Army of Tennessee except Bentonville, N. C., at which time he was a prisoner of war at Fort Warren, Mass. He led his brigade in the furious charge on the Federal works at Franklin, and his men were the first to reach the parapet and break through the Federal lines there. He was captured three times during the war, all in Tennessee: once at Tazewell (East Tennessee), again at Murfreesboro, and afterward at Franklin. He was kept in prison until August, 1865.

After the war Gen. Gordon practised law in Memphis until 1883, when he was appointed one of the Railroad Commissioners of the state. In 1885 he was appointed to a position in the Interior Department, and served four years among the Western Indians. Since 1892 he has been Superintendent of the Memphis public schools.

B. H. Wear, Radford, Va., requests that some member of the old Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment write a history or sketch of Col. Mike Farrell, who commanded that regiment and was killed at Franklin. An account of his life from the time he left Grenada, in 1861, to his death would be appreciated by his comrades.

A HEROIC REMEDY FOR CHILLS.

"Julius" tells an interesting story:

During the great war he followed scouting along on the Tennessee River, mostly about its extreme southern bend in Alabama.

"Yes, sir," he said; "chills can be cured without medicine. I was only fifteen years old when the war broke out, and I lived over in Claysville. I was afraid it would end before I could get a chance to distinguish myself, so I ran away from home to make an opportunity for development of my heroic instincts.

"The Yankee soldiers had come down on the north side of the river and camped a short distance from where we lived, and father had turned all our horses and mules that were any account into McKee's Island. He left out an old mare and a shabby mule colt that he thought the Yankees wouldn't bother. I stole that old mare and forded the river at the head of Henry's Island and joined Bain's Company—Capt. Simp Bain's Confederate Scouts.

"Old Dennis McClendon belonged to this company. He could 'outcuss' any man in the Confederacy. He didn't have any saddle, and in drilling and maneuvering, at the command to prepare to mount, instead of putting his left foot in the stirrup, Dennis had to hop up on his stomach across the horse's back; and then, for mischief, some of us, in wheeling our horses, would run against him and knock him off, and he would tumble on the ground with a great bundle of old quilts and blankets, and scuffle up 'a cussing.'

"We were camped at old Wakefield, and I took the chills. I thought I was going to die, but I got better, and the captain agreed to let me go home one evening, across the river among the Yankees. My father had been to a still-house out on Gunter's Mountain, and met a Yankee doctor, and they both were loaded. The doctor had started home with father, but got past traveling and fell from his horse. Father had hitched the doctor's horse by the roadside, and meant to treat him kindly; but when I learned the facts I slipped off late in the night, found the doctor asleep, and captured him and his horse. I carried him to the river, hallooed over to our pickets to bring a skiff, which they did, and carried over the prisoner, and I swam the horse across. That was a fine horse and well equipped. I delivered up the doctor, and he was sent off to prison, but I kept the horse.

"Some time after this I took the chills again, and concluded that nobody could cure me except my uncle, Dr. Bush, who lived with father. I was pretty sure I was going to make an assignment of worldly goods and army accouterments this time, and obtained leave to go home a few days. I arrived there a little before sun-up in the morning, and the country was full of Yankees. I went into the kitchen, and while they were fixing me something to eat a chill stole over me. I was awful sick, shivering from head to foot like a wet pointer, my teeth chattering like a swarm of woodpeckers in a forest of dead chestnuts. Directly some of my folks ran into the kitchen and said the Yankees were coming. I looked out and saw a large squad in martial array bearing down at a lively pace on the house. I knew they had a special use for me, so I abruptly departed the back way and ran three miles right up a deep ravine full of limestone rocks and scrub

cedars to near the top of Lewis Mountain. When I reached a point where they couldn't follow me on horses I stopped. My heart had knocked all the buttons off my vest and I was sweating like a 'nigger' exhorter at a July revival; and I have never had a chill from that day to this nor taken a dose of medicine."

The forgoing is all the more interesting to the Editor of the VETERAN because he twice had the experience of curing chills by forced marches. In one instance, in the Missionary Ridge region, he marched from 1 to 11 A.M. through a hard chill into a fever so intense that it seemed his head would explode. That march stopped the chills. At another time he had almost as severe an experience with like results.

Matt F. Kippax, drummer for Company A, Second Battalion Seventeenth United States Infantry, writes from the government arsenal at Columbia, Tenn.:

Referring to so much of the item headed "Capture of the Caleb Cushing," on page 476 of the VETERAN for September, 1897, as stated at the bottom of second column on said page that steamers were chartered "and filled with United States regulars from the fort," I wish to reply that the regulars referred to were three officers and thirty-eight men of my regiment (Seventeenth U. S. Infantry) with two guns (twelve-pound Napoleons, I think they were), who were placed on board the steamer "Forest City" and started out to recapture the cutter and her Rebel crew.

The Rebel officer, after his capture, was questioned as to who he was, when he replied that he was Lieut. Read, of the Confederate States Navy. He and his crew of twenty-five men were taken to Fort Preble and confined in the brick portion of the fort, where they remained for quite a while, when they were transferred to Fort Warren, Mass. While in confinement at the latter fort word came to Portland that two or three of his crew had escaped while being taken to the rear (water-closet) and had put out to sea in a dory. The revenue cutter, "J. C. Dobbin," which had been sent to Portland to replace the "Cushing," was sent in pursuit of them and they were recaptured, but whether by the "Dobbin" or some other vessel I do not remember.

Lieut. Read boasted while in confinement at Fort Preble that he would sooner or later capture the steamer "Chesapeake," one of the boats sent after the captured revenue cutter, which was done in the following manner, viz.: He and his crew having been exchanged, it is presumed that after reaching his own lines he was given permission, or detailed, to embark in his hazardous undertaking, when he returned to New York, how or by what means I do not know; at any rate they got there and engaged passage on her from that city to Portland. On the first night out they arose at a given signal, overpowered the regular crew, and captured her. The engineer (Shafer, I think his name was) having refused to remain at his post when ordered, was killed and his body thrown overboard. After taking charge of the steamer Lieut. Read sent the few passengers on her to shore, and started on a cruise after more prizes; but news of the capture having been reported, men-of-war were sent in pursuit,

when he ran her into Halifax, N. S., turning her over to the British authorities, by whom she was delivered to the United States.

Some years after the war Lieut. Read happened to be in New York, when he was recognized, arrested, and tried for the killing of Shafer, but was acquitted, I believe, the deed being considered an act of war.

In 1891 there was an ex-colonel of the rebel army at Columbia, Tenn., traveling for an insurance company, with whom I became acquainted, and who said he was personally acquainted with Lieut. Read, having served with him at Charleston, S. C., during the blockade of that port, and he also said that he had had some correspondence with Read, who was then (1891) alive.

WOUND OF SAMUEL A ERWIN.

Capt. A. B. Hill, Memphis, Tenn., writes:

All soldiers who saw regular field service and participated in many battles from 1861 to 1865 can no doubt recall some peculiar and wonderful wounds received by the soldiers, recovery from which seemed almost miraculous. This one came under my own observation, and I have been reminded of it many times since by seeing the person, who is still living and in good health. Samuel A. Erwin, a member of Company G, Fifty-First Tennessee Infantry, was shot with a Minie ball about noon on the first day of the battle of Chickamauga (September 19, 1863) between and a little above the eyes, from which he lost the sight of one eye. He is still living, with the ball in his head, a little under and almost touching the brain. His home is in Tipton County, not more than twenty-five miles from the city of Memphis.

I was captain commanding the company, and saw him when struck, and believed he was fatally wounded. We were forced to fall back, and he was captured by the Federals. He heard the surgeon say: "Well, we need not bother with that fellow; he is done for."

Erwin was rescued by us on Sunday evening, and our surgeons made about the same comment on his condition; consequently it was more than two days before he received treatment. Then the swelling and inflammation were so great that the ball could not be extracted. It might have been taken out at first. Afterward the doctors—W. E. Rogers, Frank Rice, and other eminent surgeons—held a consultation and concurred against an attempt to remove the ball.

Mr. Erwin has suffered a great deal from headache at times; otherwise he has experienced no inconvenience from carrying around the Yankee lead.

John D. Freeman, No. 315 Winter Street, Jacksonville, Fla., wishes to learn the whereabouts of the officers of Company G, Forty-Fifth Georgia Regiment, of which he was a member. Their names are as follows: T. J. Simmons, colonel; Thomas Newel, first lieutenant; William Chambers, second lieutenant; Sam Pittman, third lieutenant. Newel acted as captain up to 1863, when he was wounded at Gettysburg. Chambers was the only officer over him at time of surrender.

James O'Neil, Higginsville, Mo., wishes to hear of Maj. J. E. Austin, of the Fourteenth Battalion Louisiana Sharpshooters, or any of the Eleventh Regiment, Louisiana Infantry.

CLEBURNE'S BANNER.

BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE.

(On seeing it at the Nashville Reunion, June 25, 1897.)

Folded now is Cleburne's banner,
 Furled the flag that kissed the stars,
 Gone the dreams that dropped like manna
 From its skies of bonny bars.
 Nameless they who fell before it,
 Dust the hearts that died in vain,
 Dead the hero-hands that bore it
 Through the blight of battle's rain.

Folded now is Cleburne's banner,
 Like the hands that held it high;
 Set its stars—oh, never, never,
 Shall they light a Southern sky!
 But 'tis sacred in the glory
 Of a splendor once its own;
 And 'tis hallowed in its story.
 Though its pride be sheared and shorn.

Folded now is Cleburne's banner,
 But one day it gleamed along
 When the war-drum's stern hosanna
 Echoed in a nation's song!
 Shiloh saw it sweep from under
 Like a tempest in its wrath;
 Chickamauga heard its thunder,
 Felt the lightning of its path.

Ringgold Gap, New Hope, and Dalton,
 Peachtree Creek—Atlanta, too—
 Till it kissed the bloody Harpeth,
 Where it broke the ranks of blue—
 Till it kissed the bloody Harpeth,
 And its blue was turned to red,
 When it floated from the breastworks
 Over gallant Cleburne—dead!

Folded now is Cleburne's banner—
 But one day will right the wrong
 When the war-drum's stern hosanna
 Calls again for freedom's song.
 Then, O then, 'twill float in glory
 In a just and holy war,
 And 'twill tell the same old story:
 Fearless, and without a flaw.

POLLEY LOST A FOOT—A FURLOUGH.

HOWARD GROVE HOSPITAL, RICHMOND, VA.,
 November 10, 1864.

Charming Nellie: While writing that long letter from the Phillips House, down below Richmond, it never once occurred to me that ten days later I would fight my last battle for the Southern Confederacy. It has so happened, though, for—unless persuaded by the song, "If you want a good thing, jine the cavalry, jine the cavalry"—I tender my services to that branch of the army, my soldiering career is ended. Through "our mutual friend," to whom I wrote a month ago, you have doubtless learned that I am a cripple for life, having lost my right foot in an engagement on the 7th of October last. Whether or not I should esteem this a misfortune is a serious question. My enjoyment of the only furlough ever given me was embittered by the thought that I must soon return to the front and offer myself as food for powder; but now I am *hors de combat*, exempt, free, and I candidly confess strongly inclined to be non-combatant in the largest sense of the word. While the cause of the South is inexpressibly dear to me—more so than ever, since I have made this sacrifice for it—my whole being yearns for the rest, the safety, and pleasure which misfortune and love

promise me. It is human nature, I reckon, and I do not think I need be ashamed to follow its promptings.

That letter from the Phillips House was dated the 27th of September and finished the 28th. I remember the dates distinctly, for while writing on the 28th the Veteran came in from the picket-line and intimated a suspicion that some movement was on foot among the Yankees. Being an optimist, and knowing him to be fond of looking on the gloomy side of everything, I laughed scornfully at the idea. Next morning, however, when he came with a triumphant "I told you so!" I acknowledged him a true prophet. Hostilities had begun on the picket-line at three o'clock, and at daylight the Texas Brigade, in position behind half-dismantled works running across the valley of a little creek, was busily engaged in slaughtering negroes for breakfast. All that could be seen through the dense fog enveloping us was what appeared to be a moving black wall a hundred feet away; yet in five minutes' time the four regiments of the brigade killed one hundred and ninety-four non-commissioned officers and privates and twenty-three commissioned officers. Those are the figures given by the *New York Herald* of the next day, which is very creditable work, I think, for a brigade numbering scarcely six hundred, all told. Besides, quite a number of the darkies who "played possum" to escape our fire surrendered after the retreat of their comrades. Given the choice of going to the Libby or saying "master" to their respective captors, most of the poor devils chose the latter alternative, and while I remained with the regiment I had a likely young negro always at my beck and call.

We had barely recovered our breath after this little flurry when an order came to double-quick to the right if we would save Fort Harrison from capture and ourselves from being cut off from Richmond. Simply to rescue the fort we would not likely have made much of an effort, but to be cut off from the Confederate capital was to be forced to surrender or "die in the last ditch," and Texas pride and manhood revolted at either alternative. So, girding up our loins, we set out for the fort, which was a mile and a half away, at as lively a gait as apprehension, legs, and patriotism could carry us. Luck was against us; the Yanks got there first, and all we could do was to move around its rear and take position behind a line of works half a mile nearer Richmond and defended only by a battery of heavy artillery in Fort Gilmore. Here, by dint of racing up and down the trenches to meet the partial and desultory attacks of the enemy, we managed, unaided, to hold the enemy in check until the middle of the afternoon brought us reinforcements from the south side and put a quietus to Gen. Ord's "On to Richmond!" Had he moved forward early in the morning with his whole force, the city must inevitably have been lost. The Yankee papers admit that he had a force of forty thousand under his command; and, until reinforcements came, the Texas Brigade, Benning's Brigade, half a regiment of cavalry, and the artillerists in Fort Gilmore—not exceeding two thousand in all—were the only Confederate troops which stood in his way.

A brigade of negroes, supported—or, rather, urged forward—by white troops, made an assault on Fort Gilmore, but the artillerists there were game, and, by the help of half a hundred Georgians and Texas infantry, easily repelled the attack. Death in their rear

as surely as in their front (the prisoners taken declaring that they would have been fired upon by their supports had they refused to advance), the poor darkies came on for a while with a steadiness which betokened disaster to the Confederates. But suddenly the line began to waver and twist, and then there was a positive halt by all, except perhaps a hundred, who rushed forward and, miraculously escaping death, tumbled headlong and pell-mell into the wide and deep ditch surrounding the fort.

"Surrender, you black scoundrels!" shouted the commander of the fort.

"S'rendah yo'seff, sah!" came the reply in a stentorian voice. "Jess wait'll we uns git in dah, eff you wanter." Then they began lifting each other up to the top of the parapet, but no sooner did a head appear than its owner was killed by a shot from the rifles of the infantry.

"Less liff Cawpul Dick up," one of them suggested; "he'll git in dah suah;" and the corporal was accordingly hoisted, only to fall back lifeless with a bullet through his head.

"Dah now!" loudly exclaimed another of his companions; "Cawpul Dick done dead! What I done bin tole yer?"

Yet, notwithstanding the loss of Corp. Dick, it was not until the inmates of the fort threw lighted shells over into the ditch that the darkies came to terms and crawled, one after another, through an opening at the end of the ditch into the fort.

Alford is a good soldier, but is a trifle weak-minded. Tried in Texas once for the abduction of a slave, riding behind whom on the same horse he was caught within ten miles of the Rio Grande, the lawyer defending him found little difficulty in convincing the jury that the negro was the abductor, Alford the abducted. A loyal friend and messmate of Ed Crockett, who was on picket the night of the 28th, Alford deemed it his bound duty to bring from the Phillips House a quart cup half-full of beans, intended for his friend's breakfast. Not once during all the danger and excitement of the day did he release his hold on the cup, for to set it down and turn his head away for a half-minute was to risk its confiscation. Cooked beans were as much contraband of war to a hungry Confederate as the negro to the Yankees. As a necessary consequence Alford for the first time shirked duty, and until noon remained a non-combatant. Then a large body of the enemy advanced, and we began firing at them. Noticing that Alford hung back in the rear, doing nothing, Lieut. Brahan ordered him to take his place in the ranks. Too good a soldier to disobey this positive command, Alford stepped forward, set the cup on top of the breastworks within six inches of his face, and cocked his gun and leveled it at the enemy. But alas! before he could take aim and pull the trigger there was an ominous clatter. A ball had struck the side of the cup, overturned it, and splashed its savory contents over its owner's bearded face. It was the straw too much for the poor fellow's fortitude. Uncocking his gun and stepping back to the middle of the trench, the beans dripping from his huge beard in a saffron-red stream, he looked reproachfully at Brahan, pointed impressively at the unfortunate quart cup, and in a voice faltering with genuine emotion exclaimed: "There now, Lieutenant! just see what you have gone

and done, sir! Crockett's beans is all gone to —, an' he'll swar I eat 'em up."

Pat Penn, whom I mentioned in relating the manner of Lieut. Park's death at New Market Heights, was one of the noblest and most gallant soldiers of the regiment. If he had faults, they were contempt of danger and recklessness in exposing himself to it. When other men stooped their heads he held his erect and laughed at the suggestion that he might be killed. Being detailed for picket duty on the night of the 29th, his messmate said to him: "Come along, old fellow, and help us."

Pat shook his head in refusal.

"O come along!" urged the other, "and don't be so lazy. We'll have a heap of fun driving the Yankees back."

"Well, I believe I'll go then," said Pat, rising to his feet; and, going, he went to his death. While half-bent over a stump, incautiously peering into the gathering darkness to locate the position of a fellow who appeared to have a special spite against him, a bullet struck him in the top of the shoulder; and, although he walked back to the field hospital laughing, in an hour he was a corpse.

The newspapers mentioned the affair of October 7 on the Darbytown Road, and history will likely call it a reconnaissance in force; but to me and fifty or a hundred others of the Texas Brigade who lost their lives or were wounded it was a desperate assault by a small force upon well-manned earthworks, approachable only through open ground and protected by a *chevaux-de-frise* made of felled timber. Hoke's Division was to have supported us by engaging the enemy on our right, but they made such a poor out at it that the Yankees had abundant leisure and opportunity to concentrate their strength against us. The fire from the works was terrific, and in climbing under, over, and around the tree-tops our folks lost their alinement and scattered. A bullet struck my gun, and, glancing, passed between the thumb and forefinger of my left hand, barely touching the skin, but, nevertheless, burning it; another bored a hole in the lapel of my jacket. Catching sight of the Fifth Texas flag to my left and fifty yards or so ahead of me, and taking it for that of the Fourth, I made for it with all possible despatch. But before I reached it its bearer cast a look behind him, and, finding himself alone in the solitude of his own impetuosity and bravery, prudently sought protection from the storm of lead behind a tree scarcely as large around as his body and within sixty yards of the breastworks. First one and then another of the Fourth and Fifth dropped in behind him, until seven or eight of us were strung out in single file, your humble servant, as last comer, standing at the tail-end. Discovering that I gained no benefit from the tree, that our little squad could not hope to capture the breastworks without aid, and that our comrades in the rear seemed loath to reenforce us, I hurriedly stated the last two conclusions to my companions, who, without a dissenting voice, sensibly agreed that an instant and hasty retreat must be made. In this movement my place at the tail-end of the file gave me the start of the others, but I had not gone thirty feet when a bullet struck me in the foot, which at that critical moment was poised in the air, and I dropped to the ground

with a thud which I thought resounded high above the roar of battle.

'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.

If either wounded or killed, I always wanted it to be in a big battle. Wounded there, I could boast of it in this world; killed there, the fact might give me a standing in the other superior to that which I can now hope will ever be accorded me.

"Help me out, Jack!" I shouted as Jack Sutherland, the adjutant of the regiment, was about to pass me in his stampede to the rear. Not abating his speed in the least, he pointed expressively to a bleeding shoulder.

"Help me out, Ford!" I shouted to that valiant member of Company B. Never hearing the plaintive cry, he plunged into a tree-top, from whence he emerged half a minute later minus the tail of his long, light-colored coat.

Thus abandoned, I did some rapid thinking. If I lay there, I was sure to be shot again, for the enemy's bullets were striking the ground on both sides of me with dangerous viciousness. If I rose to my feet, the risk would be increased. While many balls struck the ground close to me, the air above was resonant with the music they made. That was the dilemma between the horns of which I wavered for say half a minute; and then, patriotically resolving either to die for my country or live for it—but infinitely preferring the latter alternative—I sprang to my feet, and, my heart in my mouth and every ounce of my energy in my legs, ran for the regiment, a hundred yards away. Much to my surprise, the wounded foot made no protest until I got within twenty feet of Col. Winkler. He immediately ordered a litter brought forward, and in less than five minutes I was being carried to the ambulances upon the broad and high shoulders of Wallingford, Aus Jones, and Jim Cosgrove, and the equally broad, but one foot lower, shoulders of my friend, the Veteran—three corners of the litter high in the air and the other so low that I had to cling with a death-grip to its side-bars in order to avoid being spilled out. I was never so scared in all my life as on that little jaunt. Six feet above the ground, lying with my head to the enemy, and the bullets still whistling vengefully around me, I begged imploringly to be laid on the ground until the firing ceased. While I knew no guns were being aimed at us, every shot at the brigade endangered our lives. But the Veteran would hear to no such foolishness, and you may well believe I drew a sigh of relief when at last we got behind the walls of a fort, where the ambulances were.

When a fellow is helpless kindly acts touch him deeply. I shall never forget or falter in my sincere gratitude to the comrades who befriended me that day. Wallingford, Jones, Cosgrove, and the Veteran; Buchanan, the ambulance-driver, who, in carrying me to the field hospital and then to Howard Grove Hospital, in Richmond, was so solicitous for my comfort; Will Burgess, of Company D, who made me a pallet at the ordnance wagons and walked a mile for morphine to allay my pain; Dr. Jones, who humored my wish to take chloroform before the wound was probed, and amputated the foot so skilfully that I have had little suffering to endure; and last, but not least, Charley Warner and his fellows of the band, who, after the operation,

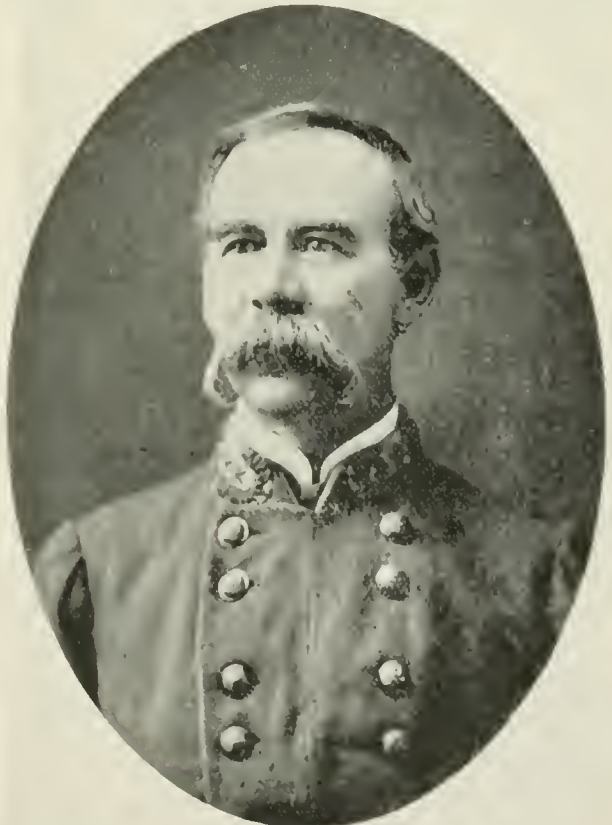
carried me to their tent, placed me on a pile of blankets, and, after I awoke from the sleep into which I instantly fell, gave me a cup of pure, delicious, invigorating coffee—each and every one of them will be gratefully remembered as long as I live. Honestly, I doubt if any wounded general ever received more genuine and timely kindness and consideration than was extended to me, a private.

I know you will pardon the egotism I display in mentioning so many matters personal to myself. Although we have never looked into each other's faces, I feel that our long-continued correspondence has served to make you my friend, and that, as such, you take interest in what interests me or affects my welfare.

GEN. J. B. PALMER.

SKETCH BY G. H. BASKETTE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

One of the most gallant and devoted soldiers of the South was Gen. Joseph B. Palmer. When the feeling between the sections had become so intense as to threaten war Gen. Palmer, then a prominent lawyer in Murfreesboro, Tenn., was an earnest Union man, who insisted that the Southern people should assert their rights under the old flag and the constitution which



GEN. J. B. PALMER.

their fathers had taken such prominent part in establishing; but when the first guns were fired in the bloody conflict he at once became active in raising a company of volunteers to fight in resistance to invasion. This company, of which he was elected captain, was organized in May, 1861, and at Camp Trousdale it became a part of the Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment, of which Capt. Palmer was unanimously elected colonel. The

regiment participated in the engagement at Fort Donelson, where, on February 16, 1862, it was surrendered with the command of Gen. Buckner.

Col. Palmer was kept in prison at Fort Warren until August, 1862, when he was exchanged. He joined his regiment, which had also just been exchanged, at Vicksburg; and at Jackson, Miss., at the reorganization of the regiment, he was reelected its colonel. He remained in continuous service in the field until the close of the war, except when he was disabled by painful and dangerous wounds.

In the bloody charge of Breckinridge's Division at Murfreesboro, on the afternoon of January 2, 1863, Col. Palmer received three wounds: a Minie ball passed through his right shoulder, another tore through the calf of his right leg, and a fragment of a shell inflicted a painful wound on one of his knees. His horse was also shot in three places. His injuries physically incapacitated him for service for about four months. At Chickamauga, while leading his regiment in a brilliant and successful charge, Col. Palmer received another dangerous wound in the shoulder, and barely escaped bleeding to death upon the field, a large artery having been severed. This wound subjected him to a long period of suffering. He was able to rejoin the army at Atlanta, where he received his commission as brigadier-general, a promotion tendered him in just recognition of his ability and bravery. His brigade was composed of the Third, Eighteenth, Thirty-Second, and Forty-Fifth Tennessee Regiments. This brigade rendered valiant service and was prominent in a number of desperate engagements. In the fateful Hood campaign into Tennessee it was detached from the army near Nashville and sent to cooperate with Forrest's Cavalry and Bate's Division around Murfreesboro, at which place there was a heavily entrenched force. On the retreat of the army Palmer's and Walthead's Brigades brought up the rear with Forrest. It was at the battle of Bentonville, the last battle, that a part of Palmer's Brigade charged through the enemy's line and kept on to the rear of the Federal army, capturing a number of prisoners, and by a detour, after a long and painful march of about a week, rejoined the brigade. This remarkable exploit deserves description in a separate article. About that time all the decimated Tennessee regiments were consolidated into four regiments and formed into a Tennessee brigade, and placed under the command of Gen. Palmer. It was a signal honor to command these tried veterans who represented Tennessee in the closing hours of the struggle. Soon after came the surrender of Johnston's army at Greensboro, and then the disarmed Tennesseans under Gen. Palmer were marched via Salisbury and Asheville to Greeneville, Tenn., where transportation was secured for the war-worn soldiers to different parts of the state.

Gen. Palmer was a thoughtful and considerate commander, who looked well after the comfort and welfare of his soldiers. He was ever courteous to his subordinate officers and the men in the line, and, while maintaining proper discipline, had always a warm sympathy for the boys in the trenches or on the march. On the battle-field he was cool and collected, bearing himself always as a leader who felt the weight of his responsibility and yet who was ready to dare any danger which promised to benefit the cause to which he

was devoted. He had a high conception of duty, and most fearlessly discharged his obligations. The South had no better soldier and the reunited country no more loyal citizen.

CAPT. J. T. COBBS'S THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

In the last VETERAN the thrilling story of Capt. Cobbs was commenced; it is here concluded. While it is his own narration, the VETERAN is indebted for it to Mrs. W. J. Hamlett, Historian of Lamar-Fontaine Camp, Daughters of the Confederacy:

Learning that Gen. McPherson was in command, and recalling the promise of his surgeon and quartermaster, to test their sincerity I wrote to them that I was in jail and confined in a cell. In half an hour they came to me and had me turned loose, vouching for me. They then carried me to Gen. McPherson, who gave me the freedom of the city, and I was to report to him every forty-eight hours. I told him I was a Confederate prisoner and that it was his duty to guard me, and mine to escape if I could. They assured me that there was no way of escaping. I told him that six of my men were in jail, and that I could not accept any favors in which they could not share. I dined with him that day, and he then sent for my men and had us put in the Confederate corral. Here they showed me every kindness, taking me about the city, dining me, and sending me books, etc.

Finally they told me that I was to be sent to Johnson's Island and they had come to spend the last day with me. We remained out until almost dark, when they told me good-by, saying they had done for me all that was in their power.

On returning to my squad I told them that I was going to get out that night; that I had no intention of going to Johnson's Island. Some of the boys decided to go with me. This Confederate corral consisted of a large frame residence in the middle of a block fronting a broad street on the west. On the north was a ditch forty feet deep, ending in the river at the northwest corner. Guards were stationed to the east and west, and McPherson's headquarters were two blocks distant on the south. The beat of one of the guards lay in such a direction that he walked toward and then from us. We planned to take advantage of walking out when his back was to us.

It was eight o'clock when we got down the bluff. We started up the ravine, followed it some distance, and took the direction we felt to be safest. Every block had a chain guard. We would watch the guard each time until he turned his back, then "skin" across the block to the next. The soldiers lay asleep in the shadow of the trees, their horses being tied almost at arm's length. In the darkness we ran against them, and they cursed their horses for trespassing. We had not gained the city limits at daylight, and had to crawl into ravines and lie flat in cramped and narrow spaces through the heat of a long July day in Vicksburg, and were very thirsty. After sunset I borrowed a blue blouse from one of the men, and in this garb was easily mistaken for a Yankee teamster. I boldly walked up to a negro standing guard, gave the salute, and politely asked the privilege of filling my canteen, which was allowed, and I carried the water to my

men. Nearly all that day I had been delirious from fever and thirst.

After another night we found we had advanced only some six hundred yards from where we started. We again sought the cane-brake, and lay down to spend the day. While there two Yankees walked upon us, and one called out: "What are you doing here?"

"We are deserters from Johnson's army," I replied.

Just then Bill Harris was taken suddenly ill, writhing and groaning terribly. They very kindly offered their services, if they could do anything to afford relief. We asked for medicine, and they started off to bring it. Suddenly one of them said: "We are hunting grapes; can you tell us where to find any?"

"Yes; when about fifty yards back look to your left."

They moved on, and we got away from there. We ran across the next ridge into a thicket, and there we stayed, without water or food, through another long July day. That night found us within half a mile of food and rest and human sympathy, as we believed.

Miss Pattie Booth acted for our scouts as Confederate spy. Her home had been our headquarters, where we could get information and good cheer when inside the lines. Danger was forgotten while we were beguiled with her bonny ways and listened to her matchless voice in song. My signal was five taps on the window, when she would open it and pass me the despatches, if it were not safe to tarry. We were about worn out when I approached and made the signal, but received no answer. I signaled again, when a soft voice whispered: "The house is full of Yankee officers. There is a whole regiment camped in front, and they are after you."

I forgot my hunger, although it was the fourth day since I had tasted food. I ran back to my men, made a circle of the house, and we took our course to Baldwin's Ferry, and passed through the field where we had fought the negroes and left the dead unburied in the field. We heard a wagon coming toward us, and we lay down on the roadside to let it pass. Above the corn-tops we could define the figures of six men. I proposed that we shoulder some corn-stalks, charge on them, take their wagon, and resume our journey in it, but my men were too weak to make the venture. Once more we reached the Big Black River, swam it, and were in the Confederate lines. Hitherto we had not dared to speak, but now our tongues were turned loose. With the delight of school-boys just out of a scrape we recounted our mishaps.

One night in the cane-brake our leader plunged into a hole of water, which was no new thing; but Blankenship had just been presented by his sweetheart with an entire outfit—new boots and all. The rest of us had no sweethearts and no new clothes, so nobody made any outcry about the water until Blankenship tumbled in over his boot-tops, and then an explosion of oaths followed. I made him hush, as we were in hearing of the Yankees. But now, throwing away our precaution, we entered the Albert Newman lane all talking at once, laughing, and joking, going to see our sweethearts. When about half-way through the lane and climbing a pretty steep hill, we were paralyzed by the command, "Halt! who comsh dare?"—a brogue that we knew to belong to a blue-bellied Dutchman.

For one time in my life I was at a loss whether to

lie as a Federal or die as a Confederate. Worn out with fatigue, starving and desperate, I advanced. I had in my hand an old-fashioned derringer, which I had kept concealed about me through all my escapades, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. We had often been searched, but this pistol had eluded capture by being passed from hand to hand or by hiding it in the bedclothes. It was not yet light enough for the officer to see me advancing on him, and my men, being unarmed, had disappeared to avoid capture.

"Confederate or Federal?" he yelled. I heard his old gun click; it seemed to be right at my ear.

"Confederate!" leaped from my throat in spite of all my precaution. I was not going to die with that hateful word "Federal" upon my lips, anyhow.

"Ish dat Kanhs?" he asked in the blessed tones of Harvey's Dutch scout.

"Yes."

"O Harvey! Harvey! here ish Kanhs!"

The terrors of death had been passed, and we were among friends. You should have seen my men crawling out from the fence-corners. This Harvey was a Presbyterian preacher and a fellow scout. We had vied with each other in deeds of daring and in the number of prisoners we could bring in. In the Sherman raid I captured one hundred and twenty men and he nearly as many. We each kept on hand a suit of Federal uniform. Once we confronted each other, my men in blue, and he, taking us for Yankees, fired into us. I spurred my horse right up to him, calling out as loud as I could, "Cobbs! Cobbs! don't shoot! don't shoot!" but it was too late, and I reined up my horse's head to protect myself just as he fired. The horse received the shot in the neck, killing him instantly. Harvey gave me another horse, and we went on our separate ways, meeting more than once in the same fight.

Harvey's men took us in our half-dead condition and treated us with soldierly sympathy. It was twenty-four hours before we could retain food. We could only take a small portion at a time, and our suffering was intense. Unarmed and looking like "death on a pale horse," we reached Ross's Brigade and recounted our hairbreadth escapes. He furnished us arms and ordered us to Raymond to see our sweethearts, to rest and recuperate, and to enjoy for a brief season the comforts of civilized life. Gen. L. S. Ross was just starting on a trial campaign into North Mississippi, and refused to take us, because he said we were not able to make the trip.

About five miles from Canton we were riding along, talking and singing, as happy as larks, when a cloud of dust arose in front of us, and then about four regiments of bluecoats came in sight. It flashed over me that Jackson was at Canton, with his men scattered, and not a picket between them and Canton, Gen. Jackson's headquarters.

"White," I called out, "get back to Canton as quick as your horse can carry you and give the alarm."

I charged through the cloud of dust with six of my men, and commenced firing. The advance-guard fell back upon the advancing column. They couldn't see how many we were, on account of the dust. Then they formed and moved forward in line of battle. This occupied valuable time, and we fell back to the next hill.

Moving up and finding the field clear, they resumed the order of march. As the guard reappeared we again fired into them from the brow of the hill, still having the advantage of the dust in which they were enveloped. They again reformed in the order of battle. We kept this up, drawing them on and retreating, till Jackson had gained time to get ready for them, and the Federals fell back to Vicksburg.

A promotion from private to the rank of captain followed this exploit, and to Gen. W. H. Jackson I was indebted for the promotion.

A FEW DAYS' REST AT RAYMOND.

No matter where we went or how long we stayed, we always returned to Raymond. Mr. Joseph Gray had two lovely and accomplished daughters. The older one, Miss Emma Gray, was confined at home by the bedside of an invalid mother, and was rarely seen outside. Her younger sister was a frequent attendant at the hospital, and daily carried or sent nourishing food to the sick and wounded soldiers. Mrs. Sivley, a sister of Dr. Burleson, was a friend of the young ladies, and it may be supposed that the career of the reckless young scout was watched by them with thrilling interest. Mr. Gray gave no encouragement to soldiers who sought the acquaintance of his daughters, and the intrepid scout was no exception to this rule; so our first meeting was in the hospital, where Miss Emma Gray was chaperoned by Mrs. Sivley, who was also my friend.

How these chance meetings progressed no one ever knew, but *paterfamilias* was startled out of his equanimity when the bold scout approached him for his daughter's hand. A stern refusal was on his lips.

"Stop!" the impetuous youth exclaimed; "you can't answer me now, sir. First find out who I am—not as a soldier, but as a man. Dr. Burleson has been my preceptor. Mrs. Sivley is his sister. Go to her and find out whether or not I am worthy, and then give me your answer."

He assented, and said I could call again, any time after ten days.

When I returned for his answer I was met at the door by the object of my affections, but I said: "First I want to see your father."

Mr. Gray admitted that his daughter was the better judge of the two.

Some time after this I was detailed to drive in the pickets at Big Black River every morning until further orders. This was as a feint to cover a very important move that Gen. Johnston was trying to effect. I went down with forty men and drove them in without any trouble. This was repeated until I grew careless, and went down with only three men, drove them in as usual, and was standing under the shade of the very beech-trees which their pickets had just quitted. I heard a noise behind me, and, turning, saw a column of Yankees within a hundred yards of us. I told the boys to mount, follow me, and do just as I did. I rode leisurely back, meeting the battalion, and recognized Capt. Raymond, Gen. McPherson's adjutant, whom I had met in Vicksburg. I raised my hat and said: "Well, Captain, you've got me again."

He laughed, and said: "Yes."

At that instant I threw my hat in his face, blinding and confusing him, spurred my horse till he bounded twenty feet and then plunged forward. Their lines

opened involuntarily, my men following me, and we were two hundred yards away before they could collect their wits sufficiently to fire at us. We had just reached the turn in the lane, and escaped unhurt.

Next morning I took my whole company to drive them back, when I met a flag of truce coming to meet me. Capt. Raymond brought me a new hat, as I had lost mine the day before; but this was something to be proud of, with gold cord and tassels, which he presented with his compliments. "Captain," said he, "the next time you wish to pass me just say so, and I will get out of your way without your having to scare me to death."

I asked my intended if she would come to me and nurse me, if I should be wounded or sick. She replied that she couldn't do that, as she had to stay at home and nurse her sick mother.

"Then," said I, "we'll be married to-morrow."

Next morning at seven o'clock we were married, and I set out on my way to the Tennessee army. I was ordered by Gen. Forrest to Shelbyville, Tenn., to



CAPT. J. T. COBBS AND WIFE.

capture what troops might be there. He said with peculiar emphasis: "They are home guards."

HOOD'S LAST CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

We went on to Shelbyville, drove in the picket from that side, moved down the river, and made the attack from the Murfreesboro side. I had with me my own company and Capt. Jackson's (Forrest's escort)—one hundred and fifty men. We charged on Shelbyville from that side, and drove Stokes's command in front of us. Reaching town, we found the court-house yard filled with infantry and behind a stockade. In the assault on the stockade Capt. Jackson was shot through the arm. We retreated on the Wartrace road, Stokes following us. At the end of the lane, four miles from Shelbyville, we turned on him and kept up a running fight back to the town. They scattered right and left, leaving their horses, and took to the fields by the roadside. When I reached Shelbyville I found that I had extra horses for every one of my men. The infantry retreated toward Murfreesboro. We pursued and got in front of them four miles from town. They surrendered and we marched them out, three hundred strong, and turned them over to Gen. Forrest.

Next day I went with Forrest to Murfreesboro. He sent the cavalry forward, under Gens. Jackson and L. S. Ross, to bring on the attack, and he would charge the fort. Forrest had three brigades of infantry in front of the fort. At the signal to charge the fort the center brigade took to flight. Forrest ran his horse after them, calling on them to stop, and even firing into them, but all to no purpose. He then sent a courier to order Ross and Jackson out of the fight. If the infantry had stood firm, it would have been the work of only twenty minutes to take the fort. We next went near to Nashville, to meet with the same disaster.

When we retreated out of Tennessee I went to Raymond. I had not been home since my marriage. When I again joined the command Gen. Forrest asked me about my having been married three months, and said: "Well, Captain, you follow Grierson to his hole, and telegraph me from the nearest point. Put your lieutenant in command and take a furlough. Go home and get acquainted with your wife."

I did as directed. I followed Grierson into Yazoo City, telegraphed to Gen. Forrest, put my lieutenant in charge of the command, and went home.

Four days afterward I heard of fighting in Yazoo, and returned to my command. I continued in charge at Raymond and at Port Gibson until the surrender.

Four days after the surrender the Federals came out in strong force, and I engaged them with eighty of my men in a hand-to-hand fight on the main street of the town. Houk, a Confederate scout, had told me there were no Federals on land, and I had my men put their horses in a livery-stable, placed a guard over them, and dispersed the men to get dinner. I was eating my dinner when I heard the pickets fire. I rushed to the stable and mounted my horse. The men came running up, and twenty of us were soon galloping to our pickets (ten of them), and engaged the Federals in a hand-to-hand fight. I had a negro with me, and I told him to wait until the last horse was out of the stable and then come and tell me; and he did it in the midst of the fight, when I ordered a retreat. When we were driving them back, and they would form and come again, they told me that the war was over, that Lee had surrendered; but I retorted that they were liars, and kept up the fight until my men were all in.

Will Davenport was shot at my side. Two of us picked him up and put him on a horse in front of a man, to be carried out. Imagine my surprise when he blurted out: "Turn me loose, Captain; I'm not dead." He had received a scalp wound, and the blood covered his face. He remounted and joined in the fray. He is a Methodist preacher to-day, if alive.

I met Col. Wood after the fight that day, and he told me it was true that the war had ended. I lost two men in the skirmish, and could have saved their lives if I had known it.

On our way to Jackson to give up our arms and to be paroled we met Col. A. M. Branch, Congressman from Texas, and Senator Garland, of Arkansas, en route home. They had been sent to me to get them across the Mississippi River. I told them to change their citizens' garb for Confederate uniforms, which they did, and I had them exchanged along with my soldiers. I had them paroled at Jackson and put on board a boat at Vicksburg with Ross's Brigade.

CAPT. COBBS AFTER THE WAR.

In the days of reconstruction in Mississippi a war of the races was imminent. One negro insurrection followed another, and women and children were terrorized, and often in danger. Capt. Cobbs was sent for for more than a hundred miles around to quell turbulent outbreaks among the negroes. His name was a terror, and they stood in awe of him. Yet more heroic than all his exploits in battle was the calm self-restraint that triumphed over revenge. A negro man cook in his own house ran his wife out of the kitchen with a butcher-knife one day, so dangerous had they become in their insolence and fury. It is but just to state, however, that he never knew of it until after the negro had been killed in a fight.

Becoming worn out with such recurrences, he returned to Waco, Tex., to live. On account of his wife's health he then removed to Comanche, where he remained a number of years, when, for the same reason, he sought the milder climate of the gulf coast, and is now an honored and influential citizen of Alvin.

Capt. Cobbs is of commanding presence, and is still in the prime and vigor of life. He is a prominent citizen, and is Captain of Camp John A. Wharton, U. C. V., Alvin, Tex.

'PUMPKIN PIE FOR A SICK YANKEE.

W. A. Campbell, of Columbus, Miss., sends a clipping from the *Chicago Times-Herald* giving an amusing yet pathetic hospital experience of Mrs. James W. Harris, a prominent and much-esteemed lady of Columbus, who died recently, aged nearly ninety:

NO. 27 AND THE PUMPKIN PIE.

The women of Columbus had organized a Soldiers' Relief Association, of which Mrs. Harris was President. This association charged itself with the duty of ministering to the wants of Confederate soldiers as far as lay within their power and of nursing the sick and wounded. Medicine, by reason of the blockade, was hard to get and exorbitantly high, and quinine was contraband. In every storeroom there had been religiously hoarded small stores of tea, coffee, and sugar, against that possible evil day when some member of the family might be taken sick; but when the sick and wounded soldiers began to come in these precious stores were distributed among them. Daily the ladies went to the hospital with delicately prepared food to nourish the men under the direction of the surgeon in charge. One day Mrs. Harris, making her usual round, leaving cheer and comfort in her wake, stopped to chat with one of the "boys" who was then convalescent. Just as she turned to leave her eyes fell upon the occupant of a bed which was empty the previous evening. "When did he come in, and who is he?" she asked.

"Some poor devil of a Yankee our boys took prisoner. He was brought in with a lot of our men last night. He has typhoid fever, they say, and is bad off."

Mrs. Harris was of an exceedingly gentle, sympathetic nature, and she had three young sons in the army. What if they too were sick and in prison? She stepped to his bedside and beheld a long, gawky youth about nineteen, burning with fever and tossing in delirium.

"Mother, mother, where are you?" was his incessant and piteous cry.

Her eyes filled with tears at the sight of the young fellow who but a few moments ago had been the "enemy," but now was one of her "boys," to be tenderly nursed. She sought the surgeon, a good man, but harassed from overwork and inadequate means for the discharge of the work he had undertaken. "Doctor, what is the matter with No. 27?"

"No. 27 has typhoid fever, madam," he replied. "It is almost a hopeless case."

"Is there nothing to be done for him, then?"

"Very little, I fear. By the help of stimulants and nourishing food we might pull him through, but, as you are aware, we have none to spare. Our own men will soon be without," and he sighed deeply.

"Doctor, I'm going to take that poor boy in my own special charge, and while there is any food or medicine left he shall share it."

The next day and the next, and for many more long, weary days after, Mrs. Harris and the doctor tended and nursed the prisoner boy from Maine; but he grew steadily worse. His constant cry had been for his mother, but after a while he came to believe that Mrs. Harris was his mother, and as long as she was near him he was quiet. The days lengthened into weeks, and at last the fever burned itself out, but it seemed also to have consumed the vitality of its victim.

"Is there any chance for him?" Mrs. Harris asked.

"None whatever, in my opinion, madam."

She stooped down and kissed the sick youth's brow; then, sad and tearful, left him to try to lose herself in a round of other duties.

The next day, upon her return to the hospital, she was astonished to hear that her patient was still alive. She hastened to him, and found him conscious. "My son," she said, bending over him, "is there anything more I can do for you? Is there anything at all you fancy?"

He was too weak to speak aloud, but she caught his faint answer: "Pumpkin pie."

Thinking she must be mistaken, she repeated her question.

"Pumpkin pie," he whispered, and the effort exhausted him utterly.

She sought the surgeon. "Doctor, you say there is no possible chance for No. 27?"

"None whatever. He will be dead in twenty-four hours."

"Then, doctor, he shall have his last wish. I'm going home and make that pumpkin pie myself."

The next morning Mrs. Harris entered the hospital with a heavy heart. Of course No. 27 was dead.

The doctor said: "Well, madam, No. 27 is better."

"You don't mean it?"

"But I do, and he is asking for more pumpkin pie."

"May I let him have it?"

"My dear Mrs. Harris, after this you may feed him on stibles, unexploded shells—anything. You can't kill that Yankee."

With a lighter heart she sought his bedside. "Well, my son, how do you feel this morning?"

"Better, ma'am. Can I have some pumpkin pie?" The voice was weak, but there was in it a note of strength which had been absent the day before. His

skin was moist, his eye clear. No. 27 was better. "I can have it, can't I, ma'am?" his voice quavering with anxious expectancy.

"My boy, I'll send you one directly. But be careful; don't eat too much at a time."

A ghost of a smile played about his pale, shrunken lips as he replied: "I'll try, ma'am."

Not very long afterward Tildy entered the hospital all agiggle, bearing the pumpkin pie. Again he ate greedily and again fell into a refreshing sleep.

So the boy from Maine got well, and he always declared that if it had not been for those pumpkin pies he surely must have died. His gratitude to Mrs. Harris and the love he bore for the sweet Rebel lady who had done so much for him were too great to be expressed in the limited language at the command of the boy from the backwoods of Maine.

Dr. Lawrence Wilson, who was a sergeant in Company D, in the Seventh Ohio Infantry, writes from the Pension Office, Washington, D. C., to the VETERAN:

On the 3d of July, 1863, during the attack of Jones's Brigade, of Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps, against our forces on Culp's Hill, near Gettysburg, Pa., a number of Confederates lodged behind rocks and trees, and did not retire with their line of battle. In a short time, however, the fire from front and rear rendered their position dangerous in the extreme, and to save their lives they hoisted a white cloth in token of surrender. We ceased firing, and called out, "Come in!" when seventy-eight men dropped their guns and came into the Union line. On helping one of them over our breastworks he handed me his revolver, which I now have in my possession and wish to restore to him. His name was David Ogler.

I also have a cedar canteen with "H. B. Morgan, Company I, Thirty-First Tennessee Infantry," cut on one side, picked up at the battle of Missionary Ridge, Tenn., November 25, 1863, the owner of which I fear was killed in that battle.

Any information concerning these men will be gladly received by me.

The John Randolph Tucker Memorial Hall, to be erected at Washington and Lee University, is to cost \$50,000. Already contributions have been made—to wit, \$5,000 by James C. Carter, the great New York lawyer; \$500 by Gen. Draper, Minister to Italy. Other contributors are: Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky; Hon. Abraham S. Hewitt, and Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*. Several members of the Supreme Court of the United States have also signified their intention of contributing.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, Sherman, Tex.: "Some months since I made inquiry of two artillerymen who were badly burned about the face and hands by a mortar-shell igniting a box of powder in their bomb-proof on the lines in front of Petersburg. As yet I have had no reply. By describing the place better I may yet learn their fate. They were manning a mortar at Fort Damnation, Fort Hill, or Gravis Hill, as I believe it has been variously called."

HER LETTER "CAME TOO LATE."

Col. W. S. Hawkins, of the Confederate army, and a prisoner of war at Camp Chase in 1864, wrote this well-known poem. A near friend and fellow prisoner was engaged to be married to a young lady in the South, who proved faithless to him, and had written him a letter which arrived soon after his death. The letter was opened and answered by Col. Hawkins in the following lines:

Your letter, lady, came too late,
For heaven has claimed its own—
Ah! sudden change from prison bars
Unto the great white throne.
And yet, I think he would have stayed
For one more day of pain
Could he have read those tardy words
Which you have sent in vain.

Why did you wait, fair lady,
Through so many a weary hour?
Had you other lovers with you
In that silken daisy bower?
Did others bow before your charms
And twine bright garlands there?
And yet, I ween, in all the throng
His spirit had no peer.

I wish that you were by me now,
As I draw the sheet aside,
To see how pure the look he wore
A while before he died.
Yet the sorrow that you gave him
Still has left its weary trace,
And a meek and saintly sadness
Dwells upon that pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring."
Ah! trust a fickle maiden's love?
Thou art a bitter thing.
For when these valleys fair in May
Once more with blooms shall wave
The Northern violets shall blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear,
Though to the last he kissed with love
This tress of your soft hair.
I did not put it where he said;
For when the angels come
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in his tomb.

I've read your letters, and I know
The wiles that you have wrought
To win that noble heart of his;
And gained it—cruel thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For a trifle light and small!
What manly forms are often held
In folly's flimsy thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now
He's past your hope and fear;
Although I wish that you could stand
With me beside his bier.
Still, I forgive you. Heaven knows
For mercy you'll have need!
Since God his awful judgment sends
On each unworthy deed.

To-night the cold wind whistles by
As I my vigils keep
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.

A rude plank coffin holds him now;
Yet death gives always grace;
And I had rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your rooms are very gay
With wit and wine and song,
And you are smiling just as if
You never did a wrong;
Your hand so fair that none would think
It penned these words of pain,
Your skin so white—would God your soul
Were half so free of stain!

I'd rather be this dear, dear friend
Than you in all your glee;
For you are held in grievous bonds,
While he's forever free.
Whom serve we in this life we serve
In that which is to come.
He chose his way; you, yours. Let God
Pronounce the fitting doom!

Many requests have come from time to time to print the above poem in the VETERAN. It is interesting and of literary merit, but has been declined until now because it is unjust to Southern women in general. Aye, it is untrue of confiding, faithful women everywhere. In putting it upon record now it is with this protest.

'MORGAN'S CAPTURES OF GALLATIN.

Col. George A. Ellsworth, who was Gen. John H. Morgan's telegraph operator, writes from Monro, La., October 5, 1897, addressing the Editor of the VETERAN by name, "and the dear readers of the VETERAN."

By request I write for the edification of the readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN an item of unwritten history, but there are many of John H. Morgan's men now living who well remember it.

On returning from our July raid into Kentucky in 1862 the command went into camp at Sparta, Tenn., and remained there till August 11. At 3 A.M. on that day we took up our march to Gallatin, a distance of seventy-eight miles, arriving at or near Hartsville, some sixteen miles from Gallatin, about four or five o'clock, when we stopped to feed and water our horses and ourselves. After a few hours' rest we started on for Gallatin, Tenn., which town was occupied by Col. Boone with an infantry command of some four hundred men, camped in the fair-grounds. When within four or five miles of Gallatin the command was halted and Capt. Joe DeShea (now a resident of Cynthia, Ky.) was ordered to take some fifteen men, flank the Federal pickets, and when within a mile or so of Gallatin to dismount, leave two or three men with the horses and the other ten or eleven of us to go with the captain into the town. I was ordered by Gen. Morgan to accompany this squad of men for the purpose of capturing Mr. Brooks, who, I learned, was the telegraph operator, and roomed up-stairs in the depot building. After Capt. DeShea had secured Col. Boone at the hotel and a few other prisoners who were patrolling the town, he marched out with his prisoners to meet Gen. Morgan, leaving me in the town, the only Confederate, to attend to my part of the program. I repaired to the depot, and through the courtesy of the night watchman at the depot I was shown to Mr. Brooks's room, giving the watchman to understand that I had important mes-

sages for Mr. Brooks to send by wire early in the morning. It was now about 4:30 A.M., August 12. I ascended to Mr. Brooks's room and called his name in as familiar a tone as possible, and telling him the same story, he admitted me—to become my prisoner. He behaved very nicely, and the two of us remained in his room until such time as I could recognize that well-known "Rebel yell" going through the town to the fair-grounds. Imagine how I felt with my prisoner in his room for about one hour before the entry of "Morgan's men." It seemed a week! About 5:30 Boone's camp had surrendered without firing a gun. Mr. Brooks and I went down-stairs to the operating-room, and I took charge, still holding him a prisoner. About six o'clock was the passenger-train's time out of Nashville, and soon after a freight followed. Gen.



COL. GEORGE A. ELLSWORTH.

Morgan soon came to the office, and I gave him the program. He said he had sent some men in the direction of Nashville on the line of the railroad, with orders to tear up the track as soon as the train passed north, so they could not get away from us if by any chance they became alarmed before entering Gallatin. This train was due at Gallatin about 7:15 A.M. After waiting until 7:30 or 8 o'clock, and no train, Gen. Morgan became convinced that the train had got the news and, as he expressed it, "Those men have found a spring-house and are getting breakfast instead of going on until the train passed them." Any way, we lost the train, and as there was a freight following them they had to back cautiously to prevent a collision. After waiting until nearly ten o'clock to hear the result, Nashville with great gusto called Gallatin. I gave Mr. Brooks the seat and told him not to give away that we occu-

pied the town, under the penalty of languishing in a Southern prison. I listened to the conversation closely. Nashville asked who was at the key. Brooks said: "B." "Give your full name," said Nashville, and Brooks did so. Nashville asked if John Morgan had the town, and of course Brooks answered in the negative. Nashville said a negro had intercepted the train and reported Morgan occupying the place. I told Brooks to tell Nashville to arrest the negro. Nashville seemed convinced that he was talking to Brooks, but added that the superintendent was not satisfied yet, and he put the following questions to Mr. Brooks: "Did you write for leave of absence? Where did you wish to go? How long did you wish to be gone? Who did you want to take your place?" Mr. Brooks answered all these questions to the satisfaction of the superintendent, and he started the train out again. In the mean time I insisted on their putting the negro in jail. I understood that they complied with my request. During the delay of this passenger-train there was a freight-train bound south at Franklin, Ky., asking for orders from the train despatcher at Nashville to come to Gallatin to meet the passenger north. The despatcher would not do so, but I did. I applied my ground wire south and gave the freight orders to meet the passenger at Gallatin. In the course of an hour and a half here comes Conductor Murphy into town with twenty cars of supplies for the Army of the Cumberland, including three cars of fine horses. Major Dick McCann was detailed to capture the incoming freight. Placing his men behind the water-tank, when the engine rolled up he took charge. Conductor Murphy said he was "all right;" he had his "orders." About 4 P.M. the passenger-train again returned to Nashville, having on board some Federal soldiers bearing paroles dated Gallatin, August 12, over the signature of John H. Morgan. This did settle matters. After utilizing what provisions, etc., we could, including the horses, we fell back to Hartsville, where Morgan caused some of his men to publish a newspaper, the *Vidette*. After remaining at Hartsville until August 20, we again captured Gallatin with some two or three hundred prisoners. You will hear from me again.

Dr. Joseph T. Scott, Jr., of New Orleans, writes the VETERAN what he wishes all comrades to know:

I am gathering material for a short sketch or memoir of my father, Dr. Joseph T. Scott, deceased, for distribution among relatives and personal friends. I would appreciate any article in furtherance of my efforts, such as anecdotes, personal recollections in public and private life, etc.; but above all, anything pertaining to his professional career as a surgeon in the Confederate army. Facts and dates as regards the latter will be appreciated.

E. T. Hutcheson, Magnolia, Ark., desires to hear from any member of Company G, Third Battalion of Engineer Troops (captain, R. L. Cobb). This company had charge of the pontoon bridge from Dalton to Atlanta and all through Hood's campaign in Tennessee. Capt. Cobb was a civil engineer after the war, and connected with extensions of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, and later was in like work for some company in Ohio. He died at Clarks-ville, Tenn., some two years ago.

IN DIXIE LAND.

In Dixie land: Out of the dust of years—
The vanished past—her lengthening shadow falls,
Seen dimly through a veiling mist of tears
As the faint echo of her last song calls,
Plaintively sweet, in hearts that fondly claim
To share the storied splendors of her name.

Fair Dixie land! I see thee as of yore,
When the fierce passion of the sun's hot breath
Burned the white cloud-piled battlements that soar
High in the west, into one splendid wreath
Of rose and gold and opal, ere the night,
In filmy darkness, hid the world from sight.

Brave Dixie land! There was an age of gold
When thou didst stand strong, in thy new-born might,
As a young giant, valiant and free and bold—
Eager to battle for the cause of right;
Nor spot nor blemish on thy fair, bright shield,
To win or die; thou didst not know to yield.

Dead Dixie land! The years' dark curtain falls
And hides lost glories of a long ago—
And nodding plumes wave over somber palls,
While sobbing requiems whisper, faint and low,
And the night deepens, and dumb voices tell
The tale that was. Dead Dixie land—farewell!
Whiteville, Tenn., May, 1897. —Will McGunn.

CONFEDERATES IN WEST VIRGINIA.

David E. Johnston writes from Bluefield, W. Va.:

Our Mercer Camp Confederate Veterans of this county met on September 25, and resolved to build a monument to the Confederate soldiers of the county, to cost not less than \$1,000, of which about \$300 was raised that day. The camp changed its name to Bob Christian Camp of Confederate Veterans, in honor of the memory of a gallant deceased soldier of this county of that name who served as a member of Company H, Sixtieth Virginia Regiment of Field's Brigade, A. I. Hill's Division, and who, in charge of that brigade at the battle of Frazier's farm, below Richmond, in 1862, crossed bayonets with three Federal soldiers, killing two of them with his bayonet and wounding the third, and he himself receiving two bayonet thrusts, one through his body and the other through his foot.

This county (Mercer) at the beginning of the war had a white population not much exceeding five thousand, and it sent into the Confederate army eleven organized companies, the whole number sent into the Confederate service from the county being between fifteen hundred and sixteen hundred men, and the loss was about forty per cent.

These men from Mercer County fought in every important battle of the war east of the Mississippi River, except Shiloh. Men from this county were in the battles of Bull Run, First Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Frazier's Farm, First Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Second Manassas, Boonesboro Gap, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Milford Station, Second Cold Harbor, Drury's Bluff, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Knoxville, Monocacy, Winchester, Cedar Creek, and various other battles and engagements.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of the county have organized a chapter and are actively and diligently engaged in raising funds to care for the poor and needy ex-Confederates in the county.

Mercer Camp has on its roll the names of two hun-

dred and eighty-four veterans and a large number of the sons of veterans. At the meeting of the camp on September 25 Capt. John A. Douglass, of Princeton, W. Va., was elected Commander; Dr. John W. Robinson, Adjutant; Lieut. Thomas C. Gooch, Third Commander. A committee of three was appointed on charity and three upon history, the duties of the latter being to ascertain the name of every Confederate soldier from this county, to what company and regiment he belonged, and a full account of his services; and a historian has also been appointed by the camp to write this history in form for publication.

ORGANIZATIONS IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Charles P. Kenny writes from Marlinton, W. Va.:

As the VETERAN always desired to publish reports of the organization of Confederate Veteran camps, I send you a brief account. The organization of camps in this county has been very successful. A stranger would have thought that the spirit which animated the heroes of the lost cause was dead and buried, but not so. That heroic veteran, Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, hailed the new movement with delight, for he well knew that the "Old Guard" would respond to any call to honor the sacred memory of our dead and to ennoble the growing manhood and womanhood of the South.

In 1894 Col. Gatewood went to work and, with the assistance of a few comrades, soon organized a Confederate Veteran camp. This camp was, in time, subdivided, so that there are now four camps in our county. One camp of Sons of Veterans, called the J. E. B. Stuart Camp, was the first of the kind organized in this state. We have three chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy: the Mildred Lee, the Julia Jackson, and the Belle Boyd.

THE GENERAL REUNION IN SEPTEMBER.

In the early summer of 1897 Col. Gatewood suggested a reunion of veterans; September 30 was the day, and Marlinton the place for the celebration. The announcement thrilled Southern hearts.

Marlinton is a neat little county town on the Greenbrier River, with beautiful hills around it. It was a glorious sight that clear, lovely Thursday to witness the sunburst reveal the autumnal hues and tints of the forest. Through this place marched Lee's army in 1861, and here rested for weeks, on its retreat under Gilliam, a part of that army—men who in after-days followed Lee and Jackson to many a grand victory. Hundreds who attended the reunion had almost forgotten that many of those who sang home songs by the rushing Greenbrier River in 1861 have passed away from gory battle-fields to their eternal camping-grounds above.

The parade was formed as follows: Field-Marshal Gatewood and staff; mounted veterans; veterans on foot; three chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy and their escorts; the J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans; followed by the vast multitude, unorganized, of sympathetic people. There were many beautiful flags to be seen, and also many pretty bannerets. Two brass bands supplied appropriate and excellent music. On the review stand were Hon. John A. Preston, orator of the day; Hon. E. I. Holt; and Rev. W. T. Price, Chaplain of Pickett's Brigade. The Field-

Marshal had everything in order, and in the large concourse of from 5,000 to 6,000 people there was no confusion—nothing to mar the enjoyment of the day. Mr. Preston's speech was simple, eloquent, and full of heart-stirring recollections, and so sad in the sacred, precious memories it awakened.

It was indeed a magnificent gathering. Never did the old hills reverberate heartier cheers than those that greeted those old veterans, the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Sons of Veterans. There were represented at the reunion the Twenty-Fifth, Twenty-Seventh, Thirty-First, and Sixtieth Regiments, Edgar's Battalion; the Beth Squadron, and Greenbrier Cavalry.

The veterans in the line of march seemed to shuffle off old age and to feel the fresh tide of a younger manhood. For us all war is over; "taps" will soon beat and our camp lights, the stars above, will disappear as we fall upon our last sleep. This will not be the end. Truth and love can never die. The South held to its integrity in defeat as well as in victory. Peace to the dead and honor to the living.

These organizations are of vital importance. The memory of our dead will bring to the living a patriotic, self-sacrificing love. In these camps and chapters heart will come close to heart, and pure thoughts will be present to prompt us to noble deeds. By these associations our young men and young women will cultivate the manners and courtesies which belong to a chivalric race and practise the virtues that give light to the soul and purity to the heart. We need these organizations. The South has kept herself clear and clean of vulgar greed, of all political depravity and social disorders. All these things can be done in our camps and chapters, which I hope will extend throughout the old, dear Southland.

RETAKING RAILROAD AT REAMS STATION.

Col. George T. Rogers, of Sixth Virginia Infantry:

On August 25, 1864, it was found that the Federals—Hancock's command—had torn up the track of the Weldon railroad for about three miles, covering Reams Station, some ten or twelve miles south of Petersburg. Of course the railway must be recovered, and at once, as it was the base of supplies to the army. The strong force to recover it was made up from several divisions, Heth's and Anderson's furnishing the greater part of the infantry. The cavalry engaged was directly under Hampton's control; the artillery was in force too. Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Hill was on the field in person, and, although there was no general engagement, it was formidable, and the results were of great importance. Only the day before we had quite a weary skirmish with some of those same troops, and our command (Mahone's old brigade) was much fagged, but orders came to move again from our camping-ground west of Petersburg and on the right flank of the army. The troops comprised five brigades under Mahone for that day's work, I think, and the old brigade was placed in rear in the line as a possible reserve. These five brigades were massed in a skirt of timber that offered some protection from the artillery of the enemy, and it was beyond range of musketry. Directly in front of it was an open field of about one-half mile in stretch, and at that distance was a portion of the broken railway then

held by infantry and artillery of the enemy. The road through the field was below the level by a grading of three or four feet, the embankment so thrown up as to offer splendid protection to the infantry, and not too high to obstruct the line of artillery fire, the guns being in position about one hundred yards or more on a natural rise of the land beyond the railway, east. Nine guns of the enemy were planted on that rising line, with infantry in the cut as far as we could see to our left; not so far on the right, but overlapping our front.

Orders given were that we should charge by brigades across that level field, and that the second should follow the first. It was fearful work. As soon as a brigade stepped out from the timber it was open to the deadly range of the artillery, shell, shot, and canister, though on the start, and before, of our brigades our guns were pouring forth all the damage they could to silence those of the enemy over the heads of our line. True, our artillery was obliged to fire very carefully as our infantry neared the battle-line. The first brigade did not reach the entrenched enemy, but under the sweeping grape and canister, added to the steady rifle-range, they broke and fell back in confusion. The next brigade was ordered forward as soon as the field was a little clearer, and a like fate befell. The third brigade was ordered promptly forward, and the boys stepped out boldly; but just as within reach of the contested line, and from where they doubtless shook the enemy, even behind the embankment that sheltered them, they too gave way, and under a withering fire sought the rear. There now was but a single brigade in our front. I remember it was a Carolina brigade (Scales's, I think); with that, and Lane's, of North Carolina, we had gone into battle often, and loved them as trusted comrades. I walked to the front to take a look out, and as I returned to my own line I remarked in a confident tone to the Carolinians: "Now, boys, your turn has come, and I am sure you will not fail." Some one among them laughed and replied: "I tell you, Colonel, if the 'tar-heels' get as close as those fellows did just now, we will stick, I believe."

In a few moments they moved out. I watched them closely and anxiously, and they did stick. From almost the first step in the open field their men began to fall, some wounded sadly and some to rise no more, but there was no faltering. The gaps were closed as the grape ripped through the line; when a battle-flag went down with the gallant bearer, another man seized it, and on, on, threw its folds to the winds. I need not say that as soon as they struck the embankment Mahone's old brigade, with a yell that rang through that timber, rushed at a double-quick to their support. They were solid in place; had given the enemy the start on retreat when we reached the broken railway, and the artillery on the eastern side had been abandoned.

The night had come on now, and with it black clouds of heavy wind and flooding rain. The battle was for the time closed. The nine field-pieces were ours, and about fifteen hundred prisoners. The Carolinians were soon withdrawn, and our brigade was left to hold the place during the night. I do not remember how many small arms were gathered from the field and line during the night—a great number, for wagons could be heard at intervals through the night, as that valuable plunder was gathered in. Just before night some of the men

of my regiment had espied several very plethoric knapsacks on the caissons of the abandoned guns in our front, and asked permission to go after them. I refused, of course, for the fire of the enemy was still kept up at intervals. Again and again two men returned to me for permission to recover those tempting knapsacks, and finally I told them to wait until it was darker; but they replied that some other fellows would see them and get them before it was dark. So finally I consented, if they were willing to risk their lives for such trash.

Those two men rushed off at once—one of them is alive now, I know—and, stooping low, made for the caissons. In the knapsacks there was a general assortment of "trash." In one of them was found about half a dozen new watches, a variety of photographs of handsome women in fantastic robes, stationery of all qualities and sizes, pencils, knives, pens, ink, etc.

Night had fully fallen now. I walked up and down the line of my command in anxious outlook, for we had been ordered to hold the recovered line until relieved, and the enemy were but a short distance away. I heard a low, yet painful, moan from our front and beyond our line as we then lay on our arms. I sent one of the men to find the moaning man, and report. He soon returned and reported that just beyond the railroad there lay a Federal officer very severely wounded and helpless. So I called to two of the ambulance corps and gave them the order to take with them a stretcher and bring in the wounded man. They soon brought within our lines an officer in fine uniform, handsome sword, sash, spurs, etc., a young major of infantry, who held a command in the fight and had been wounded more than once, but the mortal wound was from a ragged Minie ball that had torn its way directly through his body. Even then, though conscious, he suffered only occasional pangs of pain, for the death-damp had gathered on his brow, and life was ebbing rapidly away. He was too weak to talk much, and I asked no unnecessary questions. He said, however, that, if possible, he would like to be sent to the rear, to some hospital where he would not die utterly alone. I spoke kindly as I felt, assuring him that his wishes should be attended at once. The men were ordered to take him on their stretcher as carefully as they could to the hospital I pointed out, the lights from which could be seen through the trees. The men started away to the hospital as ordered, but returned in an incredibly short time, stating that he died before they had gone two hundred yards, and, finding that he was dead, they had hurried to the hospital, and left the body there. A few days after I saw in our camp the sword, boots, and spurs of that dead man. It was all very sad.

At its annual meeting on September 8 Dick Dowling Camp, of Houston, Tex., reelected by acclamation C. C. Beavans, Commander; B. R. Warner and H. B. Johnson were elected Lieutenant Commanders; P. H. Fall, Adjutant; William Hunter was reelected Ensign, and August Schilling, Quartermaster; Jerry L. Mitchell was made officer of the day; W. V. R. Watkins, Chaplain; Dr. R. G. Tucker, Surgeon; George H. Hermann, Vidette; and little Branard, Mascot of the Camp. This little fellow, son of Comrade George A. Branard, has been a regular attendant of the camp meetings. It was a happy thought, and Comrade Fall, in his speech, re-

marked that all organizations had a Mascot, but Dick Dowling Camp has two: old Col. Hunter, standard bearer, and little Branard, the youngest member of the camp.

Dick Dowling Camp has taken a great deal of interest in the case of Mac Stewart, a Confederate imprisoned in Mexico, and has received contributions to be used in effecting his release. Some trouble has arisen in regard to the funds collected, part having been used, without authority, as traveling expenses by one of the collectors, and Commander Beavans wishes all who have contributed to report the amount and to whom it was sent. He has the names and addresses of all contributors who sent to him as Commander of the Camp, and the amount is on deposit in the Planters and Mechanics' Bank of Houston. This fund will not be used unless they are satisfied Mac Stewart will get the direct benefit; and if not, it will remain in the bank subject to orders of the contributors. All who contributed through others than Commander Beavens should report to him.

Capt. T. F. Allen, of Cincinnati, O., has manifested his interest in the VETERAN by distributing sample copies among his friends, and in a recent letter writes:

The subscription I sent you for Col. D. B. Bayless, of Covington, Ky., recalls an experience which I did not previously mention—viz., Col. Bayless during the war belonged to the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry (Confederate). I was a captain in the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, and in the engagement near Rogersville, East Tenn., November 6, 1863—known to the Confederate forces as the "battle of Big Creek, Tenn."—it was my fortune to lead a small detachment of our forces to secure the possession of a commanding position near our lines. In endeavoring to take this position we found that the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry were about two seconds ahead of us, and in the "argument" which ensued a good portion of my command were killed. My horse went down under me and I was left unconscious on the field, becoming a prisoner in the hands of that regiment. The first night out *en route* to Libby Prison I was fortunate enough to elude the guards, got possession of a Confederate cavalry horse, and made my escape. I laid out in the mountains of East Tennessee for three days and traveled for three nights, and rejoined my regiment safe and sound.

It happens that Col. Bayless is now one of my neighbors and a very intimate acquaintance, and we are on excellent terms. He often asks me to give him a voucher for that horse I "stole" from him, so that he can square his accounts with the Quartermaster, but you know "all is fair in love and war," and I have postponed the matter of giving a voucher for these thirty-four years, and think I will be able to postpone the payment for this horse for the next thirty-four years, and by that time Bayless won't want it.

Capt. Allen adds: "I look upon it that your publication is largely for the purpose of keeping alive the warmest feeling that pervades the human heart as between man and man—viz., that of comradeship in sharing the dangers of the battle-field. This feeling of comradeship is worthy of the highest commendation, and I am glad to 'lend a hand' to help you, though I fought on the opposite side."

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY JAMES E. RATIGAN.

Beneath the ragged, straggling boughs
Of three old storm-swept trees,
Unmarked by slab or marble urn,
Six soldiers sleep at ease.
From clang or din or noise of strife
Their souls find sweet release,
Beyond the fray and war of life
A grand eternal peace.

It was not theirs to win renown
To brighten history's pages,
To have their names go thundering down
Through all the coming ages;
No shaft or monumental stone
Is seen above the sod;
Their names, their lives are now unknown
To all except their God.

No mother's tear will mark the place
Where they in quiet sleep;
No sister, sweetheart, friend, or wife
Their patient vigils keep.
No father's moans or brother's sighs
Will stir their last long rest,
But who shall judge their sacrifice
But Him who knoweth best?

And he alone the cause shall try;
We only see a part;
For while man judges by the act,
He judges by the heart.

The above recalls these pathetic words from an address by Gen. S. G. French in the *VETERAN*, July, 1893:

There was no Confederate Government to collect and care for the remains of the Confederate dead. Along the banks of the "Father of Waters" for more than a thousand miles the inhabitants tread unawares over the unknown graves of those who battled for the South. Along the shores of the Potomac, the Rapahannock, and the James wave the golden harvests on soil enriched by their blood and moldering dust. From the capes of the Chesapeake adown the stormy Atlantic and trending around the gulf rest thousands of our dead; or go to the heights of Allatoona, to Look-out's lofty peak, or Kennesaw Mountain's top, and you may seek in vain where the dead rest. Time, with the relentless forces of the elements, has obliterated all traces of their graves from human eye. They are known only to Him who can tell where Moses sleeps in "a vale in the land of Moab." So the forgotten are not forgot. The Hand that made the thunder's home comes down every spring and paints with bright colors the little wild flowers that grow over their resting-places, and they are bright on Decoration Day. The rosy morn announces first to them that the night is gone, and when the day is past and the landscape veiled with evening's shade high on the mountain's top the last rays of the setting sun lovingly linger longest, loath to leave the lonely place where the bright-eyed children of the Confederacy rest in death.

S. M. Manning Camp No. 816, U. C. V., Hawkinsville, Ga., reported the following deaths among its members since its last annual meeting, all members of Georgia regiments of infantry: J. A. D. Coley, Company G, Eighth; W. G. Hunt, Sixth and Fifty-Ninth; J. O. Jelks, Company I, Twenty-Sixth; M. P. Hernon, Company I, Sixty-First; A. R. Young, Company

B, Fourteenth; also Malachi Jones, Company H, Tenth South Carolina Infantry, and R. G. Fulghum, Company G, Tenth Confederate Cavalry.

The Confederate Veterans of this county met at O'Brien Park recently, a goodly number of the old soldiers being present. The occasion was the best and most enjoyable of any reunion held by the association. A business meeting was held in the morning. Dr. J. B. Mack, of South Carolina, had been invited to deliver the annual address, but, being prevented, he sent a patriotic letter, which was read at the meeting. The roll-call showed several deaths within the year. A committee was appointed to prepare suitable resolutions for publication. An excellent memorial address was delivered last spring by Rev. R. Vandeventer, who was elected an honorary member. The same honor was also conferred upon our efficient County School Commissioner, Hon. A. T. Fountain, as an acknowledgment of his successful efforts in having all the public schools in the county observe memorial day in a befitting manner. A committee appointed for this purpose elected Judge L. C. Ryan to address the next meeting, with Hon. A. T. Fountain as alternate. The old organization—Pulaski County Confederate Veterans Association—was dissolved, and all members in good standing became members of S. M. Manning Camp No. 816, U. C. V. A Relief Committee to look after needy veterans and widows and orphans of veterans was appointed.

The *Dispatch and News*, from which the above was taken, states: "Several members very strongly urge the claims of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, a most excellent monthly published in the interest of the old Confederate soldiers by S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn., which paper should have a place in every Southern home."

Adj. D. G. Fleming is ever diligent for the success of his camp and the Confederate cause in general.

THE LATE GEN. HAMILTON P. BEE.

The death of Gen. H. P. Bee at his home in San Antonio, Tex., October 2, 1897, was so sudden that the loss seems the greater. The *San Antonio Express* said:

He had been in feeble health for some time, but recently had seemed greatly improved. Last evening he seemed to be feeling unusually well, and sat on the front gallery of his residence, conversing cheerfully with his family for some time. He retired as usual, and shortly after twelve o'clock his wife was alarmed by his heavy breathing. By the time the physician arrived, however, Gen. Bee had breathed his last. Gen. Bee was seventy-five years old. He leaves wife, a daughter (Miss Annie Bee), and five sons (Carlos, Tarver, Hamilton, Clem, and Benjamin). The one son in San Antonio is Carlos Bee, a prominent young lawyer. Gen. Bee was born in Charleston, S. C., July 22, 1822. In October, 1837, he left Charleston with his mother to join the husband and father at Houston, Tex., after a separation of two years. They came from New Orleans on the steamer "Columbia," the first trip of the first vessel of what became the famous Morgan line to cross the Galveston bar. The great storm of the preceding September had destroyed every house on Galveston Island. This reunion of the family was in tents and boats.

In 1839 Gen. Bee was appointed Secretary on the part of Texas to the commission to run the boundary-line between Texas and the United States from the mouth of Sabine Bay to Red River, a work that was completed in 1841. The two young United States army engineers engaged became distinguished in war as Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and Gen. George G. Meade.

In 1846 Gen. Bee was elected Secretary of the first Senate of Texas, but he soon resigned to take part as a private in Capt. Ben McCulloch's Company (A) of Hays's First Texas Cavalry. He afterward became first lieutenant under Gen. M. B. Lamar in a special command stationed at Laredo to protect that frontier, and so remained until the war closed. In 1854 Gen. Bee married Miss Mildred Tarver, who had gone from Alabama to Seguin.

In March, 1862, when appointed brigadier-general in the Confederate army, Gen. Bee was placed in command at Brownsville. He had a small force there, only sixty-nine men, in November, 1863; and when Gen. Banks landed with twelve thousand Federal troops he pressed every available wagon into service, abandoned the place, and successfully brought off \$1,000,000 worth of Confederate stores and munitions of war. During the following winter he commanded a force of ten thousand men on the coast from Brazos to Matagorda Bay. Early in 1864 he repaired to Louisiana with seven regiments of cavalry, with three of which (De Bray's, Buchel's, and Terry's) he reported to Gen. Richard Taylor just in time to participate in the battle of Mansfield on April 8. On the afternoon of the next day, at the head of these regiments, he led a splendid charge, had two horses killed under him, and received a slight wound in the face. His next service was with S. B. Maxey, in the Indian Territory, where he passed the winter of 1864-65, when he was assigned to the command of a division of cavalry at Hempstead. In 1865 Gen. Bee removed to Mexico, and remained there until 1876, when he returned to Texas and to San Antonio.

EULOGY BY DEAN RICHARDSON.

Dean Richardson delivered an eloquent address, in which he paid a glowing tribute to Gen. Bee and graphically reviewed his career. Gen. Bee was a parishioner in the first church over which Dean Richardson presided, thirty-seven years ago, and the two had been close friends ever since. The Dean said: "My heart will not allow me to let this occasion pass by without something more than the church's usual service. During all the long years of my ministry, from the day when, thirty-five years ago, I went forth to my first missionary field duly commissioned as a soldier of the cross and of the Church militant, Gen. Bee, he whose still form here lies before us, he and all his, have been my true, faithful, and loving friends. They were leading members in my first mission church, and their typical ranch home had ever a wide and generous welcome for me with an abounding hospitality, at once of heredity from stately old Southern colonial days, and yet with the added charm of the free wide West, with 'its latch-string always out.' The same bright, generous, honorable, and high-toned spirit has characterized him through all and in spite of all—a chevalier without reproach, brave, patriotic, and true."

In accordance with a request from Gen. Bee the casket was wrapped in his battle-flag. The flag is made of the finest silk, and was presented to Gen. Bee by the ladies of this city at the outbreak of the war. Though tattered and battle-scarred, it still retained much of the brightness and beauty of the Confederate colors.

The *cortège* that followed the remains to the cemetery was over a mile long and included nearly all the representative citizens of San Antonio. The Confederate veterans of the city attended the obsequies in a body, and the interment was made in their cemetery. The Episcopal burial service was pronounced at the grave-side by Mr. Carnahan, and the casket, still enshrouded in the battle-flag, was then lowered into the grave.

He was the Speaker of the third House of Representatives of Texas. When ex-Gov. Lubbock was Comptroller of the Texas republic Gen. Bee was his clerk. The latter enjoyed mentioning that he "was once chief and only clerk of the Comptroller's office." There are now over a hundred clerks in the Comptroller's office at Austin.

NOTABLE ANCESTORS.

The Bees were among the oldest and most prominent Huguenot families of South Carolina. Gen. Bee's mother came of the French family of Fayssoux, and his paternal ancestors were of English stock.

His father, Col. Barnard E. Bee, was one of the earliest and most noted of the Texas pioneers. His commission as judge, signed in the hand of George Washington, is still in the possession of the Bee family.

One of Gen. Bee's brothers was Gen. Barnard D. Bee. He was the first general officer killed on either side on the field of Manassas in the great war, and it was he who first gave "Stonewall" Jackson his sobriquet.

SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

At the twenty-eighth annual reunion, at Troy, N. Y., August 20, 1897, Brig.-Gen. Orland Smith, U. S. V., submitted the following:

Resolved, That we cordially approve of the act of Congress establishing the Gettysburg National Military Park and providing for the preservation and proper care of that celebrated battle-field.

The work which is now being done there by the National Military Park Commission—Col. John P. Nicholson, Maj. William M. Robbins, and Maj. Charles A. Richardson—under the supervision of the War Department, is of the greatest interest, and deserves to be more fully recognized by patriotic citizens throughout the nation.

The features of the field are being preserved, and, where necessary, restored as they were at the time of the battle. The lines and positions of all the troops of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia, with their various evolutions during the three days' conflict, are being located and marked by monuments and tablets, and durable Telford avenues are being constructed along the lines of battle and to the principal points of interest on the field. Observation-towers of iron and steel have been erected, from which the battle-field can be viewed.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, } Box 123, Winston, N. C.
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewisburg, Tenn.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, } Box 151, Belton, Tex.
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organizations of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

During the past month there has been a great deal of interest aroused in our organization in new fields. Quite a number of camps have also been chartered, and very encouraging reports have been received from a large number of others, showing that they have been organized and are in a good condition, and as soon as their next meeting is held they will apply for a charter.

Of the six new camps chartered this month, two of them are in the big Lone Star State. This is extremely gratifying, as the Trans-Mississippi Department has the least number of camps, and, being the largest field, Mr. Saunders, its Commander, is anxious to have more camps organized. The following is now the complete list of camps of the organization, showing an addition of sixteen since the Nashville reunion:

1. R. E. Lee, Richmond, Va.
2. R. S. Chew, Fredericksburg, Va.
3. A. S. Johnston, Roanoke, Va.
4. Camp Moultrie, Charleston, S. C.
5. George Davis, Wilmington, N. C.
6. State Sovereignty, Louisa C. H., Va.
7. W. W. Humphrey, Anderson, S. C.
8. J. E. B. Stuart, Berryville, Va.
9. Pickett-Buchanan, Norfolk, Va.
10. Turner-Ashbey, Harrisburg, Va.
11. Hampton, Hampton, Va.
12. Shenandoah, Woodstock, Va.
13. Pickett-Stuart, Nottoway, Va.
14. John R. Cooke, West Point, Va.
15. Johnston-Pettigrew, Asheville, N. C.
16. John Pelham, Auburn, Ala.
17. — Norfleet, Winston, N. C.
18. Thomas Hardeman, Macon, Ga.
19. Kemper-Strother-Fry, Madison, Va.
20. Page Valley, Shenandoah, Va.
21. Clinton Hatcher, Leesburg, Va.
22. Maxcy Gregg, Columbia, S. C.
23. Stonewall Jackson, Charlotte, N. C.
24. Marion, Marion, S. C.
25. John H. Morgan, Richmond, Ky.
26. A. S. Johnston, Belton, Tex.
27. Wade Hampton, Mt. Pleasant, S. C.
28. Joe Johnston, Nashville, Tenn.
29. Maury, Columbia, Tenn.
30. John H. Morgan, Bowling Green, Ky.

31. Cadwallader Jones, Rock Hill, S. C.
32. W. H. Jackson, Culleoka, Tenn.
33. Stone's River, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
34. William B. Brown, Gallatin, Tenn.
35. John M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C.
36. Camp O'Neal, Greenville, S. C.
37. James H. Lewis, Lewisburg, Tenn.
38. B. H. Rutledge, McClellanville, S. C.
39. Clark Allen, Abbeville, S. C.
40. W. D. Simpson, Laurens, S. C.
41. James M. Perrin, Greenwood, S. C.
42. B. S. Jones, Clinton, S. C.
43. James L. Orr, Belton, S. C.
44. Barnard Bee, Pendleton, S. C.
45. Norton, Seneca, S. C.
46. John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.
47. Richard H. Anderson, Beaufort, S. C.
48. M. L. Bonham, Saluda, S. C.
49. W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Tex.
50. John B. Hood, Galveston, Tex.
51. Louis T. Wigfall, Batesburg, S. C.
52. Archibald Gracie, Bristol, Tenn.
53. Larkin A. Griffin, Ninety-Six, S. C.

The Richmond reunion of Sons was in every sense a great success. A great deal of work was accomplished and an impetus given to the cause. The meeting was called to order by E. P. Cox, Commander, after which an address of welcome was delivered and responded to as in such cases.

In absence of the Commander-in-Chief, Mr. Smyth, an address was read from him extending hearty good wishes to the Virginia camps, and urging that they all become members of the general organization.

The meeting adopted resolutions in regard to erecting monuments in Northern prisons to the Confederate dead and the using of Southern histories in the public schools.

Probably the most important feature of the meeting was the formal dedication and turning over of the cottage erected by the Sons at the Confederate Home near Richmond. This cottage was built by the members of R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, U. S. C. V., and is for the purpose of providing a home for the old soldiers. Its conception and carrying out reflects great credit upon this camp.

Owing to the quarantine restrictions, the Memphis reunion has been indefinitely postponed. Mr. T. Leigh Thompson, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, has issued a call for a reunion of the Sons of Veterans of Tennessee at Nashville on December 9, and expects to have a large attendance. We feel sure that this meeting will be as great a success as that at Richmond.

The writer has received a copy of the *Morning Herald* of Lexington, Ky., giving an account of a movement on foot in that city for the purpose of organizing a camp of Sons. The formal meeting is to be held on the 11th of this month, when the camp will be organized. Buford Graves, W. H. Lucas, and T. M. Morgan compose the committee in charge of the meeting. We expect to hear of the successful formation of this camp before this magazine is in press.

P. H. Mell, Commander of the Alabama Division, reports that in spite of the yellow-fever restrictions the following places have reported camps organized or

under way: Tuscaloosa, Tuscumbia, Carrollton, Birmingham, Jackson, Greenville, Dadeville, Opelika, and Selma.

Mr. Mell has appointed the following as his staff: A. F. McKissick, Auburn, Adjutant-General; R. C. Jones, Selma, Quartermaster-General; W. H. Hudson, M.D., La Fayette, Surgeon-General; John D. Hagan, Mobile, Inspector-General; J. K. Jackson, Montgomery, Commissary-General; P. T. Hale, D.D., Birmingham, Chaplain-General; Thomas M. Owens, Carrollton, Judge Advocate General; J. V. Brown, Abbeville, and W. F. Feagin, Albertville, Aids.

In the next issue we hope to report the chartering of several West Virginia and Kentucky camps. In the former state two camps have been organized, and in the latter a number are being formed.

MRS. GEORGIA MOORE DE FONTAINE.

Mrs. Georgia de Fontaine, widow of the late Felix G. de Fontaine, died suddenly of heart failure at Englewood, N. J., on Saturday, October 16. She was fifty-four years old, a native of Abbeville, S. C., and was the daughter of a Methodist clergyman. On her mother's side she was descended from the Vignerons, an old Huguenot family, known all over the Palmetto State for their words and deeds. Mrs. de Fontaine won reputation as an author. She wrote three plays, one opera, a novel, one child's history, and poems enough to fill a volume. Besides, she was contributor to many of the leading journals. At an early age she married Mr. Felix de Fontaine, the well-known war correspondent of the South, and who after the war was financial editor of the *New York Herald*. He was also author of several literary works of pronounced merit. On going North after the war, Mrs. de Fontaine said: "We left our hearts in the South, but took our heads to the North."

Amid all her cares in literary work Mrs. de Fontaine never neglected her home and family. She was a bundle of nerves tied together with energy, and every adversity gave her new strength which seemed to add inspiration to her talent and gave success to her endeavors. Although she had been in failing health since the death of her husband, a year ago, her death came unexpectedly to her family and large circle of friends, who not only mourn for her, but grieve at the loss of her beautiful writings, which brightened many hearts and homes. She leaves a son, Wade Hampton de Fontaine, and two daughters, Mrs. E. Ogden Schuyler and Edythe Heyward de Fontaine.

She was buried in Columbia, S. C., her old home, by the side of her husband. May they rest in peace!

The following is one of her poems:

IN THE SOUTH.

In the South a deeper crimson
Comes upon the robin's breast,
And a grander opalescence
Lingers in the fading west.

In the South the soft winds whisper
Love-songs to the birds and flowers,
And responsive answers waken
Echoes from the leafy bowers.

In the South the rippling waters
Softly chant fond lullabies
To the nodding ferns and flowers
Bending low in sweet surprise.

In the South the grand orchestra
Of the forest pines is heard,
When the low, sad miserere
Into trembling life is stirred.

In the South the warm blood rushes
Through the veins in faster streams,
Painting blushes on fair faces,
Waking passion from its dreams.

In the South love's chords are minors,
Meant for hearts, not ears, to hear,
Yet they sometimes tremble wildly,
As if unseen hands were near.

In the South my heart still lingers,
Lingers loath to say farewell,
For, like rush of many waters,
Memories come their loves to tell.

And I listen, fondly dreaming
Of a past so wondrous bright,
That I start in wild amazement,
Finding daylight turned to night.

LAST OF THE RODNEY GUARDS.

G. J. King, of Red Lick, Miss., writes of the pleasure he had by the article in the September *VETERAN* concerning Dr. J. C. Roberts, of Pulaski, Tenn. On the retreat from Tennessee of Hood's army his command was near Dr. Roberts' residence, in Giles County, when he was shot in the knee and left to the mercy of the Federals. A Dutchman, who could not understand English, saw him and drew his gun. The explanation that he was wounded was not understood, but King knew enough of German to explain, and he was spared another threatened bullet. He was carried to Dr. Roberts' residence, where he was cared for and treated with unvarying kindness until the surrender. During that time the authorities sent for him repeatedly, but the doctor succeeded in assuring them that he was unable to be moved. The Federals had confiscated the doctor's surgical instruments, so that he could not locate the ball, and the treatment was therefore less efficient. A Tennessean with a broken leg was there at the same time under Dr. Roberts' treatment. He was taken away too soon, and by a fall in which his leg was rebroken he died. Mr. King thinks the Federal authorities ought to pay the Doctor yet for his services in treating Federals who were under his humane treatment.

Comrade King enlisted in May, 1861, at the age of fourteen; served first as drummer in the Rodney Guards—Company D, Twenty-Second Mississippi Regiment. He was wounded at Shiloh, and was left on the battlefield, taken first to the hospital in St. Louis, then sent to Camp Douglas, and afterward he was exchanged at Vicksburg. He served from that time under Johnston and then under Hood. At the time he was wounded on Hood's retreat there were but four of his company left of the 120 members of the proud Rodney Guards, and since then the others have all died, and he has but one leg. He has in his possession the flag presented to his company by the ladies of Rodney in 1861.

THE SENTINEL AND THE SCOUT.

What is related in the first four stanzas of the following poem was a matter of actual occurrence during the civil war, and was brought to light by a casual meeting of the persons concerned, years after peace was restored. In a company of travelers upon a steamboat, the sentinel sang the hymn again—he had become famed for song—and the scout being present, on hearing him thought he must be the same who sang on that memorable night. Upon inquiry he found that he was not mistaken. The singer remembered well the time and place, and the sad feeling of helplessness that prompted him to sing the prayer of his heart:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"

Sang a sentinel one night,
As he walked his lonely beat

In the pale moon's waning light.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

Pleadingly he sang, and low,

While he felt that death was nigh.

"Cover my defenseless head"—

Softly on the still night air—

"With the shadow of thy wing;"

Sang he thus his sad heart's prayer.

Trustingly he sang the words

Thinking only God would hear;

But the night winds wafted them

To a hidden foe's ear.

Through the murky shades of night,

There had crept a daring scout

To that lonely picket's stand;

And with sure, unerring aim,

On his heart had drawn a bead,

When, in suppliant tone, he heard,

"Cover my defenseless head."

Down his deadly rifle came;

He, himself a man of prayer,

Could not take the life of one

Trusting in his Saviour's care.

Softly, from his covert then

In the shadows, he withdrew;

Leaving still that heart to beat,

Which he knew was brave and true.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"

In life's battle be thou nigh;

And, amid its gathering gloom,

"Let me to thy bosom fly."

When thou shalt to judgment bring,

"Cover my defenseless head

With the shadow of thy wing."

—E. L. Byers.

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Rev. E. C. Faulkner, Searcy, Ark.:

The title of Hancock's book, "History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry," is misleading to those who have never seen the book. They are apt to regard it as a history of that one regiment only. In truth, it is a good history of the Tennessee and Mississippi Departments from the first year of the war to the close. There is much of thrilling interest in it to all of Forrest's men and their friends. The author kept a diary and faithfully recorded all events of interest in the extensive territory in which Forrest moved and fought. The author wastes no words in his narrative, but brings event after event before the reader with such panoramic precision and vividness that old and young will read with interest. Comrades don't fail to buy a copy of Hancock's history. You will thereby help a needy and highly deserving comrade, and you will get more than the value of your two dollars; and you will also thank me for calling your attention to the book.

The book can be had of the author or at the VETERAN office.

LIFE OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

H. C. Hudgins & Co., Atlanta, Ga., have in press a life of Gen. Robert E. Lee from the pens of Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Col. John J. Garnett, Mrs. Sallie Nelson Robins, and Gen. T. L. Rosser, all well and widely known, and most of them members of the Lee family. It will contain an interesting early history of the Lee family in England and America, and an exhaustive military biography of the great Confederate leader.

The manuscripts of these parties will be edited by R. A. Brock, Secretary of the Southern Historical Society of Richmond. It is to be beautifully illustrated with a large number of portraits and spirited war scenes—pictures of historic interest.

The book will be sold by subscription, and parties wishing to handle it should apply to Messrs. Hudgins & Co., at once.

THE LIFE OF SAM DAVIS.

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LIFE OF SENATOR BEN H. HILL.

Ben Hill, Jr., son of the eminent orator, statesman, and patriot, has compiled into a volume of 823 pages the speeches and writings, also a life sketch, of Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia. This book is supplied by the VETERAN in library binding, price \$3.50 (originally \$5), free for 10 subscriptions. Or it will be sent (post-paid in both cases) for \$3 with a renewal or new subscription. The book contains 27 of his most noted speeches before the people and in the United States Senate, and thirty-five articles from his pen, twenty-two of which were written during the Reconstruction period, with his famous "notes on the situation." The book will be furnished in cloth for 9 subscriptions, and in gilt morocco for 12 subscriptions to CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

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IN THE TRENCHES.

BY HENRY CHAMBERS, PETERSBURG, 1865.

We were gathered in the trenches,
Where the hissing shot and shell,
Winging their curved aerial flight,
Unheeded round us fell.
Hearts there were that knew no quailing,
Men there were that knew not fear,
Weather-beaten, grizzled warriors
Sullenly assembled here—
Grouped around our loved commander,
For on us did he depend;
Not a man but was determined
To stand by him to the end.

Ah! that end was fast approaching,
Bitterly the truth we knew;
How we cursed that false jade, Fortune,
That to us had proved untrue!
Soon would sound the sullen echoes,
Called to life by war's last gun;
Soon we'd turn our faces homeward,
Prideful, yet in cause unwon.
Ah! "Lee's Miserables" were fallen—
Thinning, lessening day by day,
And our ranks, war-swept and riven,
Mustered now but scant array.

Where the shot and shell fell fewest,
On a blanket old and torn,
Lay a sun-bronzed youthful soldier,
Wounded, dying, wearied, worn.
And we gathered round to listen,
Harkening to his last request,
For he knew that ere an hour
He would be in realms of rest.
O'er his face a look of sadness,
Like the shadow of a cloud,
Slowly stole, and there it settled,
As he gazed up at the crowd.

"Comrades, friends," he slowly murmured,
While a tear rolled down his cheek,
"Rain and shine we've stood together,
Side by side for many a week.
Many a friend I leave behind me;
Many a comrade, gone before,
Now perhaps awaits our coming.
Mustered out, their battles o'er,
Time is now for words of parting,
For I know that death is near;
But we've met him oft in battle,
What have such as we to fear?"

Far away in South Carolina,
On the banks of old Santee,
Lives my gentle, waiting mother.
Ah! how happy would I be
Could I raise the darkened shadows
That must now enshroud her life,
Now that here her son has fallen,
Fallen in this deadly strife.
She will have no one to cheer her;
One she hoped to see again
Now is dying in the trenches,
And her hopes are spent in vain.

She it was, when Sumter's cannon
Boomed and echoed through the land,
Bade me go and fight for freedom,
While she, with her trembling hand,
Helped to fit me for the conflict,
Telling me to ne'er forget
Death is better than dishonor;
And I felt that scant regret
At the parting, for all luring
Came day-dreams of victories won,
As she, in her sacred sadness,
Blessed her wild, impatient son.

Some of you will go and tell her—
Tell her that my latest breath
Left my body but to murmur
Her dear name, and that in death;
As my eyes had lost their power,
And my sight grew faint and dim,
Her sweet face was still before me,
As my soul returned to Him.
Tell her not to grieve and mourn me,
For we part but for a time,
And we soon shall be together
In that fairer, happier clime.

Comrades, friends, good-by—God bless you!"
And his breath came thick and fast,
As with choking voice he whispered,
"Mother!" then he breathed his last.
There we stood with heads bent lowly;
Some of us a parting tear
Dropped in sorrow for the comrade
Who in death was lying here.
Then with touch all rude, but kindly,
Laid him on his lowly bed,
And, returning to the conflict,
For a time forgot the dead.

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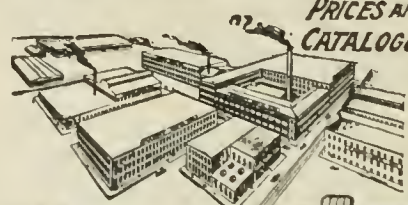
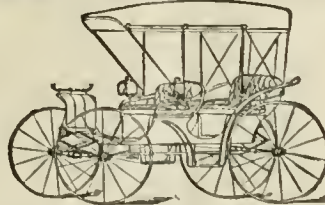
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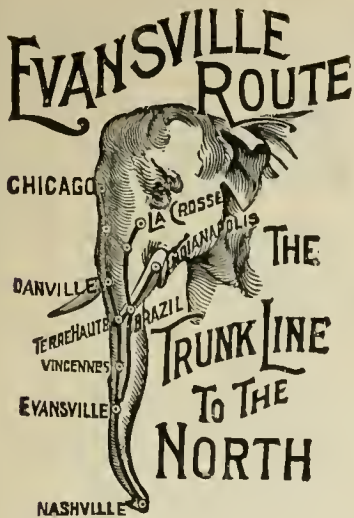
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CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Vol. 5.

NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 12.



DECORATING GRAVES OF THE CAMP CHASE PRISON DEAD, COLUMBUS, OHIO, 1897. (See pages 505, 508.)

FIVE short years! It was "four long years" that the Confederate army fought until flanked by excessive odds, then rallied and fought again and again until almost exterminated and impoverished. To represent those six hundred thousand men, living and dead, and to be commended in that sacred trust ten thousand times, oft repeated, fills the heart with gratitude and humility. The **VETERAN** has been read by veterans and their families of both armies, and no unkind comment upon it is known. The five years of its existence, the fifth volume being concluded with this number, aggregate a circulation of 724,228 copies, in which over 180,000 pounds of fine paper have been used - about 2,000 pages of reading-matter, with nearly 2,000 engravings. The success of the **VETERAN** is attributable mainly to the unanimity of sentiment of the Southern people, who know that it has ever been faithful to its name and who appreciate these conditions the more because no such prominence has been attained even by any Grand Army publication in the North, where millions and millions of dollars are paid annually to their veterans in pensions. This, however, is "a fight to a finish." There can be neither abatement of zeal in the work nor economy in the management, hence it is necessary to appeal to all who believe in the **VETERAN** to give it unstinted and continued support. The multitude who have been active workers and stopped who are not dead - are urged to rally again and again in its behalf. Each friend, like a true soldier, is requested to do a part.

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HON. JOHN O. TURNER,
State Superintendent of Education for Alabama, Montgomery, Ala.

I think it will find its way into most of our schools, and will be a source of inspiration to our boys and girls.

C. I. DAVIS, A.M.,
President A. M. & F. College, Arcadia, La.

Lee's "History of the United States" was introduced here last September, and we are delighted with it after a test of nine months. It ought to be used everywhere.

E. F. COMEGYS, Superintendent of Schools, Gainesville, Tex.

We are using Lee's "United States History" and Curry's "South." Their use has aroused marvelous interest in both classes.

JAS. A. McLAUGHLIN, Superintendent Wadesboro Graded School, Wadesboro, N. C.

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Chair of American History, Peabody Normal College, Nashville, Tenn.

The book has been studied by the members of the senior classes with great interest, and is being read by the patrons of the schools. The interest in the book has not been confined to the schools, and I hope it will find general sale.

Superintendent of Public Schools, Atlanta, Ga.

We are using Curry's "South and Southern Literature" in Ouachita College, and we are very much pleased in every way with both books.

J. W. CONGER, A.M., President Ouachita Baptist College, Arkadelphia, Ark.

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

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

CIRCULATION: '93, 79,430; '94, 121,644; '95, 154,992; '96, 161,332.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 12. A. A. CUNNINGHAM, M.
PROPRIETOR.



REUNION OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS OF EAST TENNESSEE AT DECATUR.

CONFEDERATES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

J. W. Lillard, Decatur, Tenn., sends this sketch:

The Confederate reunion held at Decatur, Meigs County, Tenn., on the 29th of September was a success in every particular. Fully twenty-five hundred people of Meigs, Rhea, McMinn, and Roane Counties were present, and two hundred and fourteen Confederate veterans were in line of march. It was a joint reunion of Camps J. W. Gillespie, Dayton; J. C. Vaughn, Athens; and John M. Lillard, Decatur—all of Tennessee.

V. C. Allen, Commander of the J. W. Gillespie

Camp, presided, on account of the feeble health of Col. G. W. McKenzie, Commander of the J. M. Lillard Camp. Misses Fannie Cross Arrants and Sallie Legg read essays—"In Memoriam of the ex-Confederates" and "A Defense of the Stars and Bars." Addresses were made by T. L. Arnwine, John E. Pyott, W. T. Lane, V. C. Allen, T. M. Burkett, G. W. Brewer, Capt. W. E. McElwee, and others. Basket dinner sufficient for ten thousand people was on the grounds, furnished by patriots of Meigs County.

The most interesting feature of the day was the

presence of the old battle-flag of the Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment. This flag has been lately returned to the survivors of the regiment by Mr. H. H. Andrew, of Union, W. Va., son of the war Governor of Massachusetts, to whom the flag was presented after the final surrender of the regiment. It was returned through publication in the *VETERAN* of August, 1897, of the fact that it was in the possession of Mr. Andrew, who desired to present it to the survivors of the regiment. It has been committed to the care of the John M. Lillard Camp, of Decatur, as the camp was named for the first colonel of the regiment, who was mortally wounded at Chickamauga. Capt. W. E. McElwee in his address gave a short history of the flag, which is herewith given in form of a letter to Robert Spradling, Adjutant of Camp J. M. Lillard. It is a valuable and most historic sketch of the flag and the regiment:

Replying to yours of the 12th instant, would say that Miss Kate Brown (now Mrs. Kimbrough, of Post Oak Springs, Tenn.) and Miss Eliza Doss (now Mrs. Craighead, of Texas) made a flag, and on the 22d of July, 1861, presented it to Capt. Welcker's company, afterward Company I, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment, to be delivered to the regiment in which they should be organized. The presentation address was made by Miss Doss.

The several companies of which the regiment was afterward composed were engaged in guarding mountain passes for several weeks. When relieved by cavalry commands they were brought together at Knoxville and organized into a regiment (the Twenty-Sixth Tennessee) on the 6th day of September, 1861. John M. Lillard was elected colonel; James Odell, lieutenant-colonel; and T. M. McConnell, major. The regiment consisted of ten companies, aggregating one thousand and fourteen men and forty-four field and company officers—a large regiment. On the morning after the organization, and while on dress parade, I, acting for Company I, presented the flag to the regiment for the young lady donors. It was accepted by Col. Lillard for the regiment and adopted as its flag.

After two years of usage, and having been carried in every battle in which the Army of Tennessee had been engaged, from Fort Donelson to Ringgold, Ga., it had become so torn by bullets and wear as to be no longer serviceable. A new flag was therefore procured from the Ordnance Department. From the old flag were cut the letters and figures, "Twenty-Sixth Tennessee," and sewed on the new flag by a lady of Dalton, Ga., name forgotten. This flag was regarded merely as the old flag repaired. For this reason the names of Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Mission Ridge were painted on it as the most important battles in which the flag had been carried up to that time. Besides the battles named on the flag, it had been carried in the engagements at Hoover's Gap, around Tullahoma, Triune Ford, Lookout Mountain, and Ringgold, Ga. After being repaired the flag was carried in the battles at Rocky Face Ridge, Dug Gap, Tilton, Resaca, Kingston, Cassville, Altoona, Burnt Hickory Road, New Hope, Lost Mountain, Two Run,

Pine Mountain, Kennesaw, Dead Angle, Powder Springs, Peachtree Creek, Stone Mountain, around Atlanta, Connally's Mill, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, and other smaller engagements of the Georgia campaign, conducted by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; and at second Altoona, Resaca, Dalton, Columbia, Franklin, Murfreesboro, and Nashville, in Hood's campaign. After this it was at Branchville, Columbia, Fayetteville, Bentonville, and Smithville, in the Carolinas. [The fighting around Atlanta, Connally's Mill, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy was properly of the Hood campaign.—Ed.]

The flags, guns, etc., were thrown down by the regiment at the time of its surrender and left upon the field. I have no knowledge into whose hands the flag fell. Of the one thousand and fourteen men mustered into the regiment, there were but seventy-two at the time of the surrender. Of these I recall but five who had not been wounded in some way. Of the forty-four officers, there were but three at the surrender. Six went into the last battle, and three of them were killed. The regiment had four colonels—John M. Lillard, James Bottles, R. M. Saffel, and Abijah Bog-gess—killed, and nine flag-bearers while bearing the flag.

In reply to your inquiry concerning myself, will say that I was second lieutenant at formation of the company, and was captain of Company I at the surrender. Although detailed to a special command and retained at corps headquarters in the Engineers' Department, I was with my command in every engagement in which it took part and with it at the surrender.

GEN. EARLY'S MOTTO: "FIGHT 'EM."

T. F. Newell, of Milledgeville, Ga., states:

The late Gen. A. R. Lawton related to me an incident which truly illustrated the character of Gen. Jubal Early. He says that while up in the valley Stonewall Jackson called his generals to a council of war. They met in a little room of a farmhouse near by. As he took his seat Gen. Early entered and sat in a corner next to him. Gen. Early was not there long before he was in deep sleep, with his head leaning down on his breast. Gen. Jackson opened the council by explaining the position of the enemy. After thoroughly doing that he said: "We can take a certain road to the left, and strike them in their right flank; or we can take this road to the right, and hit them in their left flank; or, by going a more circuitous route, we could strike them in the rear or avoid a conflict altogether. Now, gentlemen, I have called you together to get your opinion as to what is best to be done under the circumstances."

Some one suggested that as Gen. Early was the ranking general present they would hear from him first. This drew attention to Gen. Early, who was still fast asleep and snoring. Gen. Lawton says he hunched Gen. Early with his elbow, and said: "General! General! Gen. Jackson wants to know what we must do."

Gen. Early aroused up, and, lifting his head and rubbing his hand across his face, said: "Do? Why fight 'em! fight 'em!"

He was always ready for a fight, and was never happier than when in a battle.



STONE WALL, CAMP CHASE CEMETERY, COLUMBUS, O.

EDITOR VETERAN BANQUETED IN OHIO.

And the unexpected continues to happen! The founder of this periodical has kept company with many thousands of noble people for five years, and he feels that he is far enough above reputation for egotism to report this very remarkable event. Moreover, if not clear of doubt on that point, he would repeat it anyhow, as its significance is far above personal importance.

Many Southern people have been grateful beyond expression to Col. W. H. Knauss, a Grand Army veteran who not only wears honored scars as proof that he was a hero-patriot when the Confederate war was in progress, but is a perpetual sufferer from an unhealed wound, a wound so terrible when fresh that a coffin was twice prepared to bury him. He was struck in the cheek by a piece of shell.

After the war Col. Knauss had occasion to mix with the Confederate element in Virginia and with the Southern people generally. He learned to know them as they really are, and, having changed his residence from his New Jersey home to the capital of Ohio, he was a frequent witness to the neglected Confederate cemetery in which the dead of Camp Chase prison, numbering over two thousand, were buried. True, the government had paid for ground and enclosed it with a stone wall, but briars and shrubs were taking the place of the grass plot which common civility made proper—all in sharp contrast to the Union cemeteries in the South. This patriot, proud of his American ancestry from Revolutionary days, and who carries one of the few silver medals presented to his grandfather for gallant service in establishing colonial independence, determined that, cost what it would, he would inaugurate a movement whereby his own comrades and people would do honor to their fellow Americans buried there, who in the great issues upon constitutional rights had fought on the Southern side.

As the VETERAN has unstintingly reported his work, an account will not be elaborate in this connection. It may be well to repeat, however, that in 1895 he resolved upon honoring the memory of his fellow Amer-

ican patriots; and, knowing that he would have to contend with some strong prejudices, he proceeded with extreme caution. He determined to maintain control of all proceedings on that sacred spot. He advised with friends, and, if they favored the movement, their cooperation would be secured; but the emphatic rule was adopted that no selected orator should refer to the causes of the war or say anything to the demerit of the Confederate soldier. How much of anxious care that movement was to him can only be known when the secret of men's motives shall be revealed at the judgment.

The first service was had in the summer of the year indicated, 1895. Of course Col. Knauss had the cooperation of the few Confederates in Columbus, save any who had not the courage to stand against popular sectional prejudice. Results of the movement were not only satisfactory, but as much as could have been desired for a beginning. In 1896 similar methods were adopted, and the movement was very much more cordially approved. Last spring the VETERAN made known the circumstances, and the Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, through his ever-diligent and faithful Adjutant-General, George Moorman, appealed for support, and Col. Knauss was the proudest man in the country. An abundance of flowers and plenty of money were sent to meet all necessary expenses, and the services were sufficiently popular to make the event notable in the capital of Ohio.

Before Col. Knauss's movement to honor our noble dead near that city, action was taken which is repeated here with gratitude and pride. In the year 1886 J. W. Foraker, as Governor of the state, called into council H. A. Axline, his Adjutant-General, explaining that he felt attention should be given the burial-place of the Confederate prisoner dead near the city, when he was told by that official that he had already given the matter consideration; and he then produced a letter which he had received in reply to one he had written the Quartermaster-General of the army on the subject, stating that the cemetery was neglected, the fence down, headboards were being destroyed, etc. This

fact is noted with pleasure, as it shows that both gentlemen were equally worthy of the honor of taking it up.

Gov. Foraker then inaugurated action whereby the United States Government had the cemetery enclosed by a stone wall and put in decent condition. The state authorities made an appropriation from a contingent fund for having the ground kept in proper condition, and that rule was maintained by Hayes as Governor and his successors until the administration of Bishop as Governor, when he declined to take any action, and the premises fell into neglect and remained so until the movement started by Col. Knauss. Mr. —, an old gentleman who lived adjoining Camp Chase and still resides there, took care of the property with these appropriations, and continued it in a measure after they were withheld. Residents of that vicinity who lived

pleasure in the periodical and their gratitude for what it is doing, and Col. Knauss has been interested in these manifestations.

The purpose to attend the meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Baltimore and to return from New York via Pittsburg induced a letter to Col. Knauss of intention to stop over between trains and make him a call of good will and to visit the Camp Chase Cemetery. At once response was sent of proposed meeting of the Camp Chase Association on occasion of that visit; and, in order to avoid any action that would cause inconvenience or expense, a plan was adopted to arrive there Sunday afternoon, visit the cemetery, and confer with the friends he might invite to his residence that evening, and the plan was so reported.

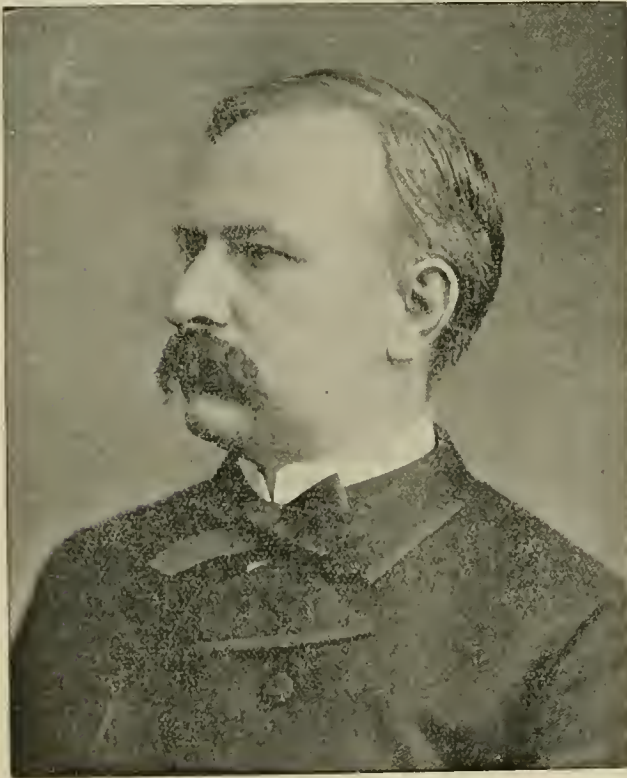
On arrival mine host, Capt. W. B. Allbright, and Mr. J. T. Gamble (the latter married the fair Miss Knauss, who was with her parents at our reunion) were in waiting for a drive to the cemetery, after being assured that the visitor had been to dinner and was "feeling good."

It was a lovely afternoon, and the four-mile drive was over a magnificent broad brick avenue to within a half-mile of the place. Attention was called to the contrast with the muddy and frozen dirt road over which our comrades had to march to prison in the old days. The place was found quite as seen in the picture. A calamity exists in the fact that contractors who built the stone wall failed to comply with specifications and used even inferior mud, not to call it mortar; so that now it is falling out, and of course, unless the wall is repointed soon, it will tumble down. The huge stone boulder, weighing perhaps a score of tons, which was procured in the vicinity, has appropriate carving upon it. The wall is eighteen to twenty inches thick, with fair coping, and is about four and one-half feet high. The lengths are: South side, 466 feet; north, 417 feet; west, 172 feet; east, 136 feet.

Honor to the United States Government for having the cemetery enclosed! It is understood that "Uncle Sam" does not permit shoddy work, but unhappily this is an exception. If the wall is repointed or coated with good plaster, it will stand for generations; otherwise, it will soon fall down. \$1,000 could be expended wisely and well upon it, and that would be enough.

The plan to leave Columbus on Monday was broken without protest. Arrangements had been made for a banquet at the Great Southern Hotel, and, whatever delicacy or embarrassment there might have been to the guest, he felt obliged to stay.

Then the project to go over to Mt. Vernon and look after "Uncle" Dan Emmett was submitted, and that was answered by the suggestion to telegraph him to come and participate in the banquet. So the day was spent in Columbus, during which visits were made through the Capitol to the various courts in session, as the presiding officers were nearly all to be speakers in honoring the Confederate as a guest. The banquet was the topic among representative men and in the newspaper offices. The press of the city took the most cordial interest in the event, and columns were given unstintingly to accounts of it. The dinner would have been a credit to any man. The service and the various courses lacked nothing which the occasion suggested.



SENATOR J. W. FORAKER.

there at the time show sympathetic interest in whatever tends to improve the condition of the cemetery, and are pleased to relate incidents coming under their notice.

Col. Knauss attended the grand reunion at Nashville last June, bringing his wife and a daughter. As opportunity offered most cordial greetings were extended them by our people who met them. No other guests in the city had quite as earnest welcome, although their presence was not generally known. They were much at headquarters, and saw something of the multitudes of comrades, many of them venerable men, who called to express their appreciation of what the VETERAN was doing for Confederates and the general cause of patriotism. Incidentally note is made here that no man was ever honored more than the editor of the VETERAN at that reunion. During the time noble men were calling almost constantly to express their

True, there was an absence of wine and cigars, but these luxuries had been proffered by liberal-minded patriots. The master of ceremonies was as zealous to have that occasion as creditable as the sacred services in the cemetery had been conducted.

The first toast was "Our Dead Heroes," the company rising and standing in silence with bowed heads "for the heroes of this 'our country.'"

When the guests had dined in the superb hotel (recently built by "Four Hundred" progressive citizens of the Southern end of the city, and called the "Great Southern"), Col. Knauss, the master of ceremonies, surprised nearly everybody by stating that there was present a gentleman who was a soldier in the United States army before any other person present was born: Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author of "Dixie." The applause was so general that Mr. Emmett rose to his feet. When called upon for a speech he said he must be excused; but the writer, knowing how exquisitely he could sing "Dixie," urged that he sing a stanza of it; but he said he could not do that unless all joined in the chorus. There was a quick, hearty assent, and the Grand Army Veterans vied with the Confederates in the spirit of the great tune. Gen. Axline showed his appreciation of "Dixie" by saying: "We should never have let you Southerners have 'Dixie.' It added fifty thousand soldiers to your army."

Hon. Samuel L. Black, the Mayor of the city, made the address of welcome, saying to Mr. Cunningham:

"It is a great pleasure to me, as chief executive of this city, to extend to you a most cordial greeting and hearty welcome to Ohio and its capital city, and through you to those whom you represent in the great South our kindest feelings. We are to-day a united country, and we recognize those whom you represent as representative citizens of this great commonwealth. We learned by experience that they were brave and gallant men, who fought like heroes for a cause they believed to be just and right. We have no malice against them, but welcome them to our hearts and homes as brothers. We have nothing but

'Love and tears for the blue
Tears and love for the gray.'

We invite you here to-night as a slight token of our esteem and regard for you and those whom you represent in the South, and trust you will bear back to them our messages of love."

To the toast "Our Country" Gen. Axline responded in an address which showed much of patriotic meditation, and his every word would have been most cordially received in any Southern audience.

Judge D. F. Pugh spoke for the "boys in blue," hav-



JUDGE D. F. PUGH.

ing much to say about the gray—an address which is a lasting honor to his head and heart. A full report of his address deserves place in the VETERAN. "The soldiers of the two armies," he said, "properly recognize the true worth of each other. All true citizens realize the similarity of conditions in this great country, that we have the same hopes and ambitions in life."

Rev. T. G. Dickinson, a Virginian,

but now pastor of a Methodist Church at Columbus, spoke eloquently of the importance of educating young men to patriotism. Judge Tod B. Galloway had for his theme the "Boys at Home During the War." D. B. Ullery spoke upon "Our Heroic Women." Comrades Kedwell, J. T. Bassell, and other Confederates present spoke upon themes pertinent to the occasion. Young Mr. J. L. Porter, who was to leave that night to marry a Virginia girl, and W. H. Halliday read poems from the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Mr. Cunningham declined to respond to the address of the Mayor at the time, preferring to hold a conference at the conclusion. He thanked the Grand Army friends for the high honor conferred, and assured them that the occasion would be appreciated by the Southern people, and he sincerely hoped it would result in great good. He referred to some tragic events succeeding the war, and mentioned that the darkest day to the South was that on which Mr. Lincoln was assassinated. He believed the sentiment of the Southern people was as sympathetic for President Garfield when suffering from the deed of an assassin as it could have been in the North.

Mr. Cunningham referred to the national flag, which had been enlogized by the speakers, and said the Southern people do not relinquish their ancestral interest in it; that they look solely to it as their national emblem. "But," he added with emphasis, "there is another flag which is absolutely sacred to the Southern people and will ever remain so. There cling about it memories as dear as the hope of heaven."

In conclusion he referred to the noble men whose bodies are interred at Camp Chase, many of whom might have been liberated on taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, but, like their comrade, Sam Davis, they preferred death to dishonor. They were sworn soldiers to the Confederate States. Mr. Cunningham prophesied that the time will come when that cemetery, which ere long will be in the city, will be preserved with pride by the citizens generally, and that the great need of repairing the wall now should appeal to those in authority.

The effort to secure an appropriation was promised,



HON. SAMUEL L. BLACK.

with strong confidence that Senator Foraker will be able to secure it.

Nothing conceivable was left undone to make the occasion as enjoyable to the special guest as possible,



COL. W. H. KNAUSS.

and the results promise lasting honor to the army of Confederate dead who are to remain there until called on the resurrection morn.

As proof that results promise all that Confederates can ask, the following letter of December 8 from Hon. R. M. Rownd, Vice-Chairman of the General Committee of Arrangements for Army Reunions, is given:

"On occasion of the banquet given in your honor by the blue and the gray at the time of your recent visit here I was present, and had the pleasure of meeting you. During the evening, in the course of your remarks, you made reference to the condition of the stone wall at Camp Chase surrounding the graves of the Confederate dead, and expressed the hope that the general government would make the necessary repairs in the near future. For the purpose of bringing



THE FOUR-MILE HOUSE.
Headquarters of the stockade at Camp Chase Prison.

the matter before the proper authorities, I addressed a letter to the President on the 30th ult., reporting the facts as stated by you. To this letter I have received

reply containing the information that, by direction of the President, the matter had been referred for the consideration of the Secretary of War. Knowing that you are deeply interested, I write the above facts."

Rev. E. E. Hoss, LL.D., editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, writes of Senator Foraker:

I first met him in the early autumn of 1865, at which time he and I were both entering the Ohio Wesleyan University. Why I should remember so trivial a thing it is difficult to tell, but the impression is very distinct in my mind that at that meeting he had copies of Hadley's "Greek Grammar" and Anthon's "Anabasis" under his right arm. He was then tall, rather slender, very erect, and showing in his whole bearing the effects of his training as a soldier. His four years in the army had put him somewhat behind in his studies, and, though perhaps three or four years my senior, he was in my classes. In a short time we became very good friends. It was easy for me to like him. His manner was extremely frank and conciliatory. If he should see these lines, he will not be offended when I say that he appeared to me to have the distinctly Southern temperament—cordial, intense, magnanimous. From the beginning he was a good speaker and a leader in debates. Before he left college it was certain that he would easily gain and hold a high place in his native state. His subsequent career has not at all surprised me. In the South he is looked upon as a rather narrow and bigoted partizan; and, truth to tell, he has said a good many things that were not quite agreeable to our ears. But, for all that, he possesses many high and manly qualities. His action in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead at Camp Chase was like him. On other occasions also he has shown himself capable of doing the clean and proper thing. There is hardly any question of politics or economics in regard to which I agree with him, but this fact does not prevent me from cherishing a most agreeable memory of our early association.

A rich story is credited to Bishop Wilmer, who went from his Alabama home North in the interest of a Confederate orphanage. He had not been North in a long while, and some friends gave a dinner in his honor, at which he was begged to tell a story. The Bishop said he hadn't a story, but added: "I have a conundrum: Why are we Southerners like Lazarus?"

The guests—all Union men—suggested many answers: The Southerners were like Lazarus because they were poor, because they ate of the crumbs from the rich man's table, because—because of everything anybody could guess.

"No," said the Bishop, "you're all wrong. We're like Lazarus because," and he smiled blandly, "because we've been licked by dogs."

A roar of laughter went round at that, for the Bishop's utter unreconstructedness was always one of his charms. Everybody laughed but one mottled-faced man, who became very indignant. "Well," he snorted, "if you think we're dogs, why in [not earth] have you come up here to beg for our money?"

The Bishop chuckled, and replied: "My mottled friend, the hair of the dog is good for the bite. That's why I've come."

TRIBUTE TO LIEUT. JOHN MARSH.

Thrilling and pathetic is the record made by Lieut. John Marsh, who was killed while mounted and in front of Strahl's Brigade, of which he was a staff officer, while making the charge in that memorable battle of Franklin, thirty-three years ago. No scene of the



LIEUT. JOHN MARSH.

war is more memorable to the Confederate who founded the VETERAN, and it never contained tribute to a nobler comrade.

Lieut. Marsh was born in Chatham, N. C., but in his infancy his father, Daniel Marsh, moved to Tennessee and located in Hardeman County, nine miles from Bolivar. Hon. J. W. Jones, of that county, furnished picture and notes for this sketch. Mr. Jones takes an interest in honoring not only the dead, but in caring for unfortunate surviving Confederates who need and deserve aid of their state.

Daniel Marsh was a fine old Christian gentleman, respected and beloved. He lived quietly on his fine plantation, surrounded by worthy sons and daughters, served by contented, happy slaves, and dispensed generous hospitality. Through his mother Lieut. Marsh was related to the Perkins family in Middle Tennessee and to the Harstons and Daltons of North Carolina.

As a boy John Marsh was high-spirited, manly, and handsome. His preceptor in the New Castle village school was Otto French Strahl, who is remembered as "the most perfect gentleman and best teacher that ever

was in that section." Congressman F. P. Stanton, who visited Daniel Marsh when John was a youth, was at once struck with his capacity and splendid qualities, and soon after gave him an appointment as cadet at the West Point Military Academy. Marsh had been there only a short time when his state seceded, and he came home and entered the Confederate service, with the rank of second lieutenant, in the battery organized by Marsh T. Polk at Bolivar, Tenn. This battery did good service at Shiloh, where Capt. Polk lost a leg, which incapacitated him for further service.

Lieut. Marsh commanded Phillips' Battery at Perryville, Ky., and received favorable mention for his gallantry. He was also with Craighead's Battery for some time. Afterward he served on the staff of Gen. Preston Smith, who was slain at Chickamauga, and Lieut. Marsh was seriously wounded, his left arm being shattered. For many months he lay in the hospital at Marietta, Ga. It was during this period of suffering that he became deeply concerned about religion, and through the ministration of Rt. Rev. C. T. Quintard he was led to Christ, and was confirmed by Bishop Elliott in the Marietta hospital.



BISHOP C. T. QUINTARD.

Upon his discharge from the hospital Lieut. Marsh visited his widowed mother at the old homestead for the first time after entering the army. In vain his friends begged him to stay, and his mother pleaded

with him not to go back to the front, urging that his injured arm, then shrunken and useless, entitled him to exemption from further service. To all these entreaties he replied: "No; my country needs me now more than ever, and I must go."

He reported for duty a short while before the fall of Atlanta, and was aid to Brig.-Gen. O. F. Strahl, the beloved friend and preceptor of his boyhood, until both laid down their lives at Franklin.

It seems opportune to reproduce part of a letter from Bishop Quintard in the *VETERAN* for September, 1896:

The day on which the battle of Franklin was fought Gen. Strahl presented me a beautiful mare named Lady



Picture of the boy soldier posted on the breastworks at Franklin to whom Gen. Strahl was passing loaded guns when shot, and to whom he replied to the question, "What had we better do?" with these memorable words, "Keep firing."



GEN. OTTO FRENCH STRAHL

Polk. His inspector, Lieut. John Marsh, as he bade me adieu, threw his arms about me and gave a farewell kiss. My intercourse with these two men was of a most sacred character. Marsh had been fearfully wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. I had watched over him on the field and in the hospital. On the 22d of February I had baptized him in Gilmer Hospital, near Marietta. To both I had broken that bread which came down from heaven. John Marsh was knit to me by the tenderest ties of friendship. There was in him what Shaftsbury calls "the most natural beauty in the world." Honesty and moral truth—honesty that was firm and upright. "He would not flatter Neptune for his trident or Jove for his power to thunder."

The day of Strahl's death was to me a most pathetic one. He evidently felt that the approaching battle was to be his last. With many tender words he bade me farewell. I kept the mare he gave me through the war. Afterward I sold her, and with the proceeds of the sale I erected a memorial-window in St. James Church, Bolivar, to his dear memory and that of his inspector, John Marsh. I need not say how sacred these memories are.

In the same issue the editor of the *VETERAN* wrote:

Lieut. Marsh, who formerly belonged to the artillery, and always wore an artillery jacket, was on his white horse in advance of the line of battle up to within about three hundred yards of the breastworks. There was in his face an indescribable expression—while animated and rather playful, there was mingled in its heroic action evidence that he felt he was on the brink of eternity. But he wavered not, and rode on and on until rider and horse lay dead before us, terribly mangled with bullets.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN RECALLED.

C. E. Merrill sends the *VETERAN* the following:

I witnessed an example of nerve at the battle of Franklin which takes rank with the most notable of thousands during the war. Gen. Thomas M. Scott, of Louisiana, the adjutant-general of his brigade, the writer, and several other wounded officers of the staff and line, were quartered at the McGavock home after the battle. I recall the agony of Col. W. S. Nelson, of the Twelfth Louisiana, as he lay dying, torn to pieces by a discharge of grape and canister at close range. "My poor wife and child! my poor wife and child! O M——! can you not get the surgeons to administer some drug that will relieve me of this torture?" I did try, though my appeals were in vain. I could imagine what he suffered as the cold perspiration gathered in knots on his brow, and, of course, knew that death was inevitable.

The case of immediate reference here, however, was that of a Capt. Jones, from Grenada, Miss. He was lying on the floor. One of his thighs had been shattered by a cannon-ball; the bone of the other had been laid bare by a like discharge. One of his arms was also shattered and, as I recall it, one of his hands had been torn away. He was the worst wounded man I ever saw, except that no vital organs had been lacerated, as in the case of Col. Nelson and others. At Capt. Jones's side knelt Dr. George C. Phillips, of Lexington, Miss., the manly surgeon of the Twenty-Second Mississippi, ministering to his wounds. "Captain, it would subject you to useless pain to amputate your leg," said the tender-hearted young surgeon. "The wound is fatal, or would be by amputation."

"You are right, Doctor," replied Capt. Jones; "but I don't intend to have that leg cut off, and I don't intend to die. I want to hold on to what is left of me. Why, bless your soul!" he added, holding up his shattered



THE COL. JOHN M'GAVOCK RESIDENCE.

hand, as a smile passed over his face, "there is enough left of me to make a first-class cavalryman."

This was said in reference to the old joke which infantry soldiers good-naturedly were used to getting off on the brave riders of the Confederacy.

I do not know what finally became of Capt. Jones. I have heard that his fractured leg grew together after a fashion, and that he was living several years ago.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

A general report of the Baltimore convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is not given, as was expected. However, the event of the first day's session was the union of the Grand Division of Virginia Daughters of the Confederacy with the United Society, a union contemplated for the past eighteen months. The only question was as to the *manner* of the consolidation. As both organizations have exactly the same aims and objects, it was held to be most desirable to consolidate forces. The Grand Division preserves its organization intact, but pays the usual tax required of each member of the United Society, which entitles every chapter of the Grand Division to full representation in the united conventions. The Grand Division of Virginia was represented by its President, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett; First Vice-President, Mrs. U. V. Randolph, President of Richmond Chapter; Mrs. J. N. Barney, President of Fredericksburg Chapter; Mrs. E. E. Meredith, President of Manassas Chapter; Mrs. A. D. Estill, Vice-President of Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Lexington; and Mrs. McIlhany, of J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton. Miss Anne Stuart Macgill, President of Flora Stuart Chapter, Pulaski, and Mrs. H. D. Fuller, Recording Secretary of Turner Ashby Chapter, Winchester, were also present.

When the offer of union was made through Mrs. Col. Smoot, of Alexandria, Chairman of U. D. C. Committee, the voice of Maryland was the first to sound the note of welcome. Miss Jennie Cary, of the Baltimore Chapter, was the delegate who formally moved to admit the Grand Division of Virginia in its entirety. The spontaneous outburst of cordial delight with which the motion was instantly greeted evinced the pleasure with which the society was willing to incorporate the Grand Division into the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The entire convention, with one accord, gave evidence of its approval. The delegates rose to their feet and shouted, "Aye!" and handkerchiefs waved their salutations.

This incident that evoked such unmistakable evidences of the affectionate reverence in which old Virginia is held has increased the numerical strength of the society by nearly two thousand members, and has added to the list of delegates about ninety representatives from that one division alone. The chapters of the Old Dominion represent more than one-fourth of the entire United Society. Of one hundred and eighty-six chapters, fifty-five come from Virginia. The Grand Division was at once given the privileges of the floor of the convention, and thanks were expressed by its President for this courtesy and for the kindly welcome extended by the sister states, with which the Grand Division has ever been one in heart and work—to relieve and honor the Confederate soldier and to perpetuate the sacred memories of the Southern Confederacy.

The question of badge, which has been discussed in many chapters and in general convention, was settled by the requirement that no substitute is to be permitted for the regular U. D. C. badge, but Daughters may have any additional special badge for their own chapter or for their division they may choose.

The few changes made in by-laws, etc., were not of public interest. Just such hospitality was shown the Daughters during their stay in Baltimore as might

have been expected. "The gallantry of aged veterans" was a theme of the newspapers.

The following is a complete list of general and state officers of the U. D. C., and shows a nice increase in number of chapters since last publication:

GENERAL OFFICERS.

Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, Dallas, Tex., President.
Mrs. D. Girard Wright, Baltimore, Md., First Vice-President.
Mrs. C. Helen J. Plane, Atlanta, Ga., Second Vice-President.
Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn., Recording Secretary.
Mrs. J. M. Duncan, Jr., Yazoo City, Miss., Corresponding Sec.
Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Ga., Treasurer.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Miss Sallie Jones, Camden, President.
Mrs. Alfred Bethea, Montgomery, Secretary.
Alabama Charter Chapter No. 36, Camden: Mrs. William F. Spurlin, President; Miss Bessie Moore, Secretary.
Selma Chapter No. 53, Selma: Mrs. E. W. Pettus, President; Mrs. J. J. Hooper, Secretary.
Admiral Semmes Chapter No. 57, Auburn: Mrs. A. F. McKissick, President; Mrs. P. H. Mell, Secretary.
Tuscaloosa Chapter No. 64, Tuscaloosa: Mrs. Ellen P. Bryce, President; Mrs. G. D. Johnston, Secretary.
Sophie Bibb Chapter No. 65, Montgomery: Mrs. John A. Kirkpatrick, President; Mrs. L. N. Woodruff, Secretary.
Pelham Chapter No. 67, Birmingham: Mrs. Rose Garland Lewis, President; Mrs. L. T. Bradfield, Secretary.
Cradle of the Confederacy Chapter No. 94, Montgomery: Mrs. Jesse D. Beale, President; Mrs. R. M. Collins, Secretary.
Barbour County No. 143, Eufaula: Miss Mary Clayton, President; Mrs. R. F. Nance, Secretary.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Mrs. C. A. Forney, Hope, President.
Mrs. S. W. Franklin, Hot Springs, Secretary.
Pat Cleburne Chapter No. 31, Hope: Mrs. C. A. Forney, President; Mrs. Sallie Hicks, Secretary.
Little Rock Memorial Chapter No. 48, Little Rock: Mrs. James R. Miller, President; Miss Bessie Cantrell, Secretary.
Hot Springs Chapter No. 80, Hot Springs: Mrs. James M. Keller, President; Mrs. S. W. Franklin, Secretary.
Mary Lee Chapter No. 87, Van Buren: Mrs. Mary Meyer, President; Miss L. E. Clegg, Secretary.
Stonewall Chapter No. 97, Prescott.
Mildred Lee Chapter No. 98, Fayetteville: Mrs. L. B. Menke, President; Mrs. Louise Pollard, Secretary.
Winnie Davis Chapter No. 122, Mammoth Spring: Mrs. C. T. Arnett, President; Mrs. C. W. Culp, Secretary.
Sidney Johnston Chapter No. 135, Batesville: Mrs. Kate Hooper, President; Miss Mabel Padgett, Secretary.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter No. 79, San Francisco: Mrs. William Prichard, President; Miss Roberta Thompson, Secretary.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA DIVISION.

Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter No. 20, Washington: Mrs. Elizabeth T. Bullock, President; Mrs. Alice P. Akers, Secretary.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, Jacksonville, President.
Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Jacksonville, Secretary.
Martha Reld Chapter No. 19, Jacksonville: Mrs. W. D. Matthews, President; Mrs. J. N. Whitner, Secretary.
Stonewall Chapter No. 47, Lake City: Mrs. L. D. M. Thompson, President; Mrs. J. F. Baya, Secretary.
Dickson Chapter No. 56, Ocala: Mrs. S. M. G. Gary, President; Mrs. T. D. Crawford, Secretary.
Brooksville Chapter No. 71, Brooksville: Mrs. B. L. Stringer, President; Mrs. R. A. De Hart, Secretary.
Palatka Chapter No. 76, Palatka: Mrs. Patton Anderson, President; Mrs. J. N. Walton, Secretary.
Tampa Chapter No. 113, Tampa: Mrs. B. G. Abernathy, President; Miss Sara Yancy, Secretary.
Mary Ann Williams No. 133, Sanford: Mrs. J. P. Scarlett, President; Mrs. T. J. Appleyard, Secretary.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, Rome, President.

Savannah Chapter No. 2, Savannah: Mrs. L. H. Raines, President; Miss Marie G. Dreese, Secretary.
 Atlanta Chapter No. 18, Atlanta: Mrs. C. Helen Plane, President; Miss Alice Baxter, Secretary.
 Augusta Chapter No. 22, Augusta: Mrs. Ida Evans Eve, President; Mrs. Annie Jones Miller, Secretary.
 Covington and Oxford Chapter No. 23, Covington: Mrs. Virginia B. Conyers, President; Mrs. Mary S. Bradley, Secretary.
 Sidney Lanier Chapter No. 25, Macon: Mrs. Appleton Collins, President; Mrs. J. H. Blount, Jr., Secretary.
 Margaret Jones Chapter No. 27, Waynesboro: Mrs. R. C. Neely, President; Mrs. Edward C. Blount, Secretary.
 Rome Chapter No. 28, Rome: Mrs. John A. Gammon, President; Mrs. Cornelius Terhune, Secretary.
 Fort Tyler Chapter No. 39, West Point: Mrs. Mollie W. Higginbotham, President; Mrs. Anna A. Harris, Secretary.
 Longstreet Chapter No. 46, Gainesville: Mrs. J. C. Dorsey, President; Mrs. Theodore Moreno, Secretary.



MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND, OF BALTIMORE, MD.

Miss Rowland was Corresponding Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for 1896, and is well and widely known as an author. She has been very prominent in U. D. C. work in Baltimore and Virginia.

Barnesville Chapter No. 49, Barnesville: Mrs. Loula K. Rogers, President; Mrs. Otie Murphey, Secretary.
 Oconee Chapter No. 58, Dublin: Miss Mattie Ramsey, President; Mrs. O. J. Fell, Secretary.
 Columbus Chapter No. 60, Columbus: Miss A. C. Benning, President; Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Secretary.
 Frances S. Bartow Chapter No. 83, Waycross: Mrs. J. H. Redding, President.
 Athens Chapter No. 88, Athens: Miss Mildred L. Rutherford, President; Miss Annie W. Brumby, Secretary.
 Quitman Chapter No. 112, Quitman: Mrs. Lula H. Chapman, President; Mrs. Julia R. Davis, Secretary.
 Robert E. Lee Chapter No. 115, Milledgeville: Mrs. C. P. Crawford, President; Miss Mary Newell, Secretary.
 La Grange Chapter No. 121, La Grange: Mrs. A. N. Heard, President; Miss T. Mooty, Secretary.
 Bartow Chapter No. 127, Cartersville: Miss Mary Wikie, President; Miss Mary Mountcastle, Secretary.

Greensboro Chapter No. 130, Greensboro: Mrs. Henry T. Lewis, President; Miss Abbie Goodwin, Secretary.
 Sparta Chapter No. 131, Sparta: Mrs. Henry A. Clinch, President; Miss Claud Middlebrooks, Secretary.
 Thomson Chapter No. 137, Thomson: Mrs. Lilla Johnson, President; Mrs. Etta Palmer, Secretary.
 Clement A. Evans Chapter No. 138, Brunswick: Mrs. J. M. Madden, President; Miss Daisy B. McIntosh, Secretary.
 Americus Chapter No. 140, Americus.
 Mary Ann Williams Chapter No. 145, Sandersville: Miss Mary M. Gilmore, President; Miss Mattie Tarbuttan, Secretary.
 Dougherty County Chapter No. 187, Albany.
 Bryan M. Thomas Chapter No. 188, Dalton.

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Stonewall Jackson Chapter No. 40, McAlester: Mrs. P. A. Doyle, President; Mrs. H. E. Williams, Secretary.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Mrs. James M. Graves, Lexington, President.
 Mrs. Jennie C. Bean, Winchester, Secretary.
 Lexington Chapter No. 12, Lexington: Mrs. James M. Graves, President; Mrs. Lee Bradley, Secretary.
 Richmond Chapter No. 85, Richmond: Mrs. Bettie E. Poyntz, President; Miss Kathleen Poyntz, Secretary.
 Virginia Hanson Chapter No. 90, Winchester: Miss Rachel F. Ecton, President; Mrs. Jennie C. Bean, Secretary.
 Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter No. 120, Louisville: Mrs. H. W. Bruce, President; Miss Jeanie D. Blackburn, Secretary.
 Ben Hardin Helm Chapter No. 126, Elizabethtown: Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, President; Miss Florence Hall, Secretary.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Winnie Davis Chapter No. 59, Berwick: Mrs. A. E. Clark, President; Miss Blanche Chapman, Secretary.
 New Orleans Chapter No. 72, New Orleans: Mrs. F. G. Freret, President; Miss Cora L. Richardson, Secretary.
 Gordon Chapter No. 124, Opelousas.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Baltimore, President.
 Mrs. W. P. Zollinger, Baltimore, Secretary.
 Baltimore Chapter No. 8, Baltimore: Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, President; Mrs. Hugh H. Lee, Secretary.
 Harford Chapter No. 114, Bel Air: Mrs. G. Smith Norris, President; Miss Lena Van Bibber, Secretary.
 Admiral Buchanan Chapter No. 134, Easton: Mrs. Owen Norris, President; Mrs. Theo S. Patterson, Secretary.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Mrs. Annie W. Duncan, Yazoo City, President.
 Mrs. C. E. Williams, Meridian, Secretary.
 Winnie Davis Chapter No. 24, Meridian: Mrs. Albert G. Weems, President; Mrs. A. J. Russel, Secretary.
 Columbus Chapter No. 34, Columbus: Mrs. G. P. Young, President; Mrs. C. A. Ayres, Secretary.
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Smyth County Chapter No. 183, Seven Mile Ford: Mrs. Robert Greener, President; Miss M. L. Preston, Secretary.
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Leetown Chapter No. 185, Leetown.

A veteran of the Sixteenth Virginia Infantry states:

On this day, June 22, 1897, the thirty-third anniversary of the battle of Gurley's Farm, near Petersburg, my heart goes back to a solitary grave on the Willcox farm, and my memory is busy in recalling the features and virtues of William Major Williams, a private in Company A, Sixteenth Virginia Infantry.

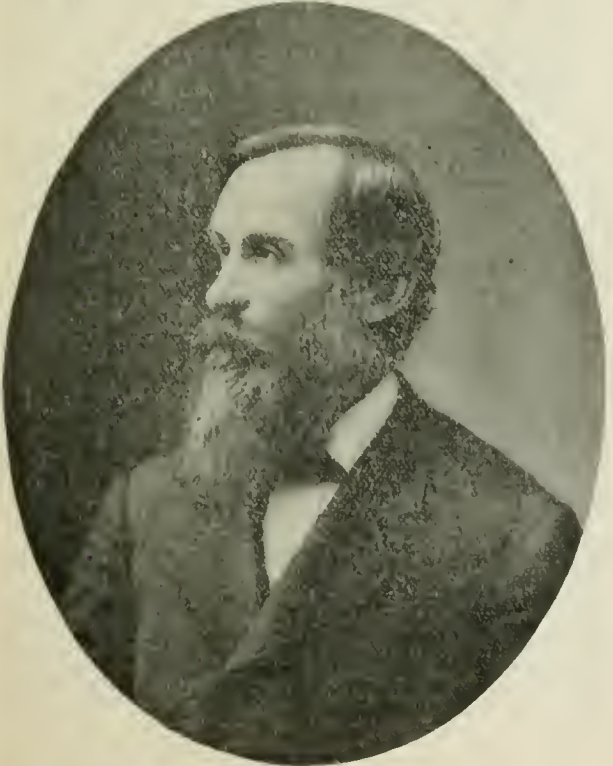
June 22, 1864, Mahone's Brigade made a sortie from the breastworks, and in a few hours of hard fighting we had captured many guns and prisoners, besides a gain in strategic position. In this achievement we lost many valuable and noble lives, but among them all the name of "Major" Williams towers up, as did his splendid figure when we moved into action. Though a private in ranks, he had the spirit of Henry of Navarre to lead; though a man of limited education, he had an innate perception of refinement and elegance; a man of simplicity, but of genuine Christian worth; a man of gallantry and gentleness.

The writer has a well-worn, stained Bible, taken from Major's pocket after he had fallen, near the Federal breastworks, his ragged gray jacket and manly breast bearing evidence of the fatal ball. Neglect may have marked the spot, brambles may have obscured it, none but wild flowers may adorn it, but beneath its sod lies the dust of a true man and over it rests the eye of a loving Saviour. The few survivors of our old company will readily recall the bright face, the ready and witty retort, the step of alacrity, and staying qualities of "Major" when the battle was in full blast and red-hot.



DR. JOHN BERRIEN LINDSLEY.

Although not a Confederate, it is specially fitting to pay tribute in the *VETERAN* to J. B. Lindsley, M.D., D.D., of Nashville, Tenn., who died December 7, 1897. It is not only because of the distinguished man's merit to tribute here, but from an earnest desire by the founder of the *VETERAN*. In the early seventies the writer published a reminiscence of his regiment (the Forty-First Tennessee) for free distribution among his comrades and friends (he would not permit the sale of a copy), and Dr. Lindsley made a journey of one hundred and twenty miles to learn more fully the particulars of the death of Mrs. Lindsley's brother, Col. Randall W. McGavock, commander of the Tenth Tennessee Regiment, who was killed at Raymond, Miss., May



DR. JOHN BERRIEN LINDSLEY.

12, 1863. Dr. Lindsley procured quite a number of copies of that pamphlet history to send historical societies. He wrote editorial articles for leading newspapers, urging that the author of that reminiscence write a history, and his encouragement may have influenced the impulses whereby this *VETERAN* exists. "You are doing a great work," and similar comments, would ever accompany his greetings.

Dr. Lindsley's "Confederate Military Annals of Tennessee," comprising more than nine hundred pages, is the most valuable contribution to Confederate history

ever published by an individual in any state. It is a Tennessee roll of honor, embracing a review of military operations with regimental histories and memorial rolls, compiled from the most accurate sources possible. He had about completed the second volume, but it had not been published. Arrangements should be made by the state to give it wide circulation.

Dr. Lindsley was born at Princeton, N. J., October 24, 1822. His father was Rev. Philip Lindsley, once President of Princeton College, and for a quarter of a century President of the University of Nashville. His mother was the only child of Nathaniel Lawrence, of New York, who was an officer in the American army and successor to Aaron Burr as Attorney-General of the state of New York. In Berrien's youth his father, Rev. Philip Lindsley, removed from New Jersey to Nashville, and he was ever actively interested in the public benefactions of the state.

Dr. Lindsley married Miss Sarah McGavock, whose father, Jacob McGavock, was a leading citizen for many years. His widow and several grown children survive him. His most eminent characteristics were ably portrayed in a eulogy delivered at his funeral by Rev. M. B. DeWitt, who will ever be fondly remembered as chaplain of the Eighth Tennessee Infantry. He said Dr. Lindsley's genius, industry, and patience enabled him to achieve much, and his faith turned all to good results. He was promoter of more elevating institutions, perhaps, than any other man of the century. As an educator, a scientist, and health officer, he was especially capable, and was ever diligent. For half a century he was active during all epidemics; even in 1849, 1854, 1866, and 1871 he served through cholera epidemics, and was in charge of the yellow-fever refugees in Nashville in 1878. By special request of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, he took charge of the numerous Confederate hospitals at Nashville while the Confederates were in possession of the city. After their withdrawal his services were sought for Union hospitals, but he declined, his sympathies being so entirely with the Confederates. The following telegram from Maj. Charles F. Vanderford, Knoxville, Tenn., who was a staff officer to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston during much of the great war, expresses accurately and concisely the sentiment of those who best knew the Doctor:

"To Dr. Paul Eve: I mourn with you the loss of a friend, always helpful, always ready, who counted himself last and the good of his fellow men first."

THE LATE PROF. GEORGE WILLIAM BENAGH.

Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton writes the following tribute from "Wildwood," her home, near Gurley, Ala.:

While the muse of history is busy through your columns commemorating deeds of valor and meeds of merit, allow me to enbalm the name and memory of one who should be honored as long as the University of Alabama exists. Prof. George William Benagh filled the chair of mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy at the time of his tragic and lamented death. He furnished meteorological observations to the *Smithsonian* for many years. He also calculated the almanac for the Southern states during the civil war. Our ports being blockaded, it was impossible to procure a nautical almanac, which would have saved much

time and immense labor. The proceeds of these almanacs were generously given to the sufferers of the cruel war. A publisher offered a large amount for them, but the offer was refused. Prof. Benagh's heart was with the cause, and he gave liberally his time, talents, and money. He gave gold for Confederate bonds, to his financial ruin. A Virginian by birth and marrying in Alabama, he lost none of his love of the South by the alliance. His wife was a daughter of Hon. H. W. Collier, for years an ornament to the supreme court bench of Alabama as Chief Justice, and afterward Governor of the state. Prof. Benagh's brother-in-law, William R. King, nephew of the ex-Vice-President of the United States, who had married Gov. Collier's second daughter, hurried from Europe on the proclamation of war, raised and equipped his own company, D, of the Forty-Fourth Alabama Regiment, and, rushing to the field, gave up his brilliant young life at Sharpsburg. Capt. Thomas Hobbs, of Athens, also a brother-in-law, fell a gallant victim in the fratricidal conflict. A near connection was imprisoned in the penitentiary for giving corn to famishing Confederates; and Prof. Benagh's only son, a little boy, was arrested when Tuscaloosa was garrisoned, because of the Rebel sentiments of his mother and his aunt, Mrs. King.

Prof. Benagh's loyal heart was certainly bowed down with weight of woe when his fearful end occurred, and I think his scientific labors and generous donations entitle him to a place in your monumental column.

Prof. Benagh's death was caused by drowning in the Warrior River, a treacherous stream at Tuscaloosa. He was teaching his little six-year-old son to swim, when he suddenly sank in the child's presence. A most pathetic account is given by the boy, who said that his father's last action in life was to warn and ward him off by a gesture of the hand.

CHAPLAIN TO SAM DAVIS WHILE IN PRISON.

Rev. James Young, the chaplain who was with Sam Davis, to whom he gave his overcoat, and who sent it to Mr. Cunningham, as has been reported in the VETERAN, died at his home, near High Point, Mo., October 26, 1897. Mr. Young was a native of Pennsylvania. He was a graduate of Washington College and of the Western Theological Seminary, both in that state. He entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, married Miss McAvoy, of Upshur County, Va. (now West Virginia), and served a pastorate there, and afterward in Ohio.

He enlisted in the Eighty-First Ohio Regiment, and was made its chaplain. It was during this period and his association with Sam Davis as a prisoner under death sentence that Mr. Young became a character of special concern to the Southern people.

He is mentioned as "a man of remarkable force of character and ability, whose works have gone forth to bless many people." Five of their six children survive, one of whom, Rev. S. Edward Young, is pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Newark, N. J.

A letter from J. Wright Young, another son, states:

HIGH POINT, Mo., November 29, 1897.

I have often heard my father tell of the heroism of Sam Davis and show the overcoat he gave him, and tell how it came to have the peculiar color, etc. He discoursed reverently upon the heroism of the gallant and true son of the South who suffered with absolutely no hesitancy or indecision a martyr's death for the cause he loved. I have often heard my father say that he never before or since saw or knew of such heroism. It did me good to read the reference to him in the November VETERAN, as well as others printed earlier. God bless your endeavor to honor the memory of Sam Davis!

Mrs. Margaret R. Bostick was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1804; and came to the United States with her parents, Joseph and Catherine Litton, in 1815, making the trip in ten weeks. The same year Mr. Litton came to Nashville, where he spent the remainder of his life, an honored and useful citizen. His daughter Margaret married Hardin Perkins Bostick in 1824. The greater part of their married life was spent in Nashville. Both were members of the McKendree Church (Methodist), and Mrs. Bostick was a member for seventy-five years. Mr. Bostick died at the beginning



MRS. MARGARET R. BOSTICK.

of our great war, leaving his widow with five sons and five daughters. The sons were all in the Confederate service. The eldest, J. Litton Bostick, was killed at the battle of New Hope Church, Georgia. Joseph Bostick, the next son, was major on Gen. Cheatham's staff, and promoted for bravery on the battle-field. Capt. T. H. Bostick, with ruined health, came home, but did not live long. Abram, the fourth son, was killed at the battle of Seven Pines, Virginia. Mrs. Bostick and her widowed daughter, Mrs. Habert, and two single daughters were sent out of Nashville under escort of Federal soldiers for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. At the close of the war Mrs. Bostick returned to Nashville, and died here June 13, 1897. She was proud of her honorary membership in the Daughters of the Confederacy, and was not only loyal to the cause, but ever zealous even in her latter days. One of her grandsons, Mr. John Early, was President of the Reunion Club at Nashville in 1897, which organization did much for the success of the U. C. V. reunion.

The death of Col. W. D. Chipley (or Gen. Chipley, in the Confederate Veteran organization), which occurred in Washington City December 1, is regarded as a calamity, as he was prominent in many enterprises. First of all, there may be mentioned the Confederate Memorial Institute. He was President of the board, and Mr. Rouss, ever anxious and zealous for successful achievement, was expecting him in New York at the time of his sudden demise.

He was born at Columbus, Ga., in 1840. His father, Dr. W. S. Chipley, had gone from Lexington, Ky., and his son was educated at the military academy of Frankfort and Transylvania University, at Lexington. When through college he engaged in business at Louisville until the outbreak of the war, when he joined the famous Kentucky brigade.

After the war Col. Chipley married, and engaged in business at Columbus, Ga. He removed to Pensacola about twenty years ago, and his first great work there was building the splendid railroad system which has



COL. W. D. CHIPLEY.

opened West Florida to the world. His influence was felt throughout the state, both in educational matters and politics. He was deeply interested in the Pensacola schools, and for several years was Vice-President of the Board of Trustees of the State Agricultural College, at Lake City, and at the time of death was a member of the board for Stetson University, at De Land, and State Seminary, at Tallahassee. He served several terms as Mayor of Pensacola, and was elected as State Senator by a large majority. For years he had been Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and came near being chosen United States Senator for Florida last spring. He was interred at Columbus, Ga.

Resolutions of respect were adopted by the Naval Reserve of Pensacola, the Chipley Light Infantry, and the Florida Hose Company, expressing the high esteem in which he was held and the loss sustained by city and state in his death. In Confederate matters he will be greatly missed.

The publication of General Order No. 6 by the Arkansas Division Commander, through inadvertence, failed to appear in the VETERAN in due season. In it the Major-General commanding announced with deep sorrow the death of Maj. William P. Campbell, of Little Rock, an aide-de-camp on his staff:

His gallant spirit passed into the realm of shadows at 3 A.M., November 19, 1896. He was a Confederate officer of rare distinction, and won his way from the ranks to the majorate of his regiment, and never was honor more worthily bestowed. It was under such immediate leaderships that the Confederate private learned examples of heroic fortitude which enabled them to write the true story of Southern valor in high relief across the pages of our national history and inscribed their names upon the pantheon of fame along with the world's greatest soldiers.

His dignified and Christian deportment in private life, his spotless purity, his extraordinary ability, and his imperishable deeds of charity to our needy veterans have endeared him to the people of Arkansas as only such people can love and cherish a brave and generous man. Maj. Campbell lived not in vain, for his whole life was a full growth of good deeds and noble impulses, and with an influence most benign.

The order is signed officially by R. G. Shaver, Major-General Commanding, and by V. Y. Cook, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff.

DR. F. J. McNULTY, OF BOSTON, DEAD.

Dr. Frederick J. McNulty, a well-known physician, died at his home, No. 1460 Tremont Street, Boston, after an illness of several weeks. Dr. McNulty was born in Richmond, Va., sixty-two years ago. In 1860, after graduating at the Georgetown University of Medicine, near Washington City, he was appointed surgeon in the United States Navy. Lincoln's election caused Dr. McNulty to resign, and later he offered his services to the Governor of Virginia. He was wounded three times while a Confederate. In the spring of 1864 he was the bearer of secret despatches to Mason and Slidell, London and Paris, respectively. Dr. McNulty left a wife and three daughters, one of whom, Miss Margaret, is an eminent harpist. The Doctor was a highly esteemed member of Camp Lee, Confederate Veterans (Richmond, Va.), the Massachusetts Medical Society, and the Charitable Irish Society of Boston.

Robert A. Cheatham, of Nashville, a veteran of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, who was ever proud of his service to the Confederate cause, is of the list who have "crossed the river."

Mr. Jesse Ely, a veteran who was proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, and was for several years Treasurer of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, is numbered with his fallen comrades.

The bivouac passed appropriate resolutions to both.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

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FIVE YEARS' SERVICE.

A few earnest words are addressed to that inside element of friends to the VETERAN who believe it should be sustained, however great the sacrifice. Attention is called to some of the misfortunes attending it.

Dishonest solicitors are employed now and then, who secure subscriptions and never pay them over. The management not only has the loss to bear, but the discredit that comes from those who presume it is a fault at the office. There has been a good deal of this. Whenever anybody subscribes, and the mail-list doesn't show it, or if copies are not received, notice should be sent to the office promptly.

Again, there are those who seem not to regard the consequences of their stopping patronage. Recently a subscriber hailed the proprietor while in a bank, and, walking out with a roll of bills in his hands, said: "Discontinue my name; I am going to hedge next year." Another, a County Court Clerk, who is a year in arrears, writes from McKinney, Tex., that he had written about his subscription, and didn't intend to pay. If all were to do as he did, the VETERAN would lose more than \$10,000. It is not sent to any who don't want it, except by accident.

What is worse than these things is the apparent determination of Northern advertisers to withhold their patronage. There must be something in a name.

Now and then a class of Confederates are diligent in their support, seeking worthy prominence in the VETERAN, and when that has been attained they appear to become indifferent.

Now, good friends, at the end of five years in harness the necessity of diligence is ever apparent. The responsibility increases continually, and the appeal is just as earnest and necessary as it was for comrades to rally and rerally in battle when the war was in progress.

Whatever the necessary sacrifice to maintain this truthful record of what you are proud of and what you wish incorporated in history hereafter, make it, and your reward will be greater than in anything else in which you can invest the small sum of \$1 a year.

Turn to the list of subscribers in back part of this VETERAN, and see if the number at your place should not be enlarged, if it be named in the list. Do let us be diligent to achieve all that is possible in having the world know that in the great war we had good reasons for making even an unsuccessful battle.

LIST OF NEW PRIZES FOR THOSE WHO HELP.

It is now apparent that the \$200 prize or the fine piano to be given early in January will be secured for less than half the cost. The mistake made was in making the amount too large. Considering the merit, however, in the proposition, it is decided to give \$100 again on March 1, 1898, in four sums—viz., \$50 for the largest number of *new* subscribers, \$30 for the second largest, \$15 for the third, and \$5 for the fourth.

Some unhappy dissensions have occurred among comrades at Augusta, Ga., and it is understood that the uniformed company of veterans has disbanded. This item of news would not appear in the VETERAN, except to make it a basis for a plea to all the noble Confederates yet living for fraternal diligence in behalf of their common interests. If there be discord in camp, stop all proceedings which cause it, and have a love-feast. That is easy enough. Go back to 1861-65, and tell of anything you did. If you stole something, own up, and it will amuse. If you did some heroic act that the "boys" have not heard of, tell it, and they will forget any petty strife of to-day. Try this, and see how happily it will result.

A "Southern Woman," of Wytheville, Va., who has resided much at the North, manifests deep concern for the truth of the history of our great war. She wants to see a history that not only will correctly impress the children of the South, but of the North as well. This is a broad view of the important question. Glory as we may in our record, it must be known to others that its results have merited effect upon posterity.

Suppose, for instance, this VETERAN be in the reading-room or home of every Grand Army man in the country. The result of its truths would bring about sectional restoration, so that we would have real peace and real Americanism would be the pride of every true patriot and citizen.

The family of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee have become residents of Richmond, Va., and it is expected that he will make that city his permanent residence on leaving Cuba. It is generally known that President McKinley has requested him to remain the Cuban Minister, to which position he was appointed by President Cleveland. Gen. Lee had resided in Glasgow, Rockbridge County, and in Lynchburg prior to this removal of the family to the capital of the Old Dominion.

Thomas B. Holt, Treasurer of the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, South, died suddenly in November, while on a trip to Texas. It is said that he had apoplexy, but his death is believed to have been the result of a bad gunshot wound received in war-times.

WITH GEN. A. S. JOHNSTON AT SHILOH.

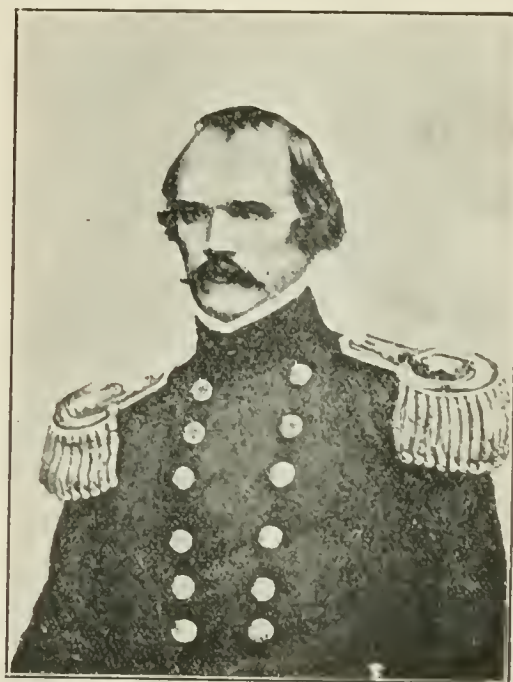
BY COL. GEORGE WITHE BAYLOR.

So much has been said by the prominent commanders on both sides of the fierce and bloody struggle at Shiloh that it may seem presumptuous for one who was only a lieutenant at the time to attempt to throw any light on the scene; nor do I pretend to give a full account of what transpired; but as I was senior aide-de-camp to Gen. Johnston, and with him from the time he left Columbus, Ky., until his death, and during that time acted as his secretary, even copying his letters to President Davis, I think what I have to say may be of interest to the numerous Albert Sidney Johnston camps and all others. I write from memory; yet, after a lapse of thirty-five years those events are vividly recalled. The impressions left by this deadly struggle—between people of the same name and blood, opposed in internecine strife, each side actuated by love of country and of causes that seemed more dear than life—are not easily forgotten.

After Gen. Johnston reached Corinth we were very busy organizing the commands that came from so many different points into brigades, divisions, and corps. This was Gen. Bragg's forte. On the 4th of April, 1862 (Friday), we rode out from Gen. Johnston's headquarters at Corinth and took the road for Pittsburg Landing, where we knew Gen. Grant's army lay. Gen. Johnston talked little of his intentions, but he had said at the breakfast-table that he was "going to hit Grant, and hit him hard." His staff was composed of Gen. McKall, chief adjutant-general; Gen. William Preston, Col. A. P. Brewster, Capt. Nat Wickliffe, Maj. Dudley Hayden and Calhoun Brenham, assistants; Maj. Gilmer, chief engineer; Maj. Mumford and O'Hara, voluntary aids; Maj. Albert Smith, chief quartermaster; Capt. Leigh Wickham, assistant quartermaster; Lieut. Thomas Jack, junior aid; and myself, senior aid. Col. Brewster, Lieut. Jack, and I were of Texas. When we rode off Gen. Bragg and staff and Gen. Beauregard and staff joined us, so we formed quite a cavalcade. When we reached the troops we found them lining the sides of the road. They had been cautioned to keep silent, but they knew their commander, and pressed forward. We reined up on the crest of the hill overlooking the field of Shiloh, and Gen. Johnston spoke encouragingly to the men about him, enjoining them to "be cool to-morrow, and take good aim at their belts." We pressed on by a log house on the right, and dismounted in a wood just beyond.

While we were getting the troops in position night came on, and a council of war was held in Gen. Johnston's tent. Among those present were Gens. Bragg, Beauregard, Polk, Hardee, and Breckinridge, and quite a number of their respective staffs. I heard each opinion as it was given of the course that should be pursued, and all spoke hopefully of the morrow. Only one, Gen. Beauregard, uttered a doubt—and he the bravest of the brave. His words were strangely impressed upon me, because of their difference from the others. He said: "In the struggle to-morrow we shall be fighting men of our own blood, Western men, who understand the use of firearms. The struggle will be a desperate one, and if we drive them to the brink

of the river and they make a last determined stand there, our troops may be repulsed and our victory turned to defeat." I believe these words account for the order to retire on Sunday at nightfall, when we had the victory in our hands. The battle has created a great deal of dispute and much criticism that was unjust to commanders of both armies. Those who did not experience it could hardly arrive at equitable conclusions. The only reason why Grant's army was not destroyed or captured was that the rain of Friday night prevented our getting our army into line of battle and making the attack at daylight Saturday morning. The impassable condition of the roads prevented Gen. Breckinridge bringing up his artillery. After a battle is over any one who has had any experience can plan an easy victory. All we had to do was to arrange an order of battle, let the artillery stick in the mud—for it was a battle of small arms—and we could soon have



GEN. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

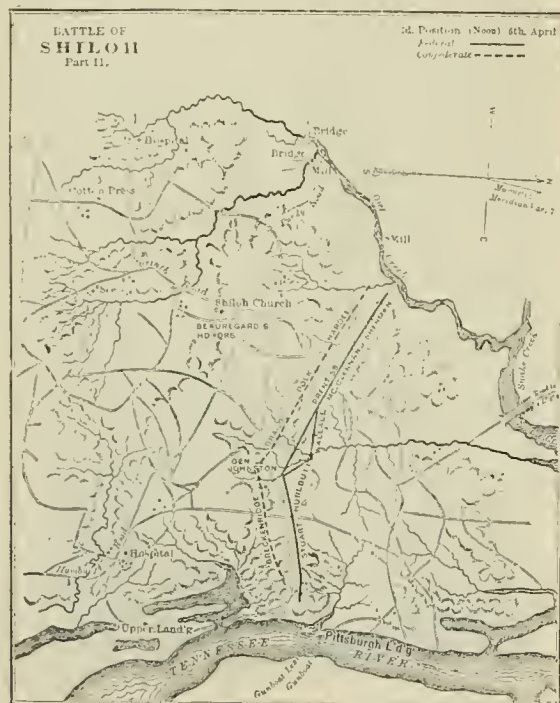
had all the artillery we wanted from the foe. As it was, we captured entire batteries.

It has always been a matter of wonder to me how the Federal army lay in camp all Friday evening near enough for us to hear their drums beat and fail to discover our proximity, especially as there were nearly fifty thousand of us (forty-six thousand, I think), and some of our overly zealous men had brought about a skirmish, in which they used a field-piece, and captured some prisoners. The Terry Rangers had fired their guns to load them afresh, greatly to Gen. Johnston's annoyance, and Col. John A. Wharton was put under arrest for it. That brave officer put in an earnest appeal to the General, saying he "would rather be shot than not allowed to go into the fight," and upon being released did gallant service with the Terry Rangers in the battle.

After the meeting at Gen. Johnston's tent Friday

evening we had a heavy downpour of rain. Our tent had been stretched so that a path ran diagonally through it, and I was sleeping on the side where it first entered. I had laid down in my clothes, overcoat and all, and, being aroused by the rain, I put out my hand and found the water banking up against the tent. I arose, found a spade, and soon had the path filled and a trench dug that turned the water off from the tent. When I returned to the tent I had a vote of thanks from the staff, and the General spoke in his kind way of the small service.

After the rain, which was very heavy, Gen. Johnston called me to him and said: "Lieutenant, I wish you would go to Gen. Beauregard and ask him if we had not better postpone the attack until Sunday, on account of the rain." I started on this errand, and soon found a French sentinel, who knew little English, and the extent of my French was "Beaugar," but it was sufficient to soon put me at the General's tent.



I found him still up, although it was past midnight, and delivered Gen. Johnston's message. He reflected a moment, then said: "Tell Gen. Johnston that time is of such importance I think we had better commence the attack at daylight." Why we did not has been explained. The condition of the roads, the utter impossibility of getting raw troops into position in a given time (except from the extreme front under a hot fire to the extreme rear, which is generally done with promptness and despatch), and for many reasons the day was so far advanced before order was obtained that the attack was postponed until Sunday morning, April 6.

Gen. Grant said, in his article to the *Century* magazine of February, 1895, "It was a battle of *ifs*," and I am convinced that *if* we had begun the attack on the 5th, instead of the 6th, of April, *if* Gen. Johnston had not been killed on the afternoon of the 6th, and *if* Don Carlos Buell had not come up at all, why there

would have been no "*ifs*" about it; but the chances are that Gen. Grant would have shared the fate of our own gallant leader and the horrors of the war would probably have been prolonged for several years.

But to return to the incidents of the battle. A young lieutenant was captured on the 5th, and Gen. Johnston turned him over to me. We were both young, and talked freely. I said to him: "You Yankees are very determined in trying to deny us the right to regulate our own state affairs." He flared up at the word "Yankees," and replied: "I want you to understand that I am no *Yankee*; I am a Western man, and fighting for the Union."

That evening there was an informal meeting of corps commanders, and, as the weather had cleared up, it was decided to attack at daylight. While breakfasting at dawn we heard the crack of skirmishers' guns, so, hurrying the meal, we mounted, and were soon on our way to the front. When we drew near the reserves under Breckinridge we found the brave Kentuckians pressing forward, almost on the heels of the first line. The front by this time was hard at it, and the rattling fire was a constant roar. Gen. Johnston rode straight to the front, and we were soon where the bullets were singing around us and where we could see the Federal tents. Here I discarded my overcoat, and as I was riding by the General's side he said to me: "Lieutenant, you had better keep that coat; you will need it before the war is over." I replied that if we won this battle I should get another, and if we didn't, I should probably not need it. This spirit animated the young men of the South at the time. It was "death or victory." Later on we would have preferred "badly crippled or victory." I was wearing a dark-blue coat, and Dr. David Yandell, seeing the danger that it subjected me to, insisted that I should exchange with him. Many a poor fellow during the day, seeing the surgeon's stripes, hailed me with: "Doctor, can't you do something for me?"

When we struck the line, some hundred yards from the first tents, the Federals were making a fight for their grub and tarpaulins, and there was a slight break in our lines. The General and staff rode right through the gap, and just then Gen. Hindman passed in front of us, going to the left. His horse was at full gallop, his long hair streaming out behind him, and he was waving his cap over his head and cheering the men on. I shall never forget what a picture of daring and courage he was. Gen. William Preston turned to the right, and, galloping down the line, called the attention of the troops to Gen. Johnston. As they recognized him a cheer went up, and a charge made at double-quick brought us into the Federal camp. I never knew what command it was, but they were either surprised or thought we were only joking. There was an old field to the right of the camp, and across it a long row of overcoats and knapsacks, as though they had been in line for inspection and had to hasten to the rear before it was over. We rode through this old field to the right. There was a creek crossing it in front of the encampment, and we saw the gleam of bayonets and cannon in an old field beyond, where they had rallied. The Second Texas, under Col. Moore, was just west of us, under cover of the creek-bank. Just here the Federals sent a shell over our heads that went into the ground near the

line of their own overcoats. I believe all the staff bowed respectfully to this missile, but the General sat as straight as an Indian. Several orders were given by the General, and then we rode toward our right wing, where he gave me the last order that I ever had from him: "Lieutenant, go to Gen. Chalmers, and tell him to sweep round to the left and drive the enemy into the river." I have seen some severe criticisms of this order from the Northern press, who denominated it "barbarous, inhuman," etc.; but there was no such spirit underlying it. It was just such an order as any general would give to impress his men with his own determination to win the battle.

On my return I found that the General had moved still farther to the right, and was on a high hill in the rear of this Second Texas regiment, I think. While sitting there we noticed an officer fall, and, riding forward, I found it was Capt. Clark Owens, whom I knew. The General also knew him as a gallant soldier in earlier days in Texas, and was much distressed at his death. Orders were given to the Texas troops to advance, when I asked and received permission to join them in the charge. Col. Benham, whom I had known in San Francisco, also got permission to go. After the charge we rode back to where we had left the General, and learned that he had ridden toward the left again. We took the same direction, riding at a canter, and soon became separated. I was some time on the way, making inquiries here and there, and finally came to a battalion of soldierly looking men, and inquired for their commander. A captain in gray uniform stepped up and said the commander, Maj. Harcastle, had gone to the front to get orders, as they had evidently been overlooked. I told him that I was aid of Gen. Johnston, and that they could safely move to the front. I afterward learned that this captain was Robert McNair, once Superintendent of Public Schools of New Orleans.

I began to feel uneasy about being so long absent from my general, and, concluding that I should find him where the firing was the heaviest, I rode in just behind the line of battle. Presently I saw an officer galloping toward me, and was glad to recognize Maj. O'Hara, of the General's staff. He, seeing my surgeon's uniform, had ridden straight for me. I asked for Gen. Johnston, and he replied, "He is wounded, and I fear seriously. I am now looking for a surgeon, as well as others of the staff," adding that he was just from the General, and had left him in an awful hot place. I went to him at once, and the Major, hoping that a surgeon had already been found, rode back with me. After riding some distance we turned to the right, crossed a ravine just above a log cabin on the south bank, and a short distance beyond it found the General and staff in a depression that emptied into the branch. No surgeon had yet been found, and the group gathered around the dying General was a sad one. As I dismounted I saw that a stream of blood had run from the General's body some six or eight feet off and ended in a dark pool. Around were gathered, as well as I can now recall them, Gen. William Preston, Gov. Isham G. Harris (who acted as assistant adjutant-general during the battle, and rendered most valuable aid, especially among the Tennessee troops), Maj. Albert Smith, Capt. Leigh Wickham, Maj. O'Hara, Lieut. Jack, and myself. Gen. Preston

was kneeling and holding Gen. Johnston's head. Becoming cramped with the position, he asked me to relieve him, which I did. As I looked upon his noble face I thought of the dauntless warrior who had ridden out of camp that morning so full of life and hope, his face alight with the excitement of approaching battle, whose very presence was an inspiration to those under its magic influence, the personification of Southern chivalry. I also thought of the gentle wife on the golden sands of the Pacific, whose heart would be pierced by the same bullet that brought him death; and, leaning over him, I asked: "General, do you know me?" My tears were falling in his face, and his frame quivered for a moment, then he opened his eyes, looked me full in the face, seeming to comprehend, and closed them again. He died as a soldier must like to die: at the moment of victory and surrounded by loving comrades in arms. There was not a dry eye in that sad group, and Gen. William Preston sobbed aloud. He



said, as though to explain it: "Pardon me, gentlemen; you all know how I loved him."

After a while I was relieved by Lieut. Jack, and, at the request of Gen. Preston, started to look for an ambulance. I rode for some distance, but, failing to find one, turned back, thinking some of the others might have been more successful. While returning I met one of Gen. Bragg's staff, who had been sent to tell Gen. Johnston that they had carried everything on the left. This officer's grief on hearing of Gen. Johnston's fate was another tribute of love and admiration that the great man aroused in all who came in contact with him. When I reached the spot where I had left the General's body I found that it had been removed, and followed the tracks of the ambulance back to camp.

Gov. Harris and Capt. Wickham told me, concerning his death-wound, that the General had led in a charge and received a wound that severed the artery

below the right knee and just above the boot-top. The wound seemed to have been inflicted by a navy revolver or buckshot. The sole of the boot also was cut by a Minie ball and a spent shot had struck him under the shoulder blade. To an inquiry from Gov. Harris after the charge he replied that he had been wounded, but that it was "only a scratch." He then gave an order to Gov. Harris, who returned after its execution to find him pale and faint. He asked if the General had been wounded again, and was assured that he had not, but that the wound was more serious than he had first thought, and he would ride to the rear and look for a surgeon. Gov. Harris and Capt. Wickham rode back with him, but before they had proceeded far the General was reeling in his saddle, and the Governor sprang to the ground and caught him in his arms as he fell. He was then carried to the depression in the ravine before mentioned, where



ROAD CUT FOR BUELL'S ARMY AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

he died. I have seen pictures of this spot, but none of them bear the slightest resemblance to it. We were among tall post-oak trees, and, unless these have been cut, I believe I could now find the exact spot.

To return to the condition of our men and the enemy at sunset. In 1863 there was in my brigade a Lieut.-Col. Alonzo Ridley, of Col. Phillips' Regiment, formerly sheriff of Los Angeles County, Cal., who had come across the plains with Gen. Johnston. At Bowling Green he received a captain's commission, and was given authority to select from the soldiers a company to act as scouts. He told me that late in the evening at the battle of Shiloh he rode up on the bank of the Tennessee River, opposite one of the gunboats. He concluded that he would give them a round, as his men were armed with Enfield rifles; so he formed them in line and fired a volley. Every man on deck of the gunboat disappeared in a moment, and, to his utter as-

tonishment, a cloud of bluecoats swarmed up from under the river-bank, holding up their hands, and saying: "We surrender." The stream continued to crowd up the hill, until he was afraid they would disarm his company, so he marched off with what he could guard. Col. Ridley still lives near Phoenix, Ariz. In El Paso, Tex., a few years ago, I met a Mr. Burton, who belonged to a Tennessee regiment engaged in this battle, and he told me that when his regiment had nearly reached the brink of the river they were halted, but, moved by curiosity, he walked forward and looked over at the crowd. He said he had never seen such a sight—officers, men, mules, horses, cannon, all mixed together, no one paying the least attention to orders. He even saw one officer on a stump waving his sword over his head and trying to rally his men, but none of them heeded; and one Federal soldier, who stood near enough for Mr. Burton to hear his words, said: "Wouldn't he make a daisy stump speaker?" This shows how utterly all discipline or thought of resistance was at an end. Now, let us suppose that one Tennessee regiment had advanced and fired a volley into this demoralized crowd. What would have been the result? I am convinced, with Josh Billings, that "there is a great deal of human nature in mankind," and I am sure that a panic started there would soon have spread to the brave men who were making such a desperate resistance on our left. A lot of men stampeded have no more sense than so many Texas "long-horns," and I have seen them stampeded by a cotton-tail rabbit. I am convinced that Gens. Grant and Sherman and a good many more who have expressed the same opinion were sadly mistaken in thinking that the battle of the 7th could have been gained without Gen. Buell's army. We knew that he had arrived during the night, and it was believed that he had fifty thousand fresh men. The moral effect of this is not hard to determine: it depressed our men and encouraged the Federals.

Gen. Grant, in his account of the battle of Shiloh, says: "Nothing occurred in his brief command of an army to prove or disprove the high estimate that had been placed upon Gen. Johnston's military abilities." When the order came to the Confederates to fall back they were flushed with victory and ready for a final struggle. Hardly any Federal soldier in that army can seriously doubt what would have been the result of such a charge at sunset, with Buell a day's march away.

That night I lay on the ground by the cot which held Gen. Johnston's body and listened to the beating of the drums as Buell's army arrived. I was born at Fort Gibson, and have lived nearly all my life with the army. The notes of drum, fife, and bugle are as familiar to me as my own voice, and as I noted the tones of the different drums of regiments I knew that it meant a death-struggle for us on the morrow. It was generally believed by our army that if we could not defeat Grant before Buell came up, we would have to fall back to Corinth on the 7th.

On the morning of the 7th I rode to Shiloh church, Gen. Beauregard's headquarters, to ask for permission to accompany the body of Gen. Johnston from the field and for instructions. He told me to say to any Confederate commanders or soldiers that I saw that the enemy were making a stand at only one point, and he expected to capture them that morning; he also



asked me to direct them to the point of the heaviest firing. This was about daylight. As I left him he kindly offered me a position on his staff if I returned. I have never been able to determine whether Gen. Beauregard really believed there would only be a slight struggle to gain the victory or whether he only hoped to encourage the men; but no one can say, brilliant as had been their dash of the day before, that it was eclipsed by their dogged determination on the 7th, when they believed they were fighting the defeated army of the day before, reenforced by fifty thousand.

Two acts of Gen. Grant have endeared him to the entire South: the one was his conduct at Appomattox, when our Lee surrendered his broken-down, half-starved men, and the other was the stand he took when fanatical abolitionists wanted to hang President Davis. These things did more to conquer—or to pacify—the South than all the powder that was wasted from Sumter to the Rio Grande.

And there was one act in the short career of Gen. Johnston that if more generally known would bring to him the tender regard of the North: At Shiloh, after a heavy charge, he passed a group of wounded men wearing both blue and gray, and ordered his own surgeon, Dr. David Yandell, to "stop and attend to all alike," saying: "They were our enemies, but are fellow sufferers now." This very care for the wounded soldiers cost him his life; for, had Dr. Yandell been with him when he was wounded, a simple tourniquet or a silk handkerchief twisted with a stick would have stopped the hemorrhage and have saved his life. His staff seemed dazed with the great calamity, and there was no surgeon near to apply the simple bandage.

TURNER ASHBY'S COURAGE.

M. Warner Hewes, who served in the First Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., Ewell's Division, under "Old Jack," wrote from Baltimore in May, 1895:

In the *VETERAN* for April you note the death of Gen. Turner Ashby. I cut the saddle off his horse after both were killed, borrowing a knife from one of Gen. Ewell's aids. I had gone with Gen. George H. Steuart to see Gen. Ashby "bag a lot of Yanks." He wished to add to his big work that morning, when he cut up the New Jersey regiment and captured its colonel, Sir Percy Wyndham. He got an order from Gen.

Ewell for Gen. George H. Steuart, who then commanded the rear-guard of Gen. Jackson's army, to furnish the men. Gen. Steuart detailed the Fifty-Eighth Virginia and the Maryland regiment, and placed them under Ashby's orders. Placing one gun (I think from Chew's Battery) in the main road, covered by a company of Ashby's cavalry, we proceeded by a back way through a dense woods to come out in the rear of the Federals. They appear to have been aware of our movement, for they threw the "Bucktails," a crack Pennsylvania regiment, behind a rail fence in a clover-field, and, as we emerged from the wood, let into us with telling effect. Gen. Ashby was reckless, as usual, and Gen. Steuart warned him against needlessly exposing himself; but soon Ashby turned to me and said, "Let's go see the

Maryland boys charge," which we did. We were both horseback. When I returned I called Gen. Steuart's attention to Gen. Ashby's dead horse, with the saddle and pistol-holsters on. This horse was between a cream and a dun. The saddle was a high back and front wooden affair. I had hardly gotten the saddle off, when one of Gen. Ashby's aids—he was a mere boy, and Ashby had lots of such—rode up and said: "I will give those to Gen. Ashby, sir." I handed them over, returned the knife, and mounted my horse. Then Gen. Steuart ordered me to go and get an ambulance, as a lot of the Maryland boys were wounded. When I got to the wagons I was told that Gen. Ashby had been wounded, and had just been carried past. I stayed with the wagons, and did not know of his death for some hours. This all occurred Friday, June 6.

On Sunday, June 8, was fought the battle of Cross Keys. This was one of the two battles fought on the same day—viz., Cross Keys and Port Republic. Ewell held Fremont in check while Jackson crossed over and thrashed Seigle. I heard Gen. Jackson "crack a joke" that morning. It was shortly after he had made his escape over the bridge at Cross Keys and before the battle. He, with others, was standing in the road talking, when some one said something about "fancy soldiers." Pointing to Gen. Isaac Trimble, sitting on the fence, with black army hat, cord, and feathers, he said, "There is the only fancy soldier in my command," or words to that effect. Gen. Trimble proved that afternoon that Gen. Jackson meant it as to dress. I heard some one say, after he had made the splendid charge which swept the field, that his order to his men was: "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes." I told Gen. Trimble, after the war, of Gen. Jackson's joke, and he enjoyed it, repaying me by sending me a copy of his speech delivered at West Point after the war.

Things happen which at the time are passed with but little notice; in after-years they seem of worth. So it was with me. I saw "Dick" Ashby buried at Romney, and was near when Turner fell near Harrisonburg.

D. W. Timberlake, of Middleway, W. Va., is anxious to know of Lieut. Frank Timberlake, of the Seventh Tennessee Regiment, whose acquaintance he made during the war, and whether he is still living. Lieut. Timberlake was badly wounded at Gettysburg.

sharply, owing to Gordon keeping his direction from the east—a Federal brigade was discovered in the little valley made by the creek, on our right flank, making an effort to get to our rear. Gordon had halted his brigade in a hollow. Gen. Doles was without his horse, and, all the field-officers being near the left of our brigade, did not see the Federal brigade, but word came up the line: "By the right flank." The men did not wait to learn who gave the order, but instantly obeyed, and almost as quickly the yell came from the right, and without any command from any one the men instinctively changed front forward on the right into line by regiments. How many of those Federals escaped no mortal can ever tell to a certainty. Gen. Ewell afterward, at Front Royal, on our way back from Pennsylvania, in speaking of the incident to the writer and some other comrades, stated that he did not believe that over twenty-five escaped unhurt; but this, of course, was an exaggerated opinion, for the General at times became very much excited in battle, and that day, at the moment our men discovered the movement, he was dismounted and standing by his horse; and, having but one leg, he could not mount, having no staff officers or couriers with him at the time. Seeing the movement of the Federals so nearly accomplished, he was almost in despair because he could not get notice to Gen. Doles of the danger his brigade was in. His joy knew no bounds when he saw Doles's Brigade change front, whereby it almost annihilated the Federal brigade. 'It was a pleasure to watch the play of the General's countenance when he was relating the incident. The wonderful sparkle and flash of those great brown eyes was enchanting.

The breaking of the right of the Federal line by Doles and Gordon caused a general falling back of the Federals along the left. Doles's Brigade reached the railroad fill between the town proper and Smucker College just in time to catch the Federals as they fell back along the railroad, closely pressed by A. P. Hill and the balance of Rodes's Division on our right. We charged and drove them from the railroad back through the wheat-fields south of the town to the cemetery ridge, a part of our brigade going through the town. Soon the brigade was reformed, and occupied the main street, running due east and west through the town from Smucker College to the York pike, Battle's Brigade being on our right. As soon as the formation was had, Col. O'Neal, of the Twenty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, and Battle's Brigade, and who was then commanding the brigade, rode up to Gen. Doles and requested him to take charge of the division and drive the Federals from the cemetery ridge. Gen. Doles refused to do anything without orders from Gen. Ewell or Gen. Rodes. Col. O'Neal persisted, saying the Federals were demoralized, and we would have no trouble in carrying the ridge. Gen. Doles realized the fact, but would not act without orders. It was a fatal mistake. The delay enabled the Federals to reform and hold the position until reinforcements came up during the night. Thus was the key to the situation lost by us. Had we occupied Cemetery Ridge, as was in our power to do that evening, in the opinion of the writer, victory would have crowned our banners.

Many contributions have been furnished upon this inexhaustible and ever-interesting theme.

RECORD OF PERSONAL SERVICE.

The following paper, to be filed by the Donelson Bivouac, is a good sample of what might be done by thousands, and it would be of inestimable historic value. This is by Capt. Lycurgus Charlton, Edgefield, S. C., and supplied the VETERAN by J. W. Blackmore:

During March and April, 1861, I aided in enlisting men for Company I, Bate's Second Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, which company was organized April 25, 1861. W. B. Bate was elected captain; Lycurgus Charlton, first lieutenant; Daniel S. Stuart and A. B. Schell, lieutenants. There were one hundred and six men in the company. This, with nine other companies, camped at the old fair-grounds near Nashville, Tenn., about May 1, 1861, where a regiment was organized, of which W. B. Bate was elected colonel; David L. Goodall, lieutenant-colonel; and William Doak, major. Jo P. Tyree was then elected captain, to succeed W. B. Bate. This regiment served about eleven months in Virginia, being sworn into the Confederate States service at Lynchburg, Va., about May 12, 1861, by E. Kirby Smith (then major). It was under fire at Aquida Creek June 1, 1861, and at the first battle of Manassas.

After that, in February, 1862, this command reenlisted, as a regiment, for the war, when the officers and men were all granted sixty days' furloughs, and ordered to rendezvous at Nashville, Tenn., at the expiration of that time; but, Fort Donelson having fallen and Nashville surrendered, the regiment assembled at Huntsville, Ala. Before the furloughs expired the command joined the Confederate army under Gen. A. Sidney Johnston, at Corinth, Miss., and took part in the battle of Shiloh. The regiment lost many good officers and privates in that battle. Capt. Jo P. Tyree was among those slain in the first day's battle, and I was elected captain of Company I after the army returned to Corinth from Shiloh. I was severely wounded in this battle, my right arm being amputated at the shoulder, and was in hospital for four months at Columbus, Miss. During this time the campaign in Kentucky began, the battles of Richmond and Perryville had been fought, and the army had returned to Tennessee before I was able to report for duty.

At Murfreesboro, Tenn., I was relieved from field duty, by order of Maj.-Gen. P. R. Cleburne, and assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. Braxton Bragg, with the rank of captain and assistant adjutant-general. I served under Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Hood until the surrender in May, 1865. My duties were varied. I was engaged in conveying prisoners to their destination, acting as provost-marshal, under Gen. Tyler, at different places in Georgia, collecting and forwarding commissary and quartermaster stores to the army, gathering absentees from the army and returning them to their commands; also in recruiting in South Carolina the five brigades from that state. I surrendered and was paroled at Aiken, S. C., in May, 1865. I was in the large battle of first Manassas, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and other smaller battles.

Personal recollections should be written by every veteran. It is a theme of public interest and pride.



MRS. A. C. CASSIDY.

ORIGIN OF DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The following interesting paper comes from Mrs. P. G. Robert, of St. Louis:

Knowing that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN has for its object a full and accurate record of the incidents of the war and also of all events subsequent thereto, and is anxious to give all their due meed of credit, I write to correct an item on page 499, October issue. It states that "Mrs. Goodlett was evidently the original worker under the name 'Daughters of the Confederacy,'" and quotes from the *Nashville American* of May 10, 1892, an account of an election under the heading "Daughters of the Confederacy," stating that Mrs. Goodlett was chosen State President.

I have before me a copy of the first annual report of the Secretary of the D. O. C. of Missouri, Mrs. E. R. Gamble, dated February, 1892. The second paragraph reads: "One year ago—viz., January, 1891—Mrs. A. C. Cassidy conceived the idea that the ladies of St. Louis could—and would, if given an opportunity—contribute their mite in aid of the Confederate Home of Missouri. Her first step was to select a fitting name, and the next to find a President to fit the name and whom the women of the city would delight to follow. Both selections were happy. The name 'Daughters of the Confederacy,' appealed at once to all who had suffered for the cause for which so many heroic loved ones had laid down their lives, and the venerable Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, then eighty years of age, was requested to accept the leadership. . . . A meeting

was called in the parlors of the Southern Hotel on January 27, 1891."

So for the report. I will say in passing that, although seven years have elapsed, both Mrs. McLure and Mrs. Gamble still hold their offices in the St. Louis D. O. C. Though not a member of the D. O. C. at present, I was for six years, and was present at the third meeting, having been prevented by sickness from attending the first two, and at that my first meeting with the ladies (first Tuesday in March, 1891) I had the honor to take part in a debate on the final adoption of a name, as the question had been raised as to the possibility of being "daughters of a dead cause," as it was put. A simple question put by one of the members, as to whether we were not children of our parents, even if they were dead, and a statement of Mrs. A. C. Cassidy (then First Vice-President), that she had chosen the name as a compliment to the daughter of the Confederacy *par excellence*, Miss Winnie Davis, settled the question, and it carried unanimously. In a very short time Mrs. Cassidy received several requests from other states to allow them to use the name, the first being from Texas. All were cheerfully granted.

To-day, seven years after that first meeting, nearly eight thousand women of our Southland proudly bear that name, and, strangely enough, Missouri is now the only state that has D. O. C.'s; all the rest are U. D. C.'s. But to the St. Louis Chapter as the first, and to Mrs. A. C. Cassidy as the sponsor who named these Daughters of the Confederacy, belongs the honor. It is a good old adage, "Honor to whom honor is due," and I am sure the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will render it.

Mrs. McLure is also President of Charter Chapter No. 119, U. D. C., St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Cassidy is now First Vice-President of M. A. E. McLure Chapter.



MRS. M. A. E. M'LUKE.

ALABAMA WOMEN EARLY AFTER THE WAR.

The old files of the *Montgomery Daily Mail* of 1866 contain many appeals from the Monumental Society of Alabama. The meetings held were presided over by Judge John D. Phelan, and occurred between April 11 and May 1, 1866. Here is a characteristic article:

To the Ladies of Montgomery: It was your pious duty in the days of battle to nurse the sick, feed the hungry, applaud the brave, rebuke the laggard, prepare bandages for the wounded, cheer the living to victory, and weep over the dead. The people of Alabama have not forgotten the ministering angels who bore half the brunt of battle. The battle is over, but the dead are unburied. They are lying where they fell in the valleys of Virginia and Tennessee. Their bones are bleaching beneath the sun, and to you, daughters of Alabama, comes once more an appeal to help us bury our dead. The Executive Committee asks you to devote the first evenings of the coming month of May to a fair or festival by which money can be made for this pious purpose. They ask you to set an example to be followed throughout the state. That which will be a labor of love for you will prove the brightest jewel which glitters from your crown of immortality. . . .

HISTORICAL AND MONUMENTAL SOCIETY.

Ex-Gov. Watts was President of this society. An Executive Committee was appointed, composed of Hon. John D. Phelan, Gen. James H. Clanton, Dr. J. B. Gaston, Col. David T. Blakey, and Rev. Dr. J. T. Tichenor. It was hoped that a meeting of the Executive Committee would take place as soon as possible for the purpose of consummating this movement so ardently desired by every citizen of the state. A society of this kind, if managed with the proper spirit, could be productive of incalculable good. The collection of a historical library for the preservation and perpetuation of military and civil records was hardly of less benefit to the state than the erection of monuments, establishing of a soldiers' home or orphan school, etc. Appeals came from all over the South for help to bury the dead soldiers. Mrs. Williams, correspondent of the *Columbus (Ga.) Sun*, states:

We can not raise monumental shafts and inscribe thereon their many deeds of heroism, but we can keep alive the memory of the debt we owe them by, at least, dedicating one day in the year to decorating their humble graves with flowers. Our Decoration day now is 26th of April.

Notice in *Mail* of Thursday, March 15, 1866:

The Executive Committee of the Alabama Historical Society will meet at the editorial office of the *Montgomery Mail* on Saturday evening, 17th inst., at eight o'clock, to attend to important business.

JOSEPH HODGSON, *Corresponding Secretary*.

The report of the committee meeting is as follows:

The Executive Committee of the Alabama Historical and Monumental Society met at the *Mail* office Saturday evening, March 17, Judge Phelan presiding.

The following resolution was offered by Gen. James H. Clanton and adopted:

"Whereas the Legislature of Georgia at the recent session appointed a commissioner to proceed to the battle-fields of Virginia and other states to collect and protect from desecration the remains of her gallant dead; therefore be it

Resolved, That this committee recommend the appointment of a commissioner by the President of the society to act in concert with said commissioner, whose expenses shall be advanced by the society, until the meeting of the next General Assembly of this state."

Again, in such connection, is copied the following:

The members of the ladies' society for the burial of deceased Alabama soldiers are requested to meet at the M. E. Church on Monday afternoon at four o'clock. Those members who still have tickets or money are particularly requested to attend.

It is signed by Mrs. Bibb, President, and Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, Secretary.

A correspondent, "Augustus," writes, April 3:

Sunday I visited our city cemetery, and it made my heart ache to see the graves of some of my brave comrades so neglected. Will not the ladies of Montgomery attend to this? . . . The ladies of Columbus intend to dedicate the 9th of April, day of Lee's surrender, to repairing and decorating with flowers. Let our ladies do likewise, and Heaven will smile upon them with prosperity.

The ladies' meeting, Monday, April 16, 1866:

The assemblage of ladies at the M. E. Church Monday morning was large, and great interest was manifested in the laudable objects that called them together.

On motion of Mrs. William Pollard, the following-named persons were unanimously elected: Mrs. Judge Bibb, President; Mrs. Judge Phelan, Vice-President; Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, Secretary; Mrs. E. C. Harmon, Treasurer. Mrs. Jennie Hilliard furnished the press report. The following resolutions were adopted.

"1. *Resolved*, That it is the sacred duty of the people of the South to preserve from desecration and neglect the mortal remains of the brave men who fell in her cause, to cherish a grateful recollection of their heroic sacrifices, and to perpetuate their memories.

"2. That we earnestly request our countrywomen to unite with us in our efforts to contribute all necessary means to provide a suitable resting-place and burial for our noble and heroic dead; that we will not rest our labors until this sacred duty is performed.

"3. That in order to raise funds to carry out the objects expressed in the foregoing resolutions we constitute ourselves into a society to be styled the 'Ladies' Society for the Burial of Deceased Alabama Soldiers,' and that we solicit voluntary contributions for the same, and that we will hold in this city on Tuesday, the 1st day of May next, and annually on the 1st day of May thereafter, and oftener if deemed expedient, exhibitions, consisting of concerts, tableaux, juvenile recitations, songs, suppers, etc.

"4. That the President of this society, together with the present resident ministers in charge of the different churches of the city, and their successors in office, shall constitute a committee for the purpose of keeping and making proper application of the funds raised.

"5. That any lady can become a member of this society by registering her name and by paying into the treasury an annual assessment of one dollar.

"6. That all clergymen or ministers of the gospel shall be considered honorary members of this society."

On motion of Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, the chair appointed an Executive Committee, consisting of ten ladies, to take this matter in charge: Mrs. Dr. Rambo, Chairman; Mrs. John Elmore, Mrs. William Pollard, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Mrs. W. J. Bibb, Mrs. Housman, Mrs. Mount, Mrs. Rugbee, Mrs. W. B. Bell, Mrs. Fort Hargrove, Mrs. James Ware.

The ladies of the Hebrew congregation in Montgomery were asked to participate, and did so heartily.

The record shows that the ladies of Montgomery, in their offering to Alabama's dead soldiers, "added one really bright page to the history of the times" by their indefatigable efforts in their "labor of love."

In years to come, when they who so nobly labored in this offering shall be no more, it will be a pleasure to those little misses and masters who so admirably performed their parts in the tableaux to revert to the 1st and 2d of May, 1866, and to continue to perpetuate and cherish the doings on those eventful days.

It is utterly impossible to describe the scenes of yesterday, for a similar offering and silent, sincere token of esteem to one's country's dead heroes seldom, if ever, falls to the lot of man to witness.

At an early hour in the morning the doors of Concert and Estelle Halls and the theater were thrown wide open. The day was propitious—bright, genial, and balmy—as if Heaven were smiling on the sacred and noble work of our women. Everything was admirably arranged. The halls were gaily decked with garlands and mottoes. Edibles of every description were in great abundance. The atmosphere was redolent with perfumes of sweet flowers, and the scene was enlivened by the bright smiles of our self-sacrificing women. During the entire day the halls were thronged with visitors, and the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed. About 11 A.M. the theater began to fill with a beautiful and orderly though very large assemblage, to hear and witness the recitations, songs, and tableaux of the children. All acquitted themselves most creditably. The performance was arranged and managed by Mrs. M. Montgomery.

The day's exercises were closed with the ladies' grand tableaux in the theater at night, which were witnessed by a tremendous crowd. The scenes and sketches were truly beautiful.

The grand May-day offering to the Alabama dead by the ladies of Montgomery was a complete success.

We do not know the exact amount, but think it will not be less than \$6,000.

There are several letters to Mrs. Dr. Baldwin, Secretary of the society, from Col. John McGavock, of Franklin, Tenn., about the Alabama dead at that place.

The *Mail* of April 21, 1866:

The ladies of many of the Southern cities will meet at our cemetery on the 26th inst., for the purpose of decorating the graves and perpetuating the memory of our fallen braves who are there interred.

The ladies are requested to assemble at the city cemetery this morning, and to have with them utensils for improving and repairing the graves of the Confederate soldiers. It is estimated that about one thousand soldiers are there buried, and that every Southern state is represented.

On the 1st of December, 1866, the ladies of Montgomery decided to have a Christmas offering for the cemetery fund. A Montgomery lady wrote then:

Each grave contains the dust of "somebody's darling." Can any woman—mother, wife, or sister—if she has suffered (and who has not?), withhold her sympathy when she thinks of and remembers her own lost ones, lying far away from home, attended by strange hands? Let us all assist in the Christmas offering cheerfully and willingly. . . .

The *Mail* of December 27 states:

We are pleased that the ladies' Christmas offering was highly successful, and a very respectable sum was added to the fund for the burial of Alabama soldiers.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

A statement of disbursements made by the Appropriation Committee of the Ladies' Memorial Association, of Montgomery, Ala. (this is the first time the name is used):

Amount forwarded to Col. John McGavock, of Tennessee, for the collection and interment of the remains of Alabama soldiers that fell at the battle of Franklin, \$800; to Miss Lela B. Meem, of St. Jackson, Shenandoah Valley, Va., for the reinterment of the Alabama dead at that point, \$100; sent to Resaca, Ga., for the same purpose, \$100; sent to memorial association at Richmond, Va., for marking graves and burying soldiers that fell near that city, \$400. . . .

J. J. M. Smith, Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff of the Mountain Remnant Brigade No. 526, U. C. V., requests correspondence for his camp sent to him at Turnersville, Tex., instead of Burnet, as formerly.



SERVICE IN ARKANSAS—BROWN'S BATTALION.

Desiring to preserve from oblivion some valuable facts connected with the great war, I send you a short account of some of the actions performed by an independent battalion raised inside the Federal lines in Northwest Arkansas, and commanded by Maj. Brown, commonly known as "Old Buck Brown."

THE MANNER IN WHICH IT WAS SUPPORTED.

Being inside the Federal lines, we were often reduced to great straits. Every man had to furnish his own horse, hrearms, and clothing, and get his rations when and where he could. It seems strange that an army of three hundred could be maintained in this way, but the people of the country, although reduced to dire extremities themselves, having been overrun, were in full sympathy with us. The ladies, young and old, noble heroines, would meet us in the woods with provisions at any hour of the day or night. The examples of heroism, self-denial, and trust exhibited by the Southern women of Arkansas in those dark days I do not believe were ever excelled. The Spartan mothers advised their sons when they went to war to return carrying their shields or to be carried on them. The Southern women of Arkansas did more; they sent their husbands, sons, brothers, and sweethearts all to the war, while they remained at home and produced supplies for their families at home and their little army in the field. They raised, carded, spun, and wove the cotton and wool for clothing; they made their crops with hoes or with poor animals that the enemy did not think worth driving off. My own sainted mother made a reasonably good crop of corn with a little two-year-old steer. After gathering their little crops they had to conceal them, sometimes in caves, and again they buried them in the earth. They had to beat the corn in mortars or carry it on their shoulders to mills guarded by Federal soldiers, taking the chances of getting the meal. My mother carried a bushel of corn ten miles to mill, and was then robbed of it. When the war was over it was pathetic to hear her tell how a good woman who was stronger than she would carry the bags over a creek and then carry her over on her back.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, these noble Southern women always divided their supplies with Southern soldiers, and were never too tired to cook and carry it to them. Sometimes a soldier would be killed and his escaping comrades could not bury him, when these noble women would take the service in charge and bury him, as the Virginia women did in the burial of Capt. Latane. One noble soldier boy—William Deaver—who was pure and gentle as a woman, fell at the hands of his enemies. His slayers, instead of giving him a decent burial, put his saddle and blankets on him and set fire to them. The brave women—among whom was his sister—gathered up the fragments and laid them away in a grave dug with their own hands. Surely some hard will yet sing of the virtues of these noble women. Brown's Battalion, though an independent one and operating within the lines of the Federal army, was composed of the bone and sinew of Northwest Arkansas. A more honorable set of men never lived. Their honor was made conspicuous in their deportment toward the noble ladies who trusted

them so fully and served them so faithfully. The best ladies of the country had no hesitancy in putting themselves under our care, to be carried behind us on horseback through the woods even for miles after night.

Sometimes the young ladies and young soldiers would have a social gathering in some secluded spot where the enemy would not be likely to attack us. When the appointed night came each soldier-boy would take a young lady on his horse behind him and make his way to the rendezvous; then in the house of some friend the hours were passed delightfully until just time to get the ladies home before daylight. And yet, with all this, if there was ever any improper conduct on the part of any soldier the writer never knew it. I doubt if any man would have been permitted to live if he had abused the confidence of our noble sisters.

One day in the summer of 1864 the writer and a young soldier friend were at Squire Wasson's, when some one cried out: "The bluecoats are coming!" We sprang to our horses, and I succeeded in getting into my saddle, but my companion was less fortunate—his stirrup-leather broke, and he could not mount. The brave Miss Wasson, seeing the dilemma, rushed to the rescue. She literally picked him up and set him in his saddle. During that summer Capt. Alberty, a Cherokee Indian, called for volunteers to attack Fayetteville, Ark., where a regiment of Federals was entrenched behind breastworks. A number of our boys volunteered to go, the Federals numbering ten to one. The attack was a failure, and the Federals dashed out after them as they retreated. One boy's horse ran under a limb and knocked him off and broke his arms. In this condition he called for help, but in the excitement men dashed by him without giving aid, until a brave boy, A. G. Murray, who was considerably in advance of him, heard his cry for help, and, facing the enemy, with magnificent heroism he rushed back to get him on his horse and carry him out of danger. Fortunately there was a thick clump of underbrush near, into which he ran his horse, where they dismounted and remained until in the night. In November of that year (1864) Gen. Fagen and Maj. Brown made an attack on Fayetteville. Just before that a Federal soldier in Fayetteville had shot and killed Mrs. Applegate. Her son Tom was with Gen. Fagen. When the fight began he asked the General to turn over a piece of artillery to him, which the General did, and he made good use of it that day. Toward evening Brown moved his men up near their breastworks, but they were so perfectly concealed we could not see them. Maj. Brown, the writer, and four others ventured a little too near, and three out of the six were shot down in a twinkling.

Three miles out from Fayetteville sixteen of Brown's men were standing in front of a farmhouse talking to the young ladies, with whom the writer had gone to school, when a caravan of forage-wagons from Fayetteville, guarded by about fifty soldiers, came along a cross-road in front of us. Some one—perhaps Capt. Crawford—ordered us to fire and charge. The enemy were surprised and routed, losing six men, while we lost nothing. Our little company had before this set the whole Fayetteville garrison afoot. They had sent out their horses, numbering perhaps twelve hundred, to a prairie to graze, under a strong guard. When they

were not expecting it, we rushed upon them and drove off every hoot.

When the snows began to fall it became necessary for us to go South. A great many good people expressed a desire to go to Texas under our protection, among whom was Rev. Jordan Banks, a venerable Southern Methodist preacher who lived near Fayetteville. At his request about a dozen of us dashed in after him. When we had gotten a safe distance away he told us how he had been treated by the Federals. Many peaceable old citizens were killed in that county. He had been treated badly, was robbed nearly every day, and abused until he was afraid of his shadow. When he had finished his terrible story of suffering a member of our command, who knew him, said: "Well, Uncle Jordan, did you pray for your enemies while they were treating you thus?" For a moment the old man hung his head, then he replied: "God knows all anyhow. I did pray, but perhaps I did not pray as I ought." After we had gone about six miles with Uncle Jordan we stopped at a field of corn to feed our horses. Of course it was corn raised by a Yankee. We would not feed the corn our women had made as long as we could help it. When we reached the fence Uncle Jordan stopped and said: "Boys, I am now an old man, and I have never stolen anything in my life." Turning to me, he said: "Ben, I can't go in there and get corn; but if you will give me your gun I will go on picket, and if they come I will shoot them, while you take my sack and fill it up."

Before the war ended Brown and many of his men were killed. Those who survived went back to their desolated homes in Northwest Arkansas, where their families were living largely on the spontaneous products of the soil.

[The name of the author of the above is lost.—ED.]

FIRST CONFEDERATES TO ENTER GETTYSBURG.

Capt. W. H. May, Benton, Ala.:

In the September VETERAN I see an article from D. F. Wright, of Austin, Tex., asking what brigade entered the town of Gettysburg, Pa., first on July 1, 1863. He says it was Battle's Brigade, of Alabama, and Gen. Ramseur's North Carolina Brigade, led by Gen. Ramseur himself. He is partly right. The first troops to enter the town were the Third Alabama Regiment of Infantry of Battle's Brigade and commanded by Gen. Ramseur in that part of the fight, and is thus explained:

In going into action Battle's Brigade, Rodes's Division, did not have sufficient space for the whole of the brigade, so the Third Alabama was cut off and left on the field under a severe fire from a stone fence in front, with orders to go in with some other brigade, and as Ramseur's Brigade came up to charge this line behind the stone fence we asked permission to go in with them, and Gen. Ramseur gallantly replied: "Come on, boys; old North Carolina will stand by you." So in we went, made the charge, and drove the enemy from the fence, they retreating by their left flank covered by the stone fence. This threw them to our right. Gen. Ramseur here halted the right, and threw around his left to confront them, and charged. It was almost a slaughter. The enemy became demoralized and disorganized, doubling up and making poor resistance,

many of them making their escape through the town, with the Third Alabama Regiment in close and hot pursuit, but stopped in the town. Had Stonewall Jackson been with his old corps that day, the battle of Gettysburg would have been quite a different affair. He never neglected so ripe an opportunity to get in his work. The Federals were as badly defeated and demoralized as I ever saw them, unless it was at Cedar Run on October 19, 1864. There were five stands of colors not more than fifty yards from the first to the fifth, and the troops around them making no effort except to get away. It was here that the Third Alabama Regiment entered the town and stopped. Why, I never knew.

In this I do not intend to detract at all from Battle's Brigade, which was engaged on another part of the field, and of which I am a member, for its reputation as a fighting brigade was well established, as is illustrated by a remark of Gen. Early's: "Find Battle's Brigade, and I'll rally the army on it."

A Mississippian contributes the following:

An article in the *Chronicle* of several weeks ago, written by H. I. Singer, of Lee, Miss., in which he gave a description of Gen. Grant's tomb, recalls my recent visit to the old battle-field at Perryville, Ky. That battle was fought October 8, 1862, and it was one of the bloodiest of the war. It was there many a brave soldier boy fell, and there, in unmarked, unknown graves, sleep many boys who wore the gray. The visit to this historic spot was on a beautiful day in August. The sky was bluer than usual and the birds sang sweeter. In fact, nature seemed to be singing the halleluiah chorus: "Peace on earth, good will toward men." As I approached the battle-ground a solemn, peaceful feeling came over me, and as I trod the soil where so many had fallen in battle it seemed indeed holy ground.

The little graveyard in which our Confederate soldiers are buried is on the side of a hill, and is partially enclosed by a stone wall. Upon this hill these brave young soldiers fell, and there in a trench most of them are sleeping, awaiting the resurrection morn. The enclosure is entirely grown up in briars and weeds, and is the picture of desolation. The graves are unmarked, except the following: "Sam H. Ransom, First Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., October 8, 1862—age, twenty-seven. 'Our parting is not forever.'"

There is no tomb nor durable column to mark their resting-places, and yet they were among the bravest of the brave who fell in that fearful conflict. It is true their sleep is sweet, but should we not honor them as other soldiers are honored? Should we not at least clear away the briars and weeds, erect a small monument, and once a year cover them over with beautiful flowers? We owe these brave and gallant men who gave up home, friends, and life for our beloved South at least this much. Father Ryan, in his poem entitled "C. S. A.," beautifully portrayed the love of the Southern people for those who fell while wearing the gray in these lines:

But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names, without stain for us;
The glory they won shall not wane for us.
In legend and lay
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us.

REMINISCENCES OF FERGUSON'S CAVALRY.

E. H. Robinson, Escambia, Fla., writes of comrades:

I write to request that some member of that gallant old band, the Washington Artillery, from New Orleans—which rendered such efficient service to the Confederacy—would give through the VETERAN particulars of the death of J. T. Blanchard, one of its members who was originally a Kentuckian, I think, and a ship carpenter by trade. He received a cut on the knee while using an adz, from which he ever after limped. After this accident, being a bachelor, he made my father's house, near the village of Brooklyn, Ala., his home for many years. During the troubles resulting from the annexation of Kansas he went there, and was a participant and got a wound in the forehead. About the beginning of the civil war he went to New Orleans, and enlisted in the Washington Light Artillery. This was the last we knew of "Old Joe," as he was familiarly known by a host of friends, except that we heard he was dead; whether in battle, or otherwise, we never knew. Though rough-mannered, old Joe Blanchard was a nobleman of nature. I need not inquire of his record as a soldier; all such were good soldiers.

In March, 1862, at the early age of sixteen, I was a soldier-boy with patriotic zeal. A private in Company H of the Second Alabama Cavalry Regiment, I served in that capacity until April, 1864, when near Kingston, Ga., some careless(?) Yank gave me an unlimited furlough. Since that day I have existed, with the aid of timber-toes—have hobbled through life, engaged often in a desperate struggle against poverty, for an honorable maintenance for self, wife, and little ones. Among all war reminiscences I have seen but little mention in the VETERAN of our troop. The brigade was commanded by S. W. Ferguson, and was composed of the Second Alabama, the Fifty-Sixth Alabama, Twelfth Mississippi, and Second Tennessee, and Col. Perrin's Regiment of Mississippians, together with a battery under Gen. S. D. Lee. Ferguson's Brigade and Ross's Texans were almost constantly on detached service and in the saddle. Our gallant old colonel, R. G. Earle, laid down his life in battle for the Confederacy. Grizzled with the storms of many winters, yet retaining the ardor and impetuosity of his more youthful followers, he fell while gallantly leading us, near Kingston. The memory of Col. Earle should be perpetuated on the roll of honor. I would like to see mention of Clinton Hunter, another brave Alabamian who was killed by a sharpshooter in the winter of 1863. He was of the Second Alabama, a brother, I think, of ex-Gov. Winston Hunter, who was first colonel of the regiment. Our good old Gen. French may often be seen on the streets of Pensacola, where he now resides. He seems in good health, and jovial. He is now with some friends on a fishing frolic.

Please send the VETERAN as early and as often as convenient. I intend to bind them for reference and for my boys to read in years to come.

Dr. J. L. Isaacs, of Fort Worth, Tex., has written to Maj. Clark Leftwich, Lynchburg, Va., induced to do so by the sketch of Maj. Leftwich in connection with his coat, as illustrated in the June VETERAN:

About the middle of May, 1862, at Farmington, near Corinth, Miss., during an engagement at that place, a wounded man was turned over to me for treatment and attention. He was brought from the field by two men, a man on each side of him holding him on his horse. I assisted in getting him off his horse and laid him down between some little log stables near by in the shade. On examination, I found he had been shot through the lungs, and his condition was anything but favorable. His teeth were clenched, there was bloody froth from his mouth, his eyes were set back in his head, and he was pulseless. With active treatment by stimulants and applications of cold water he soon revived and told me that he was Maj. Leftwich, of Van Dorn's staff. After remaining with him an hour or more, I went out on the field and found Van Dorn's division surgeon and told him that Maj. Leftwich was seriously if not mortally wounded, and where they would find him. The surgeon, with others, left at once to give him attention, and that is the last I have heard of Maj. Leftwich till I was reading of the incident in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and saw a representation of the coat said to have been worn by him at that time. I write this inquiry, as I have all these thirty-five years been anxious to know what became of the man I gave attention to that day, as his talk impressed me very much. Please write and let me know if you are the same Maj. Leftwich I administered to on that hot May day. I am now past my threescore and ten, and am very nervous, as you can see from my scribbling; but my feelings are as warm for the South and her ex-soldiers as they were thirty-five years ago.

It is unnecessary to say that Maj. Leftwich was glad to hear from the surgeon, and he wrote:

I am indeed the man you recollect as shot at Corinth, and after many vicissitudes in life I am settled on my farm near Lynchburg. After graduating at St. Joseph's College, Mobile, Ala., I became a sailor, and on returning from a voyage around the world I found my beloved state in arms to resist the unscrupulous Yankee. I at once entered the service, and fired the first cannon shot on our side at First Manassas, opening that battle. I resigned from the army, and was appointed first lieutenant in the navy for a special service. I again entered the army, and commanded the last pickets of Lee's army at Lynchburg.

TIME FOR THE ATLANTA REUNION.

J. A. Jarrard, Morrison Bluff, Ark.:

I notice in the October VETERAN a suggestion that the next reunion, to be held in Atlanta, be in October, instead of June. I consider it a very wise proposition, as June is the most pressing month with those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits; the hardest fight in the cotton crop is raging, wheat harvest is on hand, and, besides all this, it is the hardest season for the farmer to raise money. I do hope that those having the management of the coming event will consider these things. Many of the veterans now living in this and other Western states would be glad to visit their mother states and to have the extreme pleasure of a reunion with their old comrades.

Allow me to suggest that the railroads sell tickets good to return in thirty days, so that the veterans may visit their kindred and old homes as well.

CONFEDERATE DEAD IN MARYLAND.

A letter signed by Gen. Bradley T. Johnson; John F. Hayden, Corresponding Secretary; George W. Booth, Vice-President; and F. M. Colston, Treasurer, of the Society of the Army and Navy of Maryland, reads:

BALTIMORE, MD., November 3, 1897.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President of Richmond Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Richmond, Va.

Madam: Referring to the subject of monuments over the graves of the Confederate soldiers who died in prison during the war, we make the following report in reference to the state of Maryland:

In 1870, and at other times, the Legislature of Maryland appropriated \$4,000, with which a lot was purchased about two miles from Point Lookout prison, to which the bodies of the Confederate prisoners were removed and a monument erected over them with an appropriate inscription.

There are 3,404 bodies buried there, and our society has a record of their names. This lot is under the care of trustees appointed by the state.

The sum of \$5,000 was appropriated for a Confederate cemetery at Hagerstown, and \$2,000 for one at Frederick, to which the bodies of the Confederates who were killed in battle or died in those vicinities were removed, and both of these places are cared for and annually decorated on Memorial Day.

The sum of \$5,000 was appropriated to our society, which was used to bring to our Confederate cemetery in Loudon Park the bodies of Marylanders who were not already in a Confederate cemetery and of the prisoners who died in and around Baltimore.

The sum of \$16,000 has therefore been appropriated by the state of Maryland to care for all of her own sons who died in the Confederate service and also for all Confederate soldiers who died within her borders, whether in prison, in battle, or in hospital.

It is not necessary, therefore, for your association to take any action in the state of Maryland, but in deep sympathy with the object which you have undertaken to accomplish we beg leave to enclose herein a draft for \$50 as a contribution toward the fund for that purpose.

T. J. Johnson, Princeton, Ky.: "On September 6, 1864, near Section 36 on the Northwestern railroad, in Middle Tennessee, about forty miles from Nashville, a large detail from Gen. John S. Williams' Brigade was started into Kentucky to get recruits, clothing, horses, etc., when four of us were captured and put in the penitentiary at Nashville. We had stopped to feed our horses about four o'clock. The boys had scattered in search of feed for their horses and something for themselves, when we were surprised by the enemy and in quarters too close for hope of escape. There was a full regiment, and I soon found that from colonel down they were deserters from the Confederate army. After searching us for 'private property,' they took us to their camp and kept us that night, but before going to camp they took us to a blacksmith's house near by and made his wife get supper for us four and some of the officers. After supper we were on a long front porch and the officers at one end of it. I was walking back and forth cutting tobacco from a twist for my pipe. Just when

my pipe was ready for lighting I looked up, thinking of how I could light it, when I saw a young lady standing in a door near the other end of the porch from where the officers sat. I asked her for a match. She said: 'Yes, sir; walk in.' She stepped back, and back again, holding out her hand with matches in it until she got to a window on the back side of the room, and then put her hand out the window for me to get the matches, which I did. Then I saw that a piece of timber had been put up there for me to get out on and away, but just then I saw two of the officers standing looking at us. I had to go to their camp with them. That night I sat up with the colonel until after midnight. Next day we were sent to Nashville, and the next day we four and a young doctor were started to Louisville. After night it was arranged for Jesse Allensworth to watch for an opportunity to escape from the train, and to notify us. To get the sentinel off his guard all of us went to bed except Jesse. He remained on guard and pretended to be drunk. The doctor and I went to bed together, and sure enough we went to sleep, and when Jesse got the opportunity to escape he did it without giving us any warning whatever, for it would have made his escape more hazardous. About daylight the train stopped, and the whole regiment was walking all around the train cursing in Dutch and threatening to hang us and do many bad things, but they did not. When the guard woke up he missed Jesse and gave the alarm, and it was a terrible alarm to us. For a while it looked as though nothing would satisfy them but our blood. They finally came to the conclusion that we had nothing to do with Jesse's escape, and they gave us to understand that they would spare our lives if we did not attempt to escape, and we did not. If the doctor is living, I would be delighted to hear from him."

W. E. Moore, Ashby, Tex.: "I call your attention to an error in the sketch of Gen. J. A. Wharton in August VETERAN, which states that Col. Frank Terry was killed at Shiloh. I was with Col. Terry, and was only a few feet from him when he was killed, which was on the 17th of December, at Woodsonville, Ky. Col. Terry had a brother (Clint) killed at Shiloh in a charge of our regiment late Sunday evening, April 6, and I suppose that fact caused the error. I was present in both cases."

SAM DAVIS PYTHIAN LODGE, AT DICKSON, TENN.—Dr. E. W. Ridings, of Dickson, Tenn., writes that a lodge of Knights of Pythias was instituted and named in honor of Tennessee's matchless hero, and will be known in Pythian circles as Sam Davis Lodge No 158, of Tennessee. Dr. Ridings adds: "Recalling the beautiful story of Damon and Pythias, a more fitting name for a Pythian lodge could not have been found in the state of the martyr's birth and death."

Thomas S. Kenan, Raleigh, N. C.: "In the August VETERAN, in an article on "Oldest and Youngest Soldiers," page 407, it is stated that Guilford Court-House is in Virginia. The writer of the article should surely have known better, and avoided the habit of robbing North Carolina of her history." An editorial was made to correct this error, but inadvertently omitted.

SOLDIER IN THE WESTERN ARMY.

George I. C. McWhirter, Newberry, S. C., who served in the Fifty-Second Georgia Regiment, writes:

In retrospecting the past, the arduous duty of covering Hood's retreat from Tennessee looms up with vivid recollections of the hardships and dangers experienced by true men having it in charge. The horrors of war had been focalized into one dense dark cloud over our heads for several days and nights, when ruin and annihilation seemed inevitable. We had hardly recuperated from the hundred days fighting between Dalton and Atlanta, which began May 7, 1864, at Ringgold, Ga., and ended at Lovejoy, Ga., below Atlanta, about the first of September. It was a harder campaign than the one under Gen. Bragg in the fall of 1862, beginning at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., and extending to Frankfort and Harrisburg, Ky., two hundred miles distance. Returning from that campaign, we arrived at Tazewell, Tenn., December 24, 1862, on Saturday night, when snow fell upon us to the depth of about eight inches. On the next Sunday, about eleven o'clock, we started for Vicksburg, Miss., getting there about noon on the 28th. We immediately got off the cars and double-quickened to the battle-field, Chickasaw Bayou, where a battle was already raging.

But I am rambling from the main thought. After the fight at Jonesboro we had a ten days' armistice, and then we started on the famous march under Gen. J. B. Hood to Nashville. We went through part of Alabama, over Sand Mountain, then to Columbia, Tenn., at which place we encountered some Yankees, but they soon fell back to Franklin. As our command brought up the rear from Columbia, we did not get into the hardest fighting. About twelve o'clock that night we were put in the second line of the Yankee works, near the turnpike, to support our front line. Our men were on one side of the breastworks and the enemy on the other, from which position they retreated to within a few miles of Nashville. We pursued them, and established our line so close that we could not put out pickets in the daytime. There we remained some time, doing picket duty.

About the 5th of December it snowed, and when not on picket duty many of our boys had a big time catching rabbits. We were so close to the enemy that we had to move our line back so we could have fires, as it was very cold. One night while on vidette, with the snow and sleet about eight inches deep, I felt sure, from the noise in front, that a Yank was coming. I stood with my gun cocked, ready to shoot at sight. Imagine my relief when I found it was no greater foe than Mr. Rabbit.

Soon thereafter the severe battle of Nashville was fought. Its results are ever vivid to participants.

When on retreat Gen. Hood told Gen. E. C. Walthall that Forrest said he could not keep the enemy back without a strong infantry support, and he asked for three thousand infantry, with Gen. Walthall to command them. Gen. Walthall said he had never sought a hard place for glory nor a soft one for comfort, but took his chances as they came. When the order was given we saw the maneuvering of our troops, wondering what was up. Joe Parr, my mess-mate, said to me: "We are going to catch it." The

rear-guard was composed of D. H. Reynolds', Featherston's, Smith's, Maney's, and Palmer's Brigades, numbering in all one thousand six hundred and one men. Imagine the privations we had on that retreat to the Tennessee River!

Gen. Thomas, the Federal commander, in his official report, said that Hood had formed a powerful rear-guard, made up of all organized forces, numbering four thousand infantry, with all the available cavalry under Forrest; that had it not been for this rear-guard Hood's army would have become a disorganized rabble; and that the rear-guard was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last.

A grand commander was Nathan Bedford Forrest, and this rear-guard to Hood's army on that retreat was worthy to be commanded by him.

Grit of Johnson Long, Near Holly Springs, Miss.

Many little happenings occurred during the war which would make valuable paragraphs for history and also be interesting and pleasing to our children. If we would record our own deeds, both of success and sorrow, how dear would the pages be to the Southland!

When Gen. Van Dorn, commanding a division of Southern boys, with Gen. Armstrong, Col. Wheeler (afterward Maj.-Gen. Wheeler), and Capt. Freeman, was coming up from Grenada, Miss., in the rear of Grant's army, they took Holly Springs, burned railroads, and captured many prisoners, guns, ammunition, etc., causing Gen. Grant to fall back to Memphis. Johnson Long, of Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., who had just returned from a six months' imprisonment at Johnson's Island, was working his way back to the army, and was in the commotion of this battle. He, with two or three comrades, was near some of these prisoners when they tried to escape. He shot at them, and they fell back into a ditch and fired at him. Shots were rapidly exchanged, and the situation was fast becoming serious. Seeing that he had to make a desperate effort, and probably be killed, Long jumped up on the breastworks in the face of a shower of bullets, waved his hat, and said: "We have you entirely surrounded. Surrender, or we will kill the last one of you!"

The Federal leader, believing this to be true, waved his hat in return, and said: "We will give up."

There were eighty-five of them. Long, being a private, and not yet enrolled as member of any command, ran across the breastworks to get Capt. Hooper to take his place. When the prisoners realized the situation they grew angry enough to fight their own commander. On reaching Holly Springs Capt. Hooper paroled them. Comrade Long, in recurring to this event, said: "It seems but as yesterday when I recall the incident."

CASUALTIES AT FORT SUMTER. — The *Charleston News and Courier* gives the following summary of Fort Sumter, 1863-65: "Projectiles fired against it, 46,053; weight in tons of metal thrown against it (estimate), 3,500; days under greater bombardments, 117; days under minor bombardments, 40; days under fire, steady and desultory, 280; casualties (52 killed, 267 wounded), 319."

CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Col. J. H. Moore, who served in Archer's Brigade at Gettysburg, writes his comrade, Capt. F. S. Harris, concerning Col. Farinholt's sketch in the September VETERAN:

The article does Heth's Division great injustice. I can't understand why the Virginians, as a rule, make the statement that Heth's Division retreated or fell back first. The truth is that the center, including the left of Pickett and the right of Heth, were the last to abandon the field. The right and left retreated first because they were flanked. When you and I left the field the extreme right of Pickett was passing the brick house in rapid retreat. I suppose the left was also retreating. I never looked that way. My attention was constantly on Round Top from the moment we advanced, for I knew the batteries there could and would rake our lines after we had advanced any considerable distance, and was afraid our right could not stand it. It seems that it did, however, until it was flanked by infantry, which about the same time happened to our left. The official reports will successfully refute any disparagement of Heth's Division. Every brigade in the division lost more in proportion than did Pickett's Brigade; and Pettigrew's Brigade lost more men, killed and wounded (not prisoners), than all of Pickett's combined. One regiment in this brigade (the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina) lost more men, killed and wounded, in this engagement (Gettysburg) than has been sustained by any regiment of modern times. This is official, and these facts can not be disputed.

J. A. Hinkle (Company A, Thirtieth Tennessee), McKenzie, Tenn., writes (October 22, 1897):

I read in the VETERAN of November, 1896, a graphic and correct account of the river batteries at Fort Donelson, by Gen. R. R. Ross, C. S. A., with one exception, to which I call attention. He says: "Capt. Beaumont's company and a portion of Capt. Gorman's, Suggs's Regiment, were serving the 8 guns, 32-pdr. battery." He also speaks of the Maury County (Tenn.) Artillery that went down to the river batteries, but says nothing whatever about Capt. Bidwell's company, Company A, of the Thirtieth Tennessee (Head's Regiment), which was detached from the regiment and put in charge of the lower batteries early in the action. I was a member of that company, and was there during the entire time. Capt. Bidwell's company was there all the time, night and day. I was in the parapet, next to the one in which Capt. Dixon was killed. The bombshell that dismantled the gun landed in our parapet, and one of the boys picked it up and threw it out. If it had exploded, we would all have been killed.

It was the gun in our parapet that played with grape and canister on the house Gen. Ross speaks of where the sharpshooters were hiding to pick off our gunners. We could not hear the report of their guns, but could hear the whistling of Minie balls as they passed near our heads. We succeeded in silencing them.

The last command Capt. Dixon gave was to "fire the 8 guns, 32-pdrs." Before that we had been playing on the gunboats with the "Columbiad" of the lower battery, and also the rifle guns of the upper battery.

We were ordered to join our regiment, and marched to Dover. In a short time we were ordered back into the fort, and found the white flag waving over our batteries. Company A, of the Thirtieth Tennessee, stood at the front in that great battle with the gunboats at Fort Donelson, and should have full credit. "Honor to whom honor is due."

On that hot Sunday afternoon, July 21, 1861, three regiments which had been supporting the center were rapidly transformed to the Confederate left, which had no sooner been reached and the alinement perfected than they were ordered forward at quick time. The bullets of the enemy were whizzing past or knocking up the dirt in our front. The advance of the regiment to which I belonged was through a pasture with occasional bunches of persimmon sprouts, say two years old. Just as we received the order to double-quick a bunch of these persimmon sprouts was encountered by the first company to the right of the colors and in it there was a wasps' nest. The boys were hot, and the wasps were easily angered, and instantly at least fifty men broke ranks (without permission), and were running in every direction, fighting this new enemy with their hats. Our colonel, seeing the panic, rushed into the breach, and at once the angry wasps attacked his horse, and soon the performance was at its height. The colonel, being a large, portly man, although a fine lawyer, was a poor horseman. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and, as a comrade told me next day at Stone Bridge: "It beat a circus."

The foregoing comes from P. F. Ellis, captain of the Joe Wheeler Camp at Bells, Tex., with a personal letter, from which the following are extracts:

The regiment was the Thirteenth Mississippi, Col. William Barksdale, afterward brigadier-general, and mortally wounded at Gettysburg. The breaking of the line and the commotion caused by those wasps was observed by the eagle eye of Gen. Beauregard, and while watching the grave affair doubts arose in his mind whether the enemy had turned our left or we had turned his right, and as a result the Confederate battle-flag was created. As the VETERAN is doing so much to give a correct account of the great war, I send you these lines. Many writers state that Johnston's troops turned the Federal right that day; but I know that, with the exception of a section of artillery composed of two pieces, no other troops were in sight on our left, and our last charge was in open ground.

WORK OF THE VETERAN.

Judge A. W. Fite, Cartersville, Ga., writes this:

You are doing a good work for the South and for the right in gathering and preserving material for the future impartial historian who shall do justice to the South and to the lost cause. The memory of our gallant dead should be perpetuated in song and story, to officer and private alike. Albert Sidney Johnston and Sam Davis both died heroically, gloriously, for the same cause, and each in his sphere represented true Southern manhood and patriotism. They were heroes, and not traitors, and our children should be taught to honor their memories.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Four Premiums to Be Given March 1, 1898.

The VETERAN will pay \$50, \$30, \$15, and \$5 respectively to the four who send in the largest lists of new subscribers during January and February. Letters postmarked the last day of February will be counted, although not received until in March. This offer, it is believed, will cause more competition than that for \$200 or fine piano has done.

MOST VALUABLE OF ALL HISTORIES.

The VETERAN has secured very liberal propositions for the entire stocks of our best histories on terms whereby friends can secure them free by a little diligence in extending its patronage. Of these are:

"The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis.

"Johnston's Narrative," a history of his own operations specially, by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

"Life of Albert Sidney Johnston," by his son, William Preston Johnston.

"Reminiscences, Anecdotes, etc., of Gen. R. E. Lee," by Dr. J. William Jones.

Fitzhugh Lee's "Life of Robert E. Lee."

The above and other very valuable Confederate histories are becoming very scarce, and it would be wise and well to secure copies soon. Write for particulars to CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

Won't you speak to a neighbor or write to a friend about the VETERAN? One of the last letters received before putting this number to press is from Rev. E. B. Chrisman, D.D., who was first lieutenant in the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment (of which A. S. Marks was captain and afterward colonel, and Governor of the state after the war), and afterward chaplain of the regiment. Dr. Chrisman was attending the Mississippi Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at West Point, where he first saw the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Sending subscription, he adds: "Am very much pleased, and regret I have not been taking it."

Comrades of the Seventeenth will be glad to see the name of their chaplain and to learn that he is in good health, still a minister, and resides at Days, Miss.

The Confederate Veteran Association of Washington, D. C., fills its broken line of officers, and the Secretary, Capt. C. C. Ivey, reports the list for 1898 as follows: Col. Robert J. Fleming, President; Franklin H. Mackey, First Vice-President; Gen. L. L. Lomax, Second Vice-President; Capt. Charles C. Ivey, Secretary; George H. Ingraham, Financial Secretary; R. M. Harrover, Treasurer; J. H. McCaffrey, Sergeant-at-Arms; Rev. Dr. R. H. McKim, Chaplain; Drs. J. L. Sudarth and W. P. Manning, Surgeons.

In the next VETERAN an important statement may be expected concerning Daniel Decatur Emmett, author of "Dixie." In that number, or very soon, a list of the twenty-two hundred dead in Camp Chase Cemetery may be expected, and also the concluding article by Judge H. H. Cook on the prison experience of the six hundred officer prisoners, together with the casualties, by another officer. There is much of importance for the VETERAN in the near future, and every friend is urged to help it in every practicable way.

Mrs. Annie G. Neil entered into rest October 14, 1897, after a sudden and brief illness. She was a member of the Barnard E. Bee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the lost cause, hallowed by the willing sacrifices and passionate love of the heroic men and women of the old South, was ever dear to her heart. A Committee on Resolutions, comprised of Mrs. Nat B. Jones and Misses Emma Wescott and Mabel Mussey, mention that "the Barnard E. Bee Chapter has lost a valued and beloved member, whose devoted and unselfish life stands out as a bright recollection of all that is beautiful and true, and will be to us a guide and blessing; that society in general has lost one who in her daily life exemplified all that was noble and good in character and purpose."

G. Kann, Woodville, Miss.: "Our long-time friend and fellow townsman, Henry Habig, who was a subscriber to the VETERAN, died at his residence in Woodville, Miss., November 3, 1897. Comrade Habig was a good man in all the relations of life. He was a member of the Wilkinson Rifles, Company K, Sixteenth Mississippi, A. N. V., a faithful soldier up to Appomattox, doing his whole duty in camp and field cheerfully and gallantly. Thus the survivors of those once unbroken ranks pass over the river to rest with Jackson."

In writing the sketch of Gen. J. B. Palmer, which appeared in the November number of the VETERAN, Mr. G. H. Baskette, of Nashville, states: "I inadvertently omitted mention of the Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment and Newman's Tennessee Battalion, both splendid organizations which well earned the high standing they held in the brigade. Newman's Battalion was ultimately consolidated with the Forty-Fifth Tennessee Regiment."

Miss Lucinda B. Helm, General Secretary of the Woman's Home Mission Society of the M. E. Church, South, died very suddenly at the residence of Bishop Hargrove, Nashville, November 15. Miss Helm was of Kentucky, a sister of the gallant Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, who died in the cause of the South on the battlefield of Chickamauga. She, like her gallant, heroic brother, added to the distinction of their family.

When the war broke out in 1861 James R. Matlock was one of the first volunteers in Company A, Ninth Kentucky Regiment, and was left by his company at Corinth or Jackson, Miss., or somewhere between these points. He was sick at the time, and has never been heard of since. Any one who knows of him will write to Mrs. Jack Matlock, Lewisburg, Tenn.

THE SAM DAVIS MONUMENT.

J. A. M. Collins, of Keokuk, Iowa, whose story of Sam Davis' sacrifice concluded with the statement that the "Federal army was in grief" because of it, writes, November 24, 1897:

When I read in the morning paper that Julio Arteago Quesda, one of the released Cuban prisoners who had just arrived in New York, proclaimed that he owed his deliverance from death to knowledge he possessed which would compromise two Spanish generals if it were known in Cuba and proceeded in the most matter of fact way to betray them to their enemies in Spain, my whole soul revolted against the cowardly act, and I said it would have been fortunate for his reputation if he could only have heard of the noble Sam Davis, whose heroic life went out to shield a friend. The reading of this incident reminded me that I owed a contribution to erect a monument to the memory of that one of God's noblemen, whom he has ordained should shine out among men to remind them that Christ first gave his life not only for his friends, but his enemies, that we all through him might be reconciled not only to God, but to each other; and that his Spirit could make men, like Davis, so noble as to be willing to sacrifice life rather than retain it at the expense of a heaven-born inspiration to ennoble mankind.

Some time since I received your July and August VETERANS, and was delighted to see so many contributors to the monument fund, and not a little chagrined to think that, because of my own neglect, my name was not among them; therefore I now make a small contribution (with a promise to double it if you need it) to finish the monument, in accordance with your wish.

If it ever happens that you are called up to this part of our common country, just remember that I have a spare room and a hearty welcome at my home, and will promise you such a good time among the G. A. R. that we will all forget we at one time tried to kill each other.

Mr. Collins was of Company A, Second Iowa Infantry. His story induced the movement.

F. A. Owen, of Evansville, Ind., encloses \$1, and writes: "My daughter Ruth says she must have material interest in the Sam Davis monument; votes for Nashville, Tenn."

J. W. Duncan, Gadsden, Ala., encloses \$1, and says: "I hope you may succeed in having a monument erected commensurate with the gallantry displayed by the immortal Sam Davis in his willing sacrifice of himself upon the altar of his beloved Southland."

John Shears, of McCrory, Ark., sends \$1, with these words: "No man holds his memory dearer. His name should be revered by young and old forever."

S. Y. T. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark., sends \$8 for himself and seven friends to be placed to the credit of the Sam Davis Monument Fund, with this comment: "May you be successful to the fullest degree in your undertaking to erect a monument to one of the grandest heroes in history!"

S. D. Van Pelt, a Federal, Danville, Ky., sends \$4 from his daughter and others, with the kind words: "We wish you abundant success in this enterprise."

W. B. Jennings, Moberly, Mo.: "I enclose \$1 as my subscription to the fund for a monument to one of the

greatest heroes the world ever produced. It would be better off if we had more Sam Davises."

J. W. Mitchell, Esq., of Bowling Green, Ky., sends \$5 as his contribution to the monument fund.

Col. J. D. Wilson, Winchester, Tenn., encloses \$1 for the monument, and says: "I deem it a great pleasure to do this, and wish to congratulate you on the merit and interest in this number of the VETERAN."

From Batesville, Ark., comes this letter: "Enclosed you should find New York exchange for \$2, which please add to the Sam Davis Monument Fund as coming from two Tennessee Confederate soldiers."

Judge E. D. Patterson, Savannah, Tenn., sends \$5, and says: "His name and the story of his tragic death will live after the names of many who have led armies and ruled kingdoms are forgotten."

L. C. Featherston, Featherston, Ind. Ter., sends \$5 with these words: "Sam Davis was of true Southern nerve, the same as the men who sacrificed their lives at the old Alamo. Hope you may soon be able to erect the monument!"

John Fox, Jr., Big Stone Gap, Va.: "Enclosed is my mite (\$1) in memory of the hero Davis. Some of these days I intend to make him the hero of a war-story."

Hon. J. D. C. Atkins, Paris, Tenn., sends \$1, with this comment: "No monument on earth will represent a nobler, braver, or truer man."

J. M. Landes, Greene, Iowa, sends \$1 to be applied to the "fund of that grand and noble hero, Sam Davis."

Mrs. S. M. Simmons, Denton, Tex., sends \$1 to help swell the Sam Davis Monument Fund, and "would give a hundred if able, for such heroism should not go unhonored. I thank God there were many in our loved South who would have acted as he did."

W. E. Foute, Atlanta, Ga., sends \$1, and says: "Am only sorry I don't feel able to give more."

Col. V. Y. Cook, Elmo, Ark.: "I feel constrained on this sacred anniversary of that sad tragedy which immortalized Sam Davis and exalted his countrymen beyond the customary adulation accorded to devotion and heroism to again donate to his monument fund."

Miss Kate Page Nelson, Shreveport, La., sends \$1 and this note: "I trust that from all over the Southland you will receive contributions to-day for the monument fund of this noble Southern boy."

Phil Chew, St. Louis, Mo., sends \$15 for the fund, and writes: "I have read the many pathetic articles in the VETERAN about this very brave and conscientious soldier, and hope you will be enabled to raise sufficient funds to erect a suitable monument to his memory."

C. K. Henderson, Aiken, S. C.: "On this, the thirty-fourth anniversary of his death, I send \$1 to help erect a monument to the boy who was not afraid to die for his country, nor was willing to save his own life at the expense of another. There were but few that could have done as he did."

Dr. H. A. Parr, New York City, contributes \$1, with these words: "The horrors and miseries of war melt in sweetness when they prove to the world such men."

The subscriptions made since list published in July will be given in full next month. Add yours, please.

See notice of the Robison Hotel in this VETERAN. Mrs. Robison is President of the Murfreesboro Chapter, U. D. C., the widow of Col. W. D. Robison, of the Second Tennessee. She keeps a splendid hotel.

GEN. R. E. LEE—HIS CAUSE NOT LOST.

President E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, delivered an address on "Robert E. Lee, the Soldier and the Man," before an audience in Central Music Hall, Chicago, recently. He wore the little bronze badge of the Grand Army of the Republic on the lapel of his coat. He said that he had always been an admiring student of the history of great men, and that while he harbored prejudices and antagonisms against the South and the soldiers of the South for several years after the close of the war, yet time had taught him that the war was over, that the North and the South were united forever, and that America was even more American than it was before the great struggle. President Andrews did himself much honor in the tribute paid to Gen. Lee. Among many good things he said:

When we consider what other generals famous in history have accomplished with armies and empires and kingdoms at their back; when we consider the millions in money and men that were at the call of Napoleon, of Cæsar, of Grant, and the other great generals, we must stop and wonder if in all history there was ever a general called upon to do so much with so little and who proved himself so truly great in his opportunity as did Gen. Robert E. Lee.

He referred to Gen. Lee's notable ancestry, saying that probably no American in the last century could boast of such a proud ancestry. The Lees had furnished soldiers and statesmen for England since the days of William the Conqueror, and the family had been prominent in the battles and councils of the American Revolution.

He came from a family of soldiers and statesmen, and when he graduated from West Point those who knew the stock he came of predicted for young Lieut. Robert E. Lee a career in keeping with the traditions of his family. He proved himself a splendid soldier in his early years, and when the Mexican war broke out he won rapid promotion through his bravery and fidelity to duty. As colonel of the First United States Cavalry at the outbreak of the civil war, Lee was among the most trusted and popular officers in the army, and was personally offered second in command in the United States army, with a virtual promise of being Gen. Winfield Scott's successor, if he would remain true to the stars and stripes. But Lee was a Virginian, with all that this implied in those days, and Virginia called to her favorite son. He stood between two loved duties, his state and his country. On the one hand honor and position were offered him; on the other, only the supplicating arms of his mother state. It is no discredit to the name of Lee to say that for a while the already gray veteran hesitated. He cast his lot with Virginia.

It was not until the Federal army stood almost at the very doors of Richmond that Gen. Lee was sent to the front. He outwitted McClellan, whipped two armies much larger than his own, stopped their advance, drove back the Union armies, saved Richmond, and was famous in a day. The world had never seen such generalship, and was astounded at it.

Lee successively defeated, outgeneraled, and routed the best generals that Washington could send against him; and it was not until the immortal Grant, with the finest army of veterans that the world has ever seen, took the field against him that Lee's marvelous accomplishments received a check. Even against Grant Lee fought as probably no other general ever fought, and against odds that would have driven Napoleon to despair. It was the great death-struggle when Grant faced Lee, and then he kept together that thin, gray line of ragged, hungry men, growing thinner and hungrier each day. His courage, his wonderful presence, and strong personality kept that little band of tattered and emaciated men in battle array and fought to the last ditch, surrendering only when he realized that it would be murder to keep up the struggle.

Gen. Lee's cause is not lost. All that is good of it remains; all that was bad has been wiped out. Our country is better and grander to-day because the relation of the several states to the Union has been intelligently defined, and perhaps we owe at least that much to Gen. Robert E. Lee and the cause he fought for.

GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN'S WAR-HORSE.

B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Did you ever hear of Black Bess, Gen. John Morgan's fine mare? One day after our army had fallen back from Nashville, on retreat to Shiloh, Morgan's squadron made its appearance in the enemy's rear, passing Old Jefferson, between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Morgan, the ubiquitous raider, the dashing horseman, had dropped from the sky, like a meteor, with his squadron. He stopped for a time, and citizens rushed out to greet them. An orderly was leading an animal that all eyes centered upon. She was trim and perfect—not like a racer, not as bulky as a trotter, nor as swaggy in get-up as a pacer, but of a combination that made her a paragon of beauty. She was an animal given to Col. Morgan by some admirer from his native Kentucky, and they called her Black Bess. She was to bear the dashing Rebel chieftain through many dangerous places. There was gossip in every mouth about his daring feats. I looked and lingered upon Black Bess and the part she was to play in her master's career.

In reporting how she impressed me I employ Hardy Crier's description of his famous horse Gray Eagle. He said that he drove Gray Eagle through the streets of Gallatin, and the high and low stopped to watch his action. He stopped on the square, and a crowd collected, among them a deaf-and-dumb man, who critically examined the horse, and in a moment of utter abstraction took out his slate and pencil and wrote the words "Magnificent! magnificent!" and handed it around to the crowd. This was my idea of Black Bess. Every bone, joint, and tendon of the body, from head to foot, seemed molded to beauty. A flowing mane and tail, eyes like an eagle, color a shining black, height about fifteen hands, compactly built, feet and legs without blemish, and all right on her pasterns—she was as nimble as a cat and as agile as an antelope. My idea of a wild horse of Tartary, of La Pic of Turan, of the Al Borak of Mahomet, could not surpass the pattern that Black Bess presented. Quick of action, forceful in style, besides running qualities, a

touch on the ear would bring her from a run to a lope, from a lope to a single-foot, from that to a fox-walk. She was as pretty as a fawn, as docile as a lamb, and I imagined her as fleet as a thoroughbred.

When the squadron left Old Jefferson, on the night of May 4, 1862, they went to Lebanon, eighteen miles. The citizens were enthused. It was a hotbed of Southern sentiment throughout the march, a number of citizens riding all the way to talk to Middle Tennessee soldiers. One of these citizens, Hickman Weakley, our Clerk and Master, was the owner of the "Mountain Slasher Farm," near Jefferson; and, while delighted with friends, his greatest pleasure was to look upon and admire Black Bess. Slasher's colts had reached the acme of Tennessee's boast in saddle-horses, yet nothing he had seen could equal or compare with her.

That night in Lebanon kindness to Morgan and his men was so great that his squadron was permitted to camp almost anywhere. The Yankee nation was bewildered with their daring, and the Confederates were tickled. Forsooth the squadron grew careless over triumphs. When least expected, Morgan turned up.



No straggling soldiery with the enemy then, for fear of being captured. Telegraph-wires under control of his operator, and upon every tongue would come the query: "Have you heard anything of John Morgan?" At this zenith he had reached Lebanon. The wires were hot with messages to intercept him, and couriers were busy to unite commands. Gen. Dumont with eight hundred came from Nashville; Col. Duffield with a large force from Shelbyville and Murfreesboro, and Col. Woolford from Gallatin; truly the Federal cavalry from every adjacent section were after him, for the chiefs in Scotland's mountain fastnesses were not more feared. That night Morgan's men camped in the court-house, livery-stables, and the college campus, and the people were preparing to give them a grand breakfast next morning, when about four o'clock, May 5, two thousand Federal cavalry made a dash, went in with the Confederate pickets, and completely surprised Morgan and his men. The horses were stabled so that the squadron could not reach them. It was at this critical time that Col. Morgan called into requisition Black Bess. Every street was jammed with blue-

coats. The dash was so sudden that concert of action was impossible. One hundred and fifty of his men (nearly all) had been taken, and hundreds were after the redoubtable John Morgan himself. He mounted his mare, and, with a few of his men, rode out on the Rome and Carthage pike, pursued by Dumont's cavalry. With Black Bess under rein Morgan began a ride more thrilling than that of McDonald on his celebrated Selim and of a different kind from that of Paul Revere. Gen. Morgan was an expert in firing from his saddle while being pursued; so he waited until the foe got within gunshot, wheeled, and emptied his pistols, and then touched up Black Bess until he could reload. The victors tried for dear life to catch him. The prize would immortalize them. Dumont, with a loss of only six killed and twelve wounded, as shown by his report of the battle of Lebanon in "Records of the Rebellion," would have a triumph sure enough could he catch the cavalier who was bewildering the nation. The run was fifteen miles, but at the end of it Black Bess pricked her ears and champed her bit, as if ready for another fifteen. It was more rapid than Prentice's fancied ride in a thunder-storm. When Black Bess got to the ferry on the Cumberland River she was full of foam, with expanded nostrils and panting breath; yet, with fire in her eyes, she looked the idol of old Kentucky breeding and her bottom grew better the farther she went. Aye! she was the marvel of her day, and Dick Turpin's Black Bess could not have been her equal.

Black Bess landed John Morgan out of the danger of his enemies and into the embrace of his friends. I have often thought of this fine mare and wondered whether she was shot in battle or captured, recalling how our women prized clippings from her mane or tail.

In this country, before the war, we had the Rattler-Saddlers, the Mountain Slashers, the Travelers, and the Roanokes; since the war, the Hal Pointers, Bone-setters, Little Brown Jugs, McCurdy's Hambletonians, and Lookouts; but for amiability, ease, and grace, nothing, in my mind, has equaled Black Bess, the pride of the old squadron and the idol of John H. Morgan.

In the Army of Tennessee, when John C. Breckinridge, John C. Brown, and E. C. Walthall appeared on horseback, they were mentioned as the handsomest of our generals and the outfit complete; but to see John Morgan in Confederate uniform and mounted on prancing Black Bess, upheaded, animated, apt, and willing, as horse flesh should be, the equipment was simply perfect, the accouterment grand.

I submitted this article to Gen. Basil Duke, Morgan's right arm in war-times, who replied in substance that Black Bess was presented to Col. Morgan by a Mr. Viley, of Woodford County, Ky.; that she was captured at the Cumberland River on this famous run, and that after the war Mr. Viley offered by advertisement a large sum for her or to any one who would give information concerning her. She was sired by Drennon, a famous saddle stock of Kentucky, and her dam was a thoroughbred. Her saddle qualities were superior. About fifteen hands high, she was a model of beauty, though a little hard-mouthed. Morgan was much wrought up over her loss.

All competitors for the fine piano or \$200 must report their lists before December closes.

United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Organized July 1, 1896, Richmond, Va.

ROBERT A. SMYTH, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, } Box 397, Charleston, S. C.
DANIEL RAVENEL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

ROBERT C. NORFLEET, COMMANDER, } Box 123, Winston, N. C.
GARLAND E. WEBB, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, }

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

T. LEIGH THOMPSON, COMMANDER, Lewisburg, Tenn.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

W. C. SAUNDERS, COMMANDER, }
J. H. BOWMAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, } Box 151, Belton, Tex.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by ROBERT A. SMYTH, Charleston, S. C.

Send all communications for this department to him.

[Comrades everywhere are urged to commend the organizations of Sons. By doing so they may be very helpful to Commander Smyth. S. A. CUNNINGHAM.]

During the past month there has been an increased manifestation of interest on the part of the Veterans in the establishment of camps of Sons. This, of course, is most encouraging to the officers; for, with the support of the Veterans, they know that very soon the organization will be spread throughout the entire South, and its most cherished object, the "getting into touch with the Veterans and learning from their lips the many unwritten but valuable stories of the war," will be accomplished.

From Missouri comes a request from Col. S. B. Cunningham, Commander of the Veteran camp of Fayette, for the necessary papers to organize a camp of Sons. This is the first interest of the kind that has been shown in that state, and we hail it with delight, knowing that the organization of one camp in a state is a nucleus from which many other camps will be formed. From old North Carolina we have a similar request from Col. W. W. Stringfield, of Waynesville, and through his efforts we expect soon to have a camp at that place.

A charter has been issued to Camp J. E. B. Stuart No. 54, of Marlinton, W. Va. This is the first camp of Sons organized and chartered in that state, and the credit for it is due to Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Adjutant-General of the West Virginia Division. He organized this camp, and is now at work endeavoring to form camps in each county of his state. There is also a camp in process of formation at Charleston, in the same state. We expect West Virginia to be thoroughly organized by the Sons by the time of the reunion in Atlanta.

A meeting is to be held in Alabama during this month to organize a state division. Yellow fever and quarantine delayed it from the fall. Mr. P. H. Mell, the Commander of the state, is doing most active work for it, and at least ten camps will be reported.

The Tennessee Sons held their annual meeting in Nashville on the 9th inst. Mr. Thompson, the Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, has worked indefatigably for it. Tennessee had its own state organization of Sons, which was separate and distinct from the United Sons of Confederate Veterans until the reunion at Nashville last summer. A number of the camps joined our organization at this reunion, and the purpose of this meeting on the 9th was to dissolve the old organization and form the Tennessee Division of United Sons of Confederate Veterans. By

this change about eight camps will be added to the roll of the United Organization, which will make the Tennessee Division very strong.

The Sons of Georgia must certainly awake and take an interest in this movement now, as their state has only one active camp, and until recently there were no movements on foot to organize others. As Atlanta is to have the reunion next summer, it behooves the Sons of Georgia to see that a large number of Georgia camps are speedily formed. Camps should be organized at once at Macon, Augusta, Savannah, Brunswick, Athens, and other cities throughout the state. The Georgia sons of 1861 were as active and patriotic as any of the Confederates, and surely their sons should be as interested in preserving their fathers' honored records.

The North Carolina Sons will meet in Salisbury during the Christmas holidays to thoroughly perfect the organizing of their division. Dr. Charles A. Bland, the Division Commander, assisted by Mr. Norfleet, head of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, are striving to make this meeting a great success. They expect to organize a camp at Salisbury at this meeting, and by that time to establish several other camps throughout the old North State.

In states where efforts are being made to strengthen the divisions let each individual Son consider himself as especially appointed to work up interest in the same. Whether they are members of camps or not, each son of a Confederate veteran should attend the meeting of his state division and identify himself with the cause. They may be induced thereby, on their return home, to form camps and extend the good work.

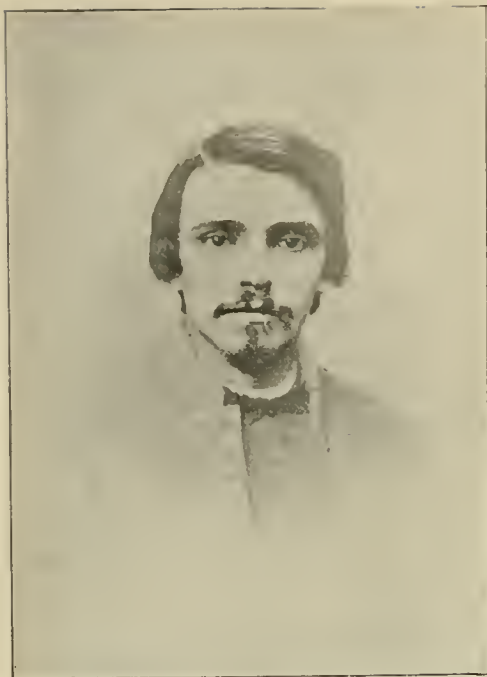
A most happy Christmas and a prosperous New-year to every son of a Confederate veteran!

The camp of Sons of Veterans organized at Lexington, Ky., in November was named in honor of Gen. John Boyd, President of the U. C. V. Association of Kentucky. T. R. Morgan was elected Commander and W. H. Lucas, Adjutant. There was much enthusiasm over the organization of this camp.

Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York, in a letter to Mr. J. H. Foster, Marshall, Va., writes:

Replying to yours of —, my interest in the monument to be erected to the memory of the gallant men who fell at Front Royal in obedience to Custer's brutal order has not diminished one particle, and I shall be only too glad to send through you to the monument committee a check for \$100 whenever your arrangements are completed. You can report this to the committee. Nothing occurred throughout the whole war that in my estimation was so barbarous and cruel, unless it was the killing of the noble and gallant youth Sam Davis, at Pulaski, Tenn. . . . This young man deserves to be put in marble, in bronze, and upon canvas, as well as in words of highest memorial tribute, alongside of those noble and gallant men who were victims of Custer's savage edict; and I trust that when our great Memorial Temple is ready for its heroes all of these gallant sons will be remembered.

The young men referred to were six members of Mosby's command. Three were shot, and the other three "dignified a rope," to quote the strong words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox in her poem about Sam Davis.



M. W. VIRDEN,

was a native of Lexington, Ky.; born October 3, 1843; enlisted in Second Kentucky, July, 1861. He was captured at Fort Donelson. Afterward he was wounded at Hartsville, at Murfreesboro, at Jackson, and at Chickamauga. In the last battle he lost his right leg. He was awarded a medal of honor for gallantry. He died at Lexington in 1893.



CAPT. WILLIAM S. CARTER,

born in Fayette County Ky.; enlisted in July, 1861. He escaped capture with his regiment at Fort Donelson, joined the Second Kentucky Cavalry, and was promoted to captain. He had passed safely through many battles, but was killed near Burkesville, Ky., June 25, 1863.

Confederate Veteran,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

WHERE IT IS SENT.

The following list includes the subscriptions at places named where there are four or more. There are 14,056 subscribers in 43 states and territories and in 3 foreign countries, at 3,267 post-offices. The number for news agencies, etc., aggregate 16,209.

POST-OFFICES IN STATES.

Alabama	193
Arizona	2
Arkansas	155
California	28
Colorado	11
District of Columbia	2
Florida	83
Foreign	8
Georgia	127
Illinois	17
Indiana	9
Indian Territory	39
Iowa	9
Kansas	17
Kentucky	243
Louisiana	132
Maine	5
Maryland	22
Massachusetts	9
Michigan	9
Minnesota	4
Mississippi	266
Missouri	194
Montana	4
Nebraska	3
Nevada	2
New Hampshire	2
New Jersey	10
New Mexico	6
New York	10
North Carolina	98
Ohio	17
Oregon	6
Oklahoma Territory	10
Pennsylvania	11
South Carolina	140
Tennessee	593
Texas	621
Virginia	193
West Virginia	50
Washington	4
Wisconsin	2
Wyoming	4

ALABAMA.

Anniston	9
Athens	13
Auburn	7
Benton	8
Birmingham	69
Bridgeport	17
Camden	11
Carrollton	14
Decatur	11
Demopolis	10
Elkmont	15
Epes	5
Eutaw	21
Florence	18
Greensboro	6
Greenville	7
Guntersville	7
Gurley	7
Hayneville	4
Huntsville	24
Jacksonville	12
Jasper	18
Jeff	7
Livingston	24
Lowndesboro	8
Lower Peachtree	8
Mantua	4
Mobile	20
Montgomery	55
Oxford	17
Piedmont	22
Pratt City	4
Rock West	4
Scottsboro	7
Seale	9
Selma	6
Spring Garden	4
Talladega	5
Troy	6
Union	10
Wetumpka	4



JAMES TEVIS,

born near Richmond, Ky., in 1837; enlisted in Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry under Morgan in 1862, and was elected lieutenant. He passed safely through many battles, but was captured on Morgan's Ohio raid and was imprisoned at Camp Morton, Johnson's Island, and was exchanged from Point Lookout. Surrendered in May, 1865; and died in 1895.



COL. D. HOWARD SMITH,

born near Georgetown, Ky., in 1821; commanded Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Buford's Brigade. He was afterward with Morgan. He fought in many battles with his regiment; was offered commission as brigadier-general. He surrendered May 18, 1865; died in Louisville July 15, 1889.

Offices with three each	10
Offices with two each	34
Offices with one each	119

ARKANSAS.

Arkadelphia	13
Batesville	12
Ben Lomond	5
Booneville	7
Camden	19
Chapel Hill	4
Clarksville	9
Conway	7
De Witt	11
Fayetteville	14
Fort Smith	4
Helena	21
Hope	20
Hot Springs	19
Little Rock	99
Locksburg	7
Lonoke	21
Magnolia	10
Marion	6
Morrilton	10
Newport	19
Paragould	1
Pine Bluff	20
Pocahontas	7
Prairie Grove	12
Prescott	12
Sards	8
Searcy	12
Springdale	10
Texarkana	4
Vandale	4
Offices with three each	8
Offices with two each	34
Offices with one each	93

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles	8
San Francisco	4
Santa Ana	7
Visalia	20
Offices with three each	4
Offices with two each	4
Offices with one each	18

COLORADO.

Canon City	10
Offices with two each	4
Offices with one each	7

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington	59
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FLORIDA.

Altoona	4
Apalachicola	12
Brooksville	17
Cantonment	4
Jacksonville	64
Chipley	4
Fernandina	5
Lake City	10
Marianna	5
Milton	6
Monticello	12
Ocala	8
Orlando	8
Pensacola	13
Plant City	4
Quincy	4
Sanford	15
St. Augustine	9
Tallahassee	5
Tampa	40
Offices with three each	6
Offices with two each	5
Offices with one each	53

FOREIGN.

Offices with one each	8
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GEORGIA.

Adairsville	7
Americus	14
Athens	35
Atlanta	80
Augusta	47
Brunswick	18
Calhoun	6
Canton	4
Cartersville	19
Columbus	7
Chickamauga	6
Covington	11
Dalton	15
Easton	10

Greensboro	4
Griffin	5
Hawkinsville	30
Lagrange	16
Macon	64
Madison	14
Marietta	8
Milledgeville	21
Rome	19
Savannah	47
Sparta	4
Thomasville	9
Union Point	4
Washington	14
Offices with three each	5
Offices with two each	17
Offices with one each	78

ILLINOIS.

Chicago	28
Offices with one each	16

INDIANA.

Evansville	11
Indianapolis	4
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	7

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Chelsea	5
Foyil	4
McAlester	7
Muscoogie	23
Offices with three each	3
Offices with two each	10
Offices with one each	24

KANSAS.

Coffeyville	5
Hutchinson	5
Offices with three each	1
Offices with two each	4
Offices with one each	12

KENTUCKY.

Augusta	5
Bardstown	33
Bowling Green	53
Boston	4
Bordley	4
Calvert City	4
Chilesburg	4
Clinton	9
Danville	11
Elizabethtown	8
Elkton	4
Franklin	28
Fulton	7
Georgetown	6
Glasgow	8
Guthrie	6
Harrodsburg	4
Hanson	4
Henderson	20
Hickman	10
Hopkinsville	13
Jordan	5
Kennedy	4
Lawrenceburg	5
La Grange	4
Lewisburg	4
Lexington	34
Louisville	172
Madisonville	5
Marion	4
Morganfield	10
Nebo	5
Owensboro	35
Owingsville	4
Paducah	21
Paris	7
Pembroke	8
Pine Grove	6
Richmond	14
Russellville	9
Shelbyville	10
Slaughterville	5
Spring Hill	4
Stamping Ground	5
Stanford	10
Sturgis	4
Trenton	9
Versailles	4
Winchester	20
Offices with three each	16
Offices with two each	42
Offices with one each	141

LOUISIANA.

Abbeville	4
Amite City	12
Arcadia	13
Bastrop	10

Baton Rouge	6
Benton	4
Berwick	5
Crowley	6
Goldman	4
Grand Cane	8
Homer	4
Innis	5
Jackson	15
Jeanerette	10
Lake Charles	15
L'Argent	6
Lakeland	4
Latanache	6
Lettsworth	8
Mansfield	15
New Orleans	99
New Iberia	6
New Roads	11
Opelousas	4
Planchette	12
Plaquemine	6
Pointe Coupée	8
Red River Landing	4
Ruston	9
Shreveport	53
Smithland	25
St. Joseph	6
St. Patrick	4
Thibodeaux	7
Vernon	4
Vidalia	4
Viva	4
Waterproof	5
Wilson	6
Offices with three each	3
Offices with two each	14
Offices with one each	78

MARYLAND.

Annapolis	7
Baltimore	70
Cumberland	15
Offices with three each	1
Offices with two each	3
Offices with one each	15

MISSISSIPPI.

Abbott	4
Aberdeen	4
Amory	7
Booneville	14
Brookhaven	11
Byhalia	6
Carpenter	4
Cockrum	4
Cedar Bluff	5
Coldwater	10
Coles Creek	4
Columbus	22
Como	5
Corinth	33
Crystal Springs	42
Duck Hill	6
Edwards	14
Fayette	4
Gloster	6
Hazlehurst	13
Holly Springs	10
Inka	4
Jackson	14
Kosciusko	6
Leaf	4
Lexington	7
Louisville	7
McNutt	4
McComb City	9
Macon	32
Magnolia	5
Meridian	56
Mt. Pleasant	5
Natchez	66
Nettleton	10
Okalona	5
Oxford	7
Pascagoula	4
Pontotoc	5
Port Gibson	5
Raymond	5
Sards	4
Senatobia	16
Scranston	18
Shuqualuk	5
Terry	4
Tupelo	8
Utica	10
Vicksburg	41
Wall Hill	5
Water Valley	14
West Point	28
Winona	38
Woodville	17
Yazoo City	17
Offices with three each	12
Offices with two each	52
Offices with one each	153

MISSOURI.

Bolivar	7
Butler	5
Carrollton	11
Cape Girardeau	4
Carthage	8
Columbia	6
Cooter	4
Dover	4
East Prairie	5
Eldorado Springs	17
Exeter	7
Fayette	54
Fredericktown	4
Hoffman	4
Higginsville	12
Huntsville	10
Independence	21
Jefferson City	6
Kansas City	30
Kearney	7
Knobnoster	8
Lamar	8
Lee's Summit	4
Lexington	17
Liberty	26
Louisiana	5
Marshall	4
Mexico	4
Moberly	11
Morrisville	7
Odessa	13
Page City	6
Palmyra	25
Paris	10
Pleasant Hill	8
Seneca	4
Springfield	40
St. Joseph	11
St. Louis	52
Warrensburg	13
West Plains	4
Offices with three each	12
Offices with two each	29
Offices with one each	121

NEW MEXICO.

Deming	4
Offices with two each	2
Offices with one each	3

NEW YORK.

New York City	55
Brooklyn	8
Offices with two each	1
Offices with one each	5

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville	21
Charlotte	4
Goldsboro	10
Huntersville	4
Mt. Airy	13
Raleigh	6
Roper	8
Salem	5
Salisbury	12



MISS BESSIE BARKER, OF N. C.

Smithfield	4
Statesville	6
Sutherlands	6
Wilmington	21

Winston	39
Offices with three each	5
Offices with two each	11
Offices with one each	69

OHIO.

Cincinnati	13
Offices with three each	1
Offices with one each	16

OKLAHOMA.

Norman	4
Oklahoma City	7
Offices with one each	8

OREGON.

Portland	7
Roseburg	4
Offices with one each	4

PENNSYLVANIA.

Philadelphia	5
Offices with one each	11

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Abbeville	4
Aiken	23
Anderson	15
Camden	4
Charleston	139
Cheraw	4
Columbia	22
Darlington	12
Edgefield	15
Florence	4
Georgetown	4
Greenville	7
Greenwood	19
Johnston	7
Marion	6
Newberry	23
Ninety-six	8
Orangeburg C. H.	19
Pelzer	24
Poverty Hill	4
Rock Hill	23
Salley	5
Trenton	4
Wagener	7
Williamston	5
Winnaboro	17
Yorkville	4
Offices with three each	12
Offices with two each	27
Offices with one each	76

TENNESSEE.

Adams Station	4
Alamo	4
Alexandria	7
Anderson	5
Arlington	7
Ashland City	5
Ashwood	4
Baker	9
Belfast	9
Bellhuckle	23
Blgbyville	4
Blevins	4
Bollvar	4
Bristol	9
Broadview	7
Brownsville	20
Brunswick	5
Burns	6
Camden	4
Carthage	4
Chattanooga	81
Chapel Hill	7
Christiana	7
Clarksville	40
Cleveland	4
College Grove	4
Collierville	38
Columbia	102
Cookeville	9
Covington	23
Cowan	6
Culleoka	17
Decaturville	11
Decherd	7
Dickson	20
Dixon Spring	4
Dover	5
Dresden	12
Dyersburg	18
Eagleville	5
Erin	26
Farmington	5

Fayetteville	42
Flat Rock	6
Florence	10
Fountain Creek	5
Franklin	55
Gainesboro	5
Gallatin	73
Gibson	7
Glen Cliff	4
Goodlettsville	11
Hampshire	4
Hartsville	23
Henderson	4
Hendersonville	6
Hickman	4
Hickory Withe	5
Howell	6
Humboldt	47
Huntingdon	13
Hurricane Switch	4
Jackson	42
Jefferson	6
Knoxville	43
La Vergne	4
Lawrenceburg	4
Lebanon	30
Lewisburg	18
Lipscomb	5
Lynchburg	18
Lynnville	17
Major	4
Manchester	22
Martin	24
McCains	5
McKenzie	47
McMinnville	10
Memphis	95
Milan	11
Morristown	7
Mossy Creek	10
Mulberry	4
Mt. Juliet	6
Mt. Pleasant	17
Murfreesboro	96
Nashville	445
Newbern	13
Newport	10
Nolensville	5
Number One	11
Palmetto	4
Paragon Mills	4
Paris	26
Partlow	10
Petersburg	10
Pikeville	4
Porterfield	4
Port Royal	8
Pulaski	36
Rankin's Depot	4
Riddleton	5
Ripley	24
Roberson Fork	4
Rockvale	6
Rogersville	12
Rudderville	4
Santa Fe	5
Saundersville	4
Savannah	4
Selmer	6
Sewanee	10
Sharon	6
Shelbyville	42
Shoal	12
Shonn's X Roads	5
Silverhill	5
Smyrna	14
Somerville	9
South Pittsburg	17
Southport	4
Sparta	17
Spring Hill	6
Springfield	14
St. Bethlehem	6
Stanton	7
Station Camp	9
Sweetwater	8
Thompson Station	5
Tiptonville	4
Tracy City	22
Trenton	30
Trezevant	5
Trimble	5
Tullahoma	19
Union City	55
Vesta	6
Wales Station	5
Walter Hill	4
Warrensburg	14
Wartrace	12
Waverly	12
Westmoreland	4
Williamsport	5
Winchester	17
Woodland Mills	7
Woodbury	5
Woodworth	6
Yokely	4
Offices with three each	46
Offices with two each	108
Offices with one each	300

TEXAS.

Alpine	10
Alvarado	18
Alvin	7
Athens	5
Austin	62
Axtell	4
Baird	14
Bandera	6
Bartlett	17
Bastrop	5
Beaumont	20
Belcherville	7
Bells	15
Belton	38
Black Jack Grove	6
Bogata	7
Bonham	17
Brady	18
Breckenridge	10
Brenham	25
Brownwood	14
Bryan	35
Calvert	19
Cameron	8
Canadian	5
Canton	10
Cedar Creek	6
Celeste	4
Center Point	13
Chico	13
Childress	6
Cleburne	27
Coleman	36
Columbia	27
Comanche	16
Commerce	6
Cooper	7
Corpus Christi	11
Corsicana	9
Cuero	8
Dallas	57
Decatur	9
De Kalb	16
De Leon	11
Del Rio	14
Denison	6
Denton	33
Deport	12
Detroit	4
Ellisville	5
Era	8
El Paso	25
Ennis	10
Fairfield	7
Floresville	8
Forestburg	7
Foreston	10
Forney	10
Fort Worth	104
Gainesville	39
Galveston	116
Gatesville	31
Giddings	8
Glen Rose	13
Goldthwaite	8
Gonzales	15
Graham	25
Grand View	4
Greenville	21
Groesbeck	14
Hamilton	25
Hempstead	8
Henderson	21
Henrietta	4
Hico	4
Hillsboro	5
Houston	66
Hubbard	4
Kaufman	3
Italy	9
Jacksboro	8
Jasper	5
Kemp	10
Kerrville	23
Killeen	12
Kosse	8
Ladonia	7
Lagrange	10
Lampasas	11
Lancaster	23
Lansing	4
Laredo	4
Levita	4
Livingston	7
Lockhart	4
Lott	18
Lubbock	13
Luling	9
Mansfield	4
Marlin	15
Mason	6
McGregor	22
McKinney	48
Memphis	6
Meridian	11
Metador	4
Mexia	23
Millford	8

Montague	18
Minneola	4
Mt. Pleasant	8
Mt. Vernon	4
Navasota	14
Nolansville	12
Orange	10
Paint Rock	5
Palestine	22
Palmer	25
Plainview	5
Paris	36
Red Oak	5
Red Rock	5
Richmond	13
Rising Star	6
Robert Lee	9
Rockdale	6
Rockwall	18
Rosston	13
Rogers Prairie	5
Salado	7
San Antonio	25
San Augustine	4
San Marcos	32
Seguin	11
Seymour	5
Sherman	29
Strawn	5
Sulphur Springs	25
Taylor	8
Tehuacana	16
Temple	21
Terrell	36
Travis	5
Tulip	5
Tyler	22
Van Alstyne	14
Victoria	5
Waco	58
Waxahachie	34
Weatherford	13
Wellborn	13
Weston	7
Wharton	10
Whitesboro	5
Wichita Falls	6
Will's Point	15
Wrightsboro	10
Offices with three each	48
Offices with two each	112
Offices with one each	320

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria	33
Culpeper	7
Charlottesville	6
Danville	11
Fairfax C. H.	7
Fredericksburg	4
Harrisonburg	5
Lebanon	14
Lynchburg	11
Manassas	7
Martinsville	9
Matthews	7
Newbern	11
Norfolk	11
Petersburg	11
Portsmouth	16
Pulaski	27
Radford	8
Richmond	97
Staunton	5
Strasburg	8
West Point	5
Winchester	4
Woodstock	8
Offices with three each	14
Offices with two each	27
Offices with one each	135

WEST VIRGINIA.

Charleston	4
Huntington	8
Parkersburg	4
Romney	5
Union	12
Wheeling	26
Offices with three each	5
Offices with two each	4
Offices with one each	33

It is sent in the following states and territories to offices in numbers of from 1 to 10 each: Arizona, 3; Canada, 3; Idaho, 1; Iowa, 9; Maine, 5; Massachusetts, 10; Michigan, 9; Minnesota, 9; Montana, 4; Nebraska, 3; Nevada, 2; New Hampshire, 2; New Jersey, 10; Vermont, 2; Washington, 4; Wisconsin, 2; Wyoming, 4.



Subscribers of two years ago will recall the above print, and may the assertion that the building was the State Capitol of Tennessee. That statement was disputed, as much as it so appears, and the explanation made that it is from a design of the capital for South Carolina, at Columbia. The VETERAN would like information upon this subject

HOOD'S TEXANS AT LITTLE ROUND TOP.

Judge William E. Fowler, of Liberty, Mo., has written over the nom de plume "Virginia" a tribute to Hood's Texans at Little Round Top, of which the following stanzas are a part:

O'er the dead and the dying they swept,
Midst the scream of the shot and the shell,
In the face of a merciless fire,
And by scores and by hundreds they fell;
How they fell by the score,
How they fell in their gore,
At Little Round Top.

How they stood at the brow of the hill,
With their faces set grim, as in death;
And as heroes they stood, so they fell,
In the face of the cannon's hot breath;
In the face of grim death,
And the cannon's hot breath,
At Little Round Top.

And the steep—it grew crimson and wet
With the blood of the boys in the gray,
It was war, to the knife, to the hilt,
When the Texans swept forward that day;
For the boys in the gray,
Were in battle array,
At Little Round Top.

Here's a cheer for the boys in the gray,
Here's a cheer for the Texans with Hood;
For they charged o'er the dying and dead,
And as heroes they died—so they stood
At Little Round Top.
So they stood years ago,
In the face of the foe,
At Little Round Top.

A VICTORY WON BY STURDY SOUTHTRONS.

It has long been considered that in the North and Northwest alone were to be found the largest mercantile establishments in the United States, but with tremendous strides an association of men of the South has moved surely and not slowly to the front. The Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Company, of Nashville, have to-day the largest house-furnishing establishment in the land both as regards unexcelled equipment, variety of stock, and volume of sales.

In the capacity of importers they in twelve months have brought through the Nashville Custom-house eighty-five per cent of all the goods brought to this city in bond, all of which goods were bought from the manufacturers direct, thus saving all intermediate brokers' commissions and custom-house fees, aside from having gained the advantage of having first choice of the goods offered and not being compelled to wait until others have made their selections.

There is no doubt of their having the finest and yet the least expensive line of wedding presents, birthday presents, and Christmas gifts ever gathered together in one place.

Theirs is a brilliant array of fine china, bric-a-brac, cut glass, marble statues, bronze ornaments, delicate glass-ware, and brasses, and of toys there is simply no limit to their line.

Their reputation as makers of tinware, stoves, mantels, grates, and such goods has already made them famous as manufacturers, therefore many people will not be surprised to learn that they are now competing with all the new world as importers.

We have arranged for catalogues of any departments to be sent to readers of this journal who contemplate purchasing.

Dandruff is Dangerous

When dandruff appears it is usually regarded as an annoyance. It should be regarded as a disease. Its presence indicates an unhealthy condition of the scalp, which, if neglected, leads to baldness. Dandruff should be cured at once. The most effective means for the cure is found in AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It promotes the growth of the hair, restores it when gray or faded to its original color, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"For more than eight years I was greatly troubled with dandruff, and though a young man, my hair was fast turning gray and falling out. Baldness seemed inevitable until I began to use



Ayer's Hair Vigor

The dandruff has been entirely removed and my hair is now soft, smooth and glossy and fast regaining its original color."
—L. T. VALLE, Allenton, Mo.

DEAFNESS CAN NOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

SAM DAVIS.

BY ALICE GARNETT.

The light of early manhood
Was in his sparkling eye;
Within his veins the tide of life
Was beating full and high.

The strongest law of nature
Was pleading in his breast.
"Oh, life is sweet," it whispered;
"What matters all the rest."

But from life's smiling face he turned
At duty's stern decree,
To meet his fate unflinching,
On that grim gallows tree.

Oh, earth hath million pebbles
Of coarsest common clay,
But here and there a diamond
Sends forth its sparkling ray.

Oh, spring hath many a common weed
That April's banks disclose,
But only here and there we find
A rare and perfect rose.

And myriads of our fallen race
This earthly sphere have trod,
But few and far between there walks
An image of our God.

O Southern winds, sigh softly,
Above his earthly grave,
O mother earth, lie lightly
O'er heart so true and brave.

But 'tis the empty casket
Lies moldering here alone;
The jewel God is keeping,
For heaven has claimed its own.
Hot Springs, Ark.

SCENIC ROUTE EAST, THROUGH THE "LAND OF THE SKY."

The Southern Railway, in connection with the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railway and Pennsylvania Railroad, operates daily a through sleeping-car between Nashville and New York, via Chattanooga, Knoxville, and Asheville. This line is filled with the hand-somest Pullman drawing-room buffet sleeping-cars, and the east-bound schedule is as follows: Leave Nashville 10:15 P.M., Chattanooga 4:20 A.M., Knoxville 8:25 A.M., Hot Springs 11:46 A.M., and arrives at Asheville at 1:15 P.M., Washington 6:42 A.M., New York 12:43 P.M. This sleeping-car passes by daylight through the beautiful and picturesque mountain scenery of East Tennessee and Western North Carolina, along the French Broad River.

RED ROCK—RECONSTRUCTION DAYS.

The above serial, by Thomas Nelson Page, is to run through Scribner's Magazine for 1898. The publishers say of it:

"This is Mr. Page's first long novel. It is the book he has wanted to undertake ever since he began writing and upon which he has been engaged the last four years, and he considers it his best work. It is not a war story. It is a presentation—the first one—of the domestic and social side of the Reconstruction period, with an inside view of carpetbag politics. It is written, of course, from a Southern point of view, but it is not partizan because it does not plead a cause; it tells a story. Heretofore Mr. Page has been known as a character writer; in this he will show what he can do as a constructor of incident. The doings of the Kuklux Klan figure in the story, and there are other elements that furnish movement. But all through there is the fascinating atmosphere of old families in Southern house parties, and generous hospitality, and beautiful women and gallant men. Each instalment of the novel will be illustrated by a full-page drawing by B. West Clinedinst, who made the drawings for 'Unc' Edinburg.' This will be the leading fiction serial, and will run through the year."

HOUSTON EAST AND WEST TEXAS RY. AND HOUSTON AND SHREVEPORT R. R.

Operate Finest Vestibuled Pullman Observation Sleeping-Cars daily between Kansas City and Galveston via the K. C., P. and G. R. R. to Shreveport, H. E. and W. T. Ry. to Houston, and G. C. and S. F. Ry. to Galveston. Dining-Car Service via this line between Shreveport and Kansas City. Meals on the café plan—pay for what you get, and at reasonable prices.

Passengers to and from St. Louis and the East make close connections via Frisco Line at Poteo, via Iron Mountain or Cotton Belt Routes at Texarkana or via Cotton Belt Route at Shreveport. Through sleepers via Q. and C. Route from Cincinnati and Chattanooga make close connections in union depot at Shreveport. No transfers via this route.

Close connections in Central Depot at Houston with through trains for Austin, San Antonio, Eagle Pass, El Paso, Rockport, Corpus Christi, and all Southern and Western Texas and Mexico points.

Be sure to ask for tickets via Shreveport Route. For rates, schedules, and other information see nearest ticket agent, or write R. D. YOAKUM,

Gen. Pass. Agt.

W. M. DOHERTY,
T. P. A., Houston, Tex.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practise, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Short Line Between the East, the North, the West and the South.

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B. H. HARDWICK, A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.
C. A. BENSOTER, A. G. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

A White Negro!

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Afro-American Encyclopaedia, which contains over 400 articles, covering every topic of interest to the race, by more than 200 intelligent colored men and women. The unanimous verdict of over 50,000 colored readers is that it is beyond all comparison the best work the negro has produced. Every colored family wants a copy. Agents are having a harvest of sales, and are getting the largest commission ever offered. Exclusive territory. Write for terms. J. T. HALEY & Co., PUBLISHERS, 346 Public Square, Nashville, Tenn.

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If you possess a piano or organ, you must buy more or less music, and we want you to buy it from us. We fully realize that we can not have any of your trade without offering some strong inducement for you to send us **your first order**. Every well-established and prosperous business is supported by thousands of patrons who, by **sending their first order**, discovered that they had found a **good house to deal with**. We want that to be your experience with us, and we will spare no pains to make it such.

To induce you to make a beginning, and thereby give us a chance of securing in you a lifelong customer, we herewith make the greatest **bargain offer of first-class, high-priced, and fine-quality sheet music that has ever been known**.

FOR \$1 WE WILL SEND 20 PIECES OF CHOICE SHEET MUSIC BY MAIL OR EXPRESS, PREPAID.

This music is to be of our selection, but we desire you to state whether you want it to be vocal or instrumental, waltz songs, polkas, schottisches, marches, two steps, or variations; in other words, give us as accurate a description as possible of the style, character, and grade of difficulty of the music you want. Please mention also what instrument you have, whether a piano or organ, as the music will be selected by competent musicians, and they will send what is most suitable for the instrument you have.

The twenty pieces will be first-class music in every respect, printed from the finest engraved plates on the best quality of paper, and many of them will have beautiful and artistic lithograph title-pages.

The average retail price of each twenty pieces will be from \$9 to \$11, and it will cost from 18 to 23 cents to mail each lot, and as the \$1 received with each order will not half pay the cost of the printing and paper, none of the pieces sent will be furnished a second time at this price.

We have a catalogue of over 5,000 publications of sheet music, and our object is to place some of each of these pieces in every home that contains a piano or organ, feeling assured that the music thus introduced, when played and sung, will be our best advertisement, and the resultant orders will amply compensate us for the sacrifice we make in this offer. If you prefer to have sample copies of our music before sending a \$1 order, **send us 30 cents in postage-stamps, and we will send you 4 pieces, post-paid**.

With each \$1 order we will send as a premium a set of six photographs, representing six different views and buildings of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

We deal in everything known in music, and musical instruments of every description. No matter what you want in the music line, write us for catalogues and **get our prices before making your order**.

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AN ALKALINE, SALINE,
MAGNESIAN, CALCIC,
SULPHUR WATER. **X X**

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Indigestion, Kidney Troubles,
Chronic Skin Diseases,
Constipation, Sore Eyes,
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A Genuine Mild Purgative, and
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an overworked constitution.

S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.

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H. U. WAKEFIELD, Manager. Telephone 398.

ANALYSIS OF ROCK CITY MINERAL WATER.

CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY, CHAIR OF CHEMISTRY.

LEBANON, TENN., April 30, 1897.

Reaction, Alkaline; specific gravity, 1005.108. Water clear. No suspended matter. A light precipitate of sulphur forms on standing. Water almost free from organic matter.

	Cubic Centimeters to the Liter.	Cubic Inches to the Gallon.
Hydrogen Sulphide.....	31.38	7.25
Carbon di-Oxide.....	55.80	12.89
	Parts in 100 000.	Grains to the Gallon.
Potassium Sulphate.....	79.34	46.35
Sodium Sulphate.....	102.40	59.82
Calcium Sulphate.....	80.79	47.19
Magnesium Sulphate.....	155.43	90.79
Magnesium Bicarbonate.....	.55	.32
Sodium Bicarbonate.....	5.71	3.34
Sodium Chloride.....	63.60	38.32
Sodium hyposulphate.....	.91	.54
Sodium Hydrosulphide.....	.20	.12
Silica.....	41.60	24.30
Alumina.....	.60	.35
Iron.....	Trace.	Trace.
Lithium.....	Trace.	Trace.
Total Solids.....	533.13	311.44

The analysis shows that this is a powerful water, combining the properties of saline, magnesium, calcic, and sulphur waters. It is remarkable for the large quantity of common salt and sulphates. It resembles the water of Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, but has a larger proportion of magnesia and soda. It is similar to the waters of Neudorf and Friedrichshall, Germany. The latter is one of the most popular of European spas. It is remarkably similar, except as to the sulphur, to the famous Seidlitz water of Bohemia, which is shipped to all parts of the world.

It will have good shipping qualities, losing nothing but the hydrogen sulphide. The water is so strong that its effects will be secured without drinking large quantities. J. I. D. HINDS, Analyst.

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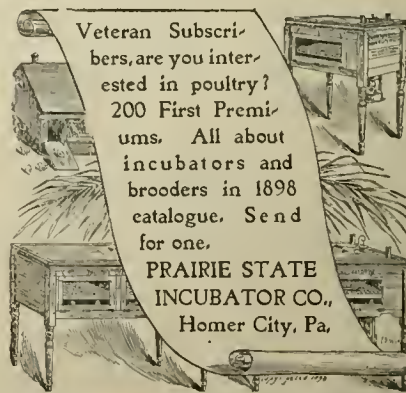
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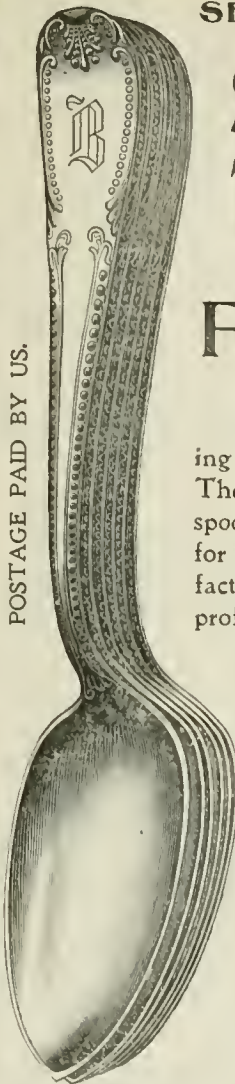
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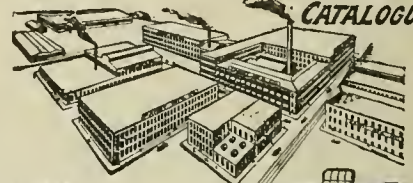
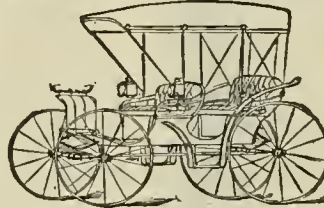
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